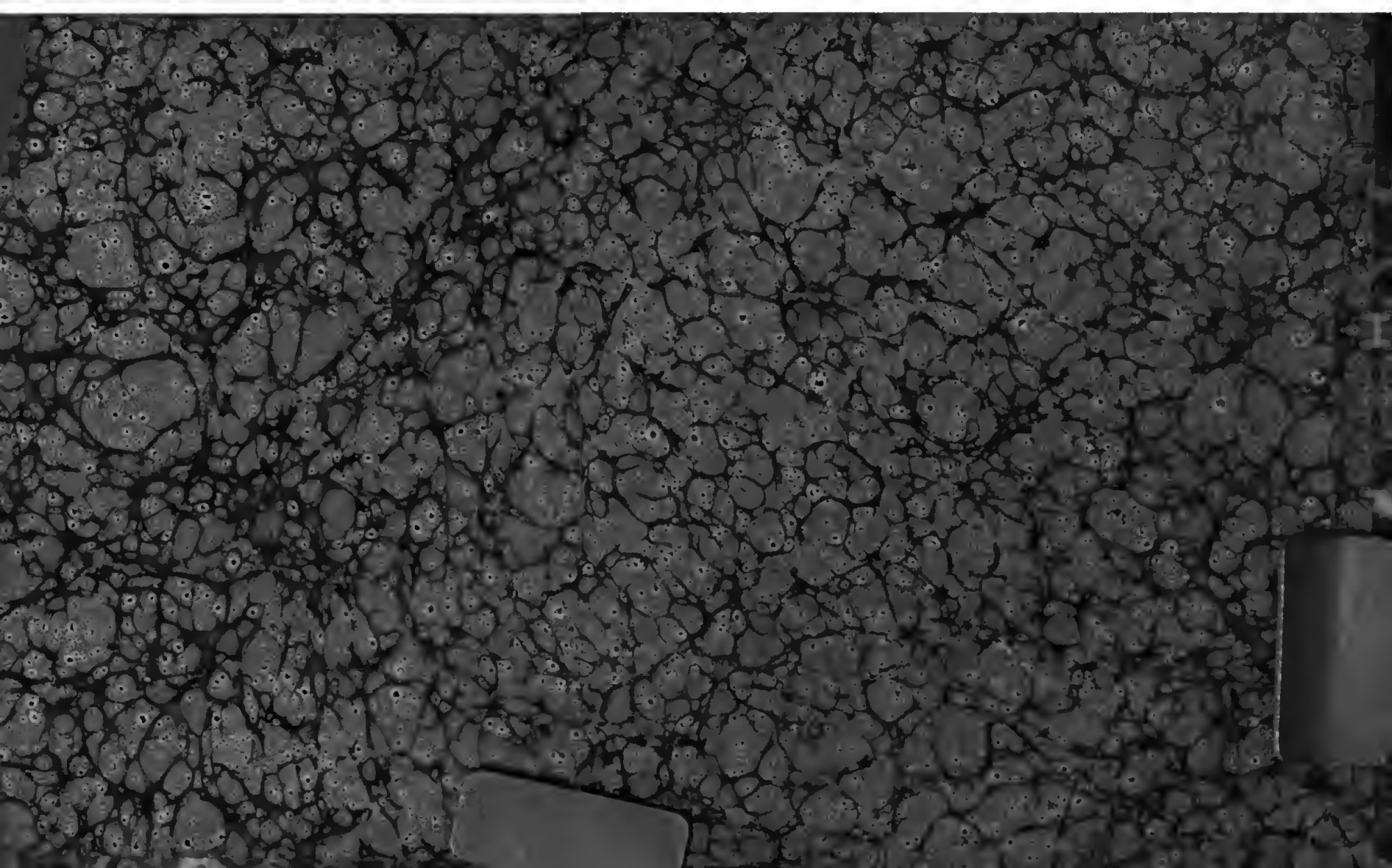

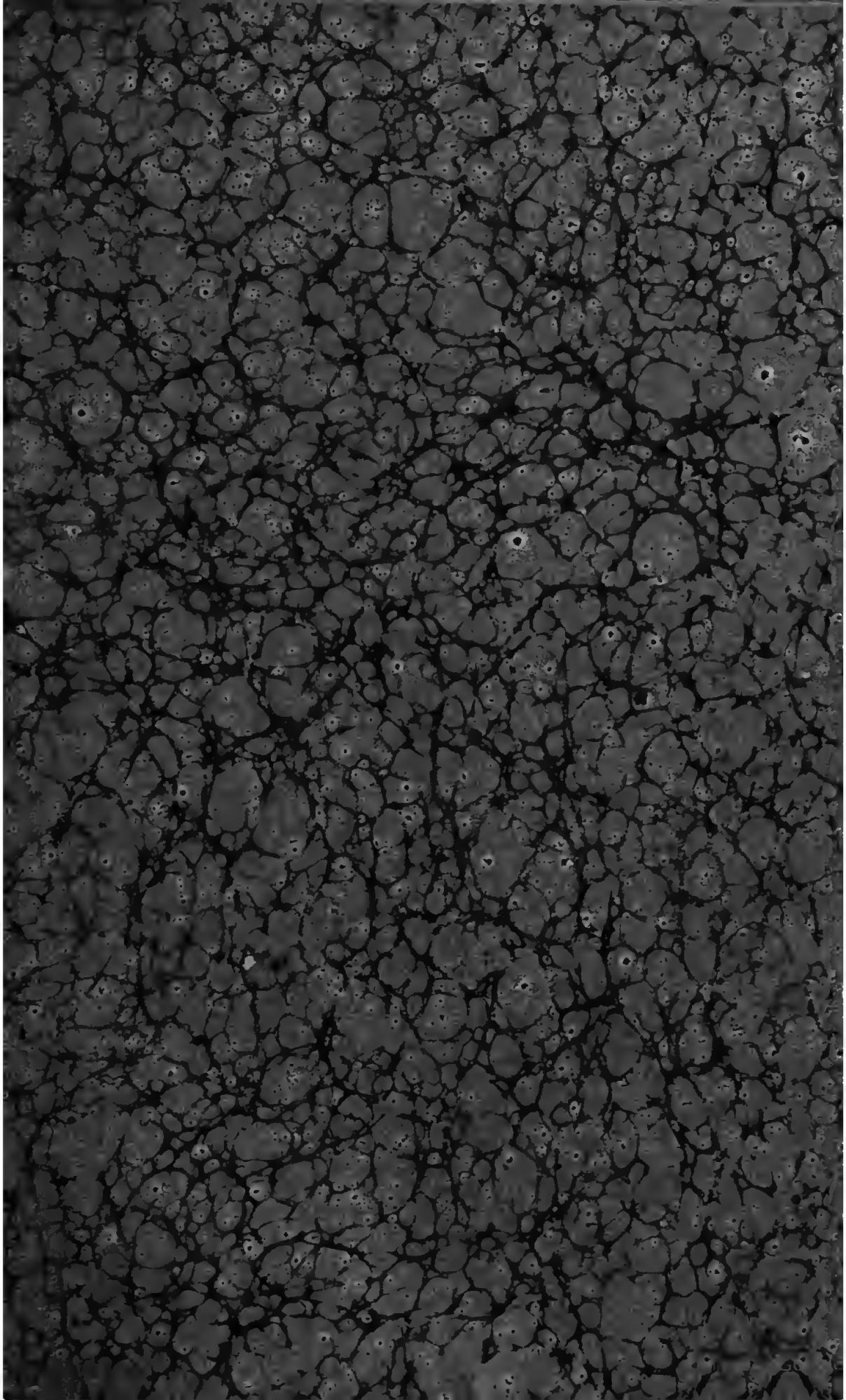

15. f. 16

eries Slipslop, "to inquire about particles, but Tom says it is most certainly true."

This unexpected account entirely obliterated all those admirable reflections which the supreme power of reason had so wisely made just before. In short, when despair, which had more share in producing the resolutions of hatred we have seen taken, began to retreat, the lady hesitated a moment, and then, forgetting all the purport of her soliloquy, dismissed her woman again, with orders to bid Tom attend her in the parlour, whither she now hastened to acquaint Pamela with the news. Pamela said she could not believe it; for she had never heard that her mother had lost any child, or that she had ever had any more than Joseph and herself. The lady flew into a violent rage with her, and talked of upstarts and disowning relations who had so lately been on a level with her. Pamela made no answer; but her husband, taking up her cause, severely reprimanded his aunt for her behaviour to his wife: he told her, if it had been earlier in the evening she should not have staid a moment longer in her house; that he was convinced, if this young woman could be proved her sister, she would readily embrace her as such, and be himself would do the same. He then desired the fellow might be sent for, and the young woman with him, which lady Booby immediately ordered; and, thinking proper to make some apology to Pamela for what she had said, it was readily accepted, and all things reconciled.

The pedlar now attended, as did Fanny and Joseph, who would not quit her; the parson likewise was induced, not only by curiosity, of which he had no small portion, but his duty, as he apprehended it, to follow them; for he continued all the way to exhort them, who were now breaking their hearts, to offer up thanksgivings, and be joyful for so miraculous an escape.

When they arrived at Booby-Hall they were presently called into the parlour, where the pedlar repeated the same story he had told before, and insisted on the truth of every circumstance; so that all who heard him were extremely well satisfied of the truth, except Pamela, who imagined, as she had never heard either of her parents mention such an accident, that it must be certainly false; and except the lady Booby, who suspected the falsehood of the story from her ardent desire that it should be true; and Joseph, who feared its truth, from his earnest wishes that it might prove false.

Mr. Booby now desired them all to suspend their curiosity and absolute belief or disbelief till the next morning, when he expected old Mr. Andrews and his wife to fetch himself and Pamela home in his coach, and then they might be certain of certainly knowing the truth or falsehood of this relation; in which, he said, as there were many strong circumstances to induce their credit, so he could not perceive any interest the pedlar could have in inventing it, or in endeavouring to impose such a falsehood on them.

The lady Booby, who was very little used to such company, entertained them all—viz. her nephew, his wife, her brother and sister, the beau, and the parson, with great good humour at her own table. As to the pedlar, she ordered him to be made as welcome as possible by her servants. All the company in the parlour, except the disappointed lovers, who sat sullen and silent, were full of mirth; for Mr. Booby had prevailed on Joseph to ask Mr. Didapper's pardon, with which he was perfectly satisfied. Many jokes passed between the beau and the parson, chiefly on each other's dress; these afforded much diversion to the company. Pamela chid her brother Joseph for the concern which he expressed at discovering a new sister. She said, if he loved Fanny as he ought, with a pure affection, he had no reason to lament being related to her.—Upon which Adams began to discourse on Platonic love; whence he made a quick transition to the joys in the next world, and concluded with strongly asserting that there was no such thing as pleasure in this. At which Pamela and her husband smiled on one another.

This happy pair proposing to retire (for no other person gave the least symptom of desiring rest), they all repaired to several beds provided for them in the same house; nor was Adams himself suffered to go home, it being a stormy night. Fanny indeed often begged she might go home with the parson; but her stay was so strongly insisted on, that she at last, by Joseph's advice, consented.

CHAPTER XIV.

Containing several curious night-adventures, in which Mr. Adams fell into many hair-breadth 'scapes, partly owing to his goodness, and partly to his inadvertency.

About an hour after they had all separated (it being now past three in the morning), beau Didapper, whose passion for Fanny permitted him not to close his eyes, but had employed his imagination in contrivances how to satisfy his desires, at last hit on a method by which he hoped to effect it. He had ordered his servant to bring him word where Fanny lay, and had received his information; he therefore arose, put on his breeches and nightgown, and stole softly along the gallery which led to her apartment; and, being come to the door, as he imagined it, he opened it with the least noise possible and entered the chamber. A savour now invaded his nostrils which he did not expect in the room of so sweet a young creature, and which might have probably had no good effect on a cooler lover. However, he groped out the bed with difficulty, for there was not a glimpse of light, and, opening the curtains, he whispered in Joseph's voice (for he was an excellent mimic), "Fanny, my angel! I am come to inform thee that I have discovered the falsehood of the story we last night heard. I am no longer thy brother, but the lover; nor will I be delayed the enjoyment of thee one moment longer. You have sufficient assurances of my constancy not to doubt my marrying you, and it would be want of love to deny me the possession of thy charms."—So saying, he disencumbered himself from the little clothes he had on, and, leaping into bed, embraced his angel, as he conceived her, with great rapture. If he was surprised at receiving no answer, he was no less pleased to find his hug returned with equal ardour. He remained not long in this sweet confusion; for both he and his paramour presently discovered their error. Indeed it was no other than the accomplished Slipslop whom he had engaged; but, though she immediately knew the person whom she had mistaken for Joseph, he was at a loss to guess at the representative of Fanny. He had so little seen or taken notice of this gentlewoman, that light itself would have afforded him no assistance in his conjecture. Beau Didapper no sooner had perceived his mistake than he attempted to escape from the bed with much greater haste than he had made to it; but the watchful Slipslop prevented him. For that prudent woman, being disappointed of those delicious offerings which her fancy had promised her pleasure, resolved to make an immediate sacrifice to her virtue. Indeed she wanted an opportunity to heal some wounds, which her late conduct had, she

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feared, given her reputation; and, as she had a wonderful presence of mind, she conceived the person of the unfortunate beau to be luckily throwo in her way to restore her lady's opinion of her impregnable chastity. At that instant, therefore, when he offered to leap from the bed, she caught fast hold of his shirt, at the same time roaring out, "O thou villain! who hast attacked my chastity, and, I believe, ruined me in my sleep; I will swear a rape against thee, I will prosecute thee with the utmost vengeance." The beau attempted to get loose, but she held him fast, and when he struggled she cried out "Murder! murder! rape! robbery! ruin!" At which words, parson Adams, who lay in the next chamber, wakeful, and meditating on the pedlar's discovery, jumped out of bed, and, without staying to put a rag of clothes on, hastened into the apartment whence the cries proceeded. He made directly to the bed in the dark, where, laying hold of the beau's skin, (for Slipslop had torn his shirt almost off,) and finding his skin extremely soft, and hearing him in a low voice begging Slipslop to let him go, he no longer doubted but this was the young woman in danger of ravishing, and immediately falling on the bed, and laying hold on Slipslop's chin, where he found a rough beard, his belief was confirmed; he therefore rescued the beau, who presently made his escape, and then, turning towards Slipslop, received such a cuff on his chops, that, his wrath kindling instantly, he offered to return the favour so stoutly, that had poor Slipslop received the fist, which in the dark passed by her and fell on the pillow, she would most probably have given up the ghost. Adams, missing his blow, fell directly on Slipslop, who cuffed and scratched as well as she could; nor was he behindhand with her in his endeavours, but happily the darkness of the night befriended her. She then cried she was a woman; but Adams answered, she was rather the devil, and if she was he would grapple with him; and, being again irritated by another stroke on the chops, he gave her such a remembrance in the guts, that she began to roar loud enough to be heard all over the house. Adams then, seizing her by the hair (for her double-clout had fallen off in the scuffle), pinned her head down to the bolster, and then both called for lights together. The lady Booby, who was as wakeful as any of her guests, had been alarmed from the beginning; and, being a woman of a bold spirit, she slipped on a nightgown, petticoat, and slippers, and taking a candle, which always burnt in her chamber, in her hand, she walked undauntedly to Slipslop's room; where she entered just at the instant as Adams had discovered, by the two mountains which Slipslop carried before her, that he was concerned with a female. He then concluded her to be a witch, and said he fancied those breasts gave suck to a legion of devils. Slipslop, seeing lady Booby enter the room, cried help! or I am ravished, with a most audible voice: and Adams, perceiving the light, turned hastily, and saw the lady (as she did him) just as she came to the feet of the bed; nor did her modesty, when she found the naked condition of Adams, suffer her to approach farther. She then began to revile the parson as the wickedest of all men, and particularly railed at his impudence in choosing her house for the scene of his debaucheries, and her own woman for the object of his bestiality. Poor Adams had before discovered the countenance of his bedfellow, and, now first recollecting he was naked, he was no less confounded than lady Booby herself, and immediately whipped under the bed-clothes, whence the chaste Slipslop endeavoured in vain to shut him out. Then putting forth his head, on which, by way of ornament, he wore a flannel nightcap, he protested his innocence, and asked ten thousand pardons of Mrs. Slipslop for the blows he had struck her, vowing he had mistaken her for a witch. Lady Booby, then casting her eyes on the ground, observed something sparkle with great lustre, which, when she had taken it up, appeared to be a very fine pair of diamond buttons for the sleeves. A little farther she saw lie the sleeve itself of a shirt with laced ruffles. "Heyday!" says she, "what is the meaning of this?" "O, madam," says Slipslop, "I don't know what hath happened, I have been so terrified. Here may have been a dozen men in the room." "To whom belongs this laced shirt and jewels?" says the lady. "Undoubtedly," cries the parson, "to the young gentleman whom I mistook for a woman on coming into the room, whence proceeded all the subsequent mistakes; for if I had suspected him for a man, I would have seized him, had he been another Hercules, though, indeed, he seems rather to resemble Hylas." He then gave an account of the reason of his rising from bed, and the rest, till the lady came into the room; at which, and the figures of Slipslop and her gallant, whose heads only were visible at the opposite corners of the bed, she could not refrain from laughter; nor did Slipslop persist in accusing the parson of any motions towards a rape. The lady therefore desired him to return to his bed as soon as she was departed, and then ordering Slipslop to rise and attend her in her own room, she returned herself thither. When she was gone, Adams renewed his petitions for pardon to Mrs. Slipslop, who, with a most christian temper, not only forgave, but began to move with much courtesy towards him, which he taking as a hint to be gone, immediately quitted the bed, and made the best of his way towards his own; but unluckily, instead of turning to the right, he turned to the left, and went to the apartment where Fanny lay, who (as the reader may remember) had not slept a wink the preceding night, and who was so hagged out with what had happened to her in the day, that, notwithstanding all thoughts of her Joseph, she was fallen into so profound a sleep, that all the noise in the adjoining room had not been able to disturb her. Adams groped out the bed, and, turning the clothes down softly, a custom Mrs. Adams had long accustomed him to, crept in, and deposited his carcase on the bed-post, a place which that good woman had always assigned him.

As the cat or lap-dog of some lovely nymph, for whom ten thousand lovers languish, lies quietly by the side of the charming maid, and, ignorant of the scene of delight on which they repose, meditates the future capture of a mouse, or surprisal of a plate of bread and butter: so Adams lay by the side of Fanny, ignorant of the paradise to which he was so near; nor could the emanation of sweets which flowed from her breath overpower the fumes of tobacco which played in the parson's nostrils. And now sleep had not overtaken the good man, when Joseph, who had secretly appointed Fanny to come to her at the break of day, rapped softly at the chamber-door, which when he had repeated twice, Adams cried, "Come in, whoever you are." Joseph thought he had mistaken the door, though she had given him the most exact directions; however, knowing his friend's voice, he opened it, and saw some female vestments lying on a chair. Fanny waking at the same instant, and stretching out her hand on Adams's beard, she cried out,—"O heavens! where am I?" "Bless me! where am I?" said the parson. Then Fanny screamed, Adams leaped out of

bed, and Joseph stood, as the tragedians call it, like the statue of Surprise. "How came she into my room?" cried Adams. "How came you into her's?" cried Joseph, in an astonishment. "I know nothing of the matter," answered Adams, "but that she is a vestal for me. As I am a christian, I know not whether she is a man or woman. He is an infidel who doth not believe in witchcraft. They as surely exist now as in the days of Saul. My clothes are bewitched away too, and Fanny's brought into their place." For he still insisted he was in his own apartment; but Fanny denied it vehemently, and said as attempting to persuade Joseph of such a falsehood convinced her of his wicked designs. "How!" said Joseph in a rage, "hath he offered any rudeness to you?" She answered—She could not accuse him of any more than villanously stealing to bed to her, which she thought rudeness sufficient, and what no man would do without a wicked intention.

Joseph's great opinion of Adams was not easily to be staggered, and when he heard from Fanny that no harm had happened he grew a little cooler; yet still he was confounded, and, as he knew the house, and that the women's apartments were on this side Mrs. Slipslop's room, and the men's on the other, he was convinced that he was in Fanny's chamber. Assuring Adams therefore of this truth, he begged him to give some account how he came there. Adams then, standing in his shirt which did not offend Fanny, as the curtains of the bed were drawn, related all that had happened; and when he had ended Joseph told him,—It was plain he had mistaken by turning to the right instead of the left. "Odso!" cries Adams, "that's true; as sure as sixpence, you have hit on the very thing." He then traversed the room, rubbing his hands, and begged Fanny's pardon, assuring her he did not know whether she was man or woman. That innocent creature, firmly believing all he said, told him she was no longer angry, and begged Joseph to conduct him into his own apartment, where he should stay himself till she had put her clothes on. Joseph and Adams accordingly departed, and the latter soon was convinced of the mistake he had committed; however, whilst he was dressing himself, he often asserted he believed in the power of witchcraft notwithstanding, and did not see how a christian could deny it.

CHAPTER XV.

The arrival of Gaffer and Gammer Andrews, with another person not much expected: and a perfect solution of the difficulties raised by the pedlar.

As soon as Fanny was dressed Joseph returned to her, and they had a long conversation together, the conclusion of which was, that, if they found themselves to be really brother and sister, they vowed a perpetual celibacy, and to live together all their days, and indulge a Platonic friendship for each other.

The company were all very merry at breakfast, and Joseph and Fanny rather more cheerful than the preceding night. The lady Booby produced the diamond button, which the beau most readily owned, and alleged that he was very subject to walk in his sleep. Indeed, he was far from being ashamed of his amour, and rather endeavoured to insinuate that more than was really true had passed between him and the fair Slipslop.

Their tea was scarce over when news came of the arrival of old Mr. Andrews and his wife. They were immediately introduced, and kindly received by the lady Booby, whose heart went now pit-a-pat, as did those of Joseph and Fanny. They felt, perhaps, little less anxiety in this interval than Œdipus himself, whilst his fate was revealing.

Mr. Booby first opened the cause by informing the old gentleman that he had a child in the company more than he knew of, and, taking Fanny by the hand, told him, this was that daughter of his who had been stolen away by gipsies in her infancy. Mr. Andrews, after expressing some astonishment, assured his honour that he had never lost a daughter by gipsies, nor ever had any other children than Joseph and Pamela. These words were a cordial to the two lovers; but had a different effect on lady Booby. She ordered the pedlar to be called, who recounted his story as he had done before.—At the end of which, old Mrs. Andrews, running to Fanny, embraced her, crying out, "She is, she is my child!" The company were all amazed at this disagreement between the man and his wife; and the blood had now forsaken the cheeks of the lovers, when the old woman, turning to her husband, who was more surprised than all the rest, and having a little recovered her own spirits, delivered herself as follows: "You may remember, my dear, when you went a serjeant to Gibraltar, you left me big with child; you stayed abroad, you know, upwards of three years. In your absence I was brought to bed, I verily believe, of this daughter, whom I am sure I have reason to remember, for I suckled her at this very breast till the day she was stolen from me. One afternoon, when the child was about a year, or a year and a half old, or thereabouts, two gipsy-women came to the door and offered to tell my fortune. One of them had a child in her lap. I showed them my hand, and desired to know if you was ever to come home again, which I remember as well as if it was but yesterday: they faithfully promised me you should.—I left the girl in the cradle, and went to draw them a cup of liquor, the best I had: when I returned with the pot (I am sure I was not absent longer than whilst I am telling it to you) the women were gone. I was afraid they had stolen something, and looked and looked, but to no purpose, and, Heaven knows, I had very little for them to steal. At last, hearing the child cry in the cradle, I went to take it up—but, O the living! how was I surprised to find, instead of my own girl that I had put into the cradle, who was as fine a fat thriving child as you shall see in a summer's day, a poor sickly boy, that did not seem to have an hour to live. I ran out, pulling my hair off, and crying like any mad after the women, but never could hear a word of them from that day to this. When I came back the poor infant (which is our Joseph there, as stout as he now stands) lifted up its eyes upon me so piteously, that, to be sure, notwithstanding my passion, I could not find in my heart to do it any mischief. A neighbour of mine, happening to come in at the same time, and hearing the case, advised me to take care of this poor child, and God would perhaps one day restore me my own. Upon which I took the child up, and suckled it to be sure, all the world as if it had been born of my own natural body; and as true as I am alive, in a little time I loved the boy all to nothing as if it had been my own girl.—Well, as I was saying, times growing very hard, I having two children and nothing but my own work, which was little enough God knows, to maintain them, was obliged to ask relief of the parish; but, instead of giving it me, they removed me, by justices' warrants, fifteen miles, to the place where I now live, where I had no been long settled before you came home. Joseph (for that was the name I gave him

myself—the Lord knows whether he was baptized or no, or by what name), Joseph, I say, seemed to me about five years old when you returned; for I believe he is two or three years older than our daughter here (for I am thoroughly convinced she is the same); and when you saw him you said he was a chopping boy, without ever minding his age; and so I, seeing you did not suspect anything of the matter, thought I might e'en as well keep it to myself, for fear you should not love him as well as I did. And all this is veritably true, and I will take my oath of it before any justice in the kingdom."

The pedlar, who had been summoned by the order of lady Booby, listened with the utmost attention to Gammer Andrews's story; and, when she had finished, asked her if the supposititious child had no mark on its breast? To which she answered, "Yes, he had as fine a strawberry as ever grew in a garden." This Joseph acknowledged, and, unbuttoning his coat, at the intercession of the company, showed to them. "Well," says Gaffer Andrews, who was a comical sly old fellow, and very likely desired to have no more children than he could keep, "you have proved, I think, very plainly, that this boy doth not belong to us; but how are you certain that the girl is ours?" The parson then brought the pedlar forward, and desired him to repeat the story which he had communicated to him the preceding day at the alehouse; which he complied with, and related what the reader, as well as Mr. Adams, hath seen before. He then confirmed, from his wife's report, all the circumstances of the exchange, and of the strawberry on Joseph's breast. At the repetition of the word strawberry, Adams, who had seen it without any emotion, started and cried, "Bless me! something comes into my head." But before he had time to bring anything out a servant called him forth. When he was gone the pedlar assured Joseph that his parents were persons of much greater circumstances than those he had hitherto mistaken for such; for that he had been stolen from a gentleman's house by those whom they call gipsies, and had been kept by them during a whole year, when, looking on him as in a dying condition, they had exchanged him for the other healthier child, in the manner before related. He said, As to the name of his father, his wife had either never known or forgot it; but that she had acquainted him he lived about forty miles from the place where the exchange had been made, and which way, promising to spare no pains in endeavouring with him to discover the place.

But Fortune, which seldom doth good or ill, or makes men happy or miserable, by halves, resolved to spare him this labour. The reader may please to recollect that Mr. Wilson had intended a journey to the west, in which he was to pass through Mr. Adams's parish, and had promised to call on him. He was now arrived at the lady Booby's gates for that purpose, being directed thither from the parson's house, and had sent in the servant whom we have above seen call Mr. Adams forth. This had no sooner mentioned the discovery of a stolen child, and had uttered the word strawberry, than Mr. Wilson, with wildness in his looks, and the utmost eagerness in his words, begged to be shown into the room, where he entered without the least regard to any of the company but Joseph, and, embracing him with a complexion all pale and trembling, desired to see the mark on his breast; the parson followed him capering, rubbing his hands, and crying out, *Hic est quem quæris; inventus est, &c.* Joseph complied with the request of Mr. Wilson, who no sooner saw the mark than, abandoning himself to the most extravagant rapture of passion, he embraced Joseph with inexpressible ecstacy, and cried out in tears of joy, "I have discovered my son, I have him again in my arms!" Joseph was not sufficiently apprised yet to taste the same delight with his father (for so in reality he was); however, he returned some warmth to his embraces: but he no sooner perceived, from his father's account, the agreement of every circumstance, of person, time, and place, than he threw himself at his feet, and, embracing his knees, with tears begged his blessing, which was given with much affection, and received with such respect, mixed with such tenderness on both sides, that it affected all present; but none so much as lady Booby, who left the room in an agony, which was but too much perceived, and not very charitably accounted for by some of the company.

CHAPTER XVI.

Being the last. In which this true history is brought to a happy conclusion.

Fanny was very little behind her Joseph in the duty she expressed towards her parents, and the joy she evidenced in discovering them. Gammer Andrews kissed her, and said, She was heartily glad to see her; but for her part, she could never love any one better than Joseph. Gaffer Andrews testified no remarkable emotion: he blessed and kissed her, but complained bitterly that he wanted his pipe, not having had a whiff that morning.

Mr. Booby, who knew nothing of his aunt's fondness, imputed her abrupt departure to her pride, and disdain of the family into which he was married; he was therefore desirous to be gone with the utmost celerity; and now, having congratulated Mr. Wilson and Joseph on the discovery, he saluted Fanny, called her sister, and introduced her as such to Pamela, who behaved with great decency on the occasion.

He now sent a message to his aunt, who returned that she wished him a good journey, but was too disordered to see any company: he therefore prepared to set out, having invited Mr. Wilson to his house; and Pamela and Joseph both so insisted on his complying, that he at last consented, having first obtained a messenger from Mr. Booby to acquaint his wife with the news; which, as he knew it would render her completely happy, he could not prevail on himself to delay a moment in acquainting her with.

The company were ranged in this manner: the two old people, with their two daughters, rode in the coach; the squire, Mr. Wilson, Joseph, parson Adams, and the pedlar, proceeded on horseback.

In their way, Joseph informed his father of his intended match with Fanny; to which, though he expressed some reluctance at first, on the eagerness of his son's instances he consented; saying, if she was so good a creature as she appeared, and he described her, he thought the disadvantages of birth and fortune might be compensated. He however insisted on the match being deferred till he had seen his mother; in which, Joseph perceiving him positive, with great duty obeyed him, to the great delight of parson Adams, who by these means saw an opportunity of fulfilling the church forms, and marrying his parishioners without a licence.

Mr. Adams greatly exulting on this occasion (for such ceremonies were matters of no small moment with him), accidentally gave spurs to his horse, which the generous beast disdaining,—for he was of high mettle, and had been used to more expert riders than the gentleman who at present bestrode him, for whose horsemanship he had perhaps some contempt,

—immediately ran away full speed, and played so many antic tricks that he tumbled the parson from his back; which Joseph perceiving, came to his relief.

This accident afforded infinite merriment to the servants, and no less frighted poor Fanny, who beheld him as he passed by the coach; but the mirth of the one and terror of the other were soon determined, when the parson declared he had received no damage.

The horse having freed himself from his unworthy rider, as he probably thought him, proceeded to make the best of his way; but was stopped by a gentleman and his servants, who were travelling the opposite way, and were now at a little distance from the coach. They soon met; and, as one of the servants delivered Adams his horse, his master hailed him, and Adams, looking up, presently recollected he was the justice of peace before whom he and Fanny had made their appearance. The parson presently saluted him very kindly; and the justice informed him that he had found the fellow who attempted to swear against him, and the young woman the very next day, and had committed him to Salisbury gaol, where he was charged with many robberies.

Many compliments having passed between the parson and the justice, the latter proceeded on his journey; and the former, having with some disdain refused Joseph's offer of changing horses, and declared he was as able a horseman as any in the kingdom, remounted his beast; and now the company again proceeded, and happily arrived at their journey's end, Mr. Adams, by good luck, rather than by good riding, escaping a good fall.

The company, arriving at Mr. Booby's house, were all received by him in the most courteous and entertained in the most splendid manner, after the custom of the old English hospitality, which is still preserved in some very few families in the remote parts of England. They all passed that day with the utmost satisfaction; it being perhaps impossible to find any set of people more solidly and sincerely happy. Joseph and Fanny found means to be alone upwards of two hours, which were the shortest but the sweetest imaginable.

In the morning Mr. Wilson proposed to his son to make a visit with him to his mother, which, notwithstanding his dutiful inclinations, and a longing desire he had to see her, a little concerned him, as he must be obliged to leave his Fanny; but the goodness of Mr. Booby relieved him; for he proposed to send his own coach and six for Mrs. Wilson, whom Pamela so very earnestly invited, that Mr. Wilson at length agreed with the entreaties of Mr. Booby and Joseph, and suffered the coach to go empty for his wife.

On Saturday night the coach returned with Mrs. Wilson, who added one more to this happy assembly. The reader may imagine much better and quicker too than I can describe the many embraces and tears of joy which succeeded her arrival. It is sufficient to say she was easily prevailed with to follow her husband's example in consenting to the match.

On Sunday Mr. Adams performed the service at the squire's parish church, the curate of which very kindly exchanged duty, and rode twenty miles to the lady Booby's parish so to do; being particularly charged not to omit publishing the bans, being the third and last time.

At length the happy day arrived which was to put Joseph in the possession of all his wishes. He arose, and dressed himself in a neat but plain suit of Mr. Booby's, which exactly fitted him; for he refused all finery; as did Fanny likewise, who could be prevailed on by Pamela to attire herself in nothing richer than a white dimity nightgown. Her shift indeed, which Pamela presented her, was of the finest kind, and had an edging of lace round the bosom. She likewise equipped her with a pair of fine white thread stockings, which were all she would accept; for she wore one of her own short round-eared caps, and over it a little straw hat, lined with cherry-coloured silk, and tied with a cherry-coloured riband. In this dress she came forth from her chamber, blushing and breathing sweets; and was by Joseph, whose eyes sparkled fire, led to church, the whole family attending, where Mr. Adams performed the ceremony; at which nothing was so remarkable as the extraordinary and unaffected modesty of Fanny, unless the true christian piety of Adams, who publicly rebuked Mr. Booby and Pamela for laughing in so sacred a place, and on so solemn an occasion. Our parson would have done no less to the highest prince on earth; for, though he paid all submission and deference to his superiors in other matters, where the least spice of religion intervened he immediately lost all respect of persons. It was his maxim, that he was a servant of the Highest, and could not, without departing from his duty, give up the least article of his honour or of his cause to the greatest earthly potentate. Indeed, he always asserted that Mr. Adams at church with his surplice on, and Mr. Adams without that ornament in any other place, were two very different persons.

When the church rites were over Joseph led his blooming bride back to Mr. Booby's (for the distance was so very little they did not think proper to use a coach); the whole company attended them likewise on foot; and now a most magnificent entertainment was provided, at which parson Adams demonstrated an appetite surprising as well as surpassing every one present. Indeed the only persons who betrayed any deficiency on this occasion were those on whose account the feast was provided. They pampered their imaginations with the much more exquisite repast which the approach of night promised them; the thoughts of which filled both their minds, though with different sensations; the one all desire, while the other had her wishes tempered with fears.

At length, after a day passed with the utmost merriment, corrected by the strictest decency, in which, however, parson Adams, being well filled with ale and pudding, had given a loose to more facetiousness than was usual to him, the happy, the blessed moment arrived when Fanny retired with her mother, her mother-in-law, and her sister.

She was soon undressed; for she had no jewels to deposit in their caskets, nor fine laces to fold with the nicest exactness. Undressing to her was properly discovering, not putting off, ornaments; for, as all her charms were the gifts of nature, she could divest herself of none. How, reader, shall I give thee an adequate idea of this lovely young creature? the bloom of roses and lilies might a little illustrate her complexion, or their smell her sweetness; but to comprehend her entirely, conceive youth, health, bloom, neatness, and innocence, in her bridal bed; conceive all these in their utmost perfection, and you may place the charming Fanny's picture before your eyes.

Joseph no sooner heard she was in bed than he fled with the utmost eagerness to her. A minute carried him into her arms, where we shall leave this happy couple to enjoy the private rewards of their constancy; rewards so great and sweet, that I ap-

prehend Joseph neither envied the noblest duke, nor Fanny the finest duchess, that night.

The third day Mr. Wilson and his wife, with their son and daughter, returned home; where they now live together in a state of bliss scarce ever equalled. Mr. Booby hath, with unprecedented generosity, given Fanny a fortune of two thousand pounds, which Joseph hath laid out in a little estate in the same parish with his father, which he now occupies (his father having stocked it for him); and Fanny presides with most excellent management in his dairy; where, however, she is not at present very able to bustle much, being, as Mr. Wilson informs me in his last letter, extremely big with her first child.

Mr. Booby hath presented Mr. Adams with a living of one hundred and thirty pounds a-year. He at first refused it, resolving not to quit his parishioners, with whom he had lived so long; but, on recollecting he might keep a curate at this living, he hath been lately inducted into it.

The pedlar, besides several handsome presents, both from Mr. Wilson and Mr. Booby, is, by the latter's interest, made an exciseman; a trust which he discharges with such justice, that he is greatly beloved in his neighbourhood.

As for the lady Booby, she returned to London in a few days, where a young captain of dragoons, together with eternal parties at cards, soon obliterated the memory of Joseph.

Joseph remains blessed with his Fanny, whom he doats on with the utmost tenderness, which is all returned on her side. The happiness of this couple is a perpetual fountain of pleasure to their fond parents; and, what is particularly remarkable, he declares he will imitate them in their retirement, nor will be prevailed on by any booksellers, or their authors, to make his appearance in high life.

AMELIA.

Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula.

Γυναικὸς ἥδιν χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λαίζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἅπαντος, ἥδι ῥίγιον κακῆς.

To RALPH ALLEN, Esq.

Sir,—The following book is sincerely designed to promote the cause of virtue, and to expose some of the most glaring evils, as well public as private, which at present infest the country; though there is scarce, as I remember, a single stroke of satire aimed at any one person throughout the whole.

The best man is the properest patron of such an attempt. This, I believe, will be readily granted; nor will the public voice, I think, be more divided to whom they shall give that appellation. Should a letter, indeed, be thus inscribed, Detur Optimo, there are few persons who would think it wanted any other direction.

I will not trouble you with a preface concerning the work, nor endeavour to obviate any criticisms which can be made on it. The good-natured reader, if his heart should be here affected, will be inclined to pardon many faults for the pleasure he will receive from a tender sensation; and for readers of a different stamp, the more faults they can discover, the more I am convinced, they will be pleased.

Nor will I assume the fulsome style of common dedicators. I have not their usual design in this epistle, nor will I borrow their language. Long, very long may it be before a most dreadful circumstance shall make it possible for any pen to draw a just and true character of yourself without incurring a suspicion of flattery in the bosoms of the malignant. This task, therefore, I shall defer till that day (if I should be so unfortunate as ever to see it) when every good man shall pay a tear for the satisfaction of his curiosity; a day which, at present, I believe, there is but one good man in the world who can think of it with unconcern.

Accept then, sir, this small token of that love, that gratitude, and that respect, with which I shall always esteem it my greatest honour to be, sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

Bow Street, Dec. 2, 1751.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

Contains the exordium, &c.

The various accidents which befel a very worthy couple after their uniting in the state of matrimony will be the subject of the following history. The distresses which they waded through were some of them so exquisite, and the incidents which produced these so extraordinary, that they seemed to require not only the utmost malice, but the utmost invention, which superstition hath ever attributed to Fortune: though whether any such being interfered in the case, or, indeed, whether there be any such being in the universe, is a matter which I by no means presume to determine in the affirmative. To speak a bold truth, I am, after much mature deliberation, inclined to suspect that the public voice hath, in all ages, done much injustice to Fortune, and hath convicted her of many facts in which she had not the least concern. I question much whether we may not, by natural means, account for the success of knaves, the calamities of fools, with all the miseries in which men of sense sometimes involve themselves, by quitting the directions of Prudence, and following the blind guidance of a predominant passion; in short, from all the ordinary phenomena which are imputed to fortune; whom, perhaps, men accuse with no less absurdity in life, than a bad player complains of ill luck at the game of chess.

But if men are sometimes guilty of laying improper blame on this imaginary being, they are altogether as apt to make her amends by ascribing to her honours which she as little deserves. To retrieve the ill consequences of a foolish conduct, and by struggling manfully with distress to subdue it, is one of the noblest efforts of wisdom and virtue. Whoever, therefore, calls such a man fortunate, is guilty of no less impropriety in speech than he would be who should call the statuary or the poet fortunate who carved a Venus or who writ an Iliad.

Life may as properly be called an art as any other; and the great incidents in it are no more to be considered as mere accidents than the several members of the fine statue or a noble poem. The critics in all these are not content with seeing anything to be great without knowing why and how it came to be so. By examining carefully the several gradations which conduce to bring every model to perfection, we learn truly to know that science in which the model is formed: as histories of this kind, therefore, may properly be called models of Human Life, so, by observing minutely the several incidents which tend to the catastrophe or completion of the whole, and the minute causes whence those incidents are produced, we shall best be instructed in this most useful of all arts, which I call the Art of Life.

CHAPTER II.

The history sets out. Observations on the excellency of the English constitution and curious examinations before a justice of peace.

On the first of April, in the year ——, the watchmen of a certain parish (I know not particularly which) within the liberty of Westminster brought several persons whom they had apprehended the preceding night before Jonathan Thrasher, esq. one of the justices of the peace for that liberty.

But here, reader, before we proceed to the trials of these offenders, we shall, after our usual manner, premise some things which it may be necessary for thee to know.

It hath been observed, I think, by many, as well as the celebrated writer of three letters, that no human institution is capable of consummate perfection. An observation which, perhaps, that writer at least gathered from discovering some defects in the polity even of this well-regulated nation. And, indeed, if there should be any such defect in a constitution which my lord Coke long ago told us "the wisdom of all the wise men in the world, if they had all met together at one time, could not have equalled," which some of our wisest men who were met together long before said was too good to be altered in any particular, and which, nevertheless, hath been mending ever since, by a very great number of the said wise men: if I say this constitution should be imperfect, we may be allowed, I think, to doubt whether any such faultless model can be found among the institutions of men.

It will probably be objected, that the small imperfections which I am about to produce do not lie in the laws themselves, but in the ill execution of them; but, with submission, this appears to me to be no less an absurdity than to say of any machine that it is excellently made, though incapable of performing its functions. Good laws should execute themselves in a well regulated state; at least, if the same legislature which provides the laws doth not provide for the execution of them, they act as Graham would do if he should form all the parts of a clock in the most exquisite manner, yet put them so together that the clock could not go. In this case, surely, we might say that there was a small defect in the constitution of the clock.

To say the truth, Graham would soon see the fault, and would easily remedy it. The fault, indeed, could be no other than the parts were improperly disposed.

Perhaps, reader, I have another illustration, which will set my intention in a still clearer light before you. Figure to yourself then a family, the master of which should dispose of the several economical offices in the following manner; viz. should put his butler on the coach-box, his steward behind his coach, his coachman in the butlery, and his footman in the stewardship, and in the same ridiculous manner should misemploy the talents of every other servant; it is easy to see what a figure such a family must make in the world.

As ridiculous as this may seem, I have often considered some of the lower officers in our civil government to be disposed in this very manner. To begin, I think, as low as I well can, with the watchmen in our metropolis, who, being to guard our streets by night from thieves and robbers, an office which at least requires strength of body, are chosen out of those poor old decrepit people who are, from their want of bodily strength, rendered incapable of getting a livelihood by work. These men, armed only with a pole, which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons and houses of his majesty's subjects from the attacks of gangs of young, bold, stout, desperate, and well-armed villains.

Quæ non viribus istis
Munera conveniant.

If the poor old fellows should run away from such enemies, no one I think can wonder, unless it be that they were able to make their escape.

The higher we proceed among our public officers and magistrates, the less defects of this kind will, perhaps, be observable. Mr. Thrasher, however, the justice before whom the prisoners above mentioned were now brought, had some few imperfections in his magistratical capacity. I own, I have been sometimes inclined to think that this office of a justice of peace requires some knowledge of the law: for this simple reason; because, in every case which comes before him, he is to judge and act according to law. Again, as these laws are contained in a great variety of books, the statutes which relate to the office of a justice of peace making of themselves at least two large volumes in folio; and that part of his jurisdiction which is founded on the common law being dispersed in above a hundred volumes, I cannot conceive how this knowledge should be acquired without reading; and yet certain it is, Mr. Thrasher never read one syllable of the matter.

This, perhaps, was a defect; but this was not all: for where mere ignorance is to decide a point between two litigants, it will always be an even chance whether it decides right or wrong: but sorry am I to say, right was often in a much worse situation than this, and wrong hath often had five hundred to one of his side before that magistrate; who, if he was ignorant of the laws of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental principle so strongly laid down in the institutes of the learned Rochefoucault, by which the duty of self-love is so strongly enforced, and every man is taught to consider himself as the centre of gravity, and to attract all things thither. To speak the truth plainly, the justice was never indifferent in a cause but when he could get nothing on either side.

Such was the justice to whose tremendous bar Mr. Gotobed the constable, on the day above mentioned, brought several delinquents, who, as we have said, had been apprehended by the watch for divers outrages.

The first who came upon this trial was as bloody a spectre as ever the imagination of a murderer or a tragic poet conceived. This poor wretch was charged with a battery by a much stouter man than himself; indeed the accused person bore about him some evidence that he had been in an affray, his clothes being very bloody, but certain open sluices on his own head sufficiently showed whence all the scarlet stream had issued: whereas the accuser had not the least mark or appearance of any wound. The justice asked the defendant, What he meant by breaking the king's peace?——To which he answered——"Upon my shoul I do love the king very well, and I have not been after breaking anything of his that I do know; but upon my shoul this man hath brake my head, and my head did brake his stick; that is all, gra." He then offered to produce several witnesses against this improbable accusation; but the justice presently interrupted him, saying, "Sirrah, your tongue betrays your guilt.

You are an Irishman, and that is always sufficient evidence with me."

The second criminal was a poor woman, who was taken up by the watch as a street-walker. It was alleged against her that she was found walking the streets after twelve o'clock, and the watchman declared he believed her to be a common strumpet. She pleaded in her defence (as was really the truth) that she was a servant, and was sent by her mistress, who was a little shopkeeper and upon the point of delivery, to fetch a midwife; which she offered to prove by several of the neighbours, if she was allowed to send for them. The justice asked her, why she had not done it before? to which she answered, she had no money, and could get no messenger. The justice then called her several scurrilous names, and, declaring she was guilty within the statute of street-walking, ordered her to Bridewell for a month.

A genteel young man and woman were then set forward, and a very grave-looking person swore he caught them in a situation which we cannot as particularly describe here as he did before the magistrate; who, having received a wink from his clerk, declared with much warmth that the fact was incredible and impossible. He presently discharged the accused parties, and was going, without any evidence, to commit the accuser for perjury; but this the clerk dissuaded him from, saying he doubted whether a justice of peace had any such power. The justice at first differed in opinion, and said, "He had seen a man stand in the pillory about perjury; nay, he had known a man in gaol for it too; and how came he there if he was not committed thither?" "Why, that is true, sir," answered the clerk; "and yet I have been told by a very great lawyer that a man cannot be committed for perjury before he is indicted; and the reason is, I believe, because it is not against the peace before the indictment makes it so." "Why, that may be," cries the justice, "and indeed perjury is but scandalous words, and I know a man cannot have a warrant for those, unless you put for rioting * them into the warrant."

The witness was now about to be discharged, when the lady whom he had accused declared she would swear the peace against him, for that he had called her a whore several times. "Oho! you will swear the peace, madam, will you?" cries the justice: "Give her the peace, presently; and pray, Mr. Constable, secure the prisoner, now we have him, while a warrant is made to take him up." All which was immediately performed, and the poor witness, for want of sureties, was sent to prison.

A young fellow, whose name was Booth, was now charged with beating a watchman in the execution of his office and breaking his lantern. This was deposed by two witnesses; and the shattered remains of a broken lantern, which had been long preserved for the sake of its testimony, were produced to corroborate the evidence. The justice, perceiving the criminal to be but shabbily dressed, was going to commit him without asking any further questions. At length, however, at the earnest request of the accused, the worthy magistrate submitted to hear his defence. The young man then alleged, as was in reality the case, "That as he was walking home to his lodgings he saw two men in the street cruelly beating a third, upon which he had stopped and endeavoured to assist the person who was so unequally attacked; that the watch came up during the affray, and took them all four into custody; that they were immediately carried to the roundhouse, where the two original assailants, who appeared to be men of fortune, found means to make up the matter, and were discharged by the constable, a favour which he himself, having no money in his pocket, was unable to obtain. He utterly denied having assaulted any of the watchmen, and solemnly declared that he was offered his liberty at the price of half a crown."

Though the bare word of an offender can never be taken against the oath of his accuser, yet the matter of this defence was so pertinent, and delivered with such an air of truth and sincerity, that, had the magistrate been endued with much sagacity, or had he been very moderately gifted with another quality very necessary to all who are to administer justice, he would have employed some labour in cross-examining the watchman; at least he would have given the defendant the time he desired to send for the other persons who were present at the affray; neither of which he did. In short, the magistrate had too great an honour for Truth to suspect that she ever appeared in sordid apparel; nor did he ever sully his sublime notions of that virtue by uniting them with the mean ideas of poverty and distress.

There remained now only one prisoner, and that was the poor man himself in whose defence the last-mentioned culprit was engaged. His trial took but a very short time. A cause of battery and broken lantern was instituted against him, and proved in the same manner; nor would the justice hear one word in defence; but, though his patience was exhausted, his breath was not; for against this last wretch he poured forth a great many volleys of menaces and abuse.

The delinquents were then all despatched to prison under a guard of watchmen, and the justice and the constable adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse to take their morning repast.

CHAPTER III.

Containing the inside of a prison.

Mr. Booth (for we shall not trouble you with the rest) was no sooner arrived in the prison than a number of persons gathered around him, all demanding garnish; to which Mr. Booth not making a ready answer, as indeed he did not understand the word, some were going to lay hold of him, when a person of apparent dignity came up and insisted that no one should affront the gentleman. This person then, who was no less than the master or keeper of the prison, turning towards Mr. Booth, acquainted him that it was the custom of the place for every prisoner upon his first arrival there to give something to the former prisoners to make them drink. This, he said, was what they called garnish; and concluded with advising his new customer to draw his purse upon the present occasion. Mr. Booth answered that he would very readily comply with this laudable custom, was it in his power; but that in reality he had not a shilling in his pocket, and, what was worse, he had not a shilling in the world.—"Oho! if that be the case," cries the keeper, "it is another matter, and I have nothing to say." Upon which he immediately departed, and left poor Booth to the mercy of his companions, who without loss of

* *Ripas est interpretes.* By the laws of England abusive words are not punishable by the magistrate: some commissioners of the peace, therefore, when one scold hath applied to them for a warrant against another, from a too eager desire of doing justice, have construed a little harmless scolding into a riot, which is in law an outrageous breach of the peace committed by several persons, by three at the least, nor can a less number be convicted of it. Under this word rioting, or riotting (for I have seen it spelt both ways), many thousands of old women have been arrested and put to expense, sometimes in prison, for a little intemperate use of their tongues. This practice began to decrease in the year 1749.

Blue-eyed Polly

time applied themselves to uneasing, as they termed it, and with such dexterity, that his coat was not only stripped off, but out of sight in a minute.

Mr. Booth was too weak to resist and too wise to complain of this usage. As soon, therefore, as he was at liberty, and declared free of the place, he summoned his philosophy, of which he had no inconsiderable share, to his assistance, and resolved to make himself as easy as possible under his present circumstances.

Could his own thoughts indeed have suffered him a moment to forget where he was, the dispositions of the other prisoners might have induced him to believe that he had been in a happier place: for much the greater part of his fellow-sufferers, instead of wailing and repining at their conditions, were laughing, singing, and diverting themselves with various kinds of sports and gambols.

The first person who accosted him was called Blear-eyed Moll, a woman of no very comely appearance. Her eye (for she had but one), whence she derived her nickname, was such as that nickname bespoke; besides which, it had two remarkable qualities; for first, as if Nature had been careful to provide for her own defect, it constantly looked towards her blind side; and secondly, the ball consisted almost entirely of white, or rather yellow, with a little grey spot in the corner, so small that it was scarce discernible. Nose she had none; for Venus, envious perhaps at her former charms, had carried off the gristly part; and some earthly damsel, perhaps, from the same envy, had levelled the bone with the rest of her face: indeed it was far beneath the bones of her cheeks, which rose proportionally higher than is usual. About half a dozen ebony teeth fortified that large and long canal which nature had cut from ear to ear, at the bottom of which was a chin preposterously short, nature having turned up the bottom, instead of suffering it to grow to its due length.

Her body was well adapted to her face; she measured full as much round the middle as from head to foot; for, besides the extreme breadth of her back, her vast breasts had long since forsaken their native home, and had settled themselves a little below the girdle.

I wish certain actresses on the stage, when they are to perform characters of no amiable cast, would study to dress themselves with the propriety with which Blear-eyed Moll was now arrayed. For the sake of our squeamish reader, we shall not descend to particulars; let it suffice to say, nothing more ragged or more dirty was ever emptied out of the roundhouse at St. Giles's.

We have taken the more pains to describe this person, for two remarkable reasons; the one is, that this unlovely creature was taken in the fact with a very pretty young fellow; the other, which is more productive of moral lesson, is, that however wretched her fortune may appear to the reader, she was one of the merriest persons in the whole prison.

Blear-eyed Moll then came up to Mr. Booth with a smile, or rather grin, on her countenance, and asked him for a dram of gin; and when Booth assured her that he had not a penny of money, she replied,—"D—n your eyes, I thought by your look you had been a clever fellow, and upon the snaffling lay * at least; but, d—n your body and eyes, I find you are some sneaking budge † rascal." She then launched forth a volley of dreadful oaths, interlarded with some language not proper to be repeated here, and was going to lay hold on poor Booth, when a tall prisoner, who had been very earnestly eyeing Booth for some time, came up, and, taking her by the shoulder, flung her off at some distance, cursing her for a b—h, and bidding her let the gentleman alone.

The person who had not himself of the most inviting aspect. He was long visaged, and pale, with a red beard of above a fortnight's growth. He was attired in a brownish-black coat, which would have showed more holes than it did, had not the lining, which appeared through it, been entirely of the same colour with the cloth.

This gentleman, whose name was Robinson, addressed himself very civilly to Mr. Booth, and told him he was sorry to see one of his appearance in that place: "For as to your being without your coat, sir," says he, "I can easily account for that; and, indeed, dress is the least part which distinguishes a gentleman." At which words he cast a significant look on his own coat, as if he desired they should be applied to himself. He then proceeded in the following manner:

"I perceive, sir, you are but just arrived in this dismal place, which is, indeed, rendered more detestable by the wretches who inhabit it than by any other circumstance; but even these a wise man will soon bring himself to bear with indifference; for what is, is; and what must be, must be. The knowledge of this, which, simple as it appears, is in truth the height of all philosophy, renders a wise man superior to every evil which can befal him. I hope, sir, no very dreadful accident is the cause of your coming hither; but, whatever it was, you may be assured it could not be otherwise; for all things happen by an inevitable fatality; and a man can no more resist the impulse of fate than a wheelbarrow can the force of its driver.

Besides the obligation which Mr. Robinson had conferred on Mr. Booth in delivering him from the insults of Blear-eyed Moll, there was something in the manner of Robinson which, notwithstanding the meanness of his dress, seemed to distinguish him from the crowd of wretches who swarmed in those regions; and, above all, the sentiments which he had just declared very nearly coincided with those of Mr. Booth: this gentleman was what they call a freethinker; that is to say, a deist, or, perhaps, an atheist; for, though he did not absolutely deny the existence of a God, yet he entirely denied his providence. A doctrine which, if it is not downright atheism, hath a direct tendency towards it; and, as Dr. Clarke observes, may soon be driven into it. And as to Mr. Booth, though he was in his heart an extreme well-wisher to religion (for he was an honest man), yet his notions of it were very slight and uncertain. To say truth, he was in the wavering condition so finely described by Claudian:

labefacta cadebat
Religio, causæque viam non sponte sequebar
Alterius; vacuo quæ currere semina motu
Affirmat; magnumque novas per inane figuras
Fortuna, non arte, regi; quæ numina sensu
Ambiguo, vel nulla putat, vel nescia nostri.

This way of thinking, or rather of doubting, he had contracted from the same reason which Claudian assigns, and which had indeed brutus in his latter days to doubt the existence of that virtue which he had all his life cultivated. In short, poor Booth imagined that a larger share of misfortunes had fallen to his lot than he had merited; and this led him, who (though a good classical scholar) was not deeply learned in religious matters, into a disadvantageous opinion of Providence. A dangerous way of reasoning, in which our conclusions are not only too hasty, from an imperfect view of things

* A cant term for robbery on the highway.
† Another cant term for pilfering.

but we are likewise liable to much error from partiality to ourselves; viewing our virtues and vices as through a perspective, in which we turn the glass always to our own advantage, so as to diminish the one, and as greatly to magnify the other.

From the above reasons, it can be no wonder that Mr. Booth did not decline the acquaintance of this person, in a place which could not promise to afford him any better. He answered him, therefore, with great courtesy, as indeed he was of a very good and gentle disposition, and, after expressing a civil surprise at meeting him there, declared himself to be of the same opinion with regard to the necessity of human actions; adding, however, that he did not believe men were under any blind impulse or direction of fate, but that every man acted merely from the force of that passion which was uppermost in his mind, and could do no otherwise.

A discourse now ensued between the two gentlemen on the necessity arising from the impulse of fate, and the necessity arising from the impulse of passion, which, as it will make a pretty pamphlet of itself, we shall reserve for some future opportunity. When this was ended they set forward to survey the gaol and the prisoners, with the several cases of whom Mr. Robinson, who had been some time under confinement, undertook to make Mr. Booth acquainted.

CHAPTER IV.

Disclosing further secrets of the prison-house.

The first persons whom they passed by were three men in fetters, who were enjoying themselves very merrily over a bottle of wine and a pipe of tobacco. These, Mr. Robinson informed his friend, were three street-robbers, and were all certain of being hanged the ensuing sessions. So inconsiderable an object, said he, is misery to light minds, when it is at any distance.

A little farther they beheld a man prostrate on the ground, whose heavy groans and frantic actions plainly indicated the highest disorder of mind. This person was, it seems, committed for a small felony; and his wife, who then lay-in, upon hearing the news, had thrown herself from a window two pair of stairs high, by which means he had, in all probability, lost both her and his child.

A very pretty girl then advanced towards them, whose beauty Mr. Booth could not help admiring the moment he saw her; declaring, at the same time, he thought she had great innocence in her countenance. Robinson said she was committed thither as an idle and disorderly person, and a common street-walker. As she passed by Mr. Booth, she damned his eyes, and discharged a volley of words, every one of which was too indecent to be repeated.

They now beheld a little creature sitting by herself in a corner, and crying bitterly. This girl, Mr. Robinson said, was committed because her father-in-law, who was in the grenadier guards, had sworn that he was afraid of his life, or of some bodily harm which she would do him, and she could get no sureties for keeping the peace; for which reason justice Thrasher had committed her to prison.

A great noise now arose, occasioned by the prisoners all flocking to see a fellow whipped for petty larceny, to which he was condemned by the court of quarter-sessions; but this soon ended in the disappointment of the spectators; for the fellow, after being stripped, having advanced another sixpence, was discharged untouched.

This was immediately followed by another hustle; Blear-eyed Moll, and several of her companions, having got possession of a man who was committed for certain odious unmanlike practices, not fit to be named, were giving him various kinds of discipline, and would probably have put an end to him, had he not been rescued out of their hands by authority.

When this bustle was a little allayed, Mr. Booth took notice of a young woman in rags sitting on the ground, and supporting the head of an old man in her lap, who appeared to be giving up the ghost. These, Mr. Robinson informed him, were father and daughter; that the latter was committed for stealing a loaf, in order to support the former, and the former for receiving it, knowing it to be stolen.

A well-dressed man then walked surlily by them, whom Mr. Robinson reported to have been committed on an indictment found against him for a most horrid perjury; but, says he, we expect him to be bailed to-day. Good Heaven! cries Booth, can such villains find bail, and is no person charitable enough to bail that poor father and daughter? Oh! sir, answered Robinson, the offence of the daughter, being felony, is held not be bailable in law; whereas perjury is a misdemeanor only; and therefore persons who are even indicted for it are, nevertheless, capable of being bailed. Nay, of all perjuries, that of which this man is indicted is the worst; for it was with an intention of taking away the life of an innocent person by form of law. As to perjuries in civil matters, they are not so very criminal. They are not, said Booth; and yet even these are a most flagitious offence, and worthy the highest punishment. Surely they ought to be distinguished, answered Robinson, from the others: for what is taking away a little property from a man, compared to taking away his life and his reputation, and ruining his family into the bargain?—I hope there can be no comparison in the crimes, and I think there ought to be none in the punishment. However, at present, the punishment of all perjury is only pillory and transportation for seven years; and, as it is a traversable and bailable offence, methods are often found to escape any punishment at all.*

Booth expressed great astonishment at this, when his attention was suddenly diverted by the most miserable object that he had yet seen. This was a wretch almost naked, and who bore in his countenance, joined to an appearance of honesty, the marks of poverty, hunger, and disease. He had, moreover, a wooden leg, and two or three scars on his forehead. The case of this poor man is, indeed, unhappy enough, said Robinson. He hath served his country, lost his limb, and received several wounds at the siege of Gibraltar. When he was discharged from the hospital abroad he came over to get into that of Chelsea, but could not immediately, as none of his officers were then in England. In the mean time, he was one day apprehended and committed hither on suspicion of stealing three herrings from a fishmonger. He was tried several months ago for this offence, and acquitted; indeed, his innocence manifestly appeared at the trial; but he was brought back again for his fees, and here he hath lain ever since.

Booth expressed great horror at this account, and declared, if he had only so much money in his pocket, he would pay his fees for him; but added that he was not possessed of a single farthing in the world.

Robinson hesitated a moment, and then said, with a smile, "I am going to make you, sir, a very odd proposal after your last declaration; but what say you to a game at cards? it will serve to pass a tedi-

* By removing the indictment by *certiorari* into the King's Bench, the trial is so long postponed, and the costs are so highly increased, that prosecutors are often tired out, and some incapacitated from pursuing. *Verbum sapienti.*

ous hour, and may divert your thonghts from more unpleasant speculations."

I do not imagine Booth would have agreed to this; for, though some love of gaming had been formerly amongst his faults, yet he was not so egregiously addicted to that vice as to be tempted hy the shahby plight of Robinson, who had, if I may so express myself, ne charms for a gamester. If he had, however, any sueh inclinations, he had no opportunity to follow them, for, before he could make any answer to Robinson's proposal, a strapping wench came up to Booth, and, taking hold of his arm, asked him to walk aside with her; saying, "What a pox, are you sueh a fresh cull that you do not know this fellow? why, he is a gamhier, and committed for cheating at play. There is not sueh a piekpocket in the whole qnad."*

A scene of altercation now ensued between Rohinson and the lady, whieh ended in a bout at fisticuffs, in which the lady was greatly superior to the philosopher.

While the two combatants were engaged, a grave-looking man, rather better dressed than the majority of the company, came up to Mr. Booth, and, taking him aside, said, "I am sorry, sir, to see a gentleman, as you appear to be, in such intimacy with that rascal, who makes no scruple of disowning all revealed religion. As for erimes, they are human errors, and signify but little; nay, perhaps the worse a man is by nature, the more room there is for graee. The spirit is active, and loves best to inhahit those minds where it may meet with the most work. Whatever your erime be, therefore, I would not have you despair, but rather rejoice at it; for perhaps it may be the means of your being called." He ran on for a considerable time with this eant, without waiting for an answer, and ended in declaring himself a methodist.

Just as the methodist had finished his discourse, a beautiful young woman was ushered into the gaol. She was genteel and well dressed, and did not in the least resemble those females whom Mr. Booth had hitherto seen. The constable had no sooner delivered her at the gate than she asked with a commanding voice for the keeper; and, when he arrived, she said to him, "Well, sir, whither am I to be eonducted? I hope I am not to take up my lodgings with these creatures." The keeper answered, with a kind of surly respect, "Madam, we have rooms for those who can afford to pay for them." At these words she pulled a handsome purse from her pocket, in whieh many guineas chinked, saying, with an air of indignation, "That she was not come thither on account of poverty." The keeper no sooner viewed the purse than his features became all softened in an instant; and, with all the courtesy of which he was master, he desired the lady to walk with him, assuring her that she should have the best apartment in his house.

Mr. Booth was now left alone; for the methodist had forsaken him, having, as the phrase of the sect is, searched him to the bottom. In fact, he had thoroughly examined every one of Mr. Booth's pockets; from which he had conveyed away a penknife and an iron snuff-box, these being all the moveables whieh were to be found.

Booth was standing near the gate of the prison when the young lady above mentioned was introduced into the yard. He viewed her features very attentively, and was persuaded that he knew her. She was indeed so remarkably handsome, that it was hardly possible for any who had ever seen her to forget her. He inquired of one of the underkeepers if the name of the prisoner lately arrived was not Matthews; to which he was answered that her name was not Matthews but Vincent, and that she was committed for murder.

The latter part of this information made Mr. Booth suspect his memory more than the former; for it was very possible that she might have changed her name; but he hardly thought she could so far have changed her nature as to be guilty of a erime so very incongruous with her former gentle manners: for Miss Matthews had both the birth and education of a gentlewoman. He concluded, therefore, that he was certainly mistaken, and rested satisfied without any further inquiry.

* A cant word for a prison.

CHAPTER V.

Containing certain adventures which befel Mr. Booth in the prison.

The remainder of the day Mr. Booth spent in meiancholy contemplation on his present condition. He was destitute of the common necessaries of life, and consequently unable to subsist where he was; nor was there a single person in town to whom he could, with any reasonable hope, apply for his delivery. Grief for some time banished the thoughts of food from his mind; but in the morning nature began to grow uneasy for want of her usual nonrishment: for he had not ate a morsel during the last forty hours. A penny loaf, which is it seems the ordinary allowance to the prisoners in Bridewell, was now delivered him; and while he was eating this a man brought him a little packet sealed up, informing him that it came by a messenger, who said it required no answer.

Mr. Booth now opened his packet, and, after unfolding several pieces of blank paper successively, at last discovered a guinea, wrapped with great care in the inmost paper. He was vastly surprised at this sight, as he had few if any friends from whom he could expect such a favour, slight as it was; and not one of his friends, as he was apprised, knew of his confinement. As there was no direction to the packet, nor a word of writing contained in it, he began to suspect that it was delivered to the wrong person; and, being one of the most untainted honesty, he found out the man who gave it him, and again examined him concerning the person who brought it, and the message delivered with it. The man assured Booth that he had made no mistake; saying, "If your name is Booth, sir, I am positive you are the gentleman to whom the parcel I gave you belongs."

The most scrupulous honesty would, perhaps, in such a situation, have been well enough satisfied in finding no owner for the guinea; especially when proclamation had been made in the prison that Mr. Booth had received a packet without any direction, to which, if any person had any claim, and would discover the contents, he was ready to deliver it to such claimant. No such claimant being found (I mean none who knew the contents; for many swore that they expected just such a packet, and believed it to be their property), Mr. Booth very calmly resolved to apply the money to his own use.

The first thing after redemption of the coat, which Mr. Booth, hungry as he was, thought of, was to supply himself with snuff, which he had long, to his great sorrow, been without. On this occasion he presently missed that iron box which the methodist had so dextrously conveyed out of his pocket as we mentioned in the last chapter.

He no sooner missed this box than he immediately suspected that the gambler was the person who had stolen it; nay, so well was he assured of this man's guilt, that it may, perhaps, be improper to say he barely suspected it. Though Mr. Booth was, as we have hinted, a man of very sweet disposition, yet was he rather overwarm. Having, therefore, no doubt concerning the person of the thief, he eagerly sought him out, and very bluntly charged him with the fact.

The gambler, whom I think we should now call the philosopher, received this charge without the least visible emotion either of mind or muscle. After a short pause of a few moments, he answered, with great solemnity, as follows: "Young man, I am entirely unconcerned at your groundless suspicion. He that censures a stranger, as I am to you, without any cause, makes a worse compliment to himself than to the stranger. You know yourself, friend; you know not me. It is true, indeed, you heard me accused of being a cheat and a gamester; but who is my accuser? Look at my apparel, friend; do thieves and gamesters wear such clothes as these? play is my folly, not my vice; it is my impulse, and I have been a martyr to it. Would a gamester have asked another to play when he could have lost eighteen-pence and won nothing? however, if you are not satisfied, you may search my pockets; the outside of all but one will serve your turn, and in that one there is the eighteen-pence I told you of." He then turned up his clothes; and his pockets entirely resembled the pitchers of the Belides.

Booth was a little staggered at this defence. He said the real value of the iron box was too inconsiderable to mention; but that he had a capricious value for it, for the sake of the person who gave it him; "for, though it is not," said he, "worth sixpence, I would willingly give a crown to any one who would bring it me again."

Robinson answered, "If that be the case, you have nothing more to do but to signify your intention in the prison, and I am well convinced you will not be long without regaining the possession of your snuff-box.

This advice was immediately followed, and with success, the methodist presently producing the box, which, he said, he had found, and should have returned it before, had he known the person to whom it belonged; adding, with uplifted eyes, that the spirit would not suffer him knowingly to detain the goods of another, however inconsiderable the value was. "Why so, friend?" said Robinson. "Have I not heard you often say, the wickeder any man was the better, provided he was what you call a believer?" "You mistake me," cries Cooper (for that was the name of the methodist): "no man can be wicked after he is possessed by the spirit. There is a wide difference between the days of sin and the days of grace. I have been a sinner myself." "I believe thee," cries Robinson, with a sneer. "I care not," answered the other, "what an atheist believes. I suppose you would insinuate that I stole the snuff-box; but I value not your malice; the Lord knows my innocence." He then walked off with the reward; and Booth, returning to Robinson, very earnestly asked pardon for his groundless suspicion; which the other, without any hesitation, accorded him, saying, "You never accused me, sir; you suspected some gambler, with whose character I have no concern. I should be angry with a friend or acquaintance who should give a hasty credit to any allegation against me; but I have no reason to be offended with you for believing what the woman, and the rascal who is just gone, and who is committed here for a pickpocket, which you did not perhaps know, told you to my disadvantage. And if you thought me to be a gambler you had just reason to suspect any ill of me; for I myself am confined here by the perjury of one of those villains, who, having cheated me of my money at play, and hearing that I intended to apply to a magistrate against him, himself began the attack, and obtained a warrant against me of justice Thrasher, who, without hearing one speech in my defence, committed me to this place."

Booth testified great compassion at this account; and, he having invited Robinson to dinner, they spent that day together. In the afternoon Booth indulged his friend with a game at cards; at first for halfpence and afterwards for shillings, when fortune so favoured Robinson that he did not leave the other a single shilling in his pocket.

A surprising run of luck in a gamester is often mistaken for somewhat else by persons who are not over-zealous believers in the divinity of fortune. I have known a stranger at Bath, who hath happened fortunately (I might almost say unfortunately) to have four by honours in his hand almost every time he dealt for a whole evening, shunned universally by the whole company the next day. And certain it is, that Mr. Booth, though of a temper very little inclined to suspicion, began to waver in his opinion whether the character given by Mr. Robinson of himself, or that which the others gave of him, was the truer.

In the morning hunger paid him a second visit, and found him again in the same situation as before. After some deliberation, therefore, he resolved to ask Robinson to lend him a shilling or two of that money which was lately his own. And this experiment, he thought, would confirm him either in a good or evil opinion of that gentleman.

To this demand Robinson answered, with great alacrity, that he should very gladly have complied, had not fortune played one of her jade tricks with him: "for since my winning of you," said he, "I have been stripped not only of your money but my own. He was going to harangue farther; but Booth, with great indignation, turned from him.

This poor gentleman had very little time to reflect on his own misery, or the rascality, as it appeared to him, of the other, when the same person who had the day before delivered him the guinea from the unknown hand, again accosted him, and told him a lady in the house (so he expressed himself) desired the favour of his company.

Mr. Booth immediately obeyed the message, and was conducted into a room in the prison, where he was presently convinced that Mrs. Vincent was no other than his old acquaintance Miss Matthews.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing the extraordinary behaviour of Miss Matthews on her meeting with Booth, and some endeavours to prove, by reason and authority, that it is possible for a woman to appear to be what she really is not.

EIGHT or nine years had passed since any interview between Mr. Booth and Miss Matthews; and their meeting now in so extraordinary a place affected both of them with an equal surprise.

After some immaterial ceremonies, the lady acquainted Mr. Booth that, having heard there was a person in the prison who knew her by the name of Matthews, she had great curiosity to inquire who he was, whereupon he had been shown to her from the window of the house; that she immediately recollected him, and, being informed of his distressful

situation, for which she expressed great concern, she had sent him that guinea which he had received the day before; and then proceeded to excuse herself for not having desired to see him at that time, when she was under the greatest disorder and hurry of spirits.

Booth made many handsome acknowledgments of her favour; and added that he very little wondered at the disorder of her spirits, concluding that he was heartily concerned at seeing her there; "but I hope, madam," said he—

Here he hesitated; upon which, bursting into an agony of tears, she cried out, "O captain! captain! many extraordinary things have passed since last I saw you. O gracious heaven! did I ever expect that this would be the next place of our meeting?"

She then flung herself into her chair, where she gave loose to her passion, whilst he, in the most affectionate and tender manner, endeavoured to soothe and comfort her; but passion itself did probably more for its own relief than all his friendly consolations. Having vented this in a large flood of tears, she became pretty well composed; but Booth unhappily mentioning her father, she again relapsed into an agony, and cried out, "Why? why will you repeat the name of that dear man? I have disgraced him, Mr. Booth, I am unworthy the name of his daughter."—Here passion again stopped her words, and discharged itself in tears.

After this second vent of sorrow or shame, or, if the reader pleases, of rage, she once more recovered from her agonies. To say the truth, these are, I believe, as critical discharges of nature as any of those which are so called by the physicians, and do more effectually relieve the mind than any remedies with which the whole materia medica of philosophy can supply it.

When Mrs. Vincent had recovered her faculties, she perceived Booth standing silent, with a mixture of concern and astonishment in his countenance; then addressing herself to him with an air of most bewitching softness, of which she was a perfect mistress, she said, "I do not wonder at your amazement, captain Booth, nor indeed at the concern which you so plainly discover for me; for I well know the goodness of your nature: but, O, Mr. Booth! believe me, when you know what hath happened since our last meeting, your concern will be raised, however your astonishment may cease. O, sir! you are a stranger to the cause of my sorrows."

"I hope I am, madam," answered he; "for I cannot believe what I have heard in the prison—surely murder"—at which words she started from her chair, repeating, murder! "Oh! it is music in my ears! —You have heard then the cause of my commitment, my glory, my delight, my reparation! Yes, my old friend, this is the hand, this is the arm that drove the penknife to his heart. Unkind fortune, that not one drop of his blood reached my hand.—Indeed, sir, I would never have washed it from it.—But, though I have not the happiness to see it on my hand, I have the glorious satisfaction of remembering I saw it run in rivers on the floor; I saw it forsake his cheeks, I saw him fall a martyr to my revenge. And is the killing a villain to be called murder? perhaps the law calls it so.—Let it call it what it will, or punish me as it pleases.——Punish me!—no, no—that is not in the power of man—not of that monster man, Mr. Booth. I am undone, am revenged, and have now no more business for life; let them take it from me when they will."

Our poor gentleman turned pale with horror at this speech, and the ejaculation of Good heavens! what do I hear? burst spontaneously from his lips; nor can we wonder at this, though he was the bravest of men; for her voice, her looks, her gestures, were properly adapted to the sentiments she expressed. Such indeed was her image, that neither could Shakspeare describe, nor Hogarth paint, nor Clive act a fury in higher perfection.

"What do you hear?" reiterated she. "You hear the resentment of the most injured of women. You have heard, you say, of the murder; but do you know the cause, Mr. Booth? Have you since your return to England visited that country where we formerly knew one another? tell me, do you know my wretched story? tell me that, my friend."

Booth hesitated for an answer; indeed, he had heard some imperfect stories, not much to her advantage. She waited not till he had formed a speech; but cried, "Whatever you may have heard, you cannot be acquainted with all the strange accidents which have occasioned your seeing me in a place which at our last parting was so unlikely that I should ever have been found in; nor can you know the cause of all that I have uttered, and which, I am convinced, you never expected to have heard from my mouth. If these circumstances raise your curiosity, I will satisfy it."

He answered, that curiosity was too mean a word to express his ardent desire of knowing her story. Upon which, with very little previous ceremony, she began to relate what is written in the following chapter.

But before we put an end to this it may be necessary to whisper a word or two to the critics, who have, perhaps, begun to express no less astonishment than Mr. Booth, that a lady in whom we had remarked a most extraordinary power of displaying softness should, the very next moment after the words were out of her mouth, express sentiments becoming the lips of a Dalila, Jezebel, Medea, Semiramis, Parysatis, Tauaquil, Livilla, Messalina, Agrippina, Brunichilde, Elfrida, lady Macbeth, Joan of Naples, Christina of Sweden, Katharine Hays, Sarah Malcolm, Con Philips,* or any other heroine of the tender sex, which history, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, false or true, hath recorded.

We desire such critics to remember that it is the same English climate in which, on the lovely 10th of June, under a serene sky, the amorous Jacobite, kissing the odoriferous zephyr's breath, gathers a nosegay of white roses to deck the whiter breast of Celia; and in which, on the 11th of June, the very next day, the boisterous Boreas, roused by the hollow thunder, rushes horribly through the air, and, driving the wet tempest before him, levels the hope of the husbandman with the earth, dreadful remembrance of the consequences of the revolution.

Again, let it be remembered that this is the self-same Celia, all tender, soft, and delicate, who with a voice, the sweetness of which the Syrens might envy, warbles the harmonious song in praise of the young adventurer; and again, the next day, or, perhaps the next hour, with fiery eyes, wrinkled brows, and foaming lips, roars forth treason and nonsense in a political argument with some fair one of a different principle.

Or, if the critic be a whig, and consequently dislikes such kind of similes, as being too favourable to Jacobitism, let him be contented with the following story:

I happened in my youth to sit behind two ladies in a side-box at a play, where, in the balcony on

* Though last not least.

the opposite side, was placed the inimitable B——y C——s, in company with a young fellow of no very formal, or indeed sober, appearance. One of the ladies, I remember, said to the other—"Did you ever see anything look so modest and so innocent as that girl over the way? what pity it is such a creature should be in the way of ruin, as I am afraid she is, by her being alone with that young fellow!" Now this lady was no bad physiognomist, for it was impossible to conceive a greater appearance of modesty, innocence, and simplicity, than what nature had displayed in the countenance of that girl; and yet, all appearances notwithstanding, I myself (remember, critic, it was in my youth) had a few mornings before seen that very identical picture of all those engaging qualities in bed with a rake at a bagnio, smoking tobacco, drinking punch, talking obscenity, and swearing and cursing with all the impudence and impiety of the lowest and most abandoned trull of a soldier.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Miss Matthews begins her history.

Miss Matthews, having barred the door on the inside as securely as it was before barred on the outside, proceeded as follows:

"You may imagine I am going to begin my history at the time when you left the country; but I cannot help reminding you of something which happened before. You will soon recollect the incident; but I believe you little know the consequence either at that time or since. Alas! I could keep a secret then! now I have no secrets; the world knows all; and it is not worth my while to conceal anything. Well!—You will not wonder, I believe. —I protest I can hardly tell it you, even now.—— But I am convinced you have too good an opinion of yourself to be surprised at any conquest you may have made.——Few men want that good opinion— and perhaps very few had ever more reason for it. Indeed, Will, you was a charming fellow in those days; nay, you are not much altered for the worse now, at least in the opinion of some women; for your complexion and features are grown much more masculine than they were." Here Booth made her a low bow, most probably with a compliment; and after a little hesitation she again proceeded.—— "Do you remember a contest which happened at an assembly, betwixt myself and Miss Johnson, about standing uppermost? you was then my partner; and young Williams danced with the other lady. The particulars are not now worth mentioning, though I suppose you have long since forgot them. Let it suffice that you supported my claim, and Williams very sneakingly gave up that of his partner, who was, with much difficulty, afterwards prevailed to dance with him. You said—I am sure I repeat the words exactly—that 'you would not for the world affront any lady there; but that you thought you might, without any such danger, declare that there was no assembly in which that lady, meaning your humble servant, was not worthy of the uppermost place; nor will I,' said you, 'suffer the first duke in England, when she is at the uppermost end of the room, and hath called her dance, to lead his partner above her.'

"What made this the more pleasing to me was, that I secretly hated Miss Johnson. Will you have the reason? why, then, I will tell you honestly, she was my rival. That word perhaps astonishes you, as you never, I believe, heard of any one who made his addresses to me; and indeed my heart was, till that night, entirely indifferent to all mankind: I mean, then, that she was my rival for praise, for beauty, for dress, for fortune, and consequently for admiration. My triumph on this conquest is not to be expressed any more than my delight in the person to whom I chiefly owed it. The former, I fancy, was visible to the whole company; and I desired it should be so; but the latter was so well concealed, that no one, I am confident, took any notice of it. And yet you appeared to me that night to be an angel. You looked, you danced, you spoke—everything charmed me."

"Good heavens!" cries Booth, "is it possible you should do me so much unmerited honour, and I should be dunce enough not to perceive the least symptom?"

"I assure you," answered she, "I did all I could to prevent you; and yet I almost hated you for not seeing through what I strove to hide. Why, Mr. Booth, was you not more quick-sighted?—I will answer for you—your affections were more happily disposed of to a much better woman than myself, whom you married soon afterwards. I should ask you for her, Mr. Booth; I should have asked you for her before; but I am unworthy of asking for her, or of calling her my acquaintance."

Booth stopped her short, as she was running into another fit of passion, and begged her to omit all former matters, and acquaint him with that part of her history to which he was an entire stranger.

She then renewed her discourse as follows: "You know, Mr. Booth, I soon afterwards left that town, upon the death of my grandmother, and returned home to my father's house; where I had not been long arrived before some troops of dragoons came to quarter in our neighbourhood. Among the officers there was a cornet whose detested name was Hebbers, a name I could scarce repeat, had I not at the same time the pleasure to reflect that he is now no more. My father, you know, who is a hearty well-wisher to the present government, used always to invite the officers to his house; so did he these. Nor was it long before this cornet in so particular a manner recommended himself to the poor old gentleman (I cannot think of him without tears), that our house became his principal habitation, and he was rarely at his quarters, unless when his superior officers obliged him to be there. I shall say nothing of his person, nor could that be any recommendation to a man; it was such, however, as no woman could have made an objection to. Nature had certainly wrapped up her odious work in a most beautiful covering. To say the truth, he was the handsomest man, except one only, that I ever saw—I assure you, I have seen a handsomer——but —well.—He had, besides, all the qualifications of a gentleman; was genteel and extremely polite; spoke French well, and danced to a miracle; but what chiefly recommended him to my father was his skill in music, of which you know that dear man was the most violent lover. I wish he was not too susceptible of flattery on that head; for I have heard Hebbers often greatly commend my father's performance, and have observed that the good man was wonderfully pleased with such commendations. To say the truth, it is the only way I can account for the extraordinary friendship which my father conceived for this person; such a friendship, that he at last became a part of our family.

"This very circumstance, which, as I am convinced, strongly recommended him to my father, had the very contrary effect with me: I had never any delight in music, and it was not without much difficulty I was prevailed on to learn to play on the harpsichord, in which I had made a very slender progress. As this man, therefore, was frequently

the occasion of my being importuned to play against my will, I began to entertain some dislike for him on that account; and as to his person, I assure you, I long continued to look on it with great indifference.

"How strange will the art of this man appear to you presently, who had sufficient address to convert that very circumstance which had at first occasioned my dislike into the first seeds of affection for him!

"You have often, I believe, heard my sister Betty play on the harpsichord; she was, indeed, reputed the best performer in the whole country.

"I was the farthest in the world from regarding this perfection of hers with envy. In reality, perhaps, I despised all perfection of this kind; at least, as I had neither skill nor ambition to excel this way, I looked upon it as a matter of mere indifference.

"Hebbers first put this emulation in my head. He took great pains to persuade me that I had much greater abilities of the musical kind than my sister, and that I might with the greatest ease, if I pleased, excel her; offering me, at the same time, his assistance if I would resolve to undertake it.

"When he had sufficiently inflamed my ambition, in which, perhaps, he found too little difficulty, the continual praises of my sister, which before I had disregarded, became more and more nauseous in my ears; and the rather, as, music being the favourite passion of my father, I became apprehensive (not without frequent hints from Hebbers of that nature) that she might gain too great a preference in his favour.

"To my harpsichord then I applied myself night and day, with such industry and attention, that I soon began to perform in a tolerable manner. I do not absolutely say I excelled my sister, for many were of a different opinion; but, indeed, there might be some partiality in all that.

"Hebbers, at least, declared himself on my side, and nobody could doubt his judgment. He asserted openly that I played in the better manner of the two; and one day, when I was playing to him alone, he affected to burst into a rapture of admiration, and, squeezing me gently by the hand, said, There, madam, I now declare you excel your sister as much in music as, added he in a whispering sigh, you do her, and all the world, in every other charm.

"No woman can bear any superiority in whatever thing she desires to excel in. I now began to hate all the admirers of my sister, to be uneasy at every commendation bestowed on her skill in music, and consequently to love Hebbers for the preference which he gave to mine.

"It was now that I began to survey the handsome person of Hebbers with pleasure. And here, Mr. Booth, I will betray to you the grand secret of our sex.——Many women, I believe, do, with great innocence, and even with great indifference, converse with men of the finest persons; but this I am confident may be affirmed with truth, that, when once a woman comes to ask this question of herself, Is the man whom I like for some other reason, handsome? her fate, and his too, very strongly depend on her answering in the affirmative.

"Hebbers no sooner perceived that he made an impression on my heart, of which I am satisfied I gave him too undeniable tokens, than he affected on a sudden to shun me in the most apparent manner. He wore the most melancholy air in my presence, and, by his dejected looks and sighs, firmly persuaded me that there was some secret sorrow labouring in his bosom; nor will it be difficult for you to imagine to what cause I imputed it.

"Whilst I was wishing for his declaration of a passion in which I thought I could not be mistaken, and at the same time trembling whenever we met with the apprehension of this very declaration, the widow Carey came from London to make us a visit, intending to stay the whole summer at our house.

"Those who know Mrs. Carey will scarce think I do her an injury in saying she is far from being handsome; and yet she is as finished a coquette as if she had the highest beauty to support that character. But perhaps you have seen her; and if you have I am convinced you will readily subscribe to my opinion."

Booth answered he had not; and then she proceeded as in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

The history of Miss Matthews continued.

"This young lady had not been three days with us before Hebbers grew so particular with her, that it was generally observed; and my poor father, who, I believe, loved the comet as if he had been his son, began to jest on the occasion, as one who would not be displeased at throwing a good jointure into the arms of his friend.

"You will easily guess, sir, the disposition of my mind on this occasion; but I was not permitted to suffer long under it; for one day, when Hebbers was alone with me, he took an opportunity of expressing his abhorrence at the thoughts of marrying for interest, contrary to his inclinations. I was warm on the subject, and, I believe, went so far as to say that none but fools and villains did so. He replied, with a sigh, Yes, madam, but what would you think of a man whose heart is all the while bleeding for another woman, to whom he would willingly sacrifice the world; but, because he must sacrifice her interest as well as his own, never durst even give her a hint of that passion which was preying on his very vitals? Do you believe, Miss Fanny, there is such a wretch on earth? I answered, with an assumed coldness, I did not believe there was. He then took me gently by the hand, and, with a look so tender that I cannot describe it, vowed he was himself that wretch. Then starting, as if conscious of an error committed, he cried with a faultering voice, What am I saying? Pardon me, Miss Fanny; since I beg only your pity, I never will ask for more.—At these words, hearing my father coming up, I betrayed myself entirely, if, indeed, I had not done it before. I hastily withdrew my hand, crying, Hush! for heaven's sake, my father is just coming in; my blushes, my look, and my accent, telling him, I suppose, all which he wished to know.

"A few days now brought matters to an eclaircissement between us; the being undeceived in what had given me so much uneasiness gave me a pleasure too sweet to be resisted. To triumph over the widow, for whom I had in a very short time contracted a most inveterate hatred, was a pride not to be described. Hebbers appeared to me to be the cause of all this happiness. I doubted not but that he had the most disinterested passion for me, and thought him every way worthy of its return. I did return it, and accepted him as my lover.

"He declared the greatest apprehensions of my father's suspicion, though I am convinced these were causeless had his designs been honourable. To blind these, I consented that he should carry on sham addresses to the widow, who was now a constant jest between us; and he pretended, from time to time, to acquaint me faithfully with everything that passed at his interviews with her; nor was this

faithless woman wanting in her part of the deceit. She carried herself to me all the while with a show of affection, and pretended to have the utmost friendship for me. But such are the friendships of women!"

At this remark, Booth, though enough affected at some parts of the story, had great difficulty to refrain from laughter; but, by good luck, he escaped being perceiven; and the lady went on without interruption.

"I am come now to a part of my narrative in which it is impossible to be particular without being tedious; for, as to the commerce between lovers, it is, I believe, much the same in all cases; and there is, perhaps, scarce a single phrase that hath not been repeated ten millions of times.

"One thing, however, as I strongly remarked it then, so I will repeat to you now. In all our conversations, in moments when he fell into the warmest raptures, and expressed the greatest uneasiness at the delay of his joys, he seldom mentioned the word marriage; and never once solicited a day for that purpose. Indeed, women cannot be cautioned too much against such lovers; for though I have heard, and perhaps truly, of some of our sex, of a virtue so exalted that it is proof against every temptation, yet the generality, I am afraid, are too much in the power of a man to whom they have owned an affection. What is called being upon a good footing is, perhaps, being upon a very dangerous one; and a woman who hath given her consent to marry can hardly be said to be safe till she is married.

"And now, sir, I hasten to the period of my ruin. We had a wedding in our family; my musical sister was married to a young fellow as musical as herself. Such a match, you may be sure, amongst other festivities, must have a ball. Oh! Mr. Booth, shall modesty forbid me to remark to you what passed on that occasion? But why do I mention modesty, who have no pretensions to it? Everything was said and practised on that occasion, as if the purpose had been to inflame the mind of every woman present. That effect, I freely own to you, it had with me. Music, dancing, wine, and the most luscious conversation, in which my poor dear father innocently joined, raised ideas in me of which I shall for ever repent; and I wished (why should I deny it?) that it had been my wedding instead of my sister's.

"The villain Hebbers danced with me that night, and he lost no opportunity of improving the occasion. In short, the dreadful evening came. My father, though it was a very unusual thing with him, grew intoxicated with liquor; most of the men were in the same condition; nay, I myself drank more than I was accustomed to, enough to inflame, though not to disorder. I lost my former bed-fellow, my sister, and,—you may, I think, guess the rest,—the villain found means to steal to my chamber, and I was undone.

"Two months I passed in this detested commerce, buying, even then, my guilty, half-tasted pleasures at too dear a rate, with continual horror and apprehension; but what have I paid since—what do I pay now, Mr. Booth? O may my fate be a warning to every woman to keep her innocence, to resist every temptation, since she is certain to repent of the foolish bargain. May it be a warning to her to deal with mankind with care and caution; to shun the least approaches of dishonour, and never to confide too much in the honesty of a man, nor in her own strength, where she has so much at stake; let her remember she walks on a precipice, and the bottomless pit is to receive her if she slips; nay, if she makes one false step.

"I ask your pardon, Mr. Booth; I might have spared these exhortations, since no woman hears me; but you will not wonder at seeing me affected on this occasion."

Booth declared he was much more surprised at her being able so well to preserve her temper in recounting her story.

"O sir," answered she, "I am at length reconciled to my fate; and I can now die with pleasure, since I die revenged. I am not one of those mean wretches who can sit down and lament their misfortunes. If I ever shed tears, they are the tears of indignation.—But I will proceed.

"It was my fate now to solicit marriage; and I failed not to do it in the most earnest manner. He answered me at first with procrastinations, declaring, from time to time, he would mention it to my father; and still excusing himself for not doing it. At last he thought on an expedient to obtain a longer reprieve. This was by pretending that he should, in a very few weeks, be preferred to the command of a troop; and then, he said, he could with some confidence propose the match.

"In this delay I was persuaded to acquiesce, and was indeed pretty easy, for I had not yet the least mistrust of his honour; but what words can paint my sensations, when one morning he came into my room, with all the marks of dejection in his countenance, and, throwing an open letter on the table, said, There is news, madam, in that letter which I am unable to tell you; nor can it give you more concern than it hath given me.

"This letter was from his captain, to acquaint him that the rout, as they call it, was arrived, and that they were to march within two days. And this, I am since convinced, was what he expected, instead of the preferment which had been made the pretence of delaying our marriage.

"The shock which I felt at reading this was inexpressible, occasioned indeed principally by the departure of a villain whom I loved. However, I soon acquired sufficient presence of mind to remember the main point; and I now insisted peremptorily on his making me immediately his wife, whatever might be the consequence.

"He seemed thunderstruck at this proposal, being, I suppose, destitute of any excuse: but I was too impatient to wait for an answer, and cried out with much eagerness, Sure you cannot hesitate a moment upon this matter——Hesitate! madam! replied he—what you ask is impossible. Is this a time for me to mention a thing of this kind to your father?—My eyes were now opened all at once—I fell into a rage little short of madness. Tell not me, I cried, of impossibilities, nor times, nor of my father,——my honour, my reputation, my all are at stake.—I will have no excuse, no delay—make me your wife this instant, or I will proclaim you over the face of the whole earth for the greatest of villains. He answered, with a kind of sneer, What will you proclaim, madam?—whose honour will you injure? My tongue faltered when I offered to reply, and I fell into a violent agony, which ended in a fit; nor do I remember any thing more that passed till I found myself in the arms of my poor affrighted father.

"O, Mr. Booth, what was then my situation! I tremble even now from the reflection.—I must stop a moment. I can go no farther." Booth attempted all in his power to soothe her; and she soon recovered her powers, and proceeded in her story.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Miss Matthews concludes her relation.

"BEFORE I had recovered my senses I had sufficiently betrayed myself to the best of men, who, instead of upbraiding me, or exerting any anger, endeavoured to comfort me all he could with assurances that all should yet be well. This goodness of his affected me with inexpressible sensations; I prostrated myself before him, embraced and kissed his knees, and almost dissolved in tears and a degree of tenderness hardly to be conceived——But I am running into too minute descriptions.

"Hebbers, seeing me in a fit, had left me, and sent one of the servants to take care of me. He then ran away like a thief from the house, without taking his leave of my father, or once thanking him for all his civilities. He did not stop at his quarters, but made directly to London, apprehensive, I believe, either of my father or brother's resentment; for I am convinced he is a coward. Indeed his fear of my brother was utterly groundless; for I believe he would rather have thanked any man who had destroyed me; and I am sure I am not in the least behindhand with him in good wishes.

"All his inveteracy to me had, however, no effect on my father, at least at that time; for, though the good man took sufficient occasions to reprimand me for my past offence, he could not be brought to abandon me. A treaty of marriage was now set on foot, in which my father himself offered me to Hebbers, with a fortune superior to that which had been given with my sister; nor could all my brother's remonstrances against it, as an act of the highest injustice, avail.

"Hebbers entered into the treaty, though not with much warmth. He had even the assurance to make additional demands on my father, which being complied with, everything was concluded, and the villain once more received into the house. He soon found means to obtain my forgiveness of his former behaviour; indeed, he convinced me, so foolishly blind is female love, that he had never been to blame.

"When everything was ready for our nuptials, and the day of the ceremony was to be appointed, in the midst of my happiness I received a letter from an unknown hand, acquainting me (guess, Mr. Booth, how I was shocked at receiving it) that Mr. Hebbers was already married to a woman in a distant part of the kingdom.

"I will not tire you with all that passed at our next interview. I communicated the letter to Hebbers, who, after some little hesitation, owned the fact, and not only owned it, but had the address to improve it to his own advantage, to make it the means of satisfying me concerning all his former delays; which, to say the truth, I was not so much displeased at imputing to any degree of villany as I should have been to impute it to the want of a sufficient warmth of affection; and though the disappointment of all my hopes, at the very instant of their expected fruition, threw me into the most violent disorders; yet, when I came a little to myself, he had no great difficulty to persuade me that in every instance, with regard to me, Hebbers had acted from no other motive than from the most ardent and ungovernable love. And there is, I believe, no crime which a woman will not forgive, when she can derive it from that fountain. In short, I forgave him all, and am willing to persuade myself I am not weaker than the rest of my sex. Indeed, Mr. Booth, he hath a bewitching tongue, and is master of an address that no woman could resist. I do assure you the charms of his person are his least perfection, at least in my eye."

Here Booth smiled, but happily without her perceiving it.

"A fresh difficulty (continued she) now arose. This was to excuse the delay of the ceremony to my father, who every day very earnestly urged it. This made me so very uneasy, that I at last listened to a proposal, which, if any one in the days of my innocence, or even a few days before, had assured me I could have submitted to have thought of, I should have treated the supposition with the highest contempt and indignation; nay, I scarce reflect on it now with more horror than astonishment. In short, I agreed to run away with him—to leave my father, my reputation, everything which was or ought to have been dear to me, and to live with this villain as a mistress, since I could not be his wife.

"Was not this an obligation of the highest and tenderest kind, and had I not reason to expect every return in the man's power on whom I had conferred it?

"I will make short of the remainder of my story, for what is there of a woman worth relating, after what I have told you?

"Above a year I lived with this man in an obscure court in London, during which time I had a child by him, whom Heaven, I thank it, hath been pleased to take to itself.

"During many months he behaved to me with all the apparent tenderness and even fondness imaginable; but, alas! how poor was my enjoyment of this compared to what it would have been in another situation? When he was present, life was barely tolerable; but, when he was absent, nothing could equal the misery I endured. I passed my hours almost entirely alone; for no company but what I despised would consort with me. Abroad, I scarce ever went, lest I should meet any of my former acquaintance; for their sight would have plunged a thousand daggers in my soul. My only diversion was going very seldom to a play, where I hid myself in the gallery, with a daughter of the woman of the house. A girl, indeed, of good sense and many good qualities; but how much beneath me was it to be the companion of a creature so low! O heavens! when I have seen my equals glittering in a side-box, how have the thoughts of my lost honour torn my soul!"

"Pardon me, dear madam," cries Booth, "for interrupting you; but I am under the utmost anxiety to know what became of your poor father, for whom I have so great a respect, and who, I am convinced, must so bitterly feel your loss."

"O Mr. Booth," answered she, "he was scarce ever out of my thoughts. His dear image still obtruded itself in my mind, and I believe would have broken my heart, had I not taken a very preposterous way to ease myself. I am, indeed, almost ashamed to tell you; but necessity put it in my head.—You will think the matter too trifling to have been remembered, and so it surely was; nor should I have remembered it on any other occasion. You must know then, sir, that my brother was always my inveterate enemy, and altogether as fond of my sister.—He once prevailed with my father to let him take my sister with him in the chariot, and by that means I was disappointed of going to a ball which I had set my heart on. The disappointment, I assure you, was great at the time; but I had long since forgotten it. I must have been a very bad woman if I had not, for it was the only thing in which I can

remember that my father ever disobliged me. However, I now revived this in my mind, which I artificially worked up into so high an injury, that I assure you it afforded me no little comfort. When any tender idea intruded into my bosom, I immediately raised this phantom of an injury in my imagination, and it considerably lessened the fury of that sorrow which I should have otherwise felt for the loss of so good a father, who died within a few months of my departure from him.

"And now, sir, to draw to a conclusion. One night, as I was in the gallery at Drury-lane playhouse, I saw before me in a side-box (she was once below me in every place), that widow whom I mentioned to you before. I had scarce cast my eyes on this woman before I was so shocked with the sight that it almost deprived me of my senses; for the villain Hebbers came presently in and seated himself behind her.

"He had been almost a month from me, and I believed him to be at his quarters in Yorkshire. Guess what were my sensations when I beheld him sitting by that base woman, and talking to her with the utmost familiarity. I could not long endure this sight, and having acquainted my companion that I was taken suddenly ill, I forced her to go home with me at the end of the second act.

"After a restless and sleepless night, when I rose the next morning I had the comfort to receive a visit from the woman of the house, who, after a very short introduction, asked me when I had heard from the captain and when I expected to see him? I had not strength or spirits to make her any answer, and she proceeded thus:—Indeed I did not think the captain would have used me so. My husband was an officer of the army as well as himself; and if a body is a little low in the world, I am sure that is no reason for folks to trample on a body. I defy the world to say as I ever was guilty of an ill thing. For heaven's sake, madam, says I, what do you mean? Mean? cries she; I am sure, if I had not thought you had been captain Hebber's lady, his lawful lady too, you should never have set footing in my house. I would have captain Hebbers know that, though I am reduced to let lodgings, I never have entertained any but persons of character.—In this manner, sir, she ran on, saying many shocking things not worth repeating, till my anger at last got the better of my patience as well as my sorrow, and I pushed her out of the room.

"She had not been long gone before her daughter came to me, and, after many expressions of tenderness and pity, acquainted me that her mother had just found out, by means of the captain's servant, that the captain was married to another lady; which, if you did not know before, madam, said she, I am sorry to be the messenger of such ill news.

"Think, Mr. Booth, what I must have endured to see myself humbled before such a creature as this, the daughter of a woman who lets lodgings! However, having recollected myself a little, I thought it would be in vain to deny anything; so, knowing this to be one of the best-natured and most sensible girls in the world, I resolved to tell her my whole story, and for the future to make her my confidante. I answered her, therefore, with a good deal of assurance, that she need not regret telling me this piece of ill news, for I had known it before I came to her house.

"Pardon me, madam, replied the girl, you cannot possibly have known it so long, for he hath not been married above a week: last night was the first time of his appearing in public with his wife at the play. Indeed, I knew very well the cause of your uneasiness there; but would not mention——

"His wife at the play! answered I eagerly. What wife? whom do you mean?

"I mean the widow Carey, madam, replied she, to whom the captain was married a few days since. His servant was here last night to pay for your lodging, and he told it my mother.

"I know not what answer I made, or whether I made any. I presently fell dead on the floor, and it was with great difficulty I was brought back to life by the poor girl, for neither the mother nor the maid of the house would lend me any assistance, both seeming to regard me rather as a monster than a woman.

"Scarce had I recovered the use of my senses when I received a letter from the villain, declaring he had not assurance to see my face, and very kindly advising me to endeavour to reconcile myself to my family, concluding with an offer, in case I did not succeed, to allow me twenty pounds a-year to support me in some remote part of the kingdom.

"I need not mention my indignation at these proposals. In the highest agony of rage, I went in a chair to the detested house, where I easily got access to the wretch I had devoted to destruction, whom I no sooner found within my reach than I plunged a drawn penknife, which I had prepared in my pocket for the purpose, into his accursed heart. For this fact I was immediately seized and soon after committed hither; and for this fact I am ready to die, and shall with pleasure receive the sentence of the law.

"Thus, sir," said she, "I have related to you my unhappy story, and if I have tired your patience, by dwelling too long on those parts which affected me the most, I ask your pardon."

Booth made a proper speech on this occasion, and, having expressed much concern at her present situation, concluded that he hoped her sentence would be milder than she seemed to expect.

Her reply to this was full of so much bitterness and indignation, that we do not think proper to record the speech at length, in which having vented her passion, she all at once put on a serene countenance, and with an air of great complacency said, "Well, Mr. Booth, I think I have now a right to satisfy my curiosity at the expense of your breath. I may say it is not altogether a vain curiosity, for perhaps I have had inclination enough to interest myself in whatever concerns you; but no matter for that: those days (added she with a sigh) are now over."

Booth, who was extremely good-natured and well-bred, told her that she should not command him twice whatever was in his power; and then, after the usual apology, was going to begin his history, when the keeper arrived, and acquainted the lady that dinner was ready, at the same time saying, "I suppose, madam, as the gentleman is an acquaintance of yours, he must dine with us too."

Miss Matthews told the keeper that she had only one word to mention in private to the gentleman, and that then they would both attend him. She then pulled her purse from her pocket, in which were upwards of twenty guineas, being the remainder of the money for which she had sold a gold repeating watch, her father's present, with some other trinkets, and desired Mr. Booth to take what he should have occasion for, saying, "You know, I believe, dear Will, I never valued money; and now I am sure I shall have very little use for it." Booth, with much difficulty, accepted of two guineas, and then they both together attended the keeper

CHAPTER X.

Table-talk, consisting of a facetious discourse that passed in the prison.

THERE were assembled at the table the governor of these (not improperly called infernal) regions; the lieutenant-governor, vulgarly named the first turnkey; Miss Matthews, Mr. Booth, Mr. Robinson the gambler, several other prisoners of both sexes, and one Murphy, an attorney.

The governor took the first opportunity to bring the affair of Miss Matthews upon the carpet, and, then turning to Murphy, he said, "It is very lucky this gentleman happens to be present; I do assure you, madam, your cause cannot be in abler hands. He is, I believe, the best man in England at a defence; I have known him often succeed against the most positive evidence."

"Fie, sir," answered Murphy; "you know I hate all this; but, if the lady will trust me with her cause, I will do the best in my power. Come, madam, do not be discouraged; a bit of manslaughter and cold iron, I hope, will be the worst: or perhaps we may come off better with a slice of chance-medley, or *se defendendo*."

"I am very ignorant of the law, sir," cries the lady.

"Yes, madam," answered Murphy; "it cannot be expected you should understand it. There are very few of us who profess it that understand the whole, nor is it necessary we should. There is a great deal of rubbish of little use, about indictments, and abatements, and bars, and ejectments, and trovars, and such stuff, with which people cram their heads to little purpose. The chapter of evidence is the main business; that is the sheet-anchor; that is the rudder, which brings the vessel safe *in portum*. Evidence is, indeed, the whole, the *summa totidis*, for *de non apparentibus et non insistentibus eadem est ratio*."

"If you address yourself to me, sir," said the lady, "you are much too learned, I assure you, for my understanding."

"*Tace*, madam," answered Murphy, "is Latin for a candle: I commend your prudence. I shall know the particulars of your case when we are alone."

"I hope the lady," said Robinson, "hath no suspicion of any person here. I hope we are all persons of honour at this table."

"D—n my eyes!" answered a well-dressed woman, "I can answer for myself and the other ladies; though I never saw the lady in my life, she need not be shy of us, d—n my eyes! I scorn to rap* against any lady."

"D—n me, madam!" cried another female, "I honour what you have done. I once put a knife into a cull myself—so my service to you, madam, and I wish you may come off with *se diffidendo* with all my heart."

"I beg, good woman," said Miss Matthews, "you would talk on some other subject, and give yourself no concern about my affairs."

"You see, ladies," cried Murphy, "the gentlewoman doth not care to talk on this matter before company; so pray do not press her."

"Nay, I value the lady's acquaintance no more than she values mine," cries the first woman who spoke. "I have kept as good company as the lady, I believe, every day in the week. Good woman! I do not use to be so treated. If the lady says such another word to me, d—n me, I will darken her daylights. Marry, come up! Good woman!—the lady is a whore as well as myself; and, though I am sent hither to mill-doll, d—n my eyes, I have money enough to buy it off as well as the lady herself."

Action might perhaps soon have ensued this speech, had not the keeper interposed his authority, and put an end to any further dispute. Soon after which, the company broke up, and none but himself, Mr. Murphy, captain Booth, and Miss Matthews, remained together.

Miss Matthews then, at the entreaty of the keeper, began to open her case to Mr. Murphy, whom she admitted to be her solicitor, though she still declared she was indifferent as to the event of the trial.

Mr. Murphy, having heard all the particulars with which the reader is already acquainted (as far as related to the murder), shook his head and said, "There is but one circumstance, madam, which I wish was out of the case; and that we must put out of it; I mean the carrying the pen-knife drawn into the room with you; for that seems to imply malice prepensive, as we call it in the law: this circumstance, therefore, must not appear against you; and, if the servant who was in the room observed this, he must be bought off at all hazards. All here you say are friends; therefore I tell you openly, you must furnish me with money sufficient for this purpose. Malice is all we have to guard against."

"I would not presume, sir," cries Booth, "to inform you in the law; but I have heard, in case of stabbing, a man may be indicted upon the statute; and it is capital, though no malice appears."

"You say true, sir," answered Murphy; "a man may be indicted *contra formam statutis*; and that method, I will allow you, requires no malice. I presume you are a lawyer, sir?"

"No, indeed, sir," answered Booth, "I know nothing of the law."

"Then, sir, I will tell you—If a man be indicted *contra formam statutis*, as we say, no malice is necessary, because the form of the statute makes malice; and then what we have to guard against is having struck the first blow. Pox on't, it is unlucky this was done in a room: if it had been in the street we could have had five or six witnesses to have proved the first blow, cheaper than, I am afraid, we shall get this one; for when a man knows, from the unhappy circumstances of the case, that you can procure no other witness but himself, he is always dear. It is so in all other ways of business. I am very implicit, you see; but we are all among friends. The safest way is to furnish me with money enough to offer him a good round sum at once; and I think (it is for your good I speak) fifty pounds is the least that can be offered him. I do assure you I would offer him no less was it my own case."

"And do you think, sir," said she, "that I would save my life at the expense of hiring another to perjure himself?"

"Ay, surely do I," cries Murphy; "for where is the fault, admitting there is some fault in perjury, as you call it? and, to be sure, it is such a matter as every man should rather wish to avoid than not: and yet, as it may be managed, there is not so much as some people are apt to imagine in it; for he need not kiss the book, and then pray where is the perjury? but if the crier is sharper than ordinary, what is it he kisses? is it anything but a bit of calf's-skin? I am sure a man must be a very bad christian himself who would not do so much as that to save the life of any christian whatever, much more of so

* A cant word, meaning to swear, or rather to perjure yourself.

pretty a lady. Indeed, madam, if we can make out but a tolerable case, so much beauty will go a great way with the judge and the jury too."

The latter part of this speech, notwithstanding the mouth it came from, caused Miss Matthews to suppress much of the indignation which began to arise at the former; and she answered with a smile, "Sir, you are a great casuist in these matters; but we need argue no longer concerning them; for, if fifty pounds would save my life, I assure you I could not command that sum. The little money I have in my pockets is all I can call my own; and I apprehend, in the situation I am in, I shall have very little of that to spare."

"Come, come, madam," cries Murphy, "life is sweet, let me tell you, and never sweeter than when we are near losing it. I have known many a man very brave and undaunted at his first commitment, who, when business began to thicken a little upon him, hath changed his note. It is no time to be saving in your condition."

The keeper, who, after the liberality of Miss Matthews, and on seeing a purse of guineas in her hand, had conceived a great opinion of her wealth, no sooner heard that the sum which he had in intention entirely confiscated for his own use was attempted to be broke in upon, thought it high time to be upon his guard. "To be sure," cries he, "Mr. Murphy, life is sweet, as you say, that must be acknowledged; to be sure, life is sweet; but, sweet as it is, no person can advance more than they are worth to save it. And indeed, if the lady can command no more money than that little she mentions, she is to be commended for her unwillingness to part with any of it; for, to be sure, as she says, she will want every farthing of that to live like a gentlewoman till she comes to her trial. And, to be sure, as sweet as life is, people ought to take care to be able to live sweetly while they do live; besides, I cannot help saying the lady shows herself to be what she is, by her abhorrence of perjury, which is certainly a very dreadful crime. And, though the not kissing the book doth, as you say, make a great deal of difference; and, if a man had a great while to live and repent, perhaps he might swallow it well enough; yet, when people comes to be near their end (as who can venture to foretel what will be the lady's case?) they ought to take care not to overburthen their conscience. I hope the lady's case will not be found murder; for I am sure I always wish well to all my prisoners who show themselves to be gentlemen or gentlewomen; yet one should always fear the worst."

"Indeed, sir, you speak like an oracle," answered the lady; "and one subornation of perjury would sit heavier on my conscience than twenty such murders as I am guilty of."

"Nay, to be sure, madam," answered the keeper, "nobody can pretend to tell what provocation you must have had; and certainly it can never be imagined that a lady who behaves herself so handsomely as you have done ever since you have been under my keys should be guilty of killing a man without being very highly provoked to do it."

Mr. Murphy was, I believe, going to answer when he was called out of the room; after which nothing passed between the remaining persons worth relating, till Booth and the lady retired back again into the lady's apartment.

Here they fell immediately to commenting on the foregoing discourse; but, as their comments were, I believe, the same with what most readers have made on the same occasion, we shall omit them. At last, Miss Matthews reminding her companion of his promise of relating to her what had befallen him since the interruption of their former acquaintance, he began as is written in the next book of this history.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

In which captain Booth begins to relate his history.

The tea-table being removed, and Mr. Booth and the lady left alone, he proceeded as follows:

"Since you desire, madam, to know the particulars of my courtship to that best and dearest of women whom I afterwards married, I will endeavour to recollect them as well as I can, at least all those incidents which are the most worth relating to you.

"If the vulgar opinion of the fatality in marriage had ever any foundation, it surely appeared in my marriage with my Amelia. I knew her in the first dawn of her beauty; and, I believe, madam, she had as much as ever fell to the share of a woman; but, though I always admired her, it was long without any spark of love. Perhaps the general admiration which at that time pursued her, the respect paid her by persons of the highest rank, and the numberless addresses which were made her by men of great fortune, prevented my aspiring at the possession of those charms which seemed so absolutely out of my reach. However it was, I assure you the accident which deprived her of the admiration of others made the first great impression on my heart in her favour. The injury done to her beauty by the overturning of a chaise, by which, as you may well remember, her lovely nose was beat all to pieces, gave me an assurance that the woman who had been so much adored for the charms of her person deserved a much higher adoration to be paid to her mind; for that she was in the latter respect infinitely more superior to the rest of her sex than she had ever been in the former."

"I admire your taste extremely," cried the lady; "I remember perfectly well the great heroism with which your Amelia bore that misfortune."

"Good heavens! madam," answered he; "what a magnanimity of mind did her behaviour demonstrate! if the world have extolled the firmness of soul in a man who can support the loss of fortune; of a general who can be composed after the loss of a victory; or of a king who can be contented with the loss of a crown; with what astonishment ought we to behold, with what praises to honour, a young lady, who can with patience and resignation submit to the loss of exquisite beauty, in other words to the loss of fortune, power, glory, everything which human nature is apt to court and rejoice in! what must be the mind which can bear to be deprived of all these in a moment, and by an unfortunate trifling accident; which could support all this, together with the most exquisite torments of body, and with dignity, with resignation, without complaining, almost without a tear, undergo the most painful and dreadful operations of surgery in such a situation!" Here he stopped, and a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes; such tears as are apt to flow from a truly noble heart at the hearing of anything surprisingly great and glorious. As soon as he was able he again proceeded thus:

"Would you think, Miss Matthews, that the misfortune of my Amelia was capable of any aggravation? I assure you, she hath often told me it was aggravated with a circumstance which outweighed all the other ingredients. This was the cruel insults she received from some of her most intimate acquaintance, several of whom, after many distortions and grimaces, have turned their heads aside, unable to support their secret triumph, and burst into a loud laugh in her hearing."

"Good heavens!" cried Miss Matthews; "what

detestable actions will this contemptible passion of envy prevail on our sex to commit!"

"An occasion of this kind, as she hath since told me, made the first impression on her gentle heart in my favour. I was one day in company with several young ladies, or rather young devils, where poor Amelia's accident was the subject of much mirth and pleasantry. One of these said she hoped miss would not hold her head so high for the future. Another answered, I do not know, madam, what she may do with her head, but I am convinced she will never more turn up her nose at her betters. Another cried, What a very proper match might now be made between Amelia and a certain captain, who had unfortunately received an injury in the same part, though from no shameful cause. Many other sarcasms were thrown out, very unworthy to be repeated. I was hurt with perceiving so much malice in human shape, and cried out very bluntly, Indeed, ladies, you need not express such satisfaction at poor Miss Emily's accident; for she will still be the handsomest woman in England. This speech of mine was afterwards variously repeated, by some to my honour, and by others represented in a contrary light; indeed, it was often reported to be much ruder than it was. However, it at length reached Amelia's ears. She said she was very much obliged to me, since I could have so much compassion for her as to be rude to a lady on her account.

"About a month after the accident, when Amelia began to see company in a mask, I had the honour to drink tea with her. We were alone together, and I begged her to indulge my curiosity by showing me her face. She answered in a most obliging manner, Perhaps, Mr. Booth, you will as little know me when my mask is off as when it is on; and at the same instant unmasked.—The surgeon's skill was the least I considered. A thousand tender ideas rushed all at once on my mind. I was unable to contain myself, and, eagerly kissing her hand, I cried—Upon my soul, madam, you never appeared to me so lovely as at this instant. Nothing more remarkable passed at this visit; but I sincerely believe we were neither of us hereafter indifferent to each other.

"Many months, however, passed after this, before I ever thought seriously of making her my wife. Not that I wanted sufficient love for Amelia. Indeed it arose from the vast affection I bore her. I considered my own as a desperate fortune, hers as entirely dependent on her mother, who was a woman, you know, of violent passions, and very unlikely to consent to a match so highly contrary to the interest of her daughter. The more I loved Amelia, the more firmly I resolved within myself never to propose love to her seriously. Such a dupe was my understanding to my heart, and so foolishly did I imagine I could be master of a flame to which I was every day adding fuel.

"O, Miss Matthews! we have heard of men entirely masters of their passions, and of hearts which can carry this fire in them, and conceal it at their pleasure. Perhaps there may be such; but, if there are, those hearts may be compared, I believe, to damps, in which it is more difficult to keep fire alive than to prevent its blazing: in mine it was placed in the midst of combustible matter.

"After several visits, in which looks and sighs had been interchanged on both sides, but without the least mention of passion in private, one day the discourse between us when alone happened to turn on love; I say happened, for I protest it was not designed on my side, and I am as firmly convinced not on hers. I was now no longer master of myself; I declared myself the most wretched of all martyrs to this tender passion; that I had long concealed it from its object. At length, after mentioning many particulars, suppressing, however, those which must have necessarily brought it home to Amelia, I concluded with begging her to be the confidante of my amour, and to give me her advice on that occasion."

"Amelia (O, I shall never forget the dear perturbation!) appeared all confusion at this instant. She trembled, turned pale, and discovered how well she understood me, by a thousand more symptoms than I could take notice of, in a state of mind so very little different from her own. At last, with faultering accents, she said I had made a very ill choice of a counsellor in a matter in which she was so ignorant.—Adding, at last, I believe, Mr. Booth, you gentlemen want very little advice in these affairs, which you all understand better than we do.

"I will relate no more of our conversation at present; indeed, I am afraid I tire you with too many particulars."

"O, no!" answered she; "I should be glad to hear every step of an amour which had so tender a beginning. Tell me everything you said or did, if you can remember it."

He then proceeded, and so will we in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Booth continues his story. In this chapter there are some passages that may serve as a kind of touchstone by which a young lady may examine the heart of her lover. I would advise, therefore, that every lover be obliged to read it over in the presence of his mistress, and that she carefully watch his emotions while he is reading.

"I was under the utmost concern," cries Booth "when I retired from my visit, and had reflected coolly on what I had said. I now saw plainly that I had made downright love to Amelia; and I feared, such was my vanity, that I had already gone too far, and been too successful. Feared! do I say? could I fear what I hoped? how shall I describe the anxiety of my mind!"

"You need give yourself no great pain," cried Miss Matthews, "to describe what I can so easily guess. To be honest with you, Mr. Booth, I do not agree with your lady's opinion that the men have a superior understanding in the matters of love. Men are often blind to the passions of women: but every woman is as quick-sighted as a hawk on these occasions; nor is there one article in the whole science which is not understood by all our sex."

"However, madam," said Mr. Booth, "I now undertook to deceive Amelia. I abstained three days from seeing her; to say the truth, I endeavoured to work myself up to a resolution of leaving her for ever: but when I could not so far subdue my passion——But why do I talk nonsense of subduing passion?—I should say, when no other passion could surmount my love, I returned to visit her; and now I attempted the strangest project which ever entered into the silly head of a lover. This was to persuade Amelia that I was really in love in another place, and had literally expressed my meaning when I asked her advice and desired her to be my confidante.

"I therefore forged a meeting to have been between me and my imaginary mistress since I had last seen Amelia, and related the particulars, as well as I could invent them, which had passed at our conversation.

"Poor Amelia presently swallowed this bait; and, as she hath told me since, absolutely believed

me to be in earnest. Poor dear love! how should the sincerest of hearts have an idea of deceit? for, with all her simplicity, I assure you she is the most sensible woman in the world."

"It is highly generous and good in you," said Miss Matthews, with a sly sneer, "to impute to honesty what others would, perhaps, call credulity."

"I protest, madam," answered he, "I do her no more than justice. A good heart will at all times betray the best head in the world.——Well, madam, my angel was now, if possible, more confused than before. She looked so silly, you can hardly believe it."

"Yes, yes, I can," answered the lady, with a laugh, "I can believe it.—Well, well, go on."—"After some hesitation," cried he, "my Amelia said faintly to me, "Mr. Booth, you use me very ill; you desire me to be your confidante, and conceal from me the name of your mistress."

"Is it possible then, madam," answered I, "that you cannot guess her, when I tell you she is one of your acquaintance, and lives in this town?"

"My acquaintance!" said she; "La! Mr. Booth, —In this town! I—I—I thought I could have guessed for once; but I have an ill talent that way —I will never attempt to guess anything again." "Indeed I do her an injury when I pretend to represent her manner. Her manner, look, voice, everything was inimitable; such sweetness, softness, innocence, modesty!—Upon my soul, if ever man could boast of his resolution, I think I might now, that I abstained from falling prostrate at her feet, and adoring her. However, I triumphed; pride, I believe, triumphed, or perhaps love got the better of love. We once more parted, and I promised, the next time I saw her, to reveal the name of my mistress.

"I now had, I thought, gained a complete victory over myself; and no small compliments did I pay to my own resolution. In short, I triumphed as cowards and niggards do when they flatter themselves with having given some supposed instance of courage or generosity; and my triumph lasted as long; that is to say, till my ascendant passion had a proper opportunity of displaying itself in its true and natural colours.

"Having hitherto succeeded so well in my own opinion, and obtained this mighty self-conquest, I now entertained a design of exerting the most romantic generosity, and of curing that unhappy passion which I perceived I had raised in Amelia.

"Among the ladies who had expressed the greatest satisfaction at my Amelia's misfortune, Miss Osborne had distinguished herself in a very eminent degree; she was, indeed, the next in beauty to my angel, nay, she had disputed the preference, and had some among her admirers who were blind enough to give it in her favour."

"Well," cries the lady, "I will allow you to call them blind; but Miss Osborne was a charming girl."

"She certainly was handsome," answered he, "and a very considerable fortune; so I thought my Amelia would have little difficulty in believing me when I fixed on her as my mistress. And I concluded that my thus placing my affections on her known enemy would be the surest method of eradicating every tender idea with which I had been ever honoured by Amelia.

"Well, then, to Amelia I went; she received me with more than usual coldness and reserve; in which, to confess the truth, there appeared to me more of anger than indifference, and more of dejection than of either. After some short introduction, I revived the discourse of my amour, and presently mentioned Miss Osborne as the lady whose name I had concealed; adding, that the true reason why I did not mention her before was, that I apprehended there was some little distance between them, which I hoped to have the happiness of accommodating.

"Amelia answered with much gravity, 'If you know, sir, that there is any distance between us, I suppose you know the reason of that distance; and then, I think, I could not have expected to be affronted by her name. I would not have you think, Mr. Booth, that I hate Miss Osborne. No! Heaven is my witness, I despise her too much.—Indeed, when I reflect how much I loved the woman who hath treated me so cruelly, I own it gives me pain—when I lay, as I then imagined, and as all about me believed, on my death-bed, in all the agonies of pain and misery, to become the object of laughter to my dearest friend.—O, Mr. Booth, it is a cruel reflection! and could I after this have expected from you—but why not from you, to whom I am a person entirely indifferent, if such a friend could treat me so barbarously?'

"During the greatest part of this speech the tears streamed from her bright eyes. I could endure it no longer. I caught up the word indifferent, and repeated it, saying, Do you think then, madam, that Miss Emily is indifferent to me?

"Yes, surely, I do, answered she: I know I am; indeed, why should I not be indifferent to you?

"Have my eyes, said I, then, declared nothing?

"O! there is no need of your eyes, answered she; your tongue hath declared that you have singled out of all womankind my greatest, I will say, my basest enemy. I own I once thought that character would have been no recommendation to you;—but why did I think so? I was born to deceive myself.

"I then fell on my knees before her; and, forcing her hand, cried out, O, my Amelia! I can bear no longer. You are the only mistress of my affections; you are the deity I adore. In this style I ran on for above two or three minutes, what it is impossible to repeat, till a torrent of contending passions, together with the surprise, overpowered her gentle spirits, and she fainted away in my arms.

"To describe my sensation till she returned to herself is not in my power."—"You need not," cries Miss Matthews.—"Oh, happy Amelia! why had I not been blest with such a passion?"—"I am convinced, madam," continued he, "you cannot expect all the particulars of the tender scene which ensued. I was not enough in my senses to remember it all. Let it suffice to say, that that behaviour with which Amelia, while ignorant of its motive, had been so much displeased, when she became sensible of that motive, proved the strongest recommendation to her favour, and she was pleased to call it generous."

"Generous!" repeated the lady, "and so it was, almost beyond the reach of humanity. I question whether you ever had an equal."

Perhaps the critical reader may have the same doubt with Miss Matthews; and lest he should, we will here make a gap in our history, to give him an opportunity of accurately considering whether this conduct of Mr. Booth was natural or no; and consequently, whether we have, in this place, maintained or deviated from that strict adherence to universal truth which we profess above all other historians.

CHAPTER III.

The narrative continued. More of the touchstone.

Booth made a proper acknowledgment of Miss Matthews's civility, and then renewed his story.

"We were upon the footing of lovers; and Amelia threw off her reserve more and more, till at length I found all that return of my affection which the tenderest lover can require.

"My situation would now have been a paradise, had not my happiness been interrupted with the same reflections I have already mentioned; had I not, in short, concluded that I must derive all my joys from the almost certain ruin of that dear creature to whom I should owe them.

"This thought haunted me night and day, till I at last grew unable to support it: I therefore resolved in the strongest manner, to lay it before Amelia.

"One evening then, after the highest professions of the most disinterested love, in which Heaven knows my sincerity, I took an occasion to speak to Amelia in the following manner:—

"Too true it is, I am afraid, my dearest creature, that the highest human happiness is imperfect. How rich would be my cup, was it not for one poisonous drop which embitters the whole! O, Amelia! what must be the consequence of my ever having the honour to call you mine!—You know my situation in life, and you know your own: I have nothing more than the poor provision of an ensign's commission to depend on; your sole dependence is on your mother; should any act of disobedience defeat your expectations, how wretched must your lot be with me! O, Amelia! how ghastly an object to my mind is the apprehension of your distress! Can I bear to reflect a moment on the certainty of your foregoing all the conveniences of life? on the possibility of your suffering all its most dreadful inconveniencies? what must be my misery, then, to see you in such a situation, and to upbraid myself with being the accursed cause of bringing you to it? Suppose too in such a season I should be summoned from you. Could I submit to see you encounter all the hazards, the fatigues of war, with me? you could not yourself, however willing, support them a single campaign. What then; must I leave you to starve alone, deprived of the tenderness of a husband, deprived too of the tenderness of the best of mothers, through my means? a woman most dear to me, for being the parent, the nurse, and the friend of my Amelia.—— But oh! my sweet creature, carry your thoughts a little farther. Think of the tenderest consequences, the dearest pledges of our love. Can I bear to think of entailing beggary on the posterity of my Amelia? on our——Oh, Heavens! on our children!—On the other side, is it possible even to mention the word —I will not, must not, cannot, cannot part with you.——What must we do, Amelia? It is now I sincerely ask your advice.

"What advice can I give you, said she, in such an alternative? Would to Heaven we had never met!

"These words were accompanied with a sigh, and a look inexpressibly tender, the tears at the same time overflowing all her lovely cheeks. I was endeavouring to reply when I was interrupted by what soon put an end to the scene.

"Our amour had already been buzzed all over the town; and it came at last to the ears of Mrs. Harris: I had, indeed, observed of late a great alteration in that lady's behaviour towards me whenever I visited at the house; nor could I, for a long time before this evening, ever obtain a private interview with Amelia; and now, it seems, I owed it to her mother's intention of overhearing all that passed between us.

"At the period then above mentioned, Mrs. Harris burst from the closet where she had hid herself, and surprised her daughter, reclining on my bosom in all that tender sorrow I have just described. I will not attempt to paint the rage of the mother, or the daughter's confusion, or my own. 'Here are very fine doings, indeed,' cries Mrs. Harris; 'you have made a noble use, Amelia, of my indulgence, and the trust I reposed in you.—As for you, Mr. Booth, I will not accuse you; you have used my child as I ought to have expected; I may thank myself for what hath happened;' with much more of the same kind, before she would suffer me to speak; but at last I obtained a hearing, and offered to excuse my poor Amelia, who was ready to sink into the earth under the oppression of grief, by taking as much blame as I could on myself. Mrs. Harris answered, 'No, sir, I must say you are innocent in comparison of her! nay, I can say I have heard you use dissuasive arguments; and I promise you they are of weight. I have, I thank heaven, one dutiful child, and I shall henceforth think her my only one.' — She then forced the poor, trembling, fainting Amelia out of the room; which when she had done, she began very coolly to reason with me on the folly, as well as iniquity, which I had been guilty of; and repeated to me almost every word I had before urged to her daughter. In fine, she at last obtained of me a promise that I would soon go to my regiment, and submit to any misery rather than that of being the ruin of Amelia.

"I now, for many days, endured the greatest torments which the human mind is, I believe, capable of feeling; and I can honestly say I tried all the means, and applied every argument which I could raise, to cure me of my love. And to make these the more effectual, I spent every night in walking backwards and forwards in the sight of Mrs. Harris's house, where I never failed to find some object or other which raised some tender idea of my lovely Amelia, and almost drove me to distraction."

"And don't you think, sir," said Miss Matthews, "you took a most preposterous method to cure yourself!"

"Alas, madam," answered he, "you cannot see it in a more absurd light than I do; but those know little of real love or grief who do not know how much we deceive ourselves when we pretend to aim at the cure of either. It is with these, as it is with some distempers of the body, nothing is, in the least, agreeable to us but what serves to heighten the disease.

"At the end of a fortnight, when I was driven almost to the highest degree of despair, and could contrive no method of conveying a letter to Amelia, how was I surprised when Mrs. Harris's servant brought me a card, with an invitation from the mother herself to drink tea that evening at her house!

"You will easily believe, madam, that I did not fail so agreeable an appointment: on my arrival I was introduced into a large company of men and women, Mrs. Harris and my Amelia being part of the company.

"Amelia seemed in my eyes to look more beautiful than ever, and behaved with all the gaiety imaginable. The old lady treated me with much civility, but the young lady took little notice of me, and addressed most of her discourse to another gentleman present. Indeed, she now and then gave me a look of no discouraging kind, and I observed her colour

change more than once when her eyes met mine; circumstances which, perhaps, ought to have afforded me sufficient comfort, but they could not allay the thousand doubts and fears with which I was alarmed, for my anxious thoughts suggested no less to me than that Amelia had made her peace with her mother at the price of abandoning me for ever, and of giving her ear to some other lover. All my prudence now vanished at once; and I would that instant have gladly run away with Amelia, and have married her without the least consideration of any consequences.

"'With such thoughts I had tormented myself for near two hours, till most of the company had taken their leave. This I was myself incapable of doing, nor do I know when I should have put an end to my visit, had not Dr. Harrison taken me away almost by force, telling me in a whisper that he had something to say to me of great consequence.—You know the doctor, madam—"

"Very well, sir," answered Miss Matthews, "and one of the best men in the world he is, and an honour to the sacred order to which he belongs."

"You will judge," replied Booth, "by the sequel, whether I have reason to think him so."—He then proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

The story of Mr. Booth continued. In this chapter the reader will perceive a glimpse of the character of a very good divine, with some matters of a very tender kind.

"The doctor conducted me into his study, and then, desiring me to sit down, began, as near as I can remember, in these words, or at least to this purpose:

"'You cannot imagine, young gentleman, that your love for Miss Emily is any secret in this place; I have known it some time, and have been, I assure you, very much your enemy in this affair.'

"I answered, that I was very much obliged to him.

"'Why, so you are,' replied he; 'and so, perhaps, you will think yourself when you know all.—I went about a fortnight ago to Mrs. Harris, to acquaint her with my apprehensions on her daughter's account; for, though the matter was much talked of, I thought it might possibly not have reached her ears. I will be very plain with you. I advised her to take all possible care of the young lady, and even to send her to some place, where she might be effectually kept out of your reach while you remained in the town.'

"'And do you think, sir,' said I, 'that this was acting a kind part by me? or do you expect that I should thank you on this occasion?'

"'Young man,' answered he, 'I did not intend you any kindness, nor do I desire any of your thanks. My intention was to preserve a worthy lady from a young fellow of whom I had heard no good character, and whom I imagined to have a design of stealing a human creature for the sake of her fortune.'

"'It was very kind of you, indeed,' answered I, 'to entertain such an opinion of me.'

"'Why, sir,' replied the doctor, 'it is the opinion which, I believe, most of you young gentlemen of the order of the rag deserve. I have known some instances, and have heard of more, where such young fellows have committed robbery under the name of marriage.'

"I was going to interrupt him with some anger when he desired me to have a little patience, and then informed me that he had visited Mrs. Harris with the abovementioned design the evening after the discovery I have related; that Mrs. Harris, without waiting for his information, had recounted to him all which had happened the evening before; and, indeed, she must have an excellent memory, for I think she repeated every word I said, and added that she had confined her daughter to her chamber, where she kept her a close prisoner, and had not seen her since.

"I cannot express, nor would modesty suffer me if I could, all that now passed. The doctor took me by the hand and burst forth into the warmest commendations of the sense and generosity which he was pleased to say discovered themselves in my speech. You know, madam, his strong and singular way of expressing himself on all occasions, especially when he is affected with anything. 'Sir,' said he 'if I knew half a dozen such instances in the army the painter should put red liveries upon all the saints in my closet.'

"From this instant, the doctor told me, he had become my friend and zealous advocate with Mrs. Harris, on whom he had at last prevailed, though not without the greatest difficulty, to consent to my marrying Amelia, upon condition that I settled every penny which the mother should lay down, and that she would retain a certain sum in her hands which she would at any time deposit for my advancement in the army.

"You will, I hope, madam, conceive that I made no hesitation at these conditions, nor need I mention the joy which I felt on this occasion, or the acknowledgment I paid the doctor, who is, indeed, as you say, one of the best of men.

"The next morning I had permission to visit Amelia, who received me in such a manner, that I now concluded my happiness to be complete.

"Everything was now agreed on all sides, and lawyers employed to prepare the writings, when an unexpected cloud arose suddenly in our serene sky, and all our joys were obscured in a moment.

"When matters were, as I apprehended, drawing near a conclusion, I received an express, that a sister whom I tenderly loved was seized with a violent fever, and earnestly desired me to come to her. I immediately obeyed the summons, and, as it was then about two in the morning, without staying even to take leave of Amelia, for whom I left a short billet, acquainting her with the reason of my absence.

"The gentleman's house where my sister then was stood at fifty miles distance, and, though I used the utmost expedition, the unmerciful distemper had, before my arrival, entirely deprived the poor girl of her senses, as it soon after did of her life.

"Not all the love I bore Amelia, nor the tumultuous delight with which the approaching hour of possessing her filled my heart, could, for a while, allay my grief at the loss of my beloved Nancy. Upon my soul, I cannot yet mention her name without tears. Never brother and sister had, I believe, a higher friendship for each other. Poor dear girl! whilst I sat by her in her light-headed fits, she repeated scarce any other name but mine; and it plainly appeared that, when her dear reason was ravished away from her, it had left my image on her fancy, and that the last use she made of it was to think on me. 'Send for my dear Billy immediately,' she cried; 'I know he will come to me in a moment. Will nobody fetch him to me? pray don't kill me before I see him once more. You durst not use me so if he was here.'—Every accent still rings in my ears. Oh, heavens! to hear this, and at the same time to see the poor delirious creature deriving the greatest horrors from my sight, and

Geo.ᵉ Cruikshank

Broth.ᵈ discovered in the Hamper

mistaking me for a highwayman who had a little before robbed her. But I ask your pardon; the sensations I felt are to be known only from experience, and to you must appear dull and insipid. At last, she seemed for a moment to know me, and cried, 'O heavens! my dearest brother!' upon which she fell into immediate convulsions, and died away in my arms."

Here Booth stopped a moment, and wiped his eyes; and Miss Matthews, perhaps out of complaisance, wiped hers.

CHAPTER V.

Containing strange revolutions of fortune.

Booth proceeded thus:

"This loss, perhaps, madam, you will think had made me miserable enough; but Fortune did not think so; for, on the day when my Nancy was to be buried, a courier arrived from Dr. Harrison with a letter, in which the doctor acquainted me that he was just come from Mrs. Harris when he despatched the express, and earnestly desired me to return the very instant I received his letter, as I valued my Amelia. 'Though if the daughter,' added he, 'should take after her mother (as most of them do) it will be, perhaps, wiser in you to stay away.'

"I presently sent for the messenger into my room, and, with much difficulty, extorted from him that a great squire in his coach and six was come to Mrs. Harris's, and that the whole town said he was shortly to be married to Amelia.

"I now soon perceived how much superior my love for Amelia was to every other passion; poor Nancy's idea disappeared in a moment: I quitted the dear lifeless corpse, over which I had shed a thousand tears, left the care of her funeral to others, and posted, I may almost say flew, back to Amelia, and alighted at the doctor's house, as he had desired me in his letter.

"The good man presently acquainted me with what had happened in my absence. Mr. Winckworth had, it seems, arrived the very day of my departure, with a grand equipage, and, without delay, had made formal proposals to Mrs. Harris, offering to settle any part of his vast estate, in whatever manner she pleased, on Amelia. These proposals the old lady had, without any deliberation, accepted, and had insisted, in the most violent manner, on her daughter's compliance, which Amelia had as peremptorily refused to give; insisting, on her part, on the consent which her mother had before given to our marriage, in which she was heartily seconded by the doctor, who declared to her, as he now did to me, 'that we ought as much to be esteemed man and wife as if the ceremony had already passed between us.'

"These remonstrances, the doctor told me, had worked no effect on Mrs. Harris, who still persisted in her avowed resolution of marrying her daughter to Winckworth, whom the doctor had likewise attacked, telling him that he was paying his addresses to another man's wife; but all to no purpose; the young gentleman was too much in love to hearken to any dissuasives.

"We now entered into a consultation what means to employ. The doctor earnestly protested against any violence to be offered to the person of Winckworth, which, I believe, I had rashly threatened; declaring that, if I made any attempt of that kind, he would for ever abandon my cause. I made him a solemn promise of forbearance. At last he determined to pay another visit to Mrs. Harris, and, if he found her obdurate, he said he thought himself at liberty to join us together without any further consent of the mother, which every parent, he said, had a right to refuse, but not to retract when given, unless the party himself, by some conduct of his, gave a reason.

"The doctor having made his visit with no better success than before, the matter now debated was, how to get possession of Amelia by stratagem, for she was now a closer prisoner than ever; was her mother's bedfellow by night, and never out of her sight by day.

"While we were deliberating on this point a wine-merchant of the town came to visit the doctor, to inform him that he had just bottled off a hogshead of excellent old port, of which he offered to spare him a hamper, saying that he was that day to send in twelve dozen to Mrs. Harris.

"The doctor now smiled at a conceit which came into his head; and, taking me aside, asked me if I had love enough for the young lady to venture into the house in a hamper. I joyfully leaped at the proposal, to which the merchant, at the doctor's intercession, consented; for I believe, madam, you know the great authority which that worthy man had over the whole town. The doctor, moreover, promised to procure a license, and to perform the office for us at his house, if I could find any means of conveying Amelia thither.

"In this hamper, then, I was carried to the house, and deposited in the entry, where I had not lain long before I was again removed and packed up in a cart in order to be sent five miles into the country; for I heard the orders given as I lay in the entry; and there I likewise heard that Amelia and her mother were to follow me the next morning.

"I was unloaded from my cart, and set down with the rest of the lumber in a great hall. Here I remained above three hours, impatiently waiting for the evening, when I determined to quit a posture which was become very uneasy, and break my prison; but Fortune contrived to release me sooner, by the following means: The house where I now was had been left in the care of one maid-servant. This faithful creature came into the hall with the footman who had driven the cart. A scene of the highest fondness having passed between them, the fellow proposed, and the maid consented, to open the hamper and drink a bottle together, which, they agreed, their mistress would hardly miss in such a quantity. They presently began to execute their purpose. They opened the hamper, and, to their great surprise, discovered the contents.

"I took an immediate advantage of the consternation which appeared in the countenances of both the servants, and had sufficient presence of mind to improve the knowledge of those secrets to which I was privy. I told them that it entirely depended on their behaviour to me whether their mistress should ever be acquainted, either with what they had done or with what they had intended to do; for that if they would keep my secret I would reciprocally keep theirs. I then acquainted them with my purpose of lying concealed in the house, in order to watch an opportunity of obtaining a private interview with Amelia.

"In the situation in which these two delinquents stood, you may be assured it was not difficult for me to seal up their lips. In short they agreed to whatever I proposed. I lay that evening in my dear Amelia's bedchamber, and was in the morning conveyed into an old lumber-garret, where I was to wait till Amelia (whom the maid promised, on her arrival, to inform of my place of concealment) could find some opportunity of seeing me."

"I ask pardon for interrupting you," cries Miss

Matthews, "but you bring to my remembrance a foolish story which I heard at that time, though at a great distance from you: That an officer had, in confederacy with Miss Harris, broke open her mother's cellar and stole away a great quantity of her wine. I mention it only to show you what sort of foundations most stories have."

Booth told her he had heard some such thing himself, and then continued his story as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing many surprising adventures.

"HERE," continued he, "I remained the whole day in hopes of a happiness, the expected approach of which gave me such a delight that I would not have exchanged my poor lodgings for the finest palace in the universe.

"A little after it was dark Mrs. Harris arrived, together with Amelia and her sister. I cannot express how much my heart now began to flutter; for, as my hopes every moment increased, strange fears, which I had not felt before, began now to intermingle with them.

"When I had continued full two hours in these circumstances, I heard a woman's step tripping up stairs, which I fondly hoped was my Amelia; but all on a sudden the door flew open, and Mrs. Harris herself appeared at it, with a countenance pale as death, her whole body trembling, I suppose with anger; she fell upon me in the most bitter language. It is not necessary to repeat what she said, nor indeed can I, I was so shocked and confounded upon this occasion. In a word, the scene ended with my departing without seeing Amelia."

"And pray," cries Miss Matthews, "how happened this unfortunate discovery?"

Booth answered, "That the lady at supper ordered a bottle of wine, which neither myself," said he, "nor the servants had presence of mind to provide. Being told there was none in the house, though she had been before informed that the things came all safe, she had sent for the maid, who, being unable to devise any excuse, had fallen on her knees, and, after confessing her design of opening a bottle, which she imputed to the fellow, betrayed poor me to her mistress.

"Well, madam, after a lecture of about a quarter of an hour's duration from Mrs. Harris, I suffered her to conduct me to the outward gate of her court-yard, whence I set forward in a disconsolate condition of mind towards my lodgings. I had five miles to walk in a dark and rainy night: but how can I mention these trifling circumstances as any aggravation of my disappointment!"

"How was it possible," cried Miss Matthews, "that you could be got out of the house without seeing Miss Harris?"

"I assure you, madam," answered Booth, "I have often wondered at it myself; but my spirits were so much sunk at the sight of her mother, that no man was ever a greater coward than I was at that instant. Indeed, I believe my tender concern for the terrors of Amelia were the principal cause of my submission. However it was, I left the house, and walked about a hundred yards, when, at the corner of the garden-wall, a female voice, in a whisper, cried out, 'Mr. Booth.' The person was extremely near me, but it was so dark I could scarce see her; nor could I, in the confusion I was in, immediately recognise the voice. I answered in a line of Congreve's, which burst from my lips spontaneously; for I am sure I had no intention to quote plays at that time:

'Who calls the wretched thing that was Alphonso?'

"Upon which a woman leaped into my arms, crying out—'O! it is indeed my Alphonso, my only Alphonso!'—O Miss Matthews! guess what I felt when I found I had my Amelia in my arms. I embraced her with an ecstacy not to be described, at the same instant pouring a thousand tendernesses into her ears; at least, if I could express so many to her in a minute, for in that time the alarm began at the house; Mrs. Harris had missed her daughter, and the court was presently full of lights and noises of all kinds.

"I now lifted Amelia over a gate, and, jumping after, we crept along together by the side of a hedge, a different way from what led to the town, as I imagined that would be the road through which they would pursue us. In this opinion I was right; for we heard them pass along that road, and the voice of Mrs. Harris herself, who ran with the rest, notwithstanding the darkness and the rain. By these means we luckily made our escape, and, clambering over a hedge and ditch, my Amelia performing the part of a heroine all the way, we at length arrived at a little green lane, where stood a vast spreading oak, under which we sheltered ourselves from a violent storm.

"When this was over and the moon began to appear, Amelia declared she knew very well where she was; and, a little farther striking into another lane to the right, she said that would lead us to a house where we would be both safe and unsuspected. I followed her directions, and we at length came to a little cottage about three miles distant from Mrs. Harris's house.

"As it now rained very violently, we entered this cottage, in which we espied a light, without any ceremony. Here we found an elderly woman sitting by herself at a little fire, who had no sooner viewed us than she instantly sprung from her seat, and starting back gave the strongest tokens of amazement; upon which Amelia said, 'Be not surprised, nurse, though you see me in a strange pickle, I own.' The old woman, after having several times blessed herself, and expressed the most tender concern for the lady who stood dripping before her, began to bestir herself in making up the fire; at the same time entreating Amelia that she might be permitted to furnish her with some clothes, which, she said, though not fine, were clean and wholesome and much drier than her own. I seconded this motion so vehemently, that Amelia, though she declared herself under no apprehension of catching cold (she hath indeed the best constitution in the world), at last consented, and I retired without doors under a shed, to give my angel an opportunity of dressing herself in the only room which the cottage afforded below stairs.

"At my return into the room, Amelia insisted on my exchanging my coat for one which belonged to the old woman's son." "I am very glad," cried Miss Matthews, "to find she did not forget you. I own I thought it somewhat cruel to turn you out into the rain."—"O, Miss Matthews!" continued he, taking no notice of her observation, "I had now an opportunity of contemplating the vast power of exquisite beauty, which nothing almost can add to or diminish. Amelia, in the poor rags of her old nurse, looked scarce less beautiful than I have seen her appear at a ball or an assembly." "Well, well," cries Miss Matthews, "to be sure she did; but pray go on with your story."

"The old woman," continued he, "after having equipped us as well as she could, and placed our wet clothes before the fire, began to grow inquisitive; and, after some ejaculations, she cried,—'O, my dear

young madam! my mind misgives me hugeously: and pray who is this fine young geotleman? Oh! Miss Emmy, Miss Emmy, I am afraid madam knows nothing of all this matter.' 'Suppose he should be my husband, nurse,' answered Amelia. 'Oh! good! and if he be,' replies the nurse, 'I hope he is some great gentleman or other, with a vast estate and a coach and six: for to be sure, if an he was the greatest lord in the land, you would deserve it all.' But why do I attempt to mimic the honest creature? In short, she discovered the greatest affection for my Amelia; with which I was much more delighted than I was offended at the suspicions she showed of me, or the many bitter curses which she denounced against me, if I ever proved a bad husband to so sweet a young lady.

"I so well improved the hint given me by Amelia, that the old woman had no doubt of our being really married; and, comforting herself that, if it was not as well as it might have been, yet madam had enough for us both, and that happiness did not always depend on great riches, she began to rail at the old lady for having turned us out of doors, which I scarce told an untruth in asserting. And when Amelia said, 'She hoped her nurse would not betray her,' the good woman answered with much warmth—'Betray you, my dear young madam! no, that I would not, if the king would give me all that he is worth: no, not if madam herself would give me the great house, and the whole farm belonging to it.'

"The good woman then went out and fetched a chicken from the roost, which she killed, and began to pick, without asking any questions. Then, summoning her son, who was in bed, to her assistance, she began to prepare this chicken for our supper. This she afterwards set before us in so neat, I may almost say elegant, a manner, that whoever would have disdained it either doth not know the sensation of hunger, or doth not deserve to have it gratified. Our food was attended with some ale, which our kind hostess said she intended not to have tapped till Christmas; 'but,' added she, 'I little thought ever to have the honour of seeing my dear honoured lady in this poor place.'

"For my own part, no human being was then an object of envy to me, and even Amelia seemed to be in pretty good spirits; she softly whispered to me that she perceived there might be happiness in a cottage."

"A cottage!" cries Miss Matthews, sighing, "a cottage, with the man one loves, is a palace."

"When supper was ended," continued Booth, "the good woman began to think of our further wants, and very earnestly recommended her bed to us, saying, it was a very neat, though homely one, and that she could furnish us with a pair of clean sheets. She added some persuasives which painted my angel all over with vermilion. As for myself, I behaved so awkwardly and foolishly, and so readily agreed to Amelia's resolution of sitting up all night, that, if it did not give the nurse any suspicion of our marriage, it ought to have inspired her with the utmost contempt for me.

"We both endeavoured to prevail with nurse to retire to her own bed, but found it utterly impossible to succeed; she thanked heaven she understood breeding better than that. And so well bred was the good woman, that we could scarce get her out of the room the whole night. Luckily for us, we both understood French, by means of which we consulted together, even in her presence, upon the measures we were to take in our present exigency. At length it was resolved that I should send a letter by this young lad, whom I have just before mentioned, to our worthy friend the doctor, desiring his company at our hut, since we thought it utterly unsafe to venture to the town, which we knew would be in an uproar on our account before the morning."

Here Booth made a full stop, smiled, and then said he was going to mention so ridiculous a distress, that he could scarce think of it without laughing. What this was the reader shall know in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

The story of Booth continued.—More surprising adventures.

"FROM what trifles, dear Miss Matthews," cried Booth, "may some of our greatest distresses arise! Do you not perceive I am going to tell you we had neither pen, ink, nor paper in our present exigency?

"A verbal message was now our only resource; however, we contrived to deliver it in such terms, that neither nurse nor her son could possibly conceive any suspicion from it of the present situation of our affairs. Indeed, Amelia whispered me, I might safely place any degree of confidence in the lad; for he had been her foster-brother, and she had a great opinion of his integrity. He was in truth a boy of very good natural parts; and Dr. Harrison, who had received him into his family, at Amelia's recommendation, had bred him up to write and read very well, and had taken some pains to infuse into him the principles of honesty and religion. He was not, indeed, even now discharged from the doctor's service, but had been at home with his mother for some time, on account of the small-pox, from which he was lately recovered.

"I have said so much," continued Booth, "of the boy's character, that you may not be surprised at some stories which I shall tell you of him hereafter.

"I am going now, madam, to relate to you one of those strange accidents which are produced by such a train of circumstances, that mere chance hath been thought incapable of bringing them together; and which have therefore given birth, in superstitious minds, to Fortune, and to several other imaginary beings.

"We were now impatiently expecting the arrival of the doctor; our messenger had been gone much more than a sufficient time, which to us, you may be assured, appeared not at all shorter than it was, when nurse, who had gone out of doors on some errand, came running hastily to us, crying out, 'O my dear young madam, her ladyship's coach is just at the door!' Amelia turned pale as death at these words; indeed, I feared she would have fainted, if I could be said to fear, who had scarce any of my senses left, and was in a condition little better than my angel's.

"While we were both in this dreadful situation, Amelia fallen back in her chair with the countenance in which ghosts are painted, myself at her feet with a complexion of no very different colour, and nurse screaming out and throwing water in Amelia's face, Mrs. Harris entered the room. At the sight of this scene she threw herself likewise into a chair, and called immediately for a glass of water, which Miss Betty her daughter supplied her with; for, as to the nurse, nothing was capable of making any impression on her whilst she apprehended her young mistress to be in danger.

"The doctor had now entered the room, and, coming immediately up to Amelia, after some expressions of surprise, he took her by the hand, called

her his little sugar-plum, and assured her there were none but friends present. He then led her totteriug across the room to Mrs. Harris. Amelia then fell upon her knees before her mother; but the doctor caught her np, saying, 'Use that posture, child, only to the Almighty;' but I need not mention this siugularity of his to you who know him so well, and must have heard him often dispute aganist addressing ourselves to man in the humbliest posture which we use towards the Supreme Being.

"I will tire you with no more particulars: we were soon satisfied that the doctor had reconciled us and our affairs to Mrs. Harris; and we now proceeded diirectly to chureh, the doctor having before provided a liceuce for us."

"But where is the strange accident?" cries Miss Matthews; "sure you have raised more euriosity than you have satisfied."

"Indeed, madam," answered he, "your reproof is just; I had like to have forgotten it; but you cannot wonder at me when you refiect on that interesting part of my story which I am now relating.—But before I mention this accident I must tell you what happened after Amelia's escape from her mother's house. Mrs. Harris at first ran out into the lane among her servants, and pursued us (so she imagined) along the road leading to the town; but that being very dirty, and a violent storm of rain coming, she took shelter in an alehouse about half a mile from her own house, whither she sent for her coach; she then drove, together with her daughter, to town, where, soon after her arrival, she sent for the doctor, her nsual privy counsellor in all her affairs. They sat up all night together, the doctor eudeavouring, hy arguments and persuasions, to bring Mrs. Harris to reason; but all to no purpose, though, as he hath informed me, Miss Betty seconded him with the warmest entreaties."

Here Miss Matthews laughed; of which Booth begged to know the reason: she, at last, after many apologies, said, "It was the first good thing she ever heard of Miss Betty; nay," said she, "and asking yonr pardon for my opinion of your sister, since you will have it, I always conceived her to be the deepest of hypocrites."

Booth fetched a sigh, and said he was afraid she had not always acted so kindly;—and then, after a little hesitation, proceeded:

"You will be pleased, madam, to remember the lad was sent with a verbal message to the doctor; which message was no more than to acqnaint him where we were, and to desire the favour of his company, or that he would send a coach to bring us to whatever place he would please to meet us at. This message was to be delivered to the doctor himself, and the messenger was ordered, if he found him not at home, to go to him wherever he was. He fulfilled his orders, and told it to the doctor in the presence of Mrs. Harris."

"Oh, the idiot!" cries Miss Matthews. "Not at all," answered Booth: "he is a very sensible fellow, as you will, perhaps, say hereafter. He had not the least reason to suspect that any secresy was necessary; for we took the utmost care he should not suspect it.—Well, madam, this accident, which appeared so unfortunate, turned in the highest degree to our advantage. Mrs. Harris no sooner heard the message delivered than she fell into the most violent passion imaginable, and accused the doctor of being in the plot, and of having confederated with me in the design of carrying off her daughter.

"The doctor, who had hitherto used only soothing methods, now talked in a different strain. He confessed the accusation, and justified his conduct. He said he was no meddler in the family affairs of others, nor should he have concerned himself with hers, but at her own request; but that, since Mrs. Harris herself had made him an agent in this matter, he would take care to acquit himself with honour, and above all things to preserve a young lady for whom he had the highest esteem; 'for she is,' cries he, and, by heavens, he said true, 'the most worthy, generous, and noble of all human beings. You have yourself, madam,' said he, 'consented to the match. I have, at your request, made the match;' and then he added some particulars relating to his opinion of me, which my modesty forbids me to repeat."—"Nay, but," cries Miss Matthews, "I insist on your conquest of that modesty for once. We women do not love to hear one another's praises, and I will be made amends by hearing the praises of a man, and of a man whom, perhaps," added she with a leer, "I shall not think much the better of upon that account."—"In obedience to your commands then, madam," continued he, "the doctor was so kind to say he had inquired into my character, and had found that I had been a dutiful son and an affectionate brother. Relations, said he, in which whoever discharges his duty well gives us a well-grounded hope that he will behave as properly in all the rest. He concluded with saying that Amelia's happiuess, her heart, nay, her very reputation, were all concerned in this matter, to which, as he had been made instrumental, he was resolved to carry her through it; and then, taking the licence from his pocket, declared to Mrs. Harris that he would go that instant and marry her daughter wherever he found her. This speech, the doctor's voice, his look, and his behaviour, all which were sufficiently calculated to inspire awe, and even terror, when he pleases, frightened poor Mrs. Harris, and wrought a more sensible effect than it was in his power to produce by all his arguments and entreaties; and I have already related what followed.

"Thus the strange accident of our wanting pen, ink, and paper, and our not trusting the boy with our secret, occasioned the discovery to Mrs. Harris; that discovery put the doctor upon his metal, and produced that blessed event which I have recounted to you, and which, as my mother hath since confessed, nothing but the spirit which he had exerted after the discovery could have brought about.

"Well, madam, you now see me married to Amelia; in which situation you will, perhaps, think my happiness incapable of addition. Perhaps it was so; and yet I can with truth say that the love which I then bore Amelia was not comparable to what I bear her now." "Happy Amelia!" cried Miss Matthews. "If all men were like you, all women would be blessed; nay, the whole world would be so in a great measure; for, upon my soul, I believe that from the damned inconstancy of your sex to ours proceed half the miseries of mankind."

That we may give the reader leisure to consider well the foregoing sentiment, we will here put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which our readers will probably be divided in their opinion of Mr. Booth's conduct.

BOOTH proceeded as follows:—

"The first months of our marriage produced nothing remarkable enough to mention. I am sure I need not tell Miss Matthews that I found in my Amelia every perfection of human nature. Mrs. Harris at first gave us some little uneasiness. She had rather yielded to the doctor than given a willing con-

sent to the match; however, by degrees, she became more and more satisfied, and at last seemed perfectly reconciled. This we ascribed a good deal to the kind offices of Miss Betty, who had always appeared to be my friend. She had been greatly assisting to Amelia in making her escape, which I had no opportunity of mentioning to you before, and in all things behaved so well, outwardly at least, to myself as well as her sister, that we regarded her as our sincerest friend.

"About half a year after our marriage two additional companies were added to our regiment, in one of which I was preferred to the command of a lieutenant. Upon this occasion Miss Betty gave the first intimation of a disposition which we have since too severely experienced."

"Your servant, sir," says Miss Matthews; "then I find I was not mistaken in my opinion of the lady.—No, no, show me any goodness in a censorious prude, and—"

As Miss Matthews hesitated for a simile or an execration, Booth proceeded: "You will please to remember, madam, there was formerly an agreement between myself and Mrs. Harris that I should settle all my Amelia's fortune on her, except a certain sum, which was to be laid out in my advancement in the army; but, as our marriage was carried on in the manner you have heard, no such agreement was ever executed. And since I was become Amelia's husband not a word of this matter was ever mentioned by the old lady; and as for myself, I declare I had not yet awakened from that delicious dream of bliss in which the possession of Amelia had lulled me."

Here Miss Matthews sighed, and cast the tenderest of looks on Booth, who thus continued his story:—

"Soon after my promotion Mrs. Harris one morning took an occasion to speak to me on this affair. She said, that, as I had been promoted gratis to a lieutenancy, she would assist me with money to carry me yet a step higher; and, if more was required than was formerly mentioned, it should not be wanting, since she was so perfectly satisfied with my behaviour to her daughter. Adding that she hoped I had still the same inclination to settle on my wife the remainder of her fortune.

"I answered with very warm acknowledgments of my mother's goodness, and declared, if I had the world, I was ready to lay it at my Amelia's feet.—And so, heaven knows, I would ten thousand worlds.

"Mrs. Harris seemed pleased with the warmth of my sentiments, and said she would immediately send to her lawyer and give him the necessary orders; and thus ended our conversation on this subject.

"From this time there was a very visible alteration in Miss Betty's behaviour. She grew reserved to her sister as well as to me. She was fretful and captious on the slightest occasion; nay, she affected much to talk on the ill consequences of an imprudent marriage, especially before her mother; and if ever any little tenderness or endearments escaped me in public towards Amelia, she never failed to make some malicious remark on the short duration of violent passions; and, when I have expressed a fond sentiment for my wife, her sister would kindly wish she might bear as much seven years hence.

"All these matters have been since suggested to us by reflection; for, while they actually passed, both Amelia and myself had our thoughts too happily engaged to take notice of what discovered itself in the mind of any other person.

"Unfortunately for us, Mrs. Harris's lawyer happened at this time to be at London, where business detained him upwards of a month; and, as Mrs. Harris would on no occasion employ any other, our affair was under an entire suspension till his return.

"Amelia, who was now big with child, had often expressed the deepest concern at her apprehensions of my being some time commanded abroad; a circumstance, which she declared if it should ever happen to her, even though she should not then be in the same situation as at present, would infallibly break her heart. These remonstrances were made with such tenderness, and so much affected me, that, to avoid any probability of such an event, I endeavoured to get an exchange into the horse-guards, a body of troops which very rarely goes abroad, unless where the king himself commands in person. I soon found an officer for my purpose, the terms were agreed on, and Mrs. Harris had ordered the money which I was to pay to be ready, notwithstanding the opposition made by Miss Betty, who openly dissuaded her mother from it; alleging that the exchange was highly to my disadvantage; that I could never hope to rise in the army after it; not forgetting, at the same time, some insinuations very prejudicial to my reputation as a soldier.

"When everything was agreed on, and the two commissions were actually made out, but not signed by the king, one day, at my return from hunting, Amelia flew to me, and, eagerly embracing me, cried out, 'O Billy, I have news for you which delights my soul. Nothing sure was ever so fortunate as the exchange you have made. The regiment you was formerly in is ordered for Gibraltar.'

"I received this news with far less transport than it was delivered. I answered coldly, since the case was so, I heartily hoped the commissions might be both signed. 'What do you say?' replied Amelia eagerly; 'sure you told me everything was entirely settled. That look of yours frightens me to death.'—But I am running into too minute particulars. In short, I received a letter by that very post from the officer with whom I had exchanged, insisting that, though his majesty had not signed the commissions, that still the bargain was valid, partly urging it as a right, and partly desiring it as a favour, that he might go to Gibraltar in my room.

"This letter convinced me in every point. I was now informed that the commissions were not signed, and consequently that the exchange was not completed: of consequence the other could have no right to insist on going; and, as for granting him such a favour, I too clearly saw I must do it at the expense of my honour. I was now reduced to a dilemma, the most dreadful which I think any man can experience; in which, I am not ashamed to own, I found love was not so overmatched by honour as he ought to have been. The thoughts of leaving Amelia in her present condition to misery, perhaps to death or madness, were insupportable; nor could any other consideration but that which now tormented me on the other side have combated them a moment."

"No woman upon earth," cries Miss Matthews, "can despise want of spirit in a man more than myself; and yet I cannot help thinking you was rather too nice on this occasion."

"You will allow, madam," answered Booth, "that whoever offends against the laws of honour in the least instance is treated as the highest delinquent. Here is no excuse, no pardon; and he doth nothing who leaves anything undone. But if the conflict was so terrible with myself alone, what was my situation in the presence of Amelia? how could I support her sighs, her tears, her agonies, her despair? could I bear to think myself the cruel cause

of her sufferings? for so I was: could I endure the thought of having it in my power to give her instant relief, for so it was, and refuse it her?

"Miss Betty was now again become my friend. She had scarce been civil to me for a fortnight last past, yet now she commended me to the skies, and as severely blamed her sister, whom she arraigned of the most contemptible weakness in preferring my safety to my honour: she said many ill-natured things on the occasion, which I shall not now repeat.

"In the midst of this hurricane the good doctor came to dine with Mrs. Harris, and at my desire delivered his opinion on the matter."

Here Mr. Booth was interrupted in his narrative by the arrival of a person whom we shall introduce in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing a scene of a different kind from any of the preceding.

The gentleman who now arrived was the keeper; or, if you please (for so he pleased to call himself), the governor of the prison.

He used so little ceremony at his approach, that the bolt, which was very slight on the inside, gave way, and the door immediately flew open. He had no sooner entered the room than he acquainted Miss Matthews that he had brought her very good news, for which he demanded a bottle of wine as his due.

This demand being complied with, he acquainted Miss Matthews that the wounded gentleman was not dead, nor was his wound thought to be mortal: that loss of blood, and perhaps his fright, had occasioned his fainting away; "but I believe, madam," said he, "if you take the proper measures you may be bailed to-morrow. I expect the lawyer here this evening, and if you put the business into his hands I warrant it will be done. Money to be sure must be parted with, that's to be sure. People to be sure will expect to touch a little in such cases. For my own part, I never desire to keep a prisoner longer than the law allows, not I; I always inform them they can be bailed as soon as I know it; I never make any bargain, not I; I always love to leave those things to the gentlemen and ladies themselves. I never suspect gentlemen and ladies of wanting generosity."

Miss Matthews made a very slight answer to all these friendly professions. She said she had done nothing she repented of, and was indifferent as to the event. "All I can say," cries she, "is, that if the wretch is alive there is no greater villain in life than himself;" and, instead of mentioning anything of the bail, she begged the keeper to leave her again alone with Mr. Booth. The keeper replied, "Nay, madam, perhaps it may be better to stay a little longer here, if you have not bail ready, than to buy them too dear. Besides, a day or two hence, when the gentleman is past all danger of recovery, to be sure some folks that would expect an extraordinary fee now cannot expect to touch anything. And to be sure you shall want nothing here. The best of all things are to be had here for money, both eatable and drinkable: though I say it, I shan't turn my back to any of the taverns for either eatables or wine. The captain there need not have been so shy of owning himself when he first came in; we have had captains and other great gentlemen here before now; and no shame to them, though I say it. Many a great gentleman is sometimes found in places that don't become them half so well, let me tell them that, captain Booth, let me tell them that."

"I see, sir," answered Booth, a little discomposed, "that you are acquainted with my title as well as my name."

"Ay, sir," cries the keeper, "and I honour you the more for it. I love the gentlemen of the army. I was in the army myself formerly; in the lord of Oxford's horse. It is true I rode private; but I had money enough to have bought in quarter-master, when I took it into my head to marry, and my wife she did not like that I should continue a soldier, she was all for a private life; and so I came to this business."

"Upon my word, sir," answered Booth, "you consulted your wife's inclinations very notably; but pray will you satisfy my curiosity in telling me how you became acquainted that I was in the army? for my dress I think could not betray me."

"Betray!" replied the keeper; "there is no betraying here, I hope—I am not a person to betray people—But you are so shy and peery, you would almost make one suspect there was more in the matter. And if there be, I promise you, you need not be afraid of telling it me. You will excuse me giving you a hint; but the sooner the better, that's all. Others may be beforehand with you, and first come first served on these occasions, that's all. Informers are odious, there's no doubt of that, and no one would care to be an informer if he could help it, because of the ill-usage they always receive from the mob: yet it is dangerous to trust too much; and when safety and a good part of the reward too are on one side and the gallows on the other—I know which a wise man would choose."

"What the devil do you mean by all this?" cries Booth.

"No offence, I hope," answered the keeper; "I speak for your good; and if you have been upon the snaffling lay—you understand me, I am sure."

"Not I," answered Booth, "upon my honour."

"Nay, nay," replied the keeper, with a contemptuous sneer, "if you are so peery as that comes to, you must take the consequence.—But for my part, I know I would not trust Robinson with twopence untold."

"What do you mean?" cries Booth; "who is Robinson?"

"And you don't know Robinson?" answered the keeper with great emotion. To which Booth replying in the negative, the keeper, after some tokens of amazement, cried out, "Well, captain, I must say you are the best at it of all the gentlemen I ever saw. However, I will tell you this: the lawyer and Mr. Robinson have been laying their heads together about you above half an hour this afternoon. I overheard them mention Captain Booth several times, and, for my part, I would not answer that Mr. Murphy is not now gone about the business; but if you will impeach any to me of the road, or anything else, I will step away to his worship Thrasher this instant, and I am sure I have interest enough with him to get you admitted an evidence."

"And so," cries Booth, "you really take me for a highwayman?"

"No offence, captain, I hope," said the keeper; as times go, there are many worse men in the world than those. Gentlemen may be driven to distress, and when they are, I know no more genteeler way than the road. It hath been many a brave man's case, to my knowledge, and men of as much honour too as any in the world."

"Well, sir," said Booth, "I assure you I am not that gentleman of honour you imagine me."

Miss Matthews, who had long understood the

keeper no better than Mr. Booth, no sooner heard his meaning explained than she was fired with greater indignation than the gentleman had expressed. "How dare you, sir," said she to the keeper, "insult a man of fashion, and who hath had the honour to hear his majesty's commission in the army? as you yourself own you know. If his misfortunes have sent him hither, sure we have no laws that will protect such a fellow as you in insulting him." "Fellow!" muttered the keeper—"I would not advise you, madam, to use such language to me."—"Do you dare threaten me?" replied Miss Matthews in a rage. "Venture in the least instance to exceed your authority with regard to me, and I will prosecute you with the utmost vengeance."

A scene of very high altercation now ensued, till Booth interposed and quieted the keeper, who was, perhaps, enough inclined to an accommodation; for, in truth, he waged unequal war. He was besides unwilling to incense Miss Matthews, whom he expected to be bailed out the next day, and who had more money left than he intended she should carry out of the prison with her; and as for any violent or unjustifiable methods, the lady had discovered much too great a spirit to be in danger of them. The governor, therefore, in a very gentle tone, declared that, if he had given any offence to the gentleman, he heartily asked his pardon; that, if he had known him to be really a captain, he should not have entertained any such suspicions; but the captain was a very common title in that place, and belonged to several gentlemen that had never been in the army, or, at most, had rid private like himself. "To be sure, captain," said he, "as you yourself own, your dress is not very military" (for he had on a plain fustian suit); and besides, as the lawyer says, *noscitur a sosir*, is a very good rule. And I don't believe there is a greater rascal upon earth than that same Robinson that I was talking of. Nay, I assure you, I wish there may be no mischief hatching against you. But if there is I will do all I can with the lawyer to prevent it. To be sure, Mr. Murphy is one of the cleverest men in the world at the law; that even his enemies must own, and as I recommend him to all the business I can (and it is not a little to be sure that arises in this place), why one good turn deserves another. And I may expect that he will not be concerned in any plot to ruin any friend of mine, at least when I desire him not. I am sure he could not be an honest man if he would."

Booth was then satisfied that Mr. Robinson, whom he did not yet know by name, was the gamester who had won his money at play. And now Miss Matthews, who had very impatiently borne this long interruption, prevailed on the keeper to withdraw. As soon as he was gone Mr. Booth began to felicitate her upon the news of the wounded gentleman being in a fair likelihood of recovery. To which, after short silence, she answered, "There is something, perhaps, which you will not easily guess, that makes your congratulation more agreeable to me than the first account I heard of the villain's having escaped the fate he deserves; for I do assure you, at first, it did not make me amends for the interruption of my curiosity. Now I hope we shall be disturbed no more till you have finished your whole story.—You left off, I think, somewhere in the struggle about leaving Amelia—the happy Amelia." "And can you call her happy at such a period?" cries Booth. "Happy, ay, happy, in any situation," answered Miss Matthews, "with such a husband I, at least, may well think so, who have experienced the very reverse of her fortune; but I was not born to be happy. I may say with the poet,

> 'The blackest ink of fate was sure my lot,
> And when fate writ my name, it made a blot.'

"Nay, nay, dear Miss Matthews," answered Booth, "you must and shall banish such gloomy thoughts. Fate hath, I hope, many happy days in store for you."—"Do you believe it, Mr. Booth?" replied she; "indeed you know the contrary—you must know—for you can't have forgot. No Amelia in the world can have quite obliterated—forgetfulness is not in our own power. If it was, indeed, I have reason to think—but I know not what I am saying.—Pray do proceed in that story."

Booth so immediately complied with this request that it is possible he was pleased with it. To say the truth, if all which unwittingly dropped from Miss Matthews was put together, some conclusions might, it seems, be drawn from the whole, which could not convey a very agreeable idea to a constant husband. Booth, therefore, proceeded to relate what is written in the third book of this history.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER I.

In which Mr. Booth resumes his story.

"If I am not mistaken, madam," continued Booth, "I was just going to acquaint you with the doctor's opinion when we were interrupted by the keeper.

"The doctor, having heard counsel on both sides, that is to say, Mrs. Harris for my staying, and Miss Betty for my going, at last delivered his own sentiments. As for Amelia, she sat silent, drowned in her tears; nor was I myself in a much better situation.

"'As the commissions are not signed,' said the doctor, 'I think you may be said to remain in your former regiment; and therefore I think you ought to go on this expedition; your duty to your king and country, whose bread you have eaten, requires it; and this is a duty of too high a nature to admit the least deficiency. Regard to your character, likewise, requires you to go; for the world, which might justly blame your staying at home if the case was even fairly stated, will not deal so honestly by you: you must expect to have every circumstance against you heightened, and most of what makes for your defence omitted; and thus you will be stigmatised as a coward without any palliation. As the malicious disposition of mankind is too well known, and the cruel pleasure which they take in destroying the reputations of others, the use we are to make of this knowledge is to afford no handle to reproach; for, had as the world is, it seldom falls on any man who hath not given some slight cause for censure, though this, perhaps, is often aggravated ten thousand fold; and, when we blame the malice of the aggravation, we ought not to forget our own imprudence in giving the occasion. Remember, my boy, your honour is at stake; and you know how nice the honour of a soldier is in these cases. This is a treasure which he must be your enemy, indeed, who would attempt to rob you of. Therefore, you ought to consider every one as your enemy who, by desiring you to stay, would rob you of your honour.'

"'Do you hear that, sister?' cries Miss Betty.—'Yes, I do hear it,' answered Amelia, with more spirit than I ever saw her exert before, 'and would preserve his honour at the expense of my life. I will preserve it if it should be at that expense; and since it is Dr. Harrison's opinion that he ought to go, I give my consent. Go, my dear husband,' cried she, falling upon her knees; 'may every angel of heaven guard and preserve you!'—I cannot repeat her words without being affected," said he, wiping

his eyes, "the excellence of that woman no words can paint: Miss Matthews, she hath every perfection in human nature.

"I will not tire you with the repetition of any more that passed on that occasion, nor with the quarrel that ensued between Mrs. Harris and the doctor; for the old lady could not submit to my leaving her daughter in her present condition. She fell severely on the army, and cursed the day in which her daughter was married to a soldier, not sparing her doctor for having had some share in the match. I will omit, likewise, the tender scene which passed between Amelia and myself previous to my departure."

"Indeed, I beg you would not," cries Miss Matthews; "nothing delights me more than scenes of tenderness. I should be glad to know, if possible, every syllable which was uttered on both sides."

"I will indulge you then," cries Booth, "as far as is in my power. Indeed, I believe I am able to recollect much the greatest part; for the impression is never to be effaced from my memory."

He then proceeded as Miss Matthews desired; but, lest all our readers should not be of her opinion, we will, according to our usual custom, endeavour to accommodate ourselves to every taste, and shall, therefore, place this scene in a chapter by itself, which we desire all our readers who do not love, or who, perhaps, do not know the pleasure of tenderness, to pass over; since they may do this without any prejudice to the thread of the narrative.

CHAPTER II.

Containing a scene of the tender kind.

"The doctor, madam," continued Booth, "spent his evening at Mrs. Harris's house, where I sat with him whilst he smoked his pillow pipe, as his phrase is. Amelia was retired above half an hour to her chamber before I went to her. At my entrance I found her on her knees, a posture in which I never disturbed her. In a few minutes she arose, came to me, and, embracing me, said she had been praying for resolution to support the cruellest moment she had ever undergone or could possibly undergo. I reminded her how much more bitter a farewell would be on a death-bed, when we never could meet, in this world at least, again. I then endeavoured to lessen all those objects which alarmed her most, and particularly the danger I was to encounter, upon which head I seemed a little to comfort her; but the probable length of my absence and the certain length of my voyage were circumstances which no oratory of mine could even palliate. 'Oh, heavens!' said she, bursting into tears, 'can I bear to think that hundreds, thousands for aught I know, of miles or leagues, that lands and seas are between us? What is the prospect from that mount in our garden where I have sat so many happy hours with my Billy? what is the distance between that and the farthest hill which we see from thence compared to the distance which will be between us? You cannot wonder at this idea; you must remember, my Billy, at this place, this very thought came formerly into my foreboding mind. I then begged you to leave the army. Why would you not comply?—did I not tell you then that the smallest cottage we could survey from the mount would be, with you, a paradise to me? it would be so still—why can't my Billy think so? am I so much his superior in love? where is the dishonour, Billy? or, if there be any, will it reach our ears in our little hut? are glory and fame, and not his Amelia, the happiness of my husband? go then, purchase them at my expense. You will pay a few sighs, perhaps a few tears, at parting, and then new scenes will drive away the thoughts of poor Amelia from your bosom: but what assistance shall I have in my affliction? not that any change of scene could drive you one moment from my remembrance; yet here every object I behold will place your loved idea in the liveliest manner before my eyes. This is the bed in which you have reposed; that is the chair on which you sat. Upon these boards you have stood. These books you have read to me. Can I walk among our beds of flowers without viewing your favourites, nay, those which you have planted with your own hands? can I see one beauty from our beloved mount which you have not pointed out to me?'—Thus she went on, the woman, madam, you see, still prevailing."—"Since you mention it," says Miss Matthews, with a smile, "I own the same observation occurred to me. It is too natural to us to consider ourselves only, Mr. Booth."—"You shall hear," he cried. "At last the thoughts of her present condition suggested themselves.—'But if,' said she, 'my situation, even in health, will be so intolerable, how shall I, in the danger and agonies of childbirth, support your absence?'—Here she stopped, and, looking on me with all the tenderness imaginable, cried out, 'And am I then such a wretch to wish for your presence at such a season? ought I not to rejoice that you are out of the hearing of my cries or the knowledge of my pains? if I die, will you not have escaped the horrors of a parting ten thousand times more dreadful than this? Go, go, my Billy; the very circumstance which made me most dread your departure hath perfectly reconciled me to it. I perceive clearly now that I was only wishing to support my own weakness with your strength, and to relieve my own pains at the price of yours. Believe me, my love, I am ashamed of myself.'—I caught her in my arms with raptures not to be expressed in words, called her my heroine; sure none ever better deserved that name; after which we remained for some time speechless, and locked in each other's embraces."—"I am convinced," said Miss Matthews, with a sigh, "there are moments in life worth purchasing with worlds."

"At length the fatal morning came. I endeavoured to hide every pang of my heart, and to wear the utmost gaiety in my countenance. Amelia acted the same part. In these assumed characters we met the family at breakfast; at their breakfast, I mean, for we were both full already. The doctor had spent above an hour that morning in discourse with Mrs. Harris, and had, in some measure, reconciled her to my departure. He now made use of every art to relieve the poor distressed Amelia; not by inveighing against the folly of grief, or by seriously advising her not to grieve; both which were sufficiently performed by Miss Betty. The doctor, on the contrary, had recourse to every means which might cast a veil over the idea of grief, and raise comfortable images in my angel's mind. He endeavoured to lessen the supposed length of my absence by discoursing on matters which were more distant in time. He said he intended next year to rebuild a part of his parsonage-house. 'And you, captain,' says he, 'shall lay the corner-stone, I promise you;' with many other circumstances of the like nature, which produced, I believe, some good effect on us both.

"Amelia spoke but little; indeed, more tears than words dropped from her; however, she seemed resolved to bear her affliction with resignation. But when the dreadful news arrived that the horses were ready, and I, having taken my leave of all the rest, at last approached her, she was unable to support the conflict with nature any longer and, cling

ing round my neek, she cried, 'Farewell, farewell for ever; for I shall never, never see you more.' At which words the blood entirely forsook her lovely cheeks, and she became a lifeless corpse in my arms.

"Amelia continued so long motionless, that the doctor, as well as Mrs. Harris, began to he under the most terrible apprehensions; so they informed me afterwards, for at that time I was incapable of making any observation. I had indeed very little more use of my senses than the dear ereature whom I supported. At length, however, we were all delivered from our fears; and life again visited the loviest mansiou that human nature ever afforded it.

"I had been, and yet was, so terrified with what had happened, and Amelia eontinued yet so weak and ill, that I determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to leave her that day; which resolution she was no sooner acqnaioted with than she fell on her knees, crying, 'Good Heaven! I thank thee for this reprieve at least. Oh! that every hour of my future life could be crammed into this dear day!'

"Our good friend the doctor remained with us. He said he had intended to visit a family in some affliction; 'hut I dou't koow,' says he, 'why I should ride a dozen miles after affliction, when we bave enough bere.' Of all mankiud the doctor is the hest of comforters. As his excessive good-nature makes him take vast delight in the office, so his great penetration into the human miod, joined to his great experience, renders him the most wonderful proficient in it; and he so well knows when to soothe, when to reason, and when to ridicule, that he never applies any of those arts improperly, whieh is almost uoiversa'ly the case witb the physicians of the mind, and which it requires very great judgment and dexterity to avoid.

"The doctor principally applied himself to ridlculing the dangers of the siege, In whieb he succeeded so well, that he sometimes forced a smile even into the face of Amelia. But what most comforted her were the arguments he used to convince her of the probahility of my speedy if not immediate return. He said the general opinion was, that the place woud he taken before onr arrival tbere; In whieb case we should bave nothing more to do than to make the best of our way home again.

"Amelia was so lulled hy these arts that she passed the day much better than I expected. Though the doctor could not make pride strong enough to conquer love, yet he exalted tbe former to make some stand against the latter; insomuch tbat my poor Amelia, I believe, more than once flattered herself, to speak the language of the world, tbat her reason had gaiued an entire victory over her passion; till love brought up a reinforcement, if I may use that term, of tender ideas, and bore down all before him.

"In the evening the doctor and I passed another half hour together, when he proposed to me to endeavour to leave Amelia asleep in the morning, and promised me to be at band when she awaked, and to support ber with all the assistance In bis power. He added that nothing was more foolish than for friends to take leave of each other. It is true, indeed, says he, in the common acquaintaoee and friendship of the world, this is a very harmless ceremony; but between two persons who really love each other the ehurch of Rome never invented a penance half so severe as this whieb we absurdly impose on ourselves.

"I greatly approved the doctor's proposal; thanked him, and promised, if possible, to put it in execution He then shook me hy the hand, and heartily wished me well, saying in his b'unt way, Well, boy, I bope to see thee crowned with laurels at thy return; one comfort I have at least, that stone walls and a sea will prevent thee from running away.'

"When I bad left the doctor I repaired to my Amella, whom I found in her chamher, employed in a very different manner from what she had heen the preceding night; she was husy io packing np some trinkets in a casket, which she desired ioe to carry with me. This casket was her own work, and she had just fastened it as I caoie to her.

"Her eyes very plainly discovered what bad passed while she was engaged in ber work: however, her countenance was now serene, and she spoke, at least, with some eheerfulness. But after some time, 'You must take care of this easket, Billy,' said she. 'You must, indeed, Billy—for—' here passion almost choked her, till a flood of tears gave her relief, and then she proceeded—'For I shall he the happiest wom:n that ever was horn when I see it again.' I told her, with the hlessing of God, that day would soon come. 'Soon!' answered she. 'No, Billy, not soon; a week is an age;—but yet the day may come. It shall, it must, it will! Yes, Billy, we shall meet never to part again, even in tbis world, I bope.' Pardon my weakness, Miss Matthews, but upon my soul I cannot help it," cried he, wiping his eyes. "Well, I wonder at your patience, aod I will try it no longer. Amelia, tired out with so long a struggle between variety of passions, and having not closed her eyes during three successive nights, towards the morning fell into a profound sleep. In which sleep I left her, and, having dressed myself with all the expedition imaginahle, singing, whistling, hurrying, attempting hy every method to banish thought, I monnted my horse, which I had over-night ordered to be ready, and galloped away from that house where all my treasure was deposited.

"Thus, madam, I have, In obedience to your eommands, run through a scene which, if it hath been tiresome to you, you must yet acquit me of having ohtruded upon you. This I am convinced of, that no one is capable of tasting sucb a scene who hath not a heart full of tenderness, and perhaps not even then, unless he bath been in the same situation."

CHAPTER III.

In which Mr. Booth sets forward on his journey.

"Well, madam, we have now taken our leave of Amelia. I rode a full mile before I once suffered myself to look hack; hut now being come to the top of a little hill, the last spot I knew which could give me a prospect of Mrs. Harris's house, my resolution failed; I stopped and cast my eyes backward. Shall I tell you what I felt at that instant? I do assure you I am not ahle. So many tender ideas crowded at once into my mind, that, if I may use the expression, they almost dissolved my heart. And now, madam, the most unfortunate accident came first into my head. This was, that I had in the hurry and confusion left the dear casket hehind me. The thought of going back at first suggested itself; but the consequenees of that were too apparent. I therefore resolved to send my man, and in the mean time to ride on softly on my road. He immediately exeeuted my orders, and after some time, feeding my eyes with that delielous and yet heart-felt prospect, I at last turned my horse to descend the hill, and proceeded about a hundred yards, when, considering with myself that I should lose no time hy a second indulgence, I again turned

back, and once more feasted my sight with the same painful pleasure till my man returnad, bringing me the casket, and an account that Amelia still continued in the sweet sleep I left her. I now suddenly turned my horse for the last time, and with the utmost resolution pursued my journey.

" I perceived my man at his return,—But before I mention anything of him it may be proper, madam, to acquaint you who he was. He was the foster-brother of my Amelia. This young fellow had taken it into his head to go into the army; and he was desirous to serve under my command. The doctor consented to discharge him; his mother at last consented to his importunities, and I was very easily prevailed on to list one of the handomest young fellows in Engiand.

" You will easily believe I had some little partiality to one whose miik Amelia had sucked; hut, as he had never seen the regiment, I had no opportunity to show him any great mark of favour. Indeed he waited on me as my servant; and I treated him with all the tenderness which can be used to one in that station.

" When I was about to change into the horse-guards the poor fellow began to droop, fearing that he should no longer be in the same corps with me, though certainiy that would not have been the case. However, he had never mentioned one word of his dissatisfaction. He is indeed a fellow of a noble spirit; hut when he heard that I was to remain where I was, and that we were to go to Gibraltar together, he fell into transports of joy little short of madness. In short, the poor fellow had imbibed a very strong affection for me; thongh this was what I knew nothing of till long after.

" When he returned to me then, as I was saying, with the casket, I observed his eyes all over blubbered with tears. I rehuked him a little too rashiy on this occasion. 'Heyday!' says I, 'what is the meaning of this? I hope I have not a milk-sop with me. If I thought you would show such a face to the enemy I would leave you behind.'—'Your honour need not fear that, answered he; I shall find nobody there that I shall love well enough to make me ery.' I was highly pleased with this answer, in which I thought I eonid discover hoth sense and spirit. I then asked him what had occasioned those tears since he had left me (for he had no sign of any at that time), and whether he had seen his mother at Mrs. Harris's? He answered in the negative, and begged that I would ask him no more questions; adding that he was not very apt to cry, and he hoped he should never give me such another opportunity of hlaming him. I mention this only as an instance of his affection towards me; for I never could account for those tears any otherwise than hy placing them to the account of that distress in which he left me at that time. We traveiled full forty miles that day without haiting, when, arriving at the inn where I intended to rest that night, I retired immediately to my chamher, with my dear Amelia's casket, the opening of which was the nieest repast, and to which every other hunger gave way.

" It is impossihle to mention to you all the little matters with which Amelia had furnished this easket. It contained medicines of aii kinds, which her mother, who was the lady Bountlful of that conntry, had supplied her with. The most valuahle of all to me was a lock of her dear hair, which I have from that time to this worn in my hosom. What wouid I have then given for a littie pieture of my dear angel, which she had lost from her chamber about a month before? and which we had the highest reason in the world to imagine her sister had taken away; for the suspicion lay only between her and Amelia's maid, who was of all creatures the lonestest, and whom her mistress had often trusted with things of much greater value; for the picture, which was set in gold, and had two or three little diamonds round it, was worth ahout twelve guineas only; whereas Amelia left jewels in her care of much greater value."

" Sure," cries Miss Matthews, " she could not be such a paltry pilferer."

" Not on account of the gold or the jewels," cries Booth. " We imputed it to mere spite, with which, I assure you, she abounds; and she knew that, next to Amelia herself, there was nothing which I vaiued so much as this little picture; for such a resemhlance did it bear of the original, that Hogarth himself did never, I believe, draw a stronger likeness. Spite, therefore, was the only motive to this cruel depredation; and indeed her behaviour on the occasion sufficiently convinced ns both of the justlee of our suspicion, though we neither of us durst aceuse her; aud she herself had the assurance to insist very strongiy (though she couid not prevaii) with Amelia to turn away her innocent maid, saying, she would not live in the house with a thief."

Miss Matthews now discharged some curses on Miss Betty, not much worth repeating, and then Mr. Booth proceeded in his relation.

CHAPTER IV.

A Sea Piece.

" The next day we joined the regiment, which was soon after to embark. Nothing but mirth and jollity were in the countenance of every officer and soidier; and, as I now met several friends whom I had not seen for ahove a year before, I passed several happy hours, in which poor Amelia's image seldom obtruded itself to interrupt my pleasure. To confess the truth, dear Miss Matthews, the tenderest of passions is capahle of subsiding; nor is absence from our dearest friends so insupportahle as it may at first appear. Distance of time and place do realiy cure what they seem to aggravate; and taking leave of our friends resembles taking leave of the world; concerning which it hath been often said that it is not death, hut dying, which is terribie." — Here Miss Matthews hurst into a fit of laughter, and cried, " I sincerely ask your pardon; hut I cannot help laughing at the gravity of your philosophy." Booth answered, That the doctrine of the passions had been aiways his favourite study; that he was convinced every man acted entirely from that passion which was uppermost. " Can I then think," said he, " without entertaining the utmost contempt for myself, that any pleasure upon earth could drive the thoughts of Amelia one instant from my mind?

" At length we embarked ahoard a transport, and saiied for Gibraltar; hut the wind, which was at first fair, soon chopped about; so that we were ohliged, for several days, to heat to windward, as the sea phrase is. During this time the taste which I had of a seafaring life did not appear extremely agreeahle. We rolled np and down in a little narrow cabin, in which were three officers, all of us extremely sea-sick; our sickness being much aggravated hy the motion of the ship, hy the view of each other, and hy the steneh of the men. But this was but a little taste indeed of the misery which was to foilow; for we were got about six leagues to the westward of Sciily, when a violent storm arose at north-east, which soon raised the waves to the height of mountains. The horror of this is not to be adequately described to those who have never seen

the like. The storm began in the evening, and, as the clouds brought on the night apace, it was soon entirely dark; nor had we, during many hours, any other light than what was caused by the jarring elements, which frequently sent forth flashes, or rather streams of fire; and whilst these presented the most dreadful objects to our eyes, the roaring of the winds, the dashing of the waves against the ship and each other, formed a sound altogether as horrible for our ears; while our ship, sometimes lifted up, as it were, to the skies, and sometimes swept away at once as into the lowest abyss, seemed to be the sport of the winds and seas. The captain himself almost gave up all for lost, and expressed his apprehension of being inevitably cast on the rocks of Scilly, and beat to pieces. And now, while some on board were addressing themselves to the Supreme Being, and others applying for comfort to strong liquors, my whole thoughts were entirely engaged by my Amelia. A thousand tender ideas crowded into my mind. I can truly say that I had not a single consideration about myself in which she was not concerned. Dying to me was leaving her; and the fear of never seeing her more was a dagger stuck in my heart. Again, all the terrors with which this storm, if it reached her ears, must fill her gentle mind on my account, and the agonies which she must undergo when she heard of my fate, gave me such intolerable pangs, that I now repented my resolution, and wished, I own I wished, that I had taken her advice, and preferred love and a cottage to all the dazzling charms of honour.

"While I was tormenting myself with those meditations, and had concluded myself as certainly lost, the master came into the cabin, and with a cheerful voice assured us that we had escaped the danger, and that we had certainly passed to the westward of the rock. This was comfortable news to all present; and my captain, who had been some time on his knees, leaped suddenly up, and testified his joy with a great oath.

"A person unused to the sea would have been astonished at the satisfaction which now discovered itself in the master or in any on board; for the storm still raged with great violence, and the daylight, which now appeared, presented us with sights of horror sufficient to terrify minds which were not absolute slaves to the passion of fear; but so great is the force of habit, that what inspires a landman with the highest apprehension of danger gives not the least concern to a sailor, to whom rocks and quicksands are almost the only objects of terror.

"The master, however, was a little mistaken in the present instance; for he had not left the cabin above an hour before my man came running to me, and acquainted me that the ship was half full of water; that the sailors were going to hoist out the boat and save themselves, and begged me to come that moment along with him, as I tendered my preservation. With this account, which was conveyed to me in a whisper, I acquainted both the captain and ensign; and we all together immediately mounted the deck, where we found the master making use of all his oratory to persuade the sailors that the ship was in no danger; and at the same time employing all his authority to set the pumps a-going, which he assured them would keep the water under, and save his dear Lovely Peggy (for that was the name of the ship), which he swore he loved as dearly as his own soul.

"Indeed this sufficiently appeared; for the leak was so great, and the water flowed in so plentifully, that his Lovely Peggy was half filled before he could be brought to think of quitting her; but now the boat was brought alongside the ship, and the master himself, notwithstanding all his love for her, quitted his ship, and leaped into the boat. Every man present attempted to follow his example, when I heard the voice of my servant roaring forth my name in a kind of agony. I made directly to the ship's side, but was too late; for the boat, being already overladen, put directly off. And now, madam, I am going to relate to you an instance of heroic affection in a poor fellow towards his master, to which love itself, even among persons of superior education, can produce but few similar instances. My poor man, being unable to get me with him into the boat, leaped suddenly into the sea, and swam back to the ship; and, when I gently rebuked him for his rashness, he answered, he chose rather to die with me than to live to carry the account of my death to my Amelia; at the same time bursting into a flood of tears, he cried, 'Good Heavens! what will that poor lady feel when she hears of this!' This tender concern for my dear love endeared the poor fellow more to me than the gallant instance which he had just before given of his affection towards myself.

"And now, madam, my eyes were shocked with a sight, the horror of which can scarce be imagined; for the boat had scarce got four hundred yards from the ship when it was swallowed up by the merciless waves, which now ran so high, that out of the number of persons which were in the boat none recovered the ship, though many of them we saw miserably perish before our eyes, some of them very near us, without any possibility of giving them the least assistance.

"But, whatever we felt for them, we felt, I believe, more for ourselves, expecting every minute when we should share the same fate. Among the rest, one of our officers appeared quite stupified with fear. I never, indeed, saw a more miserable example of the great power of that passion: I must not, however, omit doing him justice, by saying that I afterwards saw the same man behave well in an engagement, in which he was wounded; though there likewise he was said to have betrayed the same passion of fear in his countenance.

"The other of our officers was no less stupified (if I may so express myself) with fool-hardiness, and seemed almost insensible of his danger. To say the truth, I have, from this and some other instances which I have seen, been almost inclined to think that the courage as well as cowardice of fools proceeds from not knowing what is or what is not the proper object of fear; indeed, we may account for the extreme hardiness of some men in the same manner as for the terrors of children at a bugbear. The child knows not but that the bugbear is the proper object of fear, the blockhead knows not that a cannon-ball is so.

"As to the remaining part of the ship's crew and the soldiery, most of them were dead drunk, and the rest were endeavouring, as fast as they could, to prepare for death in the same manner.

"In this dreadful situation we were taught that no human condition should inspire men with absolute despair; for, as the storm had ceased for some time, the swelling of the sea began considerably to abate; and we now perceived the man of war which convoyed us at no great distance astern. Those aboard her easily perceived our distress, and made towards us. When they came pretty near they hoisted out two boats to our assistance. These no sooner approached the ship than they were instantaneously filled, and I myself got a place in one of them, chiefly by the aid of my honest servant, of whose fidelity to me on all occasions I cannot speak

or think too highly. Indeed, I got into the boat so much the more easily, as a great number on board the ship were rendered, by drink, incapable of taking any care for themselves. There was time, however, for the boat to pass and repass; so that, when we came to call over names, three only, of all that remained in the ship after the loss of her own boat, were missing.

"The captain, ensign, and myself, were received with many congratulations by our officers on board the man of war.—The sea-officers too, all except the captain, paid us their compliments, though these were of the rougher kind, and not without several jokes on our escape. As for the captain himself, we scarce saw him during many hours; and, when he appeared, he presented a view of majesty beyond any that I had ever seen. The dignity which he preserved did indeed give me rather the idea of a Mogul, or a Turkish emperor, than of any of the monarchs of Christendom. To say the truth, I could resemble his walk on the deck to nothing but the image of captain Gulliver strutting among the Lilliputians; he seemed to think himself a being of an order superior to all around him, and more especially to us of the land-service. Nay, such was the behaviour of all the sea-officers and sailors to us and our soldiers, that, instead of appearing to be subjects of the same prince, engaged in one quarrel, and joined to support one cause, we landmen rather seemed to be captives on board an enemy's vessel. This is a grievous misfortune, and often proves so fatal to the service, that it is great pity some means could not be found of curing it."

Here Mr. Booth stopped a while to take breath. We will therefore give the same refreshment to the reader.

CHAPTER V.

The arrival of Booth at Gibraltar, with what there befel him.

"THE adventures," continued Booth, "which happened to me from this day till my arrival at Gibraltar are not worth recounting to you. After a voyage, the remainder of which was tolerably prosperous, we arrived in that garrison, the natural strength of which is so well known to the whole world.

"About a week after my arrival it was my fortune to be ordered on a sally party, in which my left leg was broke with a musket-ball; and I should most certainly have either perished miserably, or must have owed my preservation to some of the enemy, had not my faithful servant carried me off on his shoulders, and afterwards, with the assistance of one of his comrades, brought me back into the garrison.

"The agony of my wound was so great, that it threw me into a fever, from whence my surgeon apprehended much danger. I now began again to feel for my Amelia, and for myself on her account; and the disorder of my mind, occasioned by such melancholy contemplations, very highly aggravated the distemper of my body; insomuch that it would probably have proved fatal, had it not been for the friendship of one captain James, an officer of our regiment, and an old acquaintance, who is undoubtedly one of the pleasantest companions and one of the best-natured men in the world. This worthy man, who had a head and a heart perfectly adequate to every office of friendship, stayed with me almost day and night during my illness; and by strengthening my hopes, raising my spirits, and cheering my thoughts, preserved me from destruction.

"The behaviour of this man alone is a sufficient proof of the truth of my doctrine, that all men act entirely from their passions; for Bob James can never be supposed to act from any motive of virtue or religion, since he constantly laughs at both; and yet his conduct towards me alone demonstrates a degree of goodness which, perhaps, few of the votaries of either virtue or religion can equal."

"You need not take much pains," answered Miss Matthews, with a smile, "to convince me of your doctrine. I have been always an advocate for the same. I look upon the two words you mention to serve only as cloaks, under which hypocrisy may be the better enabled to cheat the world. I have been of that opinion ever since I read that charming fellow Mandevil."

"Pardon me, madam," answered Booth; "I hope you do not agree with Mandevil neither, who hath represented human nature in a picture of the highest deformity. He hath left out of his system the best passion which the mind can possess, and attempts to derive the effects or energies of that passion from the base impulses of pride or fear. Whereas it is as certain that love exists in the mind of man as that its opposite hatred doth; and the same reasons will equally prove the existence of the one as the existence of the other."

"I don't know, indeed," replied the lady, "I never thought much about the matter. This I know, that when I read Mandevil I thought all he said was true; and I have been often told that he proves religion and virtue to be only mere names. However, if he denies there is any such thing as love, that is most certainly wrong.—I am afraid I can give him the lie myself."

"I will join with you, madam, in that," answered Booth, "at any time."

"Will you join with me?" answered she, looking eagerly at him—"O, Mr. Booth! I know not what I was going to say—What—Where did you leave off?—I would not interrupt you—but I am impatient to know something."

"What, madam?" cries Booth; "if I can give you any satisfaction—"

"No, no," said she, "I must hear all; I would not for the world break the thread of your story. Besides, I am afraid to ask—Pray, pray, sir, go on."

"Well, madam," cries Booth, "I think I was mentioning the extraordinary acts of friendship done me by captain James; nor can I help taking notice of the almost unparalleled fidelity of poor Atkinson (for that was my man's name), who was not only constant in the assiduity of his attendance, but during the time of my danger demonstrated a concern for me which I can hardly account for, as my prevailing on his captain to make him a serjeant was the first favour he ever received at my hands, and this did not happen till I was almost perfectly recovered of my broken leg. Poor fellow! I shall never forget the extravagant joy his halbert gave him; I remember it the more because it was one of the happiest days of my own life; for it was upon this day that I received a letter from my dear Amelia, after a long silence, acquainting me that she was out of all danger from her lying-in.

"I was now once more able to perform my duty; when (so unkind was the fortune of war), the second time I mounted the guard, I received a violent contusion from the bursting of a bomb. I was felled to the ground, where I lay breathless by the blow, till honest Atkinson came to my assistance, and conveyed me to my room, where a surgeon immediately attended me.

"The injury I had now received was much more dangerous in my surgeon's opinion than the former; it caused me to spit blood, and was attended with a

Simkins's unexpected visit.

lever, and other bad symptoms; so that very fatal consequences were apprehended.

"In this situation, the image of my Amelia haunted me day and night; and the apprehensions of never seeing her more were so intolerable, that I had thoughts of resigning my commission, and returning home, weak as I was, that I might have, at least, the satisfaction of dying in the arms of my love. Captain James, however, persisted in dissuading me from any such resolution. He told me my honour was too much concerned, attempted to raise my hopes of recovery to the utmost of his power; but chiefly he prevailed on me by suggesting that, if the worst which I apprehended should happen, it was much better for Amelia that she should be absent than present in so melancholy an hour. 'I know,' cried he, 'the extreme joy which must arise in you from meeting again with Amelia, and the comfort of expiring in her arms; but consider what she herself must endure upon the dreadful occasion, and you would not wish to purchase any happiness at the price of so much pain to her.' This argument at length prevailed on me; and it was after many long debates resolved that she should not even know my present condition till my doom either for life or death was absolutely fixed."

"Oh! Heavens! how great! how generous!" cried Miss Matthews. "Booth, thou art a noble fellow; and I scarce think there is a woman upon earth worthy so exalted a passion."

Booth made a modest answer to the compliment which Miss Matthews had paid him. This drew more civilities from the lady, and these again more acknowledgments; all which we shall pass by, and proceed with our history.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing matters which will please some readers.

"Two months and more had I continued in a state of uncertainty, sometimes with more flattering, and sometimes with more alarming symptoms; when one afternoon poor Atkinson came running into my room, all pale and out of breath, and begged me not to be surprised at his news. I asked him eagerly what was the matter, and if it was anything concerning Amelia? I had scarce uttered the dear name when she herself rushed into the room, and ran hastily to me, crying, 'Yes, it is, it is your Amelia herself!'

"There is nothing so difficult to describe, and generally so dull when described, as scenes of excessive tenderness."

"Can you think so?" says Miss Matthews; "surely there is nothing so charming!—O! Mr. Booth, our sex is d—ued by the want of tenderness in yours. O, were they all like you—certainly no man was ever your equal."

"Indeed, madam," cries Booth, "you honour me too much.—But—well—when the first transports of our meeting were over, Amelia began gently to chide me for having concealed my illness from her; for, in three letters which I had writ her since the accident had happened, there was not the least mention of it, or any hint given by which she could possibly conclude I was otherwise than in perfect health. And when I had excused myself, by assigning the true reason, she cried—'O Mr. Booth! and do you know so little of your Amelia as to think I could or would survive you? Would it not be better for one dreadful sight to break my heart all at once than to break it by degrees?—O Billy! can anything pay me for the loss of this embrace?'——But I ask your pardon—how ridiculous doth my fondness appear in your eyes!"

"How often," answered she, "shall I assert the contrary? What would you have me say, Mr. Booth? Shall I tell you I envy Mrs. Booth of all the women in the world? would you believe me if I did? I hope you—what am I saying? Pray make no farther apology, but go on."

"After a scene," continued he, "too tender to be conceived by many, Amelia informed me that she had received a letter from an unknown hand acquainting her with my misfortune, and advising her, if she ever desired to see me more, to come directly to Gibraltar. She said she should not have delayed a moment after receiving this letter, had not the same ship brought her one from me written with rather more than usual gaiety, and in which there was not the least mention of my indisposition. This, she said, greatly puzzled her and her mother, and the worthy divine endeavoured to persuade her to give credit to my letter, and to impute the other to a species of wit with which the world greatly abounds. This consists entirely in doing various kinds of mischief to our fellow-creatures, by belying one, deceiving another, exposing a third, and drawing in a fourth to expose himself; in short, by making some the objects of laughter, others of contempt; and indeed not seldom by subjecting them to very great inconveniences, perhaps to ruin, for the sake of a jest.

"Mrs. Harris and the doctor derived the letter from this species of wit. Miss Betty, however, was of a different opinion, and advised poor Amelia to apply to an officer whom the governor had sent over in the same ship, by whom the report of my illness was so strongly confirmed, that Amelia immediately resolved on her voyage.

"I had a great curiosity to know the author of this letter, but not the least trace of it could be discovered. The only person with whom I lived in any great intimacy was captain James, and he, madam, from what I have already told you, you will think to be the last person I could suspect; besides, he declared upon his honour that he knew nothing of the matter, and no man's honour is, I believe, more sacred. There was indeed an ensign of another regiment who knew my wife, and who had sometimes visited me in my illness; but he was a very unlikely man to interest himself much in any affairs which did not concern him; and he too declared he knew nothing of it."

"And did you never discover this secret?" cried Miss Matthews.

"Never to this day," answered Booth.

"I fancy," said she, "I could give a shrewd guess. What so likely as that Mrs. Booth, when you left her, should have given her foster-brother orders to send her word of whatever befel you? Yet stay—that could not be neither; for then she would not have doubted whether she should leave dear England on the receipt of the letter. No, it must have been by some other means;—yet that I own appeared extremely natural to me; for if I had been left by such a husband I think I should have pursued the same method."

"No, madam," cried Booth, "it must have been conveyed by some other channel; for my Amelia, I am certain, was entirely ignorant of the manner: and as for poor Atkinson, I am convinced he would not have ventured to take such a step without acquainting me. Besides, the poor fellow had, I believe, such a regard for my wife, out of gratitude for the favours she hath done his mother, that I make no doubt he was highly rejoiced at her absence from my melancholy scene. Well, whoever writ it is a matter very immaterial; yet, as it seemed so odd

and unaccountable an incident, I could not help mentioning it.

"From the time of Amelia's arrival nothing remarkable happened till my perfect recovery, unless I should observe her remarkable behaviour, so full of care and tenderness, that it was perhaps without a parallel."

"O no, Mr. Booth," cries the lady; "it is fully equalled, I am sure, by your gratitude. There is nothing, I believe, so rare as gratitude in your sex, especially in husbands. So kind a remembrance is, indeed, more than a return to such an obligation; for where is the mighty obligation which a woman confers, who, being possessed of an inestimable jewel, is so kind to herself as to be careful and tender of it? I do not say this to lessen your opinion of Mrs. Booth. I have no doubt but that she loves you as well as she is capable. But I would not have you think so meanly of our sex as to imagine there are not a thousand women susceptible of true tenderness towards a meritorious man. Believe me, Mr. Booth, if I had received such an account of an accident having happened to such a husband, a mother and a parson would not have held me a moment. I should have leaped into the first fishing-boat I could have found, and bid defiance to the winds and waves.—Oh! there is no true tenderness but in a woman of spirit. I would not be understood all this while to reflect on Mrs. Booth. I am only defending the cause of my sex; for, upon my soul, such compliments to a wife are a satire on all the rest of womankind."

"Sure you jest, Miss Matthews," answered Booth, with a smile; "however, if you please, I will proceed in my story."

CHAPTER VII.

The captain, continuing his story, recounts some particulars which, we doubt not, to many good people, will appear unnatural.

"I was no sooner recovered from my indisposition than Amelia herself fell ill. This, I am afraid, was occasioned by the fatigues which I could not prevent her from undergoing on my account; for, as my disease went off with violent sweats, during which the surgeon strictly ordered that I should lie by myself, my Amelia could not be prevailed upon to spend many hours in her own bed. During my restless fits she would sometimes read to me several hours together; indeed it was not without difficulty that she ever quitted my bedside. These fatigues, added to the uneasiness of her mind, overpowered her weak spirits, and threw her into one of the worst disorders that can possibly attend a woman; a disorder very common among the ladies, and our physicians have not agreed upon its name. Some call it the fever on the spirits, some a nervous fever, some the vapours, and some the hysterics."

"O say no more," cries Miss Matthews; "I pity you, I pity you from my soul. A man had better be plagued with all the curses of Egypt than with a vapourish wife."

"Pity me! madam," answered Booth; "pity rather that dear creature who, from her love and care of my unworthy self, contracted a distemper, the horrors of which are scarce to be imagined. It is, indeed, a sort of complication of all diseases together, with almost madness added to them. In this situation, the siege being at an end, the governor gave me leave to attend my wife to Montpelier, the air of which was judged to be most likely to restore her to health. Upon this occasion she wrote to her mother to desire a remittance, and set forth the melancholy condition of her health, and her necessity for money, in such terms as would have touched any bosom not void of humanity, though a stranger to the unhappy sufferer. Her sister answered it, and I believe I have a copy of the answer in my pocket. I keep it by me as a curiosity, and you would think it more so could I show you my Amelia's letter." He then searched his pocket-book, and finding the letter among many others, he read it in the following words:

"'Dear Sister,—My mamma, being much disordered, hath commanded me to tell you she is both shocked and surprised at your extraordinary request, or, as she chooses to call it, order for money. You know, my dear, she says that your marriage with this red-coat man was entirely against her consent and the opinion of all your family (I am sure I may here include myself in that number); and yet, after this fatal act of disobedience, she was prevailed on to receive you as her child; not, however, nor are you so to understand it, as the favourite which you was before. She forgave you; but this was as a christian and a parent; still preserving, in her own mind, a just sense of your disobedience, and a just resentment on that account. And yet, notwithstanding this resentment, she desires you to remember that, when you a second time ventured to oppose her authority, and nothing would serve you but taking a ramble (an indecent one, I can't help saying) after your fellow, she thought fit to show the excess of a mother's tenderness, and furnished you with no less than fifty pounds for your foolish voyage. How can she, then, be otherwise than surprised at your present demand? which, should she be so weak to comply with, she must expect to be every month repeated, in order to supply the extravagance of a young rakish officer. You say she will compassionate your sufferings; yes, surely she doth greatly compassionate them, and so do I too, though you was neither so kind nor so civil as to suppose I should. But I forgive all your slights to me, as well now as formerly. Nay, I not only forgive, but I pray daily for you. But, dear sister, what could you expect less than what hath happened? you should have believed your friends, who were wiser and older than you. I do not here mean myself, though I own I am eleven months and some odd weeks your superior; though, had I been younger, I might, perhaps, have been able to advise you: for wisdom and what some may call beauty do not always go together. You will not be offended at this; for I know, in your heart, you have always held your head above some people, whom, perhaps, other people have thought better of; but why do I mention what I scorn so much? No, my dear sister, Heaven forbid it should ever be said of me that I value myself upon my face—not but if I could believe men perhaps—but I hate and despise men—you know I do, my dear, and I wish you had despised them as much; but *facta est ætas*, as the doctor says. You are to make the best of your fortune—what fortune, I mean, my mamma may please to give you, for you know all is in her power. Let me advise you, then, to bring your mind to your circumstances, and remember (for I can't help writing it, as it is for your own good) the vapours are a distemper which very ill become a knapsack. Remember, my dear, what you have done; remember what my mamma hath done; remember we have something of yours to keep, and do not consider yourself as an only child; no, nor as a favourite child; but be pleased to remember, dear sister, your most affectionate sister, and most obedient humble servant, E. Harris.'"

"O brave Miss Betty!" cried Miss Matthews; "I always held her in high esteem; bu I protest she exceeds even what I could have expected from her."

"This letter, madam," cries Booth, "you will believe, was an excellent cordial for my poor wife's spirits. So dreadful indeed was the effect it had upon her, that, as she had read it in my absence, I found her, at my return home, in the most violent fits; and so long was it before she recovered her senses, that I despaired of that blessed event ever happening; and my own senses very narrowly escaped from being sacrificed to my despair. However, she came at last to herself, and I began to consider of every means of carrying her immediately to Montpelier, which was now become much more necessary than before.

"Though I was greatly shocked at the barbarity of the letter, yet I apprehended no very ill consequence from it; for, as it was believed all over the army that I had married a great fortune, I had received offers of money, if I wanted it, from more than one. Indeed, I might have easily carried my

wife to Montpelier at any time; but she was extremely averse to the voyage, being desirous of our returning to England, as I had leave to do; and she grew daily so much better, that, had it not been for the receipt of that cursed—which I have just read to you, I am persuaded she might have been able to return to England in the next ship.

"Among others there was a colonel in the garrison who had not only offered but importuned me to receive money of him; I now, therefore, repaired to him; and, as a reason for altering my resolution, I produced the letter, and, at the same time, acquainted him with the true state of my affairs. The colonel read the letter, shook his head, and, after some silence, said he was sorry I had refused to accept his offer before; but that he had now so ordered matters, and disposed of his money, that he had not a shilling left to spare from his own occasions.

"Answers of the same kind I had from several others, but not one penny could I borrow of any; for I have been since firmly persuaded that the honest colonel was not content with denying me himself, but took effectual means, by spreading the secret I had so foolishly trusted him with, to prevent me from succeeding elsewhere; for such is the nature of men, that whoever denies himself to do you a favour is unwilling that it should be done to you by any other.

"This was the first time I had ever felt that distress which arises from the want of money; a distress very dreadful indeed in a married state; for what can be more miserable than to see anything necessary for the preservation of a beloved creature, and not be able to supply it?

"Perhaps you may wonder, madam, that I have not mentioned captain James on this occasion; but he was at that time laid up at Algiers (whither he had been sent by the governor) in a fever. However, he returned time enough to supply me, which he did with the utmost readiness on the very first mention of my distress; and the good colonel, notwithstanding his having disposed of his money, discounted the captain's draft. You see, madam, an instance in the generous behaviour of my friend James, how false are all universal satires against human kind. He is indeed one of the worthiest men the world ever produced.

"But, perhaps, you will be more pleased still with the extravagant generosity of my sergeant. The day before the return of Mr. James, the poor fellow came to me with tears in his eyes, and begged I would not be offended at what he was going to mention. He then pulled a purse from his pocket, which contained, he said, the sum of twelve pounds, and which he begged me to accept, crying, he was sorry it was not in his power to lend me whatever I wanted. I was so struck with this instance of generosity and friendship in such a person, that I gave him an opportunity of pressing me a second time before I made him an answer. Indeed, I was greatly surprised how he came to be worth that little sum, and no less at his being acquainted with my own wants. In both which points he presently satisfied me. As to the first, it seems he had plundered a Spanish officer of fifteen pistoles; and as to the second, he confessed he had it from my wife's maid, who had overheard some discourse between her mistress and me. Indeed people, I believe, always deceive themselves, who imagine they can conceal distressed circumstances from their servants; for these are always extremely quicksighted on such occasions."

"Good Heavens!" cries Miss Matthews, "how astonishing is such behaviour in so low a fellow!"

"I thought so myself," answered Booth; "and yet I know not, on a more strict examination into the matter, why we should be more surprised to see greatness of mind discover itself in one degree or rank of life than in another. Love, benevolence, or what you will please to call it, may be the reigning passion in a beggar as well as in a prince; and wherever it is, its energies will be the same.

"To confess the truth, I am afraid we often compliment what we call upper life, with too much injustice, at the expense of the lower. As it is no rare thing to see instances which degrade human nature in persons of the highest birth and education, so I apprehend that examples of whatever is really great and good have been sometimes found amongst those who have wanted all such advantages. In reality, palaces, I make no doubt, do sometimes contain nothing but dreariness and darkness, and the sun of righteousness hath shone forth with all its glory in a cottage."

CHAPTER VIII.

The story of Booth continued.

Mr. Booth thus went on:

"We now took leave of the garrison, and, having landed at Marseilles, arrived at Montpelier, without anything happening to us worth remembrance, except the extreme sea-sickness of poor Amelia; but I was afterwards well repaid for the terrors which it occasioned me by the good consequences which attended it; for I believe it contributed even more than the air of Montpelier to the perfect re-establishment of her health.'

"I ask your pardon for interrupting you," cries Miss Matthews, "but you never satisfied me whether you took the sergeant's money. You have made me half in love with that charming fellow."

"How can you imagine, madam," answered Booth, "I should have taken from a poor fellow what was of so little consequence to me, and at the same time of so much to him? Perhaps, now, you will derive this from the passion of pride."

"Indeed," says she, "I neither derive it from the passion of pride nor from the passion of folly: but methinks you should have accepted the offer, and I am convinced you hurt him very much when you refused it. But pray proceed in your story." Then Booth went on as follows:

"As Amelia recovered her health and spirits daily, we began to pass our time very pleasantly at Montpelier; for the greatest enemy to the French will acknowledge that they are the best people in the world to live amongst for a little while. In some countries it is almost as easy to get a good estate as a good acquaintance. In England, particularly, acquaintance is of almost as slow growth as an oak; so that the age of man scarce suffices to bring it to any perfection, and families seldom contract any great intimacy till the third, or at least the second generation. So shy indeed are we English of letting a stranger into our houses, that one would imagine we regarded all such as thieves. Now the French are the very reverse. Being a stranger among them entitles you to the better place, and to the greater degree of civility; and if you wear but the appearance of a gentleman, they never suspect you are not one. Their friendship indeed seldom extends as far as their purse; nor is such friendship usual in other countries. To say the truth, politeness carries friendship far enough in the ordinary occasions of life, and those who want this accomplishment rarely make amends for it by their sincerity; for bluntness, or rather rudeness, as it commonly deserves to be called, is not always so much a mark of honesty as it is taken to be.

"The day after our arrival we became acquainted with Mons. Bagillard. He was a Frenchman of great wit and vivacity, with a greater share of learning than gentlemen are usually possessed of. As he lodged in the same house with us, we were immediately acquainted, and I liked his conversation so well that I never thought I had too much of his company. Indeed, I spent so much of my time with him, that Amelia (I know not whether I ought to mention it) grew uneasy at our familiarity, and complained of my being too little with her, from my violent fondness for my new acquaintance; for, our conversation turning chiefly upon books, and principally Latin ones (for we read several of the classics together), she could have but little entertainment by being with us. When my wife had once taken it into her head that she was deprived of my company by M. Bagillard, it was impossible to change her opinion; and, though I now spent more of my time with her than I had ever done before, she still grew more and more dissatisfied, till at last she very earnestly desired me to quit my lodgings, and insisted upon it with more vehemence than I had ever known her express before. To say the truth, if that excellent woman could ever be thought unreasonable, I thought she was so on this occasion.

"But in what light soever her desires appeared to me, as they manifestly arose from an affection of which I had daily the most endearing proofs, I resolved to comply with her, and accordingly removed to a distant part of the town; for it is my opinion that we can have but little love for the person whom we will never indulge in an unreasonable demand. Indeed, I was under a difficulty with regard to Mons. Bagillard; for, as I could not possibly communicate to him the true reason for quitting my lodgings, so I found it as difficult to deceive him by a counterfeit one; besides, I was apprehensive I should have little less of his company than before. I could, indeed, have avoided this dilemma by leaving Montpelier, for Amelia had perfectly recovered her health; but I had faithfully promised captain James to wait his return from Italy, whither he was gone some time before from Gibraltar; nor was it proper for Amelia to take any long journey, she being now near six months gone with child.

"This difficulty, however, proved to be less than I had imagined it; for my French friend, whether he suspected anything from my wife's behaviour, though she never, as I observed, showed him the least incivility, became suddenly as cold on his side. After our leaving the lodgings he never made above two or three formal visits; indeed his time was soon after entirely taken up by an intrigue with a certain countess, which blazed all over Montpelier.

"We had not been long in our new apartments before an English officer arrived at Montpelier, and came to lodge in the same house with us. This gentleman, whose name was Bath, was of the rank of a major, and had so much singularity in his character, that, perhaps, you never heard of any like him. He was far from having any of those bookish qualifications which had before caused my Amelia's disquiet. It is true, his discourses generally turned on matters of no feminine kind; war and martial exploits being the ordinary topics of his conversation: however, as he had a sister with whom Amelia was greatly pleased, an intimacy presently grew between us, and we four lived in one family.

"The major was a great dealer in the marvellous, and was constantly the little hero of his own tale. This made him very entertaining to Amelia, who, of all persons in the world, hath the truest taste and enjoyment of the ridiculous; for, whilst no one sooner discovers it in the character of another, no one so well conceals her knowledge of it from the ridiculous person. I cannot help mentioning a sentiment of hers on this head, as I think it doth her great honour. 'If I had the same neglect,' said she, 'for ridiculous people with the generality of the world, I should rather think them the objects of tears than laughter; but, in reality, I have known several who, in some parts of their characters, have been extremely ridiculous, in others have been altogether amiable. For instance,' said she, 'here is the major, who tells us of many things which he hath never seen, and of others which he hath never done, and both in the most extravagant excess; and yet how amiable is his behaviour to his poor sister, whom he hath not only brought over hither, for her health, at his own expense, but is come to bear her company.' I believe, madam, I repeat her very words; for I am very apt to remember what she says.

"You will easily believe, from a circumstance I have just mentioned in the major's favour, especially when I have told you that his sister was one of the best of girls, that it was entirely necessary to hide from her all kind of laughter at any part of her brother's behaviour. To say the truth, this was easy enough to do; for the poor girl was so blinded with love and gratitude, and so highly honoured and reverenced her brother, that she had not the least suspicion that there was a person in the world capable of laughing at him.

"Indeed, I am certain she never made the least discovery of our ridicule; for I am well convinced she would have resented it: for, besides the love she bore her brother, she had a little family pride, which would sometimes appear. To say the truth, if she had any fault, it was that of vanity, but she was a very good girl upon the whole; and none of us are entirely free from faults."

"You are a good-natured fellow, Will," answered Miss Matthews; "but vanity is a fault of the first magnitude in a woman, and often the occasion of many others."

To this Booth made no answer, but continued his story.

"In this company we passed two or three months very agreeably, till the major and I both betook ourselves to our several nurseries; my wife being brought to bed of a girl, and Miss Bath confined to her chamber by a surfeit, which had like to have occasioned her death."

Here Miss Matthews burst into a loud laugh, of which when Booth asked the reason, she said she could not forbear at the thoughts of two such nurses. "And did you really," says she, "make your wife's caudle yourself."

"Indeed, madam," said he, "I did; and do you think that so extraordinary?"

"Indeed I do," answered she; "I thought the best husbands had looked on their wives' lying-in as a time of festival and jollity. What! did you not even get drunk in the time of your wife's delivery? tell me honestly how you employed yourself at this time."

"Why, then, honestly," replied he, "and in defiance of your laughter, I lay behind her bolster, and supported her in my arms; and, upon my soul, I believe I felt more pain in my mind than she underwent in her body. And now answer me as honestly: Do you really think it a proper time of mirth, when the creature one loves to distraction is undergoing the most racking torments, as well as in the most imminent danger? and——but I need not express any more tender circumstances."

Capt.n Bath making proposal p 409

"I am to answer honestly," cried she. "Yes, and sincerely," cries Booth. "Why, then, honestly and sincerely," says she, "may I never see heaven if I don't think you an angel of a man!"

"Nay, madam," answered Booth,—"hut, indeed, you do me too much honour; there are many such husbands. Nay, have we not an example of the like tenderness in the major? though as to him, I believe, I shall make you laugh. While my wife lay in, Miss Bath being extremely ill, I went one day to the door of her apartment, to inquire after her health, as well as for the major, whom I had not seen during a whole week. I knocked softly at the door, and being bid to open it, I found the major in his sister's ante-chamber warming her posset. His dress was certainly whimsical enough, having on a woman's hedgown and a very dirty flannel night-cap, which, being added to a very odd person (for he is a very awkward thin man, near seven feet high), might have formed, in the opinion of most men, a very proper object of laughter. The major started from his seat at my entering into the room, and, with much emotion and a great oath, cried out, 'Is it you, sir?' I then inquired after his and his sister's health. He answered, that his sister was better, and he was very well, 'though I did not expect, sir,' cried he, with not a little confusion, 'to be seen by you in this situation.' I told him I thhught it impossible he could appear in a situation more becoming his character. 'You do not?' answered he. 'By G— I am very much obliged to you for that opinion; but, I believe, sir, however my weakness may prevail on me to descend from it, no man can be more conscious of his own dignity than myself.' His sister then called to him from an inner room; upon which he rang the bell for her servant, and then, after a stride or two across the room, he said, with an elated aspect, 'I would not have you think, Mr. Booth, because you have caught me in this deshabillo, by coming upon me a little too abruptly—I cannot help saying a little too abruptly—that I am my sister's nurse. I know better what is due to the dignity of a man, and I have shown it in a line of battle. I think I have made a figure there, Mr. Booth, and becoming my character; by G— I ought not to be despised too much if my nature is not totally without its weaknesses.' He uttered this, and some more of the same kind, with great majesty, or, as he called it, dignity. Indeed, he used some hard words that I did not understand; for all his words are not to be found in a dictionary. Upon the whole, I could not easily refrain from laughter; however, I conquered myself, and soon after retired from him, astonished that it was possible for a man to possess true goodness, and be at the same time ashamed of it.

"But, if I was surprised at what had passed at this visit, how much more was I surprised the next morning, when he came very early to my chamber, and told me he had not been able to sleep one wink at what had passed between us! 'There were some words of yours,' says he, 'which must be further explained before we part. You told me, sir, when you found me in that situation, which I cannot bear to recollect, that you thought I could not appear in one more becoming my character; these were the words—I shall never forget them. Do you imagine that there is any of the dignity of a man wanting in my character? do you think that I have, during my sister's illness, behaved with a weakness that savours too much of effeminacy? I know how much it is beneath a man to whine and whimper about a trifling girl as well as you or any man; and, if my sister had died, I should have behaved like a man on the occasion. I would not have you think I confined myself from company merely upon her account. I was very much disordered myself. And when you surprised me in that situation—I repeat again, in that situation, her nurse had not left the room three minutes, and I was blowing the fire for fear it should have gone out.'—In this manner he ran on almost a quarter of an hour before he would suffer me to speak. At last, looking stedfastly in his face, I asked him if I must conclude that he was in earnest? 'In earnest!' says he, repeating my words, 'do you then take my character for a jest?'—Lookee, sir, said I, very gravely, I think we know one another very well; and I have no reason to suspect you should impute it to fear when I tell you I was so far from intending to affront you, that I meant you one of the highest compliments. Tenderness for women is so far from lessening, that it proves a true manly character. The manly Brutus showed the utmost tenderness to his Portia; and the great king of Sweden, the bravest, and even fiercest of men, shut himself up three whole days in the midst of a campaign, and would see no company, on the death of a favourite sister. At these words I saw his features soften; and he cried out, 'D—n me, I admire the king of Sweden of all the men in the world; and he is a rascal that is ashamed of doing anything which the king of Sweden did.—And yet, if any king of Sweden in France was to tell me that his sister had more merit than mine, by G— I'd knock his brains about his ears. Poor little Betsey? she is the honestest, worthiest girl that ever was born. Heaven be praised, she is recovered; for, if I had lost her, I never should have enjoyed another happy moment.' In this manner he ran on some time, till the tears began to overflow; which when he perceived, he stopped; perhaps he was unable to go on; for he seemed almost choked: after a short silence, however, having wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, he fetched a deep sigh, and cried, 'I am ashamed you should see this, Mr. Booth; but d—n me, nature will get the better of dignity.' I now comforted him with the example of Xerxes, as I had before done with that of the king of Sweden; and soon after we sat down to breakfast together with much cordial friendship; for I assure you, with all his oddity, there is not a better-natured man in the world than the major."

"Good-natured, indeed!" cries Miss Matthews, with great scorn. "A fool! how can you mention such a fellow with commendation?"

Booth spoke as much as he could in defence of his friend; indeed, he had represented him in as favourable a light as possible, and had particularly left out those hard words with which, as he hath observed a little before, the major interlarded his discourse. Booth then proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing very extraordinary matters.

"Miss Bath," continued Booth, "now recovered so fast, that she was abroad as soon as my wife. Our little partie quarrée began to grow agreeable again; and we mixed with the company of the place more than we had done before. Mons. Bagillard now again renewed his intimacy, for the countess, his mistress, was gone to Paris; at which my wife, at first, showed no dissatisfaction; and I imagined that, as she had a friend and companion of her own sex (for Miss Bath and she had contracted the highest fondness for each other), that she would the less miss my company. However, I was disappointed in this expectation; for she soon began to express her former

uneasiness, and her impatience for the arrival of Captain James, that we might entirely quit Montpelier.

"I could not avoid conceiving some little displeasure at this humour of my wife, which I was forced to think a little unreasonable."—"A little, do you call it?" says Miss Matthews: "Good Heavens! what a husband are you!"—"How little worthy," answered he, "you will say hereafter, of such a wife as my Amelia. One day, as we were sitting together, I heard a violent scream; upon which my wife, starting up, cried out, 'Sure that 's Miss Bath's voice;' and immediately ran towards the chamber whence it proceeded. I followed her; and when we arrived, we there beheld the most shocking sight imaginable; Miss Bath lying dead on the floor, and the major all bloody kneeling by her, and roaring out for assistance. Amelia, though she was herself in little better condition than her friend, ran hastily to her, bared her neck, and attempted to loosen her stays, while I ran up and down, scarce knowing what I did, calling for water and cordials, and despatching several servants one after another for doctors and surgeons.

"Water, cordials, and all necessary implements being brought, Miss Bath was at length recovered, and placed in her chair, when the major seated himself by her. And now, the young lady being restored to life, the major, who, till then, had engaged as little of his own as of any other person's attention, became the object of all our considerations, especially his poor sister's, who had no sooner recovered sufficient strength than she began to lament her brother, crying out that he was killed; and bitterly bewailing her fate, in having revived from her swoon to behold so dreadful a spectacle. While Amelia applied herself to soothe the agonies of her friend, I began to inquire into the condition of the major, in which I was assisted by a surgeon, who now arrived. The major declared, with great cheerfulness, that he did not apprehend his wound to be in the least dangerous, and therefore begged his sister to be comforted, saying he was convinced the surgeon would soon give her the same assurance; but that good man was not so liberal of assurances as the major had expected; for as soon as he had probed the wound he afforded no more than hopes, declaring that it was a very ugly wound; but added, by way of consolation, that he had cured many much worse.

"When the major was dressed his sister seemed to possess his whole thoughts, and all his care was to relieve her grief. He solemnly protested that it was no more than a flesh-wound, and not very deep, nor could, as he apprehended, be in the least dangerous; and as for the cold expressions of the surgeon, he very well accounted for them from a motive too obvious to be mentioned. From these declarations of her brother, and the interposition of her friends, and, above all, I believe, from that vast vent which she had given to her fright, Miss Bath seemed a little pacified: Amelia, therefore, at last prevailed; and, as terror abated, curiosity became the superior passion. I therefore now began to inquire what had occasioned that accident whence all the uproar arose.

"The major took me by the hand, and, looking very kindly at me, said, 'My dear Mr. Booth, I must begin by asking your pardon; for I have done you so injury for which nothing but the height of friendship in me can be an excuse; and therefore nothing but the height of friendship in you can forgive.' This preamble, madam, you will easily believe, greatly alarmed all the company, but especially me. I answered, Dear major, I forgive you, let it be what it will; but what is it possible you can have done to injure me? 'That,' replied he, 'which I am convinced a man of your honour and dignity of nature, by G—, must conclude to be one of the highest injuries. I have taken out of your own hands the doing yourself justice. I am afraid I have killed the man who hath injured your honour. I mean that villain Bagillard—but I cannot proceed; for you, madam,' said he to my wife, 'are concerned, and I know what is due to the dignity of your sex.' Amelia, I observed, turned pale at these words, but eagerly begged him to proceed. 'Nay, madam,' answered he, 'if I am commanded by a lady, it is a part of my dignity to obey.' He then proceeded to tell us that Bagillard had rallied him upon a supposition that he was pursuing my wife with a view of gallantry; telling him that he could never succeed; giving hints that, if it had been possible, he should have succeeded himself; and ending with calling my poor Amelia an accomplished prude; upon which the major gave Bagillard a box on the ear, and both immediately drew their swords.

"The major had scarce ended his speech when a servant came into the room, and told me there was a friar below who desired to speak with me in great haste. I shook the major by the hand, and told him I not only forgave him, but was extremely obliged to his friendship; and then, going to the friar, I found that he was Bagillard's confessor, from whom he came to me, with an earnest desire of seeing me, that he might ask my pardon and receive my forgiveness before he died for the injury he had intended me. My wife at first opposed my going, from some sudden fears on my account; but when she was convinced they were groundless she consented.

"I found Bagillard in his bed; for the major's sword had passed up to the very hilt through his body. After having very earnestly asked my pardon, he made me many compliments on the possession of a woman who, joined to the most exquisite beauty, was mistress of the most impregnable virtue; as a proof of which he acknowledged the vehemence as well as ill success of his attempts; and, to make Amelia's virtue appear the brighter, his vanity was so predominant he could not forbear running over the names of several women of fashion who had yielded to his passion, which, he said, had never raged so violently for any other as for my poor Amelia; and that this violence, which he had found wholly unconquerable, he hoped would procure his pardon at my hands. It is unnecessary to mention what I said on the occasion. I assured him of my entire forgiveness; and so we parted. To say the truth, I afterwards thought myself almost obliged to him for a meeting with Amelia the most luxuriously delicate that can be imagined.

"I now ran to my wife, whom I embraced with raptures of love and tenderness. When the first torrent of these was a little abated, 'Confess to me, my dear,' said she, 'could your goodness prevent you from thinking me a little unreasonable in expressing so much uneasiness at the loss of your company, while I ought to have rejoiced in the thoughts of your being so well entertained? I know you must; and then consider what I must have felt, while I knew I was daily lessening myself in your esteem, and forced into a conduct which I was sensible must appear to you, who was ignorant of my motive, to be mean, vulgar, and selfish. And yet, what other course had I to take with a man whom no denial, no scorn could abash? But, if this was a cruel task, how much more wretched still was the constraint I was obliged to wear in his presence before you, to

show outward civility to the man whom my soul detested, for fear of any fatal consequence from your suspicion; and this too while I was afraid he would construe it to be an encouragement? Do you not pity your poor Amelia when you reflect on her situation?' 'Pity!' cried I; 'my love! is pity an adequate expression for esteem, for adoration? But how, my love, could he carry this on so secretly?—by letters?' 'O no, he offered me many; but I never would receive but one, and that I returned him. Good G—! I would not have such a letter in my possession for the universe; I thought my eyes contaminated with reading it.'" "O brave!" cried Miss Matthews; "heroic, I protest.

"'Had I a wish that did not bear
The stamp and image of my dear,
I'd pierce my heart through ev'ry vein,
And die to let it out again.'"

"And can you really," cried he, "laugh at so much tenderness?" "I laugh at tenderness! O, Mr. Booth!" answered she, "thou knowest but little of Calista." "I thought formerly," cried he, "I knew a great deal, and thought you, of all women in the world, to have the greatest——of all women!" "Take care, Mr. Booth," said she. "By Heaven! if you thought so, you thought truly. But what is the object of my tenderness—such an object as——" "Well, madam," says he, "I hope you will find one." "I thank you for that hope, however," says she, "cold as it is. But pray go on with your story;" which command be immediately obeyed.

CHAPTER X.

Containing a letter of a very curious kind.

"The major's wound," continued Booth, "was really as slight as he believed it; so that in a very few days he was perfectly well; nor was Bagillard, though run through the body, long apprehended to be in any danger of his life. The major then took me aside, and, wishing me heartily joy of Bagillard's recovery, told me I should now, by the gift (as it were) of Heaven, have an opportunity of doing myself justice. I answered I could not think of any such thing; for that when I imagined he was on his death-bed I had heartily and sincerely forgiven him. 'Very right,' replied the major, 'and consistent with your honour, when he was on his death-bed; but that forgiveness was only conditional, and is revoked by his recovery.' I told him I could not possibly revoke it; for that my anger was really gone.—'What hath anger,' cried he, 'to do with the matter? the dignity of my nature hath been always my reason for drawing my sword; and when that is concerned I can as readily fight with the man I love as with the man I hate.'—I will not tire you with the repetition of the whole argument, in which the major did not prevail; and I really believe I sunk a little in his esteem upon that account, till captain James, who arrived soon after, again perfectly reinstated me in his favour.

"When the captain was come there remained no cause of our longer stay at Montpelier; for, as to my wife, she was in a better state of health than I had ever known her; and Miss Bath had not only recovered her health but her bloom, and from a pale skeleton was become a plump, handsome young woman. James was again my cashier; for, far from receiving any remittance, it was now a long time since I had received any letter from England, though both myself and my dear Amelia had written several, both to my mother and sister; and now, at our departure from Montpelier, I bethought myself of writing to my good friend the doctor, acquainting him with our journey to Paris, whither I desired he would direct his answer.

"At Paris we all arrived without encountering any adventure on the road worth relating; nor did anything of consequence happen here during the first fortnight; for, as you know neither captain James nor Miss Bath, it is scarce worth telling you that an affection, which afterwards ended in a marriage, began now to appear between them, in which it may appear odd to you that I made the first discovery of the lady's flame, and my wife of the captain's.

"The seventeenth day after our arrival at Paris I received a letter from the doctor, which I have in my pocket-book; and, if you please, I will read it you; for I would not willingly do any injury to his words."

The lady, you may easily believe, desired to hear the letter, and Booth read it as follows:

"'My dear Children,—For I will now call you so, as you have neither of you now any other parent in this world. Of this melancholy news I should have sent you earlier notice if I had thought you ignorant of it, or indeed if I had known whither to have written. If your sister hath received any letters from you she hath kept them a secret, and perhaps out of affection to you hath repeated them in the same place where she keeps her goodness, and, what I am afraid is much dearer to her, her money. The reports concerning you have been various; so is always the case in matters where men are ignorant: for, when no man knows what the truth is, every man thinks himself at liberty to report what he pleases. Those who wish you well, soo Booth, say simply that you are dead; others that you ran away from the siege, and was cashiered. As for my daughter, all agree that she is a saint above; and there is not wanting those who hint that her husband sent her thither. From this beginning you will expect, I suppose, better news than I am going to tell you; but pray, my dear children, why may not I, who have always laughed at my own afflictions, laugh at yours, without the censure of much malevolence? I wish you could learn this temper from me; for, take my word for it, nothing truer ever came from the mouth of a heathen than that sentence:

'——— *Leve fit quod bene fertur onus*.*'

And though I must confess I never thought Aristotle (whom I do not take for so great a blockhead as some who have never read him) doth not very well resolve the doubt which he hath raised in his Ethics, viz., How a man in the midst of king Priam's misfortunes can be called happy? yet I have long thought that there is no calamity so great that a christian philosopher may not reasonably laugh at it. If the heathen Cicero, doubting of immortality (for so wise a man must have doubted of that which had such slender arguments to support it), could assert it as the office of wisdom, *Humanas res despicere atque infra se positas arbitrari*.†

"'Which passage, with much more to the same purpose, you will find in the third book of his Tusculan Questions.

"'With how much greater confidence may a good christian despise, and even deride, all temporary and short transitory evils! if the poor wretch, who is trudging on to his miserable cottage, can laugh at the storms and tempests, the rain and whirlwinds which surround him, while his richest hope is only that of rest; how much more cheerfully must a man pass through such transient evils, whose spirits are buoyed up with the certain expectation of finding a noble palace and the most sumptuous entertainment ready to receive him! I do not much like the simile; but I cannot think of a better. And yet, inadequate as the simile is, we may, I think, from the actions of mankind, conclude that they will consider it as much too strong; for, in the case I have put of the entertainment, is there any man so tender or poor-spirited as not to despise, and often to deride, the fiercest of those inclemencies which I have mentioned? but in our journey to the glorious mansions of everlasting bliss, how severely is every little rub, every trifling accident, lamented! and if Fortune showers down any of her heavier storms upon us, how wretched do we presently appear to ourselves and to others! The reason of this can be no other than that we are not in earnest in our faith; at the best, we think with too little attention on this our great concern. While the most paltry matters of this world, even those pitiful trifles, those childish gewgaws, riches and honours are transacted with the utmost earnestness and most serious application, the grand and weighty affair of immortality is post-

* The burthen becomes light by being well borne.

† To look down on all human affairs as matters below his consideration.

poned and disregarded, nor ever brought into the least competition with our affairs here. If one of my cloth should begin a discourse of heaven in the scenes of business or pleasure; in the court of requests, at Garraway's, or at White's, would he gain a hearing, unless, perhaps, of some sorry jester who would desire to ridicule him? would he not presently acquire the name of the mad parson, and be though by all men worthy of Bedlam? or would he not be treated as the Romans treated their Aretalogi,* and considered in the light of a buffoon? But why should I mention those places of hurry and worldly pursuit? What attention do we engage even in the pulpit? Here, if a sermon be prolonged a little beyond the usual hour, doth it not set half the audience asleep? as I question not I have by this time both my children. Well, then, like a good-natured surgeon, who prepares his patient for a painful operation by endeavouring as much as he can to deaden his sensation, I will now communicate to you, in your slumbering condition, the news with which I threatened you. Your good mother, you are to know, is dead at last, and hath left her whole fortune to her elder daughter.—This is all the ill news I have to tell you. Confess now, if you are awake, did you not expect it was much worse, did not you apprehend that your charming child was dead? Far from it he is in perfect health, and the admiration of every body; what is more, he will be taken care of, with the tenderness of a parent, till your return. What pleasure must this give you! If indeed anything can add to the happiness of a married couple who are extremely and deservedly fond of each other, and, as you write me, in perfect health. A superstitious heathen would have dreaded the malice of Nemesis in your situation; but, as I am a christian, I shall venture to add another circumstance to your felicity, by assuring you that you have, besides your wife, a faithful and zealous friend. Do not, therefore, my dear children, fall into that fault which the excellent Thucydides observes is too common in human nature, to bear heavily the being deprived of the smaller good, without conceiving, at the same time, any gratitude for the much greater blessings which we are suffered to enjoy. I have only farther to tell you, my son, that, when you call at Mr. Morand's, Rue Dauphine, you will find yourself worth a hundred pounds. Good Heaven! how much richer are you than millions of people who are in want of nothing! farewell, and know me for your sincere and affectionate friend.'

"There, madam," cries Booth, "how do you like the letter?"

"Oh! extremely," answered she: "the doctor is a charming man; I always loved dearly to hear him preach. I remember to have heard of Mrs. Harris's death above a year before I left the country, but never knew the particulars of her will before. I am extremely sorry for it, upon my honour."

"Oh, fie! madam," cries Booth; "have you so soon forgot the chief purport of the doctor's letter?"

"Ay, ay," cried she; "these are very pretty things to read, I acknowledge; but the loss of fortune is a serious matter; and I am sure a man of Mr. Booth's understanding must think so." "One consideration, I must own, madam," answered he, "a good deal baffled all the doctor's arguments. This was my concern for my little growing family, who must one day feel the loss; nor was I so easy upon Amelia's account as upon my own, though she herself put on the utmost cheerfulness, and stretched her invention to the utmost to comfort me. But sure, madam, there is something in the doctor's letter to admire beyond the philosophy of it; what think you of that easy, generous, friendly manner, in which he sent me the hundred pounds?"

"Very noble and great indeed," replied she. "But pray go on with your story; for I long to hear the whole."

CHAPTER XI.

In which Mr. Booth relates his return to England.

"NOTHING remarkable, as I remember, happened during our stay at Paris, which we left soon after and came to London. Here we rested only two days, and then, taking leave of our fellow-travellers, we set out for Wiltshire, my wife being so impatient to see the child which she had left behind her, that the child she carried with her was almost killed with the fatigue of the journey.

"We arrived at our inn late in the evening. Amelia, though she had no great reason to be pleased with any part of her sister's behaviour, resolved to behave to her as if nothing wrong had ever happened. She therefore sent a kind note to her the moment of our arrival, giving her her option, whether she would come to us at the inn, or whether we should that evening wait on her. The servant, after waiting an hour, brought us an answer, excusing her from coming to us so late, as she was disordered with a cold, and desiring my wife by no means to think of venturing out after the fatigue of her journey; saying, she would, on that account, defer the great pleasure of seeing her till the morning, without taking any more notice of your humble servant than if no such person had been in the world, though I had very civilly sent my compliments to her. I should not mention this trifle, if it was not to show you the nature of the woman, and that it will be a kind of key to her future conduct.

"When the servant returned, the good doctor, who had been with us almost all the time of his absence, hurried us away to his house, where we presently found a supper and a bed prepared for us. My wife was eagerly desirous to see her child that night; but the doctor would not suffer it; and, as he was at nurse at a distant part of the town, and the doctor assured her he had seen him in perfect health that evening, she suffered herself at last to be dissuaded.

"We spent that evening in the most agreeable manner; for the doctor's wit and humour, joined to the highest cheerfulness and good-nature, made him the most agreeable companion in the world; and he was now in the highest spirits, which he was pleased to place to our account. We sat together to a very late hour; for so excellent is my wife's constitution, that she declared she was scarce sensible of any fatigue from her late journeys.

"Amelia slept not a wink all night, and in the morning early the doctor accompanied us to the little infant. The transports we felt on this occasion were really enchanting, nor can any but a fond parent conceive, I am certain, the least idea of them. Our imaginations suggested a hundred agreeable circumstances, none of which had, perhaps, any foundation. We made words and meaning out of every sound, and in every feature found out some resemblance to my Amelia, as she did to me.

"But I ask your pardon for dwelling on such incidents, and will proceed to scenes which, to most persons, will be more entertaining.

"We went hence to pay a visit to Miss Harris, whose reception of us was, I think, truly ridiculous; and, as you know the lady, I will endeavour to describe it particularly. At our first arrival we were ushered into a parlour, where we were suffered to wait almost an hour. At length the lady of the house appeared in deep mourning, with a face, if possible, more dismal than her dress, in which, however, there was every appearance of art. Her features were indeed screwed up to the very height of grief. With this face, and in the most solemn gait, she approached Amelia, and coldly saluted her. After which she made me a very distant formal curtsy, and we all sat down. A short silence now ensued, which Miss Harris at length broke with a deep sigh, and said, 'Sister, here is a great alteration in this place since you saw it last; Heaven hath been pleased to take my poor mother to itself.'—

* A set of beggarly philosophers who diverted great men at their table with burlesque discourses on virtue

(Here she wiped her eyes, and then continued.)—'I hope I know my duty, and have learned a proper resignation to the divine will; but something is to be allowed to grief for the best of mothers; for so she was to us both; and if at last she made any distinction, she must have had her reasons for so doing. I am sure I can truly say I never wished, much less desired it.' The tears now stood in poor Amelia's eyes; indeed, she had paid too many already for the memory of so unnatural a parent. She answered, with the sweetness of an angel, that she was far from blaming her sister's emotions on so tender an occasion; that she heartily joined with her in her grief; for that nothing which her mother had done in the latter part of her life could efface the remembrance of that tenderness which she had formerly shown her. Her sister caught hold of the word efface, and rung the changes upon it.—'Efface!' cried she, 'O Miss Emily (for you must not expect me to repeat names that will be for ever odious), I wish indeed everything could be effaced.—Effaced! O that that was possible! we might then have still enjoyed my poor mother; for I am convinced she never recovered her grief on a certain occasion.'—Thus she ran on, and, after many bitter strokes upon her sister, at last directly charged her mother's death on my marriage with Amelia. I could be silent then no longer. I reminded her of the perfect reconciliation between us before my departure, and the great fondness which she expressed for me; nor could I help saying, in very plain terms, that if she had ever changed her opinion of me, as I was not conscious of having deserved such a change by my own behaviour, I was well convinced to whose good offices I owed it. Guilt hath very quick ears to an accusation. Miss Harris immediately answered to the charge. She said, such suspicions were no more than she expected; that they were of a piece with every other part of my conduct, and gave her one consolation, that they served to account for her sister Emily's unkindness, as well to herself as to her poor deceased mother, and in some measure lessened the guilt of it with regard to her, since it was not easy to know how far a woman is in the power of her husband. My dear Amelia reddened at this reflection on me, and begged her sister to name any single instance of unkindness or disrespect in which she had ever offended. To this the other answered (I am sure I repeat her words, though I cannot mimic either the voice or air with which they were spoken)—'Pray, Miss Emily, which is to be the judge, yourself or that gentleman? I remember the time when I could have trusted to your judgment in any affair; but you are now no longer mistress of yourself, and are not answerable for your actions. Indeed, it is my constant prayer that your actions may not be imputed to you. It was the constant prayer of that blessed woman, my dear mother, who is now a saint above; a saint whose name I can never mention without a tear, though I find you can hear it without one. I cannot help observing some concern on so melancholy an occasion; it seems due to decency; but, perhaps, (for I always wish to excuse you) you are forbid to cry.' The idea of being bid or forbid to cry struck so strongly on my fancy, that indignation only could have prevented me from laughing. But my narrative, I am afraid, begins to grow tedious. In short, after hearing, for near an hour, every malicious insinuation which a fertile genius could invent, we took our leave, and separated as persons who would never willingly meet again.

"The next morning after this interview Amelia received a long letter from Miss Harris; in which, after many bitter invectives against me, she excused her mother, alleging that she had been driven to do as she did, in order to prevent Amelia's ruin, if her fortune had fallen into my hands. She likewise very remotely hinted that she would be only a trustee for her sister's children, and told her that on one condition only she would consent to live with her as a sister. This was, if she could by any means be separated from that man, as she was pleased to call me, who had caused so much mischief in the family.

"I was so enraged at this usage, that, had not Amelia intervened, I believe I should have applied to a magistrate for a search-warrant for that picture, which there was so much reason to suspect she had stolen; and which I am convinced, upon a search, we should have found in her possession."

"Nay, it is possible enough," cries Miss Matthews; "for I believe there is no wickedness of which the lady is not capable."

"This agreeable letter was succeeded by another of the like comfortable kind, which informed me that the company in which I was, being an additional one raised in the beginning of the war, was reduced; so that I was now a lieutenant on half-pay.

"Whilst we were meditating on our present situation the good doctor came to us. When we related to him the manner in which my sister had treated us, he cried out, 'Poor soul! I pity her heartily;' for this is the severest resentment he ever expresses; indeed, I have often heard him say that a wicked soul is the greatest object of compassion in the world."—A sentiment which we shall leave the reader a little time to digest.

CHAPTER XII.

In which Mr. Booth concludes his story.

"The next day the doctor set out for his parsonage, which was about thirty miles distant, whither Amelia and myself accompanied him, and where we stayed with him all the time of his residence there, being almost three months.

"The situation of the parish under my good friend's care is very pleasant. It is placed among meadows, washed by a clear trout-stream, and flanked on both sides with downs. His house, indeed, would not much attract the admiration of the virtuoso. He built it himself, and it is remarkable only for its plainness; with which the furniture so well agrees, that there is no one thing in it that may not be absolutely necessary, except hooks, and the prints of Mr. Hogarth, whom he calls a moral satirist.

"Nothing, however, can be imagined more agreeable than the life that the doctor leads in this homely house, which he calls his earthly paradise. All his parishioners, whom he treats as his children, regard him as their common father. Once in a week he constantly visits every house in the parish, examines, commends, and rebukes, as he finds occasion. This is practised likewise by his curate in his absence; and so good an effect is produced by this their care, that no quarrels ever proceed either to blows or lawsuits; no beggar is to be found in the whole parish; nor did I ever hear a very profane oath all the time I lived in it.

"But to return, from so agreeable a digression, to my own affairs, that are much less worth your attention. In the midst of all the pleasures I tasted in this sweet place and in the most delightful company, the woman and man whom I loved above all things, melancholy reflections concerning my unhappy circumstances would often steal into my thoughts. My fortune was now reduced to less than forty pounds a-year; I had already two children, and my dear Amelia was again with child.

"One day the doctor found me sitting by myself, and employed in melancholy contemplations on this subject. He told me he had observed me growing of late very serious; that he knew the occasion, and neither wondered at nor blamed me. He then asked me if I had any prospect of going again into the army; if not, what scheme of life I proposed to myself?

"I told him that, as I had no powerful friends, I could have but little expectations in a military way; that I was as incapable of thinking of any other scheme, as all business required some knowledge or experience, and likewise money to set up with; of all which I was destitute.

"'You must know then, child,' said the doctor, 'that I have been thinking on this subject as well as you; for I can think, I promise you, with a pleasant countenance.' These were his words. 'As to the army, perhaps means might be found of getting you another commission; but my daughter seems to have a violent objection to it; and to be plain, I fancy you yourself will find no glory make you amends for your absence from her. And for my part,' said he, 'I never think those men wise who, for any worldly interest, forego the greatest happiness of their lives. If I mistake not,' says he, 'a country life, where you could be always together, would make you both much happier people.'

"I answered, that of all things I preferred it most; and I believed Amelia was of the same opinion.

"The doctor, after a little hesitation, proposed to me to turn farmer, and offered to let me his parsonage, which was then become vacant. He said it was a farm which required but little stock, and that little should not be wanting.

"I embraced this offer very eagerly, and with great thankfulness, and immediately repaired to Amelia to communicate it to her, and to know her sentiments.

"Amelia received the news with the highest transports of joy; she said that her greatest fear had always been of my entering again into the army. She was so kind as to say that all stations of life were equal to her, unless as one afforded her more of my company than another. 'And as to our children,' said she, 'let us breed them up to an humble fortune, and they will be contented with it; for none,' added my angel, 'deserve happiness, or indeed, are capable of it, who make any particular station a necessary ingredient.'

"Thus, madam, you see me degraded from my former rank in life; no longer captain Booth, but farmer Booth at your service.

"During my first year's continuance in this new scene of life, nothing, I think, remarkable happened; the history of one day would, indeed, be the history of the whole year."

"Well, pray then," said Miss Matthews, "do let us hear the history of that day; I have a strange curiosity to know how you could kill your time; and do, if possible, find out the very best day you can."

"If you command me, madam," answered Booth, "you must yourself be accountable for the dulness of the narrative. Nay, I believe, you have imposed a very difficult task on me; for the greatest happiness is incapable of description.

"I rose, then, madam——"

"O, the moment you waked, undoubtedly," said Miss Matthews.

"Usually," said he, "between five and six."

"I will have no usually," cried Miss Matthews, "you are confined to a day, and it is to be the best and happiest in the year."

"Nay, madam," cries Booth, "then I must tell you the day in which Amelia was brought to bed, after a painful and dangerous labour; for that I think was the happiest day of my life."

"I protest," said she, "you are become farmer Booth, indeed. What a happiness have you painted to my imagination! you put me in mind of a newspaper, where my lady such-a-one is delivered of a son, to the great joy of some illustrious family."

"Why then, I do assure you, Miss Matthews," cries Booth, "I scarce know a circumstance that distinguished one day from another. The whole was one continued series of love, health, and tranquillity. Our lives resembled a calm sea."—

"The dullest of all ideas," cries the lady.

"I know," said he, "it must appear dull in description, for who can describe the pleasures which the morning air gives to one in perfect health; the flow of spirits which springs up from exercise; the delights which parents feel from the prattle and innocent follies of their children; the joy with which the tender smile of a wife inspires a husband; or lastly, the cheerful, solid comfort which a fond couple enjoy in each other's conversation?—All these pleasures and every other of which our situation was capable we tasted in the highest degree. Our happiness was, perhaps, too great; for fortune seemed to grow envious of it and interposed one of the most cruel accidents that could have befallen us, by robbing us of our dear friend the doctor."

"I am sorry for it," said Miss Matthews. "He was indeed a valuable man, and I never heard of his death before."

"Long may it be before any one hears of it!" cries Booth. "He is, indeed, dead to us; but will, I hope, enjoy many happy years of life. You know, madam, the obligations he had to his patron the earl; indeed, it was impossible to be once in his company without hearing of them. I am sure you will neither wonder that he was chosen to attend the young lord in his travels as his tutor, nor that the good man, however disagreeable it might be (as in fact it was) to his inclination, should comply with the earnest request of his friend and patron.

"By this means I was bereft not only of the best companion in the world, but of the best counsellor; a loss of which I have since felt the bitter consequence; for no greater advantage, I am convinced, can arrive to a young man, who hath any degree of understanding, than an intimate converse with one of riper years, who is not only able to advise, but who knows the manner of advising. By this means alone, youth can enjoy the benefit of the experience of age, and that at a time of life when such experience will be of more service to a man than when he hath lived long enough to acquire it of himself.

"From want of my sage counsellor, I now fell into many errors. The first of these was in enlarging my business, by adding a farm of one hundred a year to the parsonage, in renting which I had also as bad a bargain as the doctor had before given me a good one. The consequence of which was, that whereas, at the end of the first year, I was worth upwards of fourscore pounds; at the end of the second I was near half that sum worse (as the phrase is) than nothing.

"A second folly I was guilty of in uniting families with the curate of the parish, who had just married, as my wife and I thought, a very good sort of a woman. We had not, however, lived one month together before I plainly perceived this good sort of a woman had taken a great prejudice against my Amelia, for which, if I had not known something of the human passions, and that high place which envy

holds among them, I should not have been able to account, for, so far was my angel from having given her any cause of dislike, that she had treated her not only with civility, but kindness.

"Besides superiority in beauty, which, I believe, all the world would have allowed to Amelia, there was another cause of this envy, which I am almost ashamed to mention, as it may well be called my greatest folly. You are to know then, madam, that from a boy I had been always fond of driving a coach, in which I valued myself on having some skill. This, perhaps, was an innocent, but I allow it to have been a childish vanity. As I had an opportunity, therefore, of buying an old coach and harness very cheap (indeed they cost me but twelve pounds), and as I considered that the same horses which drew my waggons would likewise draw my coach, I resolved on indulging myself in the purchase.

"The consequence of setting up this poor old coach is inconceivable. Before this, as my wife and myself had very little distinguished ourselves from the other farmers and their wives, either in our dress or our way of living, they treated us as their equals; but now they began to consider us as elevating ourselves into a state of superiority, and immediately began to envy, hate, and declare war against us. The neighbouring little squires, too, were uneasy to see a poor renter become their equal in a matter in which they placed so much dignity; and, not doubting but it arose in me from the same ostentation, they began to hate me likewise, and to turn my equipage into ridicule, asserting that my horses, which were as well matched as any in the kingdom, were of different colours and sizes, with much more of that kind of wit, the only basis of which is lying.

"But what will appear more surprising to you, madam, was, that the curate's wife, who, being lame, had more use of the coach than my Amelia (indeed she seldom went to church in any other manner), was one of my bitterest enemies on the occasion. If she had ever any dispute with Amelia, which all the sweetness of my poor girl could not sometimes avoid, she was sure to introduce with a malicious sneer, 'Though my husband doth not keep a coach, madam.' Nay, she took this opportunity to upbraid my wife with the loss of her fortune, alleging that some folks might have as good pretensions to a coach as other folks, and a better too, as they brought a better fortune to their husbands, but that all people had not the art of making brick without straw.

"You will wonder, perhaps, madam, how I can remember such stuff, which, indeed, was a long time only matter of amusement to both Amelia and myself; but we at last experienced the mischievous nature of envy, and that it tends rather to produce tragical than comical events. My neighbours now began to conspire against me. They nicknamed me in derision, the Squire Farmer. Whatever I bought, I was sure to buy dearer, and when I sold I was obliged to sell cheaper, than any other. In fact, they were all united, and, while they every day committed trespasses on my lands with impunity, if any of my cattle escaped into their fields, I was either forced to enter into a law-suit or to make amends fourfold for the damage sustained.

"The consequences of all this could be no other than that ruin which ensued. Without tiring you with particulars, before the end of four years I became involved in debt near three hundred pounds more than the value of all my effects. My landlord seized my stock for rent, and, to avoid immediate confinement in prison, I was forced to leave the country with all that I hold dear in the world, my wife and my poor little family.

"In this condition I arrived in town five or six days ago. I had just taken a lodging in the verge of the court, and had writ my dear Amelia word where she might find me, when she had settled her affairs in the best manner she could. That very evening, as I was returning home from a coffee-house, a fray happening in the street, I endeavoured to assist the injured party, when I was seized by the watch, and, after being confined all night in the round-house, was conveyed in the morning before a justice of peace, who committed me hither; where I should probably have starved, had I not from your hands found a most unaccountable preservation.—And here, give me leave to assure you, my dear Miss Matthews, that, whatever advantage I may have reaped from your misfortune, I sincerely lament it; nor would I have purchased any relief to myself at the price of seeing you in this dreadful place."

He spake these last words with great tenderness; for he was a man of consummate good-nature, and had formerly had much affection for this young lady; indeed, more than the generality of people are capable of entertaining for any person whatsoever.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER I.

Containing very mysterious matter

Miss Matthews did not in the least fall short of Mr. Booth in expressions of tenderness. Her eyes, the most eloquent orators on such occasions, exerted their utmost force; and at the conclusion of his speech she cast a look as languishingly sweet as ever Cleopatra gave to Antony. In real fact, this Mr. Booth had been her first love, and had made more impressions on her young heart, which the learned in this branch of philosophy affirm, and perhaps truly, are never to be eradicated.

When Booth had finished his story a silence ensued of some minutes; an interval which the painter would describe much better than the writer. Some readers may, however, be able to make pretty pertinent conjectures by what I have said above, especially when they are told that Miss Matthews broke the silence by a sigh, and cried, "Why is Mr. Booth unwilling to allow me the happiness of thinking my misfortunes have been of some little advantage to him? sure the happy Amelia would not be so selfish to envy me that pleasure. No; not if she was as much the fondest as she is the happiest of women." "Good heavens! madam," said he, "do you call my poor Amelia the happiest of women?" "Indeed I do," answered she briskly. "O Mr. Booth! there is a speck of white in her fortune, which, when it falls to the lot of a sensible woman, makes her full amends for all the crosses which can attend her. Perhaps she may not be sensible of it; but if it had been my blessed fate—O Mr. Booth! could I have thought, when we were first acquainted, that the most agreeable man in the world had been capable of making the kind, the tender, the affectionate husband—the happy Amelia, in those days, was unknown; Heaven had not then given her a prospect of the happiness it intended her; but yet it did intend it her; for sure there is a fatality in the affairs of love; and the more I reflect on my own life, the more I am convinced of it.—O heavens! how a thousand little circumstances crowd into my mind! When you first marched into our town, you had then the colours in your hand; as you passed under the window where I stood, my glove, by accident, dropped into the street;

you stooped, took up my glove, and, putting it upon the snike belonging to your colours, lifted it up to the window. Upon this a young lady who stood by said, 'So, miss, the young officer hath accepted your challenge.' I blushed then, and I blush now, when I confess to you I thought you the prettiest young fellow I had ever seen; and, upon my soul, I believe you was then the prettiest fellow in the world." Booth here made a low bow, and cried, "O dear madam, how ignorant was I of my own happiness!" "Would you really have thought so?" answered she. "However, there is some politeness if there be no sincerity in what you say."—Here the governor of the enchanted castle interrupted them, and, entering the room without any ceremony, acquainted the lady and gentleman that it was locking-up time; and, addressing Booth by the name of captain, asked him if he would not please to have a bed; adding, that he might have one in the next room to the lady, but that it would come dear; for that he never let a bed in that room under a guinea, nor could he afford it cheaper to his father.

No answer was made to this proposal; but Miss Matthews, who had already learnt some of the ways of the house, said she believed Mr. Booth would like to drink a glass of something; upon which the governor immediately trumpeted forth the praises of his rack-punch, and, without waiting for any farther commands, presently produced a large bowl of that liquor.

The governor, having recommended the goodness of his punch by a hearty draught, began to revive the other matter, saying that he was just going to bed, and must first lock up.—"But suppose," said Miss Matthews, with a smile, "the captain and I should have a mind to sit up all night."—"With all my heart," said the governor; "but I expect a consideration for those matters. For my part, I don't inquire into what doth not concern me; but single and double are two things. If I lock up double I expect half a guinea, and I'm sure the captain cannot think that's out of the way; it is but the price of a bagnio."

Miss Matthews's face became the colour of scarlet at those words. However, she mustered up her spirits, and, turning to Booth, said, "What say you, captain? for my own part, I had never less inclination to sleep; which hath the greater charms for you, the punch or the pillow?"—"I hope, madam," answered Booth, "you have a better opinion of me than to doubt my preferring Miss Matthews's conversation to either."—"I assure you," replied she, "it is no compliment to you to say I prefer yours to sleep at this time."

The governor then, having received his fee, departed; and, turning the key, left the gentleman and the lady to themselves.

In imitation of him we will lock up likewise a scene which we do not think proper to expose to the eyes of the public. If any over-curious readers should be disappointed on this occasion, we will recommend such readers to the apologies with which certain gay ladies have lately been pleased to oblige the world, where they will possibly find everything recorded that passed at this interval.

But, though we decline painting the scene, it is not our intention to conceal from the world the frailty of Mr. Booth, or of his fair partner, who certainly passed that evening in a manner inconsistent with the strict rules of virtue and chastity.

To say the truth, we are much more concerned for the behaviour of the gentleman than of the lady, not only for his sake, but for the sake of the best woman in the world, whom we should be sorry to consider as yoked to a man of no worth nor honour.

We desire, therefore, the good-natured and candid reader will be pleased to weigh attentively the several unlucky circumstances which concurred so critically, that Fortune seemed to have used her utmost endeavours to ensnare poor Booth's constancy. Let the reader set before his eyes a fine young woman, in a manner, a first love, conferring obligations and using every art to soften, to allure, to win, and to inflame; let him consider the time and place; let him remember that Mr. Booth was a young fellow in the highest vigour of life; and, lastly, let him add one single circumstance, that the parties were alone together; and then, if he will not acquit the defendant, he must be convicted, for I have nothing more to say in his defence.

CHAPTER II.

The latter part of which we expect will please our reader better than the former.

A WHOLE week did our lady and gentleman live in this criminal conversation, in which the happiness of the former was much more perfect than that of the latter; for, though the charms of Miss Matthews, and her excessive endearments, sometimes lulled every thought in the sweet lethargy of pleasure, yet in the intervals of his fits his virtue alarmed and roused him, and brought the image of poor injured Amelia to haunt and torment him. In fact, if we regard this world only, it is the interest of every man to be either perfectly good or completely bad. He had better destroy his conscience than gently wound it. The many bitter reflections which every bad action costs a mind in which there are any remains of goodness are not to be compensated by the highest pleasures which such an action can produce.

So it happened to Mr. Booth. Repentance never failed to follow his transgressions; and yet so perverse is our judgment, and so slippery is the descent of vice when once we are entered into it, the same crime which he now repented of became a reason for doing that which was to cause his future repentance; and he continued to sin on because he had begun. His repentance, however, returned still heavier and heavier, till, at last, it flung him into a melancholy, which Miss Matthews plainly perceived, and at which she could not avoid expressing some resentment in obscure hints and ironical compliments on Amelia's superiority to her whole sex, who could not cloy a gay young fellow by many years' possession. She would then repeat the compliments which others had made to her own beauty, and could not forbear once crying out, "Upon my soul, my dear Billy, I believe the chief disadvantage on my side is my superior fondness; for love, in the minds of men, hath one quality, at least, of a fever, which is to prefer coldness in the object. Confess, dear Will, is there not something vastly refreshing in the cool air of a prude?" Booth fetched a deep sigh, and begged her never more to mention Amelia's name. "O Will," cries she, "did that request proceed from the motive I could wish, I should be the happiest of womankind."—"You would not, sure, madam," said Booth, "desire a sacrifice which I must be a villain to make to any?"—"Desire!" answered she, "are there any bounds to the desire of love? have not I been sacrificed? hath not my first love been torn from my bleeding heart? I claim a prior right. As for sacrifices, I can make them too, and would sacrifice the whole world at the least call of my love."

Here she delivered a letter to Booth, which she

had received within an hour, the contents of which were these :—

"Dearest Madam,—Those only who truly know what love is, can have any conception of the horrors I felt at hearing of your confinement at my arrival in town, which was this morning. I immediately sent my lawyer to inquire into the particulars, who brought me the agreeable news that the man, whose heart's blood ought not to be valued at the rate of a single hair of yours, is entirely out of all danger, and that you might be admitted to bail. I presently ordered him to go with two of my tradesmen, who are to be bound in any sum for your appearance, if he should be mean enough to prosecute you. Though you may expect my attorney with you soon, I would not delay sending this, as I hope the news will be agreeable to you. My chariot will attend at the same time to carry you wherever you please. You may easily guess what a violence I have done to myself in not waiting on you in person; but I, who know your delicacy, feared it might offend, and that you might think me ungenerous enough to hope from your distresses a happiness which I am resolved to owe to your free gift alone, when your good nature shall induce you to bestow on me what no man living can merit. I beg you will pardon all the contents of this hasty letter, and do me the honour of believing me, dearest madam, your most passionate admirer, and most obedient humble servant. "Damon."

Booth thought he had somewhere before seen the same hand, but in his present hurry of spirits could not recollect whose it was, nor did the lady give him any time for reflection; for he had scarce read the letter when she produced a little bit of paper and cried out, "Here, sir, here are the contents which he fears will offend me." She then put a bank-bill of a hundred pounds into Mr. Booth's hands, and asked him with a smile if he did not think she had reason to be offended with so much insolence?

Before Booth could return any answer the governor arrived, and introduced Mr. Rogers the attorney, who acquainted the lady that he had brought her discharge from her confinement, and that a chariot waited at the door to attend her wherever she pleased.

She received the discharge from Mr. Rogers, and said she was very much obliged to the gentleman who employed him, but that she would not make use of the chariot, as she had no notion of leaving that wretched place in a triumphant manner; in which resolution when the attorney found her obstinate he withdrew, as did the governor, with many bows and as many ladyships.

They were no sooner gone than Booth asked the lady why she would refuse the chariot of a gentleman who had behaved with such excessive respect? She looked earnestly upon him, and cried, "How unkind is that question! do you imagine I would go and leave you in such a situation? thou knowest but little of Calista. Why, do you think I would accept this hundred pounds from a man I dislike unless it was to be serviceable to the man I love? I insist on your taking it as your own and using whatever you want of it."

Booth protested in the solemnest manner that he would not touch a shilling of it, saying, he had already received too many obligations at her hands, and more than ever he should be able he feared to repay. "How unkind," answered she, "is every word you say, why will you mention obligations? love never confers any. It doth everything for its own sake. I am not therefore obliged to the man whose passion makes him generous; for I feel how inconsiderable the whole world would appear to me if I could throw it after my heart."

Much more of this kind passed, she still pressing the bank-note upon him, and he as absolutely refusing, till Booth left the lady to dress herself, and went to walk in the area of the prison.

Miss Matthews now applied to the governor to know by what means she might procure the captain his liberty. The governor answered, "As he cannot get bail, it will be a difficult matter; and money to be sure there must be; for people no doubt expect to touch on these occasions. When prisoners have not wherewithal as the law requires to entitle themselves to justice, why they must be beholden to other people to give them their liberty; and people will not, to be sure, suffer others to be beholden to them for nothing, whereof there is good reason; for how should we all live if it was not for these things?" "Well, well," said she, "and how much will it cost?" "How much!" answered he,—"How much!—why, let me see."—Here he hesitated some time, and then answered "That for five guineas he would undertake to procure the captain his discharge." That being the sum which he computed to remain in the lady's pocket; for, as to the gentleman's, he had long been acquainted with the emptiness of it.

Miss Matthews, to whom money was as dirt (indeed she may be thought not to have known the value of it), delivered him the bank-bill, and bid him get it changed; for if the whole, says she, will procure him his liberty, he shall have it this evening.

"The whole, madam!" answered the governor, as soon as he had recovered his breath, for it almost forsook him at the sight of the black word hundred—"No, no; there might be people indeed—but I am not one of those. A hundred! no, nor nothing like it.—As for myself, as I said, I will be content with five guineas, and I am sure that's little enough. What other people will expect I cannot exactly say. To be sure his worship's clerk will expect to touch pretty handsomely; as for his worship himself, he never touches anything, that is, not to speak of; but then the constable will expect something, and the watchmen must have something, and the lawyers on both sides, they must have their fees for finishing."—"Well," said she, "I leave all to you. If it costs me twenty pounds I will have him discharged this afternoon.—But you must give his discharge into my hands without letting the captain know anything of the matter."

The governor promised to obey her commands in every particular; nay, he was so very industrious, that, though dinner was just then coming upon the table, at her earnest request he set out immediately on the purpose, and went as he said in pursuit of the lawyer.

All the other company assembled at table as usual, where poor Booth was the only person out of spirits. This was imputed by all present to a wrong cause; nay, Miss Matthews herself either could not or would not suspect that there was anything deeper than the despair of being speedily discharged that lay heavy on his mind.

However, the mirth of the rest, and a pretty liberal quantity of punch, which he swallowed after dinner (for Miss Matthews had ordered a very large bowl at her own expense to entertain the good company at her farewell), so far exhilarated his spirits, that when the young lady and he retired to their tea he had all the marks of gaiety in his countenance, and his eyes sparkled with good humour.

The gentleman and lady had spent about two hours in tea and conversation, when the governor returned, and privately delivered to the lady the discharge for her friend, and the sum of eighty-two pounds five shillings; the rest having been, he said, disbursed in the business, of which he was ready at any time to render an exact account.

Miss Matthews, being again alone with Mr. Booth, she put the discharge into his hands, desiring him to ask her no questions; and adding, "I think, sir, we have neither of us now anything more

to do at this place." She then summoned the governor, and ordered a bill of that day's expense, for long scores were not usual there; and at the same time ordered a hackney-coach, without having yet determined whither she would go, but fully determined she was, wherever she went, to take Mr. Booth with her.

The governor was now approaching with a long roll of paper, when a faint voice was heard to cry out hastily, "Where is he?"—and presently a female spectre, all pale and breathless, rushed into the room, and fell into Mr. Booth's arms, where she immediately fainted away.

Booth made a shift to support his lovely burden; though he was himself in a condition very little different from hers. Miss Matthews likewise, who presently recollected the face of Amelia, was struck motionless with the surprise, nay, the governor himself, though not easily moved at sights of horror, stood aghast, and neither offered to speak nor stir.

Happily for Amelia, the governess of the mansion had, out of curiosity, followed her into the room, and was the only useful person present on this occasion: she immediately called for water, and ran to the lady's assistance, fell to loosening her stays, and performed all the offices proper at such a season; which had so good an effect, that Amelia soon recovered the disorder which the violent agitation of her spirits had caused, and found herself alive and awake in her husband's arms.

Some tender caresses and a soft whisper or two passed privately between Booth and his lady; nor was it without great difficulty that poor Amelia put some restraint on her fondness in a place so improper for a tender interview. She now cast her eyes round the room, and, fixing them on Miss Matthews, who stood like a statue, she soon recollected her, and, addressing her by her name, said, "Sure, madam, I cannot be mistaken in those features; though meeting you here might almost make me suspect my memory."

Miss Matthews's face was now all covered with scarlet. The reader may easily believe she was on no account pleased with Amelia's presence; indeed, she expected from her some of those insults of which virtuous women are generally so liberal to a frail sister: but she was mistaken; Amelia was not one

> Who thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
> Till all the whores were burnt alive.

Her virtue could support itself with its own intrinsic worth, without borrowing any assistance from the vices of other women; and she considered their natural infirmities as the objects of pity, not of contempt or abhorrence.

When Amelia therefore perceived the visible confusion in Miss Matthews she presently called to remembrance some stories which she had imperfectly heard; for, as she was not naturally attentive to scandal, and had kept very little company since her return to England, she was far from being a mistress of the lady's whole history. However, she had heard enough to impute her confusion to the right cause; she advanced to her, and told her, she was extremely sorry to meet her in such a place, but hoped that no very great misfortune was the occasion of it.

Miss Matthews began, by degrees, to recover her spirits. She answered, with a reserved air, "I am much obliged to you, madam, for your concern; we are all liable to misfortunes in this world. Indeed, I know not why I should be much ashamed of being in any place where I am in such good company."

Here Booth interposed. He had before acquainted Amelia in a whisper that his confinement was at an end. "The unfortunate accident, my dear," said he, "which brought this young lady to this melancholy place is entirely determined; and she is now as absolutely at her liberty as myself."

Amelia, imputing the extreme coldness and reserve of the lady to the cause already mentioned, advanced still more and more in proportion as she drew back; till the governor, who had withdrawn some time, returned, and acquainted Miss Matthews that her coach was at the door; upon which the company soon separated. Amelia and Booth went together in Amelia's coach, and poor Miss Matthews was obliged to retire alone, after having satisfied the demands of the governor, which in one day only had amounted to a pretty considerable sum; for he, with great dexterity, proportioned the bills to the abilities of his guests.

It may seem, perhaps, wonderful to some readers, that Miss Matthews should have maintained that cold reserve towards Amelia, so as barely to keep within the rules of civility, instead of embracing an opportunity which seemed to offer of gaining some degree of intimacy with a wife whose husband she was so fond of; but, besides that, her spirits were entirely disconcerted by so sudden and unexpected a disappointment; and besides the extreme horrors which she conceived at the presence of her rival, there is, I believe, something so outrageously suspicious in the nature of all vice, especially when joined with any great degree of pride, that the eyes of those whom we imagine privy to our failings are intolerable to us, and we are apt to aggravate their opinions to our disadvantage far beyond the reality.

CHAPTER III.

Wise observations of the author, and other matters.

There is nothing more difficult than to lay down any fixed and certain rules for happiness; of indeed to judge with any precision of the happiness of others from the knowledge of external circumstances. There is sometimes a little speck of black in the brightest and gayest colours of fortune, which contaminates and deadens the whole. On the contrary, when all without looks dark and dismal, there is often a secret ray of light within the mind, which turns everything to real joy and gladness.

I have in the course of my life seen many occasions to make this observation, and Mr. Booth was at present a very pregnant instance of its truth. He was just delivered from a prison, and in the possession of his beloved wife and children; and (which might be imagined greatly to augment his joy) fortune had done all this for him within an hour, without giving him the least warning or reasonable expectation of this strange reverse in his circumstances; and yet it is certain that there were very few men in the world more seriously miserable than he was at this instant. A deep melancholy seized his mind, and cold damp sweats overspread his person, so that he was scarce animated; and poor Amelia, instead of a fond warm husband, bestowed her caresses on a dull lifeless lump of clay. He endeavoured, however, at first, as much as possible, to conceal what he felt, and attempted, what is the hardest of all tasks, to act the part of a happy man; but he found no supply of spirits to carry on this deceit, and would have probably sunk under his attempt, had not poor Amelia's simplicity helped him to another fallacy, in which he had more better success.

This worthy woman very plainly perceived the disorder in her husband's mind; and, having no doubt of the cause of it, especially when she saw the tears stand in his eyes at the sight of his children,

threw her arms round his neck, and, embracing him with raptnrous fondness, cried out, "My dear Billy, let nothing make you uneasy. Heaven will, I donbt not, provide for us and these poor babes. Great fortunes are not necessary to happiness. For my own part, I can level my mind with any state; and for those poor little things, whatever condition of life we breed them to, that will be sufficient to maintain them in. How many thousands abound in affluence whose fortunes are much lower than ours! for it is not from nature, but from education and babit, that our wants are chiefly derived. Make yourself easy therefore, my dear love; for you have a wife who will th'nk berself happy with you, and endeavour to make you so in any situation. Fear nothing, Billy, industry will always provide us a wholesome meal; and I will take care that neatness and cheerfulness shall make it a pleasant one."

Booth presently took the cue which sbe had given him. He fixed his eyes on her for a minute with great earnestness and inexpressible tenderness; and then cried, "O my Amelia, how mnch are you my superior in every perfection! how wise, bow great, how nohle are your sentiments! why can I not imitate wbat I so mucb admire? why can I not look with your constancy on those dear little piedges of our loves? All my pbilosopby is baffled with the thought that my Amelia's children are to struggle with a cruel, hard, unfeeling world, and to buffet those waves of fortnne which have overwhelmed their father.—Here, I own I want your firmness, and am not without an exeuse for wanting it; for am I not the eruel eause of all your wretchedness? bave I not stepped between you and fortune, and been the eursed obstacle to all your greatness and happiness?"

"Say not so, my love," answered she. "Great I might have heen, but never happy with any other man. Indeed, dear Billy, I laugh at the fears you formerly raised in me; what seemed so terrible at a distance, now it approaches nearer, appears to bave been a mere bugbear—aud let this comfort you, that I look on myself at this day as the happiest of women; nor have I dono anything which I do not rejoice in, and would, if I had the gift of prescience, do again."

Booth was so overcome with this behaviour, that he had no words to answer. To say the truth, it was diffieult to find any worthy of the occasion. He threw himself prostrate at her feet, whence poor Amelia was forced to use all her strength as well as entreaties to raise and place him in his chair.

Sucb is ever the fortitude of perfect iunocence, and such the depression of guilt in minds not utterly abandoned. Booth was naturally of a sanguine temper; nor would any such apprehensions as he mentioned have been sufficient to have restraiued bis joy at meeting witb bis Amelia. In fact, a reflection on the iujury he had done her was the solo cause of his grief. This it was that enervated his heart, and threw him into agonies, which all that profusion of heroic tenderness that the most excellent of women intended for bis comfort served only to heighten and aggravate; as the more she rose in his admiration, the more she quickened his sense of his own unworthiness.

After a disagreeable evening, the first of that kind that he had ever passed with his Amelia, in which he had the utmost difficulty to force a little cheerfnlness, and in which her spirits were at lengtb overpowered by discerning the oppression on his, they retired to rest, or rather to misery, wbich need not be described.

The next morning at breakfast Booth began to recover a little from his melancholy, and to taste the company of his children. He now first thought of inquiring of Amelia hy wbat means she had discovered the place of his confinement. Amelia, after gently rebuking him for not having himself acquainted her with it, informed him that it was kuown all over the country, and that she lind traced the origiual of it to her sister; wbo bad spread the news with a malicious joy, and add..d a circumstance which would bave frightened her to deatb, had not her knowledge of him made her give little credit to it, whicb was, that he was committed for murder. But, tbougb she had discredited this part, she said the not bearing from him during several successive posts made ber too apprehensive of the rest; that she got a conveyance thereforo for herself and children to Salishury, from whence the stage-coach had brought them to town; and, having deposited tbe cbildren at his lodging, of wbich he had sent her an account on bis first arrival in town, she took a hack, and came directly to the prison where she beard he was, and where she found him.

Booth excused himself, and with truth, as to his not having writ; for, in fact, he bad writ twice from the prison, though he had mentioned nothing of his confinement; hut, as he sent away his letters after nine at night, the fellow to whom they were intrusted had burnt them for the sake of putting the twopence in his own pocket, or rather in the pocket of the keeper of the next gin-shop.

As to the account which Amelia gave bim, it served rather to raise than to satisfy his curiosity. He began to suspect that some person had seen both him and Miss Matthews together in the prison, and had confounded her case with bis; and this the circnmstance of mnrder made the more probable. But who this person should be he could nut guess. After giving himself, therefore, some pains in forming conjectures to no purpose, he was forced to rest contented with his ignorance of the real truth.

Two or three days now passed without prodneing anything remarkable; unless it were that Booth more and more recovered his spirits, and had uow almost regained his former degree of cheerfulness, when tha following letter arrived, again to torment him:

"Dear Billy.—To convince you t am the most reasonable of women, I have given you up three whole days to the unmolested possession of my fortunate rival; I can refrain no longer from letting you know that t lodge in Dean Street, not far from the church, at the sign of the Pelican and Trumpet, where t expect this evening to see you. Believe me, t am, with more affection than any other woman in the world can be, my dear Billy, your affectionate, fond, doating

"F. Matthews."

Booth tore the letter with rage, and threw it into the fire, resolving never to visit the lady more, unless it was to pay her the money she had lent bim, which he was determined to do the very first opportunity, for it was not at present in his power.

Tbis letter threw him back into his fit of dejection, in which he had not continued long when a packet from the country brought him the following from his friend Dr. Harrison:

"Sir, *Lyons, January* 21, N.S.

"Though t am now on my return home, t have taken up my pen to communicate to y..u some news t have heard from England, which gives me much uneasiness, and concerning which I can indeed deliver my sentiments with much more ease this way than any other. In my answer to your last t very freely gave you my opinion, in which it was my misfortune to disapprove of every step you had taken; but those were all pardonable errors. Can you be so partial to yourself, upon cool and sober reflection, to think what I am going to mention is so? I promise you, it appears to me a folly of so monstrous a kind, that, had t heard it from any but a person of the highest honour, I should have rejected it as utterly incredible. t hope you already guess what I am about to name; since, Heaven forbid, your conduct should afford you any choice of such gross instances of weakness. In a word, then, y m have

se! up an equipage. What shall I invent in your excuse, either to others or to myself? In truth, I can find no excuse for you, and, what is more, I am certain you can find none for yourself. I must deal therefore very plainly and sincerely with you. Vanity is always contemptible; but when joined with dishonesty, it becomes odious and detestable. At whose expense are you to support this equipage? is it not entirely at the expense of others? and will it not finally end in that of your poor wife and children? you know you are two years in arrears to me. If I could impute this to any extraordinary or common accident, I think I should never have mentioned it; but I will not suffer my money to support the ridiculous, and, I must say, criminal vanity of any one. I expect, therefore, to find, at my return, that you have either discharged my whole debt, or your equipage. Let me beg you seriously to consider your circumstances and condition in life, and to remember that your situation will not justify any the least unnecessary expense. *Simply to be poor*, says my favourite Greek historian, *was not held scandalous by the wise Athenians, but highly so to owe that poverty to our own indiscretion.* Present my affections to Mrs. Booth, and be assured that I shall not, without great reason, and great pain too, ever cease to be your most faithful friend, "R. Harrison."

Had this letter come at any other time, it would have given Booth the most sensible affliction; but so totally had the affair of Miss Matthews possessed his mind, that, like a man in the most raging fit of the gout, he was scarce capable of any additional torture; nay, he even made an use of this latter epistle, as it served to account to Amelia for that concern which he really felt on another account. The poor deceived lady, therefore, applied herself to give him comfort where he least wanted it. She said he might easily perceive that the matter had been misrepresented to the doctor, who would not, she was sure, retain the least anger against him when he knew the real truth.

After a conversation on this subject, in which Booth appeared to be greatly consoled by the arguments of his wife, they parted. He went to take a walk in the Park, and she remained at home to prepare him his dinner.

He was no sooner departed than his little boy, not quite six years old, said to Amelia, "La! mamma, what is the matter with poor papa, what makes him look so as if he was going to cry? he is not half so merry as he used to be in the country." Amelia answered, "Oh! my dear, your papa is only a little thoughtful, he will be merry again soon."—Then, looking fondly on her children, she burst into an agony of tears, and cried, "Oh Heavens! what have these poor little infants done? why will the barbarous world endeavour to starve them, by depriving us of our only friend?—O my dear, your father is ruined, and we are undone!"—The children presently accompanied their mother's tears, and the daughter cried—"Why, will anybody hurt poor papa? hath he done any harm to anybody?"—"No, my dear child," said the mother; "he is the best man in the world, and therefore they hate him." Upon which the boy, who was extremely sensible at his years, answered, "Nay, mamma, how can that be? have not you often told me that if I was good everybody would love me?" "All good people will," answered she. "Why don't they love papa then?" replied the child, "for I am sure he is very good." "So they do, my dear," said the mother, "but there are more bad people in the world, and they will hate you for your goodness." "Why then, bad people," cries the child, "are loved by more than the good."—"No matter for that, my dear," said she; "the love of one good person is more worth having than that of a thousand wicked ones; nay, if there was no such person in the world, still you must be a good boy; for there is one in Heaven who will love you, and his love is better for you than that of all mankind."

This little dialogue, we are apprehensive, will be read with contempt by many; indeed, we should not have thought it worth recording, was it not for the excellent example which Amelia here gives to all mothers. This admirable woman never let a day pass without instructing her children in some lesson of religion and morality. By which means she had, in their tender minds, so strongly annexed the ideas of fear and shame to every idea of evil of which they were susceptible, that it must require great pains and length of habit to separate them. Though she was the tenderest of mothers, she never suffered any symptom of malevolence to show itself in their most trifling actions without discouragement, without rebuke, and, if it broke forth with any raucour, without punishment. In which she had such success, that not the least marks of pride, envy, malice, or spite discovered itself in any of their little words or deeds.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Amelia appears in no unamiable light.

Amelia, with the assistance of a little girl, who was their only servant, had dressed her dinner, and she had likewise dressed herself as neat as any lady who had a regular set of servants could have done, when Booth returned, and brought with him his friend James, whom he had met with in the Park; and who, as Booth absolutely refused to dine away from his wife, to whom he had promised to return, had invited himself to dine with him. Amelia had none of that paltry pride which possesses so many of her sex, and which disconcerts their tempers, and gives them the air and looks of furies, if their husbands bring in an unexpected guest, without giving them timely warning to provide a sacrifice to their own vanity. Amelia received her husband's friend with the utmost complaisance and good humour; she made indeed some apology for the homeliness of her dinner; but it was politely turned as a compliment to Mr. James's friendship, which could carry him where he was sure of being so ill entertained; and gave not the least hint how magnificently she would have provided, *had she expected the favour of so much good company.* A phrase which is generally meant to contain not only an apology for the lady of the house, but a tacit satire on her guests for their intrusion, and is at least a strong insinuation that they are not welcome.

Amelia failed not to inquire very earnestly after her old friend Mrs. James, formerly Miss Bath, and was very sorry to find that she was not in town. The truth was, as James had married out of a violent liking of, or appetite to, her person, possession had surfeited him, and he was now grown so heartily tired of his wife, that she had very little of his company; she was forced therefore to content herself with being the mistress of a large house and equipage in the country ten months in the year by herself. The other two he indulged her with the diversions of the town; but then, though they lodged under the same roof, she had little more of her husband's society than if they had been one hundred miles apart. With all this, as she was a woman of calm passions, she made herself contented; for she had never had any violent affection for James: the match was of the prudent kind, and to her advantage; for his fortune, by the death of an uncle, was become very considerable; and she had gained everything by the bargain but a husband, which her constitution suffered her to be very well satisfied without.

When Amelia, after dinner, retired to her children, James began to talk to his friend concerning his affairs. He advised Booth very earnestly to think of getting again into the army, in which he himself had met with such success, that he had ob-

tained the command of a regiment to which his brother-in-law was lieutenant-colonel. These preferments they both owed to the favour of fortune only; for, though there was no objection to either of their military characters, yet neither of them had any extraordinary desert; and, if merit in the service was a sufficient recommendation, Booth, who had been twice wounded in the siege, seemed to have the fairest pretensions; but he remained a poor half-pay lieutenant, and the others were, as we have said, one of them a lieutenant-colonel, and the other had a regiment. Such rises we often see in life, without being able to give any satisfactory account of the means, and therefore ascribe them to the good fortune of the person.

Both colonel James and his brother-in-law were members of parliament; for, as the uncle of the former had left him, together with his estate, an almost certain interest in a borough, so he chose to confer this favour on colonel Bath; a circumstance which would have been highly immaterial to mention here, but as it serves to set forth the goodness of James, who endeavoured to make up in kindness to the family what he wanted in fondness for his wife.

Colonel James then endeavoured all in his power to persuade Booth to think again of a military life, and very kindly offered him his interest towards obtaining him a company in the regiment under his command. Booth must have been a madman, in his present circumstances, to have hesitated one moment at accepting such an offer, and he well knew Amelia, notwithstanding her aversion to the army, was much too wise to make the least scruple of giving her consent. Nor was he, as it appeared afterwards, mistaken in his opinion of his wife's understanding; for she made not the least objection when it was communicated to her, but contented herself with an express stipulation, that wherever he was commanded to go (for the regiment was now abroad) she would accompany him.

Booth, therefore, accepted his friend's proposal with a profusion of acknowledgments; and it was agreed that Booth should draw up a memorial of his pretensions, which colonel James undertook to present to some man of power, and to back it with all the force he had.

Nor did the friendship of the colonel stop here. "You will excuse me, dear Booth," said he, "if, after what you have told me" (for he had been very explicit in revealing his affairs to him), "I suspect you must want money at this time. If that be the case, as I am certain it must be, I have fifty pieces at your service." This generosity brought the tears into Booth's eyes; and he at length confessed that he had not five guineas in the house; upon which James gave him a bank-bill for twenty pounds, and said he would give him thirty more the next time he saw him.

Thus did this generous colonel (for generous he really was to the highest degree) restore peace and comfort to this little family; and by this act of beneficence make two of the worthiest people two of the happiest that evening.

Here, reader, give me leave to stop a minute, to lament that so few are to be found of this benign disposition; that, while wantonness, vanity, avarice, and ambition are every day rioting and triumphing in the follies and weakness, the ruin and desolation of mankind, scarce one man in a thousand is capable of tasting the happiness of others. Nay, give me leave to wonder that pride, which is constantly struggling, and often imposing on itself, to gain some little pre-eminence, should so seldom hint to us the only certain as well as laudable way of setting ourselves above another man, and that is, by becoming his benefactor.

CHAPTER V.

Containing an eulogium upon innocence, and other grave matters.

Booth passed that evening, and all the succeeding day, with his Amelia, without the interruption of almost a single thought concerning Miss Matthews, after having determined to go on the Sunday, the only day he could venture without the verge in the present state of his affairs, and pay her what she had advanced for him in the prison. But she had not so long patience; for the third day, while he was sitting with Amelia, a letter was brought to him. As he knew the hand, he immediately put it into his pocket unopened, not without such an alteration in his countenance, that had Amelia, who was then playing with one of the children, cast her eyes towards him, she must have remarked it. This accident, however, luckily gave him time to recover himself; for Amelia was so deeply engaged with the little one, that she did not even remark the delivery of the letter. The maid soon after returned into the room, saying, the chairman desired to know if there was any answer to the letter.—"What letter?" cries Booth.—"The letter I gave you just now," answered the girl.—"Sure," cries Booth, "the child is mad, you gave me no letter."—"Yes, indeed, I did, sir," said the poor girl. "Why then as sure as fate," cries Booth, "I threw it into the fire in my reverie; why, child, why did you not tell me it was a letter? bid the chairman come up,—stay, I will go down myself; for he will otherwise dirt the stairs with his feet."

Amelia was gently chiding the girl for her carelessness when Booth returned, saying it was very true that she had delivered him a letter from colonel James, and that perhaps it might be of consequence. "However," says he, "I will step to the coffee-house, and send him an account of this strange accident, which I know he will pardon in my present situation."

Booth was overjoyed at this escape, which poor Amelia's total want of all jealousy and suspicion made it very easy for him to accomplish; but his pleasure was considerably abated when, upon opening the letter, he found it to contain, mixed with several very strong expressions of love, some pretty warm ones of the upbraiding kind; but what most alarmed him was a hint that it was in her (Miss Matthews's) power to make Amelia as miserable as herself. Besides the general knowledge of

——— *Furens quid fœmina possit,*

he had more particular reasons to apprehend the rage of a lady who had given so strong an instance how far she could carry her revenge. She had already sent a chairman to his lodgings with a positive command not to return without an answer to her letter. This might of itself have possibly occasioned a discovery; and he thought he had great reason to fear that, if she did not carry matters so far as purposely and avowedly to reveal the secret to Amelia, her indiscretion would at least effect the discovery of that which he would at any price have concealed. Under these terrors he might, I believe, be considered as the most wretched of human beings.

O innocence, how glorious and happy a portion art thou to the breast that possesses thee! thou fearest neither the eyes nor the tongues of men. Truth, the most powerful of all things, is thy strongest friend; and the brighter the light is in which thou art displayed, the more it discovers thy

transcendent beauties. Guilt, on the contrary, like a base thief, suspects every eye that beholds him to be privy to his transgressions, and every tongue that mentions his name to be proclaiming them. Fraud and falsehood are his weak and treacherous allies; and he lurks trembling in the dark, dreading every ray of light, lest it should discover him, and give him up to shame and punishment.

While Booth was walking in the Park with all these horrors in his mind he again met his friend Colonel James, who soon took notice of that deep concern which the other was incapable of hiding. After some little conversation, Booth said, "My dear colonel, I am sure I must be the most insensible of men if I did not look on you as the best and the truest friend; I will, therefore, without scruple, repose a confidence in you of the highest kind. I have often made you privy to my necessities, I will now acquaint you with my shame, provided you have leisure enough to give me a hearing: for I must open to you a long history, since I will not reveal my fault without informing you, at the same time, of those circumstances which, I hope, will in some measure excuse it."

The colonel very readily agreed to give his friend a patient hearing. So they walked directly to a coffee-house at the corner of Spring-Garden, where, being in a room by themselves, Booth opened his whole heart, and acquainted the colonel with his amour with Miss Matthews, from the very beginning to his receiving that letter which had caused all his present uneasiness, and which he now delivered into his friend's hand.

The colonel read the letter very attentively twice over (he was silent indeed long enough to have read it oftener); and then, turning to Booth, said, "Well, sir, and is it so grievous a calamity to be the object of a young lady's affection; especially of one whom you allow to be so extremely handsome?" "Nay, but, my dear friend," cries Booth, "do not jest with me; you who know my Amelia." "Well, my dear friend," answered James, "and you know Amelia, and this lady too. But what would you have me do for you?" "I would have you give me your advice," says Booth, "by what method I shall get rid of this dreadful woman without a discovery."—"And do you really," cries the other, "desire to get rid of her?" "Can you doubt it," saith Booth, "after what I have communicated to you, and after what you yourself have seen in my family? for I hope, notwithstanding this fatal slip, I do not appear to you in the light of a profligate." "Well," answered James, "and, whatever light I may appear to you in, if you are really tired of the lady, and if she be really what you have represented her, I'll endeavour to take her off your hands; but I insist upon it that you do not deceive me in any particular." Booth protested in the most solemn manner that every word which he had spoken was strictly true; and that being asked whether he would give his honour never more to visit the lady, he assured James he never would. He then, at his friend's request, delivered him Miss Matthews's letter, in which was a second direction to her lodgings, and declared to him that, if he could bring him safely out of this terrible affair, he should think himself to have a still higher obligation to his friendship than any which he had already received from it.

Booth pressed the colonel to go home with him to dinner; but he excused himself, being, as he said, already engaged. However, he undertook in the afternoon to do all in his power that Booth should receive no more alarms from the quarter of Miss Matthews, whom the colonel undertook to pay all the demands she had on his friend. They then separated. The colonel went to dinner at the King's Arms, and Booth returned in high spirits to meet his Amelia.

The next day, early in the morning, the colonel came to the coffee-house and sent for his friend, who lodged but at a little distance. The colonel told him he had a little exaggerated the lady's beauty; however, he said, he excused that: "for you might think, perhaps," cries he, "that your inconstancy to the finest woman in the world might want some excuse. Be that as it will," said he, "you may make yourself easy, as it will be, I am convinced, your own fault, if you have ever any further molestation from Miss Matthews."

Booth poured forth very warmly a great profusion of gratitude on this occasion; and nothing more anywise material passed at this interview, which was very short, the colonel being in a great hurry, as he had, he said, some business of very great importance to transact that morning.

The colonel had now seen Booth twice without remembering to give him the thirty pounds. This the latter imputed entirely to forgetfulness; for he had always found the promises of the former to be equal in value with the notes or bonds of other people. He was more surprised at what happened the next day, when, meeting his friend in the Park, he received only a cold salute from him; and though he passed him five or six times, and the colonel was walking with a single officer of no great rank, and with whom he seemed in no earnest conversation, yet could not Booth, who was alone, obtain any further notice from him.

This gave the poor man some alarm; though he could scarce persuade himself there was any design in all this coldness or forgetfulness. Once he imagined that he had lessened himself in the colonel's opinion by having discovered his inconstancy to Amelia; but the known character of the other presently cured him of this suspicion, for he was a perfect libertine with regard to women; that being indeed the principal blemish in his character, which otherwise might have deserved much commendation for good-nature, generosity, and friendship. But he carried this one to a most unpardonable height; and made no scruple of openly declaring that, if he ever liked a woman well enough to be uneasy on her account, he would cure himself, if he could, by enjoying her, whatever might be the consequence.

Booth could not therefore be persuaded that the colonel would so highly resent in another a fault of which he was himself most notoriously guilty. After much consideration he could derive this behaviour from nothing better than a capriciousness in his friend's temper, from a kind of inconstancy of mind, which makes men grow weary of their friends, with no more reason than they often are of their mistresses. To say the truth, there are jilts in friendship as well as in love; and, by the behaviour of some men in both, one would almost imagine that they industriously sought to gain the affections of others with a view only of making the parties miserable.

This was the consequence of the colonel's behaviour to Booth. Former calamities had afflicted him, but this almost distracted him; and the more so as he was not able well to account for such conduct, nor to conceive the reason of it.

Amelia, at his return, presently perceived the disturbance in his mind, though he endeavoured with his utmost power to hide it; and he was at length prevailed upon by her entreaties to discover to her the cause of it, which she no sooner heard than she

applied as judicious a remedy to his disordered spirits as either of those great mental physicians, Tully or Aristotle, could have thought of. She used many arguments to persuade him that he was in an error, and had mistaken forgetfulness and carelessness for a designed neglect.

But, as this physic was only eventually good, and as its efficacy depended on her being in the right, a point in which she was not apt to be too positive, she thought fit to add some consolation of a more certain and positive kind. "Admit," said she, "my dear, that Mr. James should prove the unaccountable person you have suspected, and should, without being able to allege any cause, withdraw his friendship from you (for surely the accident of burning his letter is too trifling and ridiculous to mention), why should this grieve you? the obligations he hath conferred on you, I allow, ought to make his misfortunes almost your own; but they should not, I think, make you see his faults so very sensibly, especially when, by one of the greatest faults in the world committed against yourself, he hath considerably lessened all obligations; for sure, if the same person who hath contributed to my happiness at one time doth everything in his power maliciously and wantonly to make me miserable at another, I am very little obliged to such a person. And let it be a comfort to my dear Billy, that, however other friends may prove false and fickle to him, he hath one friend, whom no inconstancy of her own, nor any change of his fortune, nor time, nor age, nor sickness, nor any accident, can ever alter; but who will esteem, will love, and dote on him for ever." So saying, she flung her snowy arms about his neck, and gave him a caress so tender, that it seemed almost to balance all the malice of his fate.

And, indeed, the behaviour of Amelia would have made him completely happy, in defiance of all adverse circumstances, had it not been for those bitter ingredients which he himself had thrown into his cup, and which prevented him from truly relishing his Amelia's sweetness, by cruelly reminding him how unworthy he was of this excellent creature.

Booth did not long remain in the dark as to the conduct of James, which, at first, appeared to him to be so great a mystery; for this very afternoon he received a letter from Miss Matthews which unravelled the whole affair. By this letter, which was full of bitterness and upbraiding, he discovered that James was his rival with that lady, and was, indeed, the identical person who had sent the hundred-pound note to Miss Matthews, when in the prison. He had reason to believe likewise, as well by the letter as by other circumstances, that James had hitherto been an unsuccessful lover; for the lady, though she had forfeited all title to virtue, had not yet so far forfeited all pretensions to delicacy as to be, like the dirt in the street, indifferently common to all. She distributed her favours only to those she liked, in which number that gentleman had not the happiness of being included.

When Booth had made this discovery, he was not so little versed in human nature, as any longer to hesitate at the true motive to the colonel's conduct; for he well knew how odious a sight a happy rival is to an unfortunate lover. I believe he was, in reality, glad to assign the cold treatment he had received from his friend to a cause which, however unjustifiable, is at the same time highly natural; and to acquit him of a levity, fickleness, and caprice, which he must have been unwillingly obliged to have seen in a much worse light.

He now resolved to take the first opportunity of accosting the colonel, and of coming to a perfect explanation upon the whole matter. He debated likewise with himself whether he should not throw himself at Amelia's feet, and confess a crime to her which he found so little hopes of concealing, and which he foresaw would occasion him so many difficulties and terrors to endeavour to conceal. Happy had it been for him, had he wisely pursued this step; since, in all probability, he would have received immediate forgiveness from the best of women; but he had not sufficient resolution, or, to speak perhaps more truly, he had too much pride, to confess his guilt, and preferred the danger of the highest inconveniences to the certainty of being put to the blush.

CHAPTER VI.

In which may appear that violence is sometimes done to the name of love.

When that happy day came in which unhallowed hands are forbidden to contaminate the shoulders of the unfortunate, Booth went early to the colonel's house, and, being admitted to his presence, began with great freedom, though with great gentleness, to complain of his not having dealt with him with more openness. "Why, my dear colonel," said he, "would you not acquaint me with that secret which this letter hath disclosed?" James read the letter, at which his countenance changed more than once; and then, after a short silence, said, "Mr. Booth, I have been to blame, I own it; and you upbraid me with justice. The true reason was, that I was ashamed of my own folly. D—n me, Booth, if I have not been a most consummate fool, a very dupe to this woman; and she hath a particular pleasure in making me so. I know what the impertinence of virtue is, and I can submit to it; but to be treated thus by a whore—You must forgive me, dear Booth, but your success was a kind of triumph over me, which I could not bear. I own, I have not the least reason to conceive any anger against you; and yet, curse me if I should not have been less displeased at your lying with my own wife; nay, I could almost have parted with half my fortune to you more willingly than have suffered you to receive that trifle of my money which you received at her hands. However, I ask your pardon, and I promise you I will never more think of you with the least ill-will on the account of this woman; but as for her, d—n me if I do not enjoy her by some means or other, whatever it costs me; for I am already above two hundred pounds out of pocket, without having scarce had a smile in return."

Booth expressed much astonishment at this declaration; he said he could not conceive how it was possible to have such an affection for a woman who did not show the least inclination to return it. James gave her a hearty curse, and said, "Pox of her inclination; I want only the possession of her person, and that, you will allow, is a very fine one. But, besides my passion for her, she hath now piqued my pride; for how can a man of my fortune brook being refused by a whore?"—"Since you are so set on the business," cries Booth, "you will excuse my saying so, I fancy you had better change your method of applying to her; for, as she is, perhaps, the vainest woman upon earth, your bounty may probably do you little service, nay, may rather actually disoblige her. Vanity is plainly her predominant passion, and, if you will administer to that, it will infallibly throw her into your arms. To this I attribute my own unfortunate success. Whilst she relieved my wants and distresses she was daily feeding her own vanity; whereas, as every gift of yours asserted your superiority, it rather offended

than pleased her. Indeed, women generally love to be of the obliging side; and, if we examine their favourites, we shall find them to be much oftener such as they have conferred obligations on than such as they have received them from."

There was something in this speech which pleased the colonel; and he said, with a smile, "I don't know how it is, Will, but you know women better than I."—"Perhaps, colonel," answered Booth, "I have studied their minds more."—"I don't, however, much envy you your knowledge," replied the other, "for I never think their minds worth considering. However, I hope I shall profit a little by your experience with Miss Matthews. Damnation seize the proud insolent harlot! the devil take me if I don't love her more than I ever loved a woman!"

The rest of their conversation turned on Booth's affairs. The colonel again reassumed the part of a friend, gave him the remainder of the money, and promised to take the first opportunity of laying his memorial before a great man.

Booth was greatly overjoyed at this success. Nothing now lay on his mind but to conceal his frailty from Amelia, to whom he was afraid Miss Matthews, in the rage of her resentment, would communicate it. This apprehension made him stay almost constantly at home; and he trembled at every knock at the door. His fear, moreover, betrayed him into a meanness which he would have heartily despised on any other occasion. This was to order the maid to deliver him any letter directed to Amelia; at the same time strictly charging her not to acquaint her mistress with her having received any such orders.

A servant of any acuteness would have formed strange conjectures from such an injunction; but this poor girl was of perfect simplicity; so great, indeed, was her simplicity, that, had not Amelia been void of all suspicion of her husband, the maid would have soon after betrayed her master.

One afternoon, while they were drinking tea, little Betty, so was the maid called, came into the room, and, calling her master forth, delivered him a card which was directed to Amelia. Booth, having read the card, on his return into the room chid the girl for calling him, saying, "If you can read, child, you must see it was directed to your mistress." To this the girl answered, pertly enough, "I am sure, sir, you ordered me to bring every letter first to you." This hint, with many women, would have been sufficient to have blown up the whole affair; but Amelia, who heard what the girl said, through the medium of love and confidence, saw the matter in a much better light than it deserved, and, looking tenderly on her husband, said, "Indeed, my love, I must blame you for a conduct which, perhaps, I ought rather to praise, as it proceeds only from the extreme tenderness of your affection. But why will you endeavour to keep any secrets from me? believe me, for my own sake, you ought not; for, as you cannot hide the consequences, you make me always suspect ten times worse than the reality. While I have you and my children well before my eyes, I am capable of facing any news which can arrive; for what ill news can come (unless, indeed, it concerns my little babe in the country) which doth not relate to the badness of our circumstances? and those, I thank Heaven, we have now a fair prospect of retrieving. Besides, dear Billy, though my understanding be much inferior to yours, I have sometimes had the happiness of luckily hitting on some argument which hath afforded you comfort. This, you know, my dear, was the case with regard to colonel James, whom I persuaded you to think you had mistaken, and you see the event proved me in the right." So happily, both for herself and Mr. Booth, did the excellence of this good woman's disposition deceive her, and force her to see everything in the most advantageous light to her husband.

The card, being now inspected, was found to contain the compliments of Mrs. James to Mrs. Booth, with an account of her having arrived in town, and having brought with her a very great cold. Amelia was overjoyed at the news of her arrival, and, having dressed herself in the utmost hurry, left her children to the care of her husband, and ran away to pay her respects to her friend, whom she loved with a most sincere affection. But how was she disappointed when, eager with the utmost impatience, and exulting with the thoughts of presently seeing her beloved friend, she was answered at the door that the lady was not at home! nor could she, upon telling her name, obtain any admission. This, considering the account she had received of the lady's cold, greatly surprised her; and she returned home very much vexed at her disappointment.

Amelia, who had no suspicion that Mrs. James was really at home, and, as the phrase is, was denied, would have made a second visit the next morning, had she not been prevented by a cold which she herself now got, and which was attended with a slight fever. This confined her several days to her house, during which Booth officiated as her nurse, and never stirred from her.

In all this time she heard not a word from Mrs. James, which gave her some uneasiness, but more astonishment. The tenth day, when she was perfectly recovered, about nine in the evening, when she and her husband were just going to supper, she heard a most violent thundering at the door, and presently after a rustling of silk upon the staircase, at the same time a female voice cried out pretty loud, "Bless me! what, am I to climb up another pair of stairs?" upon which Amelia, who well knew the voice, presently ran to the door, and ushered in Mrs. James, most splendidly dressed, who put on as formal a countenance, and made as formal a courtesy to her old friend, as if she had been her very distant acquaintance.

Poor Amelia, who was going to rush into her friend's arms, was struck motionless by this behaviour; but re-collecting her spirits, as she had an excellent presence of mind, she presently understood what the lady meant, and resolved to treat her in her own way. Down therefore the company sat, and silence prevailed for some time, during which Mrs. James surveyed the room with more attention than she would have bestowed on one much finer. At length the conversation began, in which the weather and the diversions of the town were well canvassed. Amelia, who was a woman of great humour, performed her part to admiration; so that a bystander would have doubted, in every other article than dress, which of the two was the most accomplished fine lady.

After a visit of twenty minutes, during which not a word of any former occurrences was mentioned, nor indeed any subject of discourse started, except only those two above mentioned, Mrs. James rose from her chair and retired in the same formal manner in which she had approached. We will pursue her for the sake of the contrast during the rest of the evening. She went from Amelia directly to a rout, where she spent two hours in a crowd of company, talked again and again over the diversions and news of the town, played two rubbers at whist, and then retired to her own apartment, where, having passed another hour in undressing herself, she went to her own bed.

Booth and his wife, the moment their companion was gone, sat down to supper on a piece of cold meat, the remains of their dinner. After which, over a pint of wine, they entertained themselves for a while with the ridiculous behaviour of their visitant. But Amelia, declaring she rather saw her as the object of pity than anger, turned the discourse to pleasanter topics. The little actions of their children, the former scenes and future prospects of their life, furnished them with many pleasant ideas; and the contemplation of Amelia's recovery threw Booth into raptures. At length they retired, happy in each other.

It is possible some readers may be no less surprised at the behaviour of Mrs. James than was Amelia herself, since they may have perhaps received so favourable an impression of that lady from the account given of her by Mr. Booth, that her present demeanour may seem unnatural and inconsistent with her former character. But they will be pleased to consider the great alteration in her circumstances, from a state of dependency on a brother, who was himself no better than a soldier of fortune, to that of being wife to a man of a very large estate and considerable rank in life. And what was her present behaviour more than that of a fine lady who considered form and show as essential ingredients of human happiness, and imagined all friendship to consist in ceremony, courtesies, messages, and visits? in which opinion, she hath the honour to think with much the larger part of one sex, and no small number of the other.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing a very extraordinary and pleasing incident

The next evening Booth and Amelia went to walk in the park with their children. They were now on the verge of the parade, and Booth was describing to his wife the several buildings round it, when, on a sudden, Amelia, missing her little boy, cried out, "Where's little Billy?" Upon which, Booth, casting his eyes over the grass, saw a foot-soldier shaking the boy at a little distance. At this sight, without making any answer to his wife, he leaped over the rails, and, running directly up to the fellow, who had a firelock with a bayonet fixed in his hand, he seized him by the collar and tripped up his heels, and, at the same time, wrested his arms from him. A serjeant upon duty, seeing the affray at some distance, ran presently up, and, being told what had happened, gave the sentinel a hearty curse, and told him he deserved to be hanged. A by-stander gave this information; for Booth was returned with his little boy to meet Amelia, who staggered towards him as fast as she could, all pale and breathless, and scarce able to support her tottering limbs. The serjeant now came up to Booth, to make an apology for the behaviour of the soldier, when, of a sudden, he turned almost as pale as Amelia herself. He stood silent whilst Booth was employed in comforting and recovering his wife; and then, addressing himself to him, said, "Bless me! lieutenant, could I imagine it had been your honour; and was it my little master that the rascal used so? —I am glad I did not know it, for I should certainly have run my halbert into him."

Booth presently recognised his old faithful servant Atkinson, and gave him a hearty greeting, saying he was very glad to see him in his present situation. "Whatever I am," answered the serjeant, "I shall always think I owe it to your honour." Then, taking the little boy by the hand he cried, "What a vast fine young gentleman master is grown!" and, cursing the soldier's inhumanity, swore heartily he would make him pay for it.

As Amelia was much disordered with her fright, she did not recollect her foster-brother till he was introduced to her by Booth; but she no sooner knew him than she bestowed a most obliging smile on him; and, calling him by the name of honest Joe, said she was heartily glad to see him in England. "See, my dear," cries Booth, "what preferment your old friend is come to. You would scarce know him, I believe, in his present state of finery." "I am very well pleased to see it," answered Amelia, "and I wish him joy of being made an officer with all my heart." In fact, from what Mr. Booth said, joined to the serjeant's laced coat, she believed that he had obtained a commission. So weak and absurd is human vanity, that this mistake of Amelia's possibly put poor Atkinson out of countenance, for he looked at this instant more silly than he had ever done in his life; and, making her a most respectful bow, muttered something about obligations, in a scarce articulate or intelligible manner.

The serjeant had, indeed, among many other qualities, that modesty which a Latin author honours by the name of ingenuous: nature had given him this, notwithstanding the meanness of his birth; and six years' conversation in the army had not taken it away. To say the truth, he was a noble fellow; and Amelia, by supposing he had a commission in the guards, had been guilty of no affront to that honourable body.

Booth had a real affection for Atkinson, though, in fact, he knew not half his merit. He acquainted him with his lodgings, where he earnestly desired to see him.

Amelia, who was far from being recovered from the terrors into which the seeing her husband engaged with the soldier had thrown her, desired to go home: nor was she well able to walk without some assistance. While she supported herself, therefore, on her husband's arm, she told Atkinson she should be obliged to him if he would take care of the children. He readily accepted the office; but, upon offering his hand to miss, she refused, and burst into tears. Upon which the tender mother resigned Booth to her children, and put herself under the serjeant's protection; who conducted her safe home, though she often declared she feared she should drop down by the way; the fear of which so affected the serjeant (for, besides the honour which he himself had for the lady, he knew how tenderly his friend loved her) that he was unable to speak; and, had not his nerves been so strongly braced that nothing could shake them, he had enough in his mind to have set him a trembling equally with the lady.

When they arrived at the lodgings the mistress of the house opened the door, who, seeing Amelia's condition, threw open the parlour and begged her to walk in, upon which she immediately flung herself into a chair, and all present thought she would have fainted away. However, she escaped that misery, and, having drank a glass of water with a little white wine mixed in it, she began in a little time to regain her complexion, and at length assured Booth that she was perfectly recovered, but declared she had never undergone so much, and earnestly begged him never to be so rash for the future. She then called her little boy and gently chid him, saying, "You must never do so more, Billy; you see what mischief you might have brought upon your father, and what you have made me suffer." "La! mamma," said the child, "what harm did I do? I did not know that people might not walk in the green fields in London. I am sure if I did a fault, the man

punished me enough for it, for he pinched me almost through my slender arm." He then bared his little arm, which was greatly discoloured by the injury it had received. Booth uttered a most dreadful execration at this sight, and the serjeant, who was now present, did the like.

Atkinson now returned to his guard and went directly to the officer to acquaint him with the soldier's inhumanity, but he, who was about fifteen years of age, gave the serjeant a great curse and said the soldier had done very well, for that idle boys ought to be corrected. This, however, did not satisfy poor Atkinson, who, the next day, as soon as the guard was relieved, beat the fellow most unmercifully, and told him he would remember him as long as he stayed in the regiment.

Thus ended this trifling adventure, which some readers will, perhaps, be pleased with seeing related at full length. None, I think, can fail drawing one observation from it, namely, how capable the most insignificant accident is of disturbing human happiness, and of producing the most unexpected and dreadful events. A reflection which may serve to many moral and religious uses.

This accident produced the first acquaintance between the mistress of the house and her lodgers; for hitherto they had scarce exchanged a word together. But the great concern which the good woman had shown on Amelia's account at this time, was not likely to pass unobserved or unthanked either by the husband or wife. Amelia, therefore, as soon as she was able to go up stairs, invited Mrs. Ellison (for that was her name) to her apartment, and desired the favour of her to stay to supper. She readily complied, and they passed a very agreeable evening together, in which the two women seemed to have conceived a most extraordinary liking to each other.

Though beauty in general doth not greatly recommend one woman to another, as it is too apt to create envy, yet, in cases where this passion doth not interfere, a fine woman is often a pleasing object even to some of her own sex, especially when her beauty is attended with a certain air of affability, as was that of Amelia in the highest degree. She was, indeed, a most charming woman; and I know not whether the little scar on her nose did not rather add to than diminish her beauty.

Mrs. Ellison, therefore, was as much charmed with the loveliness of her fair lodger as with all her other engaging qualities. She was, indeed, so taken with Amelia's beauty, that she could not refrain from crying out in a kind of transport of admiration, "Upon my word, captain Booth, you are the happiest man in the world! Your lady is so extremely handsome that one cannot look at her without pleasure."

This good woman had herself none of these attractive charms to the eye. Her person was short and immoderately fat; her features were none of the most regular; and her complexion (if indeed she ever had a good one) had considerably suffered by time.

Her good humour and complaisance, however, were highly pleasing to Amelia. Nay, why should we conceal the secret satisfaction which that lady felt from the compliments paid to her person? since such of my readers as like her best will not be sorry to find that she was a woman.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing various matters.

A FORTNIGHT had now passed since Booth had seen or heard from the colonel, which did not a little surprise him, as they had parted so good friends, and as he had so cordially undertaken his cause concerning the memorial on which all his hopes depended.

The uneasiness which this gave him farther increased on finding that his friend refused to see him; for he had paid the colonel a visit at nine in the morning, and was told he was not stirring; and at his return back an hour afterwards the servant said his master was gone out, of which Booth was certain of the falsehood; for he had, during that whole hour, walked backwards and forwards within sight of the colonel's door, and must have seen him if he had gone out within that time.

The good colonel, however, did not long suffer his friend to continue in this deplorable state of anxiety; for, the very next morning, Booth received his memorial enclosed in a letter, acquainting him that Mr. James had mentioned his affair to the person he proposed, but that the great man had so many engagements on his hands that it was impossible for him to make any further promises at this time.

The cold and distant style of this letter, and, indeed, the whole behaviour of James, so different from what it had been formerly, had something so mysterious in it, that it greatly puzzled and perplexed poor Booth; and it was so long before he was able to solve it, that the reader's curiosity will, perhaps, be obliged to us for not leaving him so long in the dark as to this matter. The true reason, then, of the colonel's conduct was this: his unbounded generosity, together with the unbounded extravagance and consequently the great necessity of Miss Matthews, had at length overcome the cruelty of that lady, with whom he likewise had luckily no rival. Above all, the desire of being revenged on Booth, with whom she was, to the highest degree, enraged, had, perhaps, contributed not a little to his success; for she had no sooner condescended to a familiarity with her new lover, and discovered that captain James, of whom she had heard so much from Booth, was no other than the identical colonel, than she employed every art of which she was mistress to make an utter breach of friendship between these two. For this purpose she did not scruple to insinuate that the colonel was not at all obliged to the character given of him by his friend, and to the account of this latter she placed most of the cruelty which she had shown to the former.

Had the colonel made a proper use of his reason, and fairly examined the probability of the fact, he could scarce have been imposed upon to believe a matter so inconsistent with all he knew of Booth, and in which that gentleman must have sinned against all the laws of honour without any visible temptation. But, in solemn fact, the colonel was so intoxicated with his love, that it was in the power of his mistress to have persuaded him of anything; besides, he had an interest in giving her credit, for he was not a little pleased with finding a reason for hating the man whom he could not help hating without any reason, at least, without any which he durst fairly assign even to himself. Henceforth, therefore, he abandoned all friendship for Booth, and was more inclined to put him out of the world than to endeavour any longer at supporting him in it.

Booth communicated this letter to his wife, who endeavoured, as usual, to the utmost of her power, to console him under one of the greatest afflictions which, I think, can befal a man, namely, the unkindness of a friend; but he had luckily at the same time the greatest blessing in his possession, the kind-

ness of a faithful snd beloved wife. A hlessing, however, which, though it cempensates most of the evils ef life, rather serves to aggravate the misfortune ef distressed circumstances, from the considerstien of the share which she is to bear in them.

This afternoon Amelia received a second visit from Mrs. Ellison, who acquainted her that she had a present of a ticket for the oratorio, which would carry two persons into the gallery; and therefore begged the faveur of her company thither.

Amelia, with many thanks, acknowledged the civility of Mrs. Ellison, hut declined accepting her offer; upon which Booth very strenuously insisted en her going, and said to her, "My dear, if you knew the satisfaction I have in any of your plessnres, I am convinced you would not refuse the favour Mrs. Ellisen is so kind to offer yon; for, as you are a lover ef music, you, who have never heen at an oratorie, cannot conceive how yon will be delighted." "I well know yenr goodness, my dear," answered Amelia, "hut I cannot think of leaving my children without some person more proper to take care of them than this poor girl." Mrs. Ellison removed this ehjection hy offering her own servant, a very discreet matron, to attend them; hnt netwithstanding this, and all she could say, with the assistance ef Booth, and of the children themselves, Amelia still persisted in her refusal; and the mistress of the house, who knew how far good hreeding allows persons te he pressing on these occasions, took her leave.

She was ne sooner departed than Amelia, looking tenderly on her husband, said, "How can you, my dear creature, think that music hath any charms for me at this time? or, indeed, de you believe that I am capahle of any sensation worthy the name of pleasure when neither yon nor my children are present or bear any part ef it?"

An officer of the regiment to which Booth had formerly belonged, hearing from Atkinson where he lodged, now came to pay him a visit. He told him that several ef their old acquaintance were to meet the next Wednesday at a tavern, and very strongly pressed him to be ene of the cempany. Booth was, in truth, what is called a hearty fellow, and loved now and then to take a cheerful glass with his friends; but he excused himself at this time. His friend declared he would taka no denial, and he growing very importunate, Amelia at length seconded him. Upon this Booth answered, "Well, my dear, since you desire me, I will comply, hnt en one condition, that yeu go at the same time to the oratorio." Amelia thought this request reasonable enough, and gave her consent; ef which Mrs. Ellison presently received the news, and with great satisfaction.

It may perhaps be asked why Booth could go to the taverv, and not to the eratorio with his wife? In truth, then, the tavern was within hallowed ground, that is to say, in the verge ef the court; for, of five officers that were to meet there, three, hesides Booth, were confined to that air which hath been always found extremely wholesome to a hroken military constitution. And here, if the good reader will pardon the pnn, he will scarce be offended at the observation; since, how is it possihle that, without running in deht, any person should maintain the dress and appearance ef a gentleman whose income is net half so good as that of a porter? It is true that this allowance, small as it is, is a great expense to the puhlic; hut, if several more unnecessary charges were epared, the pohlic might, perhaps, bear a little increase of this without much feeling it. They would not, I am sure, have equal reason to complain at contribnting to the maintenance of a set ef hrave fellows who, at the hazard of their health, their limbs, and their lives, have maintained the safety and honour ef their country, as when they find themselves taxed to the support of a set of drones, who have not the least merit or claim to their favour, and who, without contributing in any manner to the good of the hive, live luxuriously on the laheurs ef the industrious hee.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Amelia, with her friend, goes to the oratorio.

NOTHING happened hetween the Monday and the Wednesday worthy a place in this history. Upon the evening of the latter the two ladies went to the eratorio, and were there time enough to get a first row in the gallery. Indeed, there was only one person in the house when they came; for Amelia's inclinations, when she gave a loose to them, were pretty eager for this diversion, she heing a great lover of music, and particularly of Mr. Handel's compositions. Mrs. Ellison was, I suppose, a great lover likewise ef music, for she was the more impatient ef the twe; which was rather the more extraordinary, as these entertainments were not such novelties to her as they were to poor Amelia.

Though eur ladies arrived full two hours hefere they saw the back ef Mr. Handel, yet this time of expectation did not hang extremely heavy on their hands; fer, hesides their own chat, they had the company ef the gentleman whom they found at their first arrival in the gallery, and who, theugh plainly, or rather roughly dressed, very luckily for the women, happened to he not only well hred, but a person of a very lively conversatien. The gentleman, en his part, seemed highly charmed with Amelia, and in fact was so; for, though he restrained himself entirely within the rules of good hreeding, yet was he in the highest degree officious to catch at every opportunity of showing his respect, and doing her little services. He procured her a hook and wax-candle, and held the candle for her himself during the whele entertaiument.

At the end ef the eraterio he declared he would not leave the ladies till he had seen them safe into their chairs or coach; and at the same time very earnestly entreated that he might have the honour of waiting on them. Upon which Mrs. Ellison, whe was a very good-humoured woman, answered, "Ay, sure, sir, if you please; you have been very obliging to ns; and a dish of tea shall be at your service at any time;" and then told him where she lived.

The ladies were no sooner seated in the hackney-coach than Mrs. Ellison burst into a loud laughter, and cried, "I'll be hanged, madam, if you have net made a conquest to-night; and, what is very pleasant, I believe the poor gentleman takes you for a single lady." "Nay," answered Amelia very gravely, "I protest I began to think at last he was rather too particular, though he did not venture at a word that I conld be effended at; hut, if you fancy any such thing, I am sorry you invited him to drink tea." "Why so?" replied Mrs. Ellison. "Are you angry with a man fer liking yeu? if yeu are, you will he angry with almost every man that sees yeu. If I was a man myself, I declare I should he in the number of your admirers. Poor gentleman, I pity him heartily; he little knows that you have not a heart to dispose ef. For my own part, I should not be surprised at seeing a serieus proposal ef marriage: for I am convinced he is a man ef fortune, not only by the politeness of his address, hut hy the fineness of his linen, and that valnable diamond ring on his finger.

But you will see more of him when he comes to tea." "Indeed I shall not," answered Amelia, "though I believe you only rally me; I hope you have a better opinion of me than to think I would go willingly into the company of a man who had an improper liking for me." Mrs. Ellison, who was one of the gayest women in the world, repeated the words, improper liking, with a laugh; and cried, "My dear Mrs. Booth, believe me, you are too handsome and too good-humoured for a prude. How can you affect being offended at what I am convinced is the greatest pleasure of womankind, and chiefly, I believe, of us virtuous women? for, I assure you, notwithstanding my gaiety, I am as virtuous as any prude in Europe." "Far be it from me, madam," said Amelia, "to suspect the contrary of abundance of women who indulge themselves in much greater freedoms than I should take, or have any pleasure in taking; for I solemnly protest, if I know my own heart, the liking of all men, but of one, is a matter quite indifferent to me, or rather would be highly disagreeable."

This discourse brought them home, where Amelia, finding her children asleep, and her husband not returned, invited her companion to partake of her homely fare, and down they sat to supper together. The clock struck twelve; and, no news being arrived of Booth, Mrs. Ellison began to express some astonishment at his stay, whence she launched into a general reflection on husbands, and soon passed to some particular invectives on her own. "Ah, my dear madam," says she, "I know the present state of your mind, by what I have myself often felt formerly. I am no stranger to the melancholy tone of a midnight clock. It was my misfortune to drag on a heavy chain above fifteen years with a sottish yokefellow. But how can I wonder at my fate, since I see even your superior charms cannot confine a husband from the bewitching pleasures of a bottle?" "Indeed, madam," says Amelia, "I have no reason to complain; Mr. Booth is one of the soberest of men; but now and then to spend a late hour with his friend is, I think, highly excusable." "O, no doubt!" cries Mrs. Ellison, "if he can excuse himself; but if I was a man—" Here Booth came in and interrupted the discourse. Amelia's eyes flashed with joy the moment he appeared; and he discovered no less pleasure in seeing her. His spirits were indeed a little elevated with wine, so as to heighten his good-humour, without in the least disordering his understanding, and made him such delightful company, that, though it was past one in the morning, neither his wife nor Mrs. Ellison thought of their beds during a whole hour.

Early the next morning the serjeant came to Mr. Booth's lodgings, and with a melancholy countenance acquainted him that he had been the night before at an alehouse, where he heard one Mr. Murphy, an attorney, declare that he would get a warrant backed against one captain Booth at the next board of green-cloth. "I hope, sir," said he, "your honour will pardon me, but, by what he said, I was afraid he meant your honour; and therefore I thought it my duty to tell you; for I knew the same thing happen to a gentleman here the other day."

Booth gave Mr. Atkinson many thanks for his information. "I doubt not," said he, "but I am the person meant; for it would be foolish in me to deny that I am liable to apprehensions of that sort." "I hope, sir," said the serjeant, "your honour will soon have reason to fear no man living; but in the mean time, if any accident should happen, my hail is at your service as far as it will go; and I am a housekeeper, and can swear myself worth one hundred pounds. Which hearty and friendly declaration received all those acknowledgments from Booth which it really deserved.

The poor gentleman was greatly alarmed at this news; but he was altogether as much surprised at Murphy's being the attorney employed against him, as all his debts, except only to captain James, arose in the country, where he did not know that Mr. Murphy had any acquaintance. However, he made no doubt that he was the person intended, and resolved to remain a close prisoner in his own lodgings, till he saw the event of a proposal which had been made him the evening before at the tavern where an honest gentleman, who had a post under the government, and who was one of the company, had promised to serve him with the secretary at war, telling him that he made no doubt of procuring him whole pay in a regiment abroad, which in his present circumstances was very highly worth his acceptance, when, indeed, that and a gaol seemed to be the only alternatives that offered themselves to his choice.

Mr. Booth and his lady spent that afternoon with Mrs. Ellison—an incident which we should scarce have mentioned, had it not been that Amelia gave, on this occasion, an instance of that prudence which should never be off its guard in married women of delicacy; for, before she would consent to drink tea with Mrs. Ellison, she made conditions that the gentleman who had met them at the oratorio should not be let in. Indeed, this circumspection proved unnecessary in the present instance, for no such visitor ever came; a circumstance which gave great content to Amelia; for that lady had been a little uneasy at the raillery of Mrs. Ellison, and had upon reflection magnified every little compliment made her, and every little civility shown her by the unknown gentleman, far beyond the truth. These imaginations now all subsided again; and she imputed all that Mrs. Ellison had said either to raillery or mistake.

A young lady made a fourth with them at whist, and likewise stayed the whole evening. Her name was Bennet. She was about the age of five-and-twenty; but sickness had given her an older look, and had a good deal diminished her beauty; of which, young as she was, she plainly appeared to have only the remains in her present possession. She was in one particular the very reverse of Mrs. Ellison, being altogether as remarkably grave as the other was gay. This gravity was not, however, attended with any sourness of temper; on the contrary, she had much sweetness in her countenance, and was perfectly well bred. In short, Amelia imputed her grave deportment to her ill health, and began to entertain a compassion for her, which in good minds, that is to say, in minds capable of compassion, is certain to introduce some little degree of love or friendship.

Amelia was in short so pleased with the conversation of this lady, that, though a woman of no impertinent curiosity, she could not help taking the first opportunity of inquiring who she was. Mrs. Ellison said that she was an unhappy lady, who had married a young clergyman for love, who, dying of a consumption, had left her a widow in very indifferent circumstances. This account made Amelia still pity her more, and consequently added to the liking which she had already conceived for her. Amelia, therefore, desired Mrs. Ellison to bring her acquainted with Mrs. Bennet, and said she would go any day with her to make that lady a visit. "There need be no ceremony," cried Mrs. Ellison; "she is a woman of no form; and, as I saw plainly she was extremely pleased with Mrs. Booth I am convinced

I can bring her to drink tea with you any afternoon you please."

The two next days Booth continued at home highly to the satisfaction of his Amelia, who really knew no happiness out of his company, nor scarce any misery in it. She had, indeed, at all times so much of his company when in his power, that she had no occasion to assign any particular reason for his staying with her, and consequently it could give her no cause of suspicion. The Saturday, one of her children was a little disordered with a feverish complaint which confined her to her room, and prevented her drinking tea in the afternoon with her husband in Mrs. Ellison's apartment, where a noble lord, a cousin of Mrs. Ellison, happened to be present; for, though that lady was reduced in her circumstances and obliged to let out part of her house in lodgings, she was born of a good family and had some considerable relations.

His lordship was not himself in any office of state, but his fortune gave him great authority with those who were. Mrs. Ellison, therefore, very bluntly took an opportunity of recommending Booth to his consideration. She took the first hint from my lord's calling the gentleman captain; to which she answered, "Ay, I wish your lordship would make him so. It would be an act of justice, and I know it is in your power to do much greater things." She then mentioned Booth's services, and the wounds he had received at the siege, of which she had heard a faithful account from Amelia. Booth blushed, and was as silent as a young virgin at the hearing her own praises. His lordship answered, "Cousin Ellison, you know you may command my interest; nay, I shall have a pleasure in serving one of Mr. Booth's character: for my part, I think merit in all capacities ought to be encouraged, but I know the ministry are greatly pestered with sollcitations at this time. However, Mr. Booth may be assured I will take the first opportunity; and, in the mean time, I shall be glad of seeing him any morning he pleases." For all these declarations Booth was not wanting in acknowledgments to the generous peer any more than he was in secret gratitude to the lady who had shown so friendly and uncommon a zeal in his favour.

The reader, when he knows the character of this nobleman, may, perhaps, conclude that his seeing Booth alone was a lucky circumstance, for he was so passionate an admirer of women, that he could scarce have escaped the attraction of Amelia's beauty. And few men, as I have observed, have such disinterested generosity as to serve a husband the better because they are in love with his wife, unless she will condescend to pay a price beyond the reach of a virtuous woman.

BOOK V.—CHAPTER I.

In which the reader will meet with an old acquaintance.

Booth's affairs put on a better aspect than they had ever worn before, and he was willing to make use of the opportunity of one day in seven to taste the fresh air.

At nine in the morning he went to pay a visit to his old friend colonel James, resolving, if possible, to have a full explanation of that behaviour which appeared to him so mysterious; but the colonel was as inaccessible as the best defended fortress; and it was as impossible for Booth to pass beyond his entry as the Spaniards found it to take Gibraltar. He received the usual answers; first, that the colonel was not stirring, and an hour after that he was gone out. All that he got by asking further questions was only to receive still ruder and ruder answers, by which, if he had been very sagacious, he might have been satisfied how little worth his while it was to desire to go in; for the porter at a great man's door is a kind of thermometer, by which you may discover the warmth or coldness of his master's friendship. Nay, in the highest stations of all, as the great man himself hath his different kinds of salutation, from an hearty embrace with a kiss, and my dear lord or dear sir Charles, down to, well Mr. ——, what would you have me do? so the porter to some bows with respect, to others with a smile, to some he bows more, to others less low, to others not at all. Some he just lets in, and others he just shuts out. And in all this they so well correspond, that one would be inclined to think that the great man and his porter had compared their lists together, and, like two actors concerned to act different parts in the same scene, had rehearsed their parts privately together before they ventured to perform in public.

Though Booth did not, perhaps, see the whole matter in this just light, for that in reality it is, yet he was discerning enough to conclude, from the behaviour of the servant, especially when he considered that of the master likewise, that he had entirely lost the friendship of James; and this conviction gave him a concern that not only the flattering prospect of his lordship's favour was not able to compensate, but which even obliterated, and made him for a while forget the situation in which he had left his Amelia: and he wandered about almost two hours, scarce knowing where he went, till at last he dropped into a coffee-house near St. James's, where he sat himself down.

He had scarce drank his dish of coffee before he heard a young officer of the guards cry to another, "Od, d—n me, Jack, here he comes—here's old honour and dignity, faith." Upon which he saw a chair open, and out issued a most erect and stately figure indeed, with a vast periwig on his head and a vast hat under his arm. This august personage, having entered the room, walked directly up to the upper end, where having paid his respects to all present of any note, to each according to seniority, he at last cast his eyes on Booth, and very civilly, though somewhat coldly, asked him how he did.

Booth, who had long recognised the features of his old acquaintance Major Bath, returned the compliment with a very low bow; but did not venture to make the first advance to familiarity, as he was truly possessed of that quality which the Greeks considered in the highest light of honour, and which we term modesty; though indeed, neither ours nor the Latin language hath any word adequate to the idea of the original.

The colonel, after having discharged himself of two or three articles of news, and made his comments upon them, when the next chair to him became vacant, called upon Booth to fill it. He then asked him several questions relating to his affairs; and, when he heard he was out of the army, advised him earnestly to use all means to get in again, saying that he was a pretty lad, and they must not lose him.

Booth told him in a whisper that he had a great deal to say to him on that subject if they were in a more private place; upon this the colonel proposed a walk in the Park, which the other readily accepted.

During their walk Booth opened his heart, and, among other matters, acquainted colonel Bath that he feared he had lost the friendship of colonel James; "though I am not," said he, "conscious of having done the least thing to deserve it."

Bath answered, "You are certainly mistaken, Mr. Booth. I have indeed scarce seen my brother since my coming to town; for I have been here but two

days; however, I am convinced he is a man of too nice honour to do anything inconsistent with the true dignity of a gentleman." Booth answered, "He was far from accusing him of anything dishonourable."—"D—n me," said Bath, "if there is a man alive can or dare accuse him: if you have the least reason to take anything ill, why don't you go to him? you are a gentleman, and his rank doth not protect him from giving you satisfaction." "The affair is not of any such kind," says Booth; "I have great uhligations to the colonel, and have more reason to lament than complain; and, if I could hut see him, I am convinced I should have no cause for either; but I cannot get within his house; it was hut an hour ago a servant of his turned me rudely from the door." "Did a servant of my brother use you rudely?" said the colonel, with the utmost gravity. "I do not know, sir, in what light you see such things; hut, to me, the affront of a servant is the affront of the master; and if he doth not immediately punish it, hy all the dignity of a man, I would see the master's nose hetween my fingers." Booth offered to explain, hut to no purpose; the colonel was got into his stilts; and it was impossihle to take him down, nay, it was as much as Booth could possihly do to part with him without an actual quarrel; nor would he, perhaps, have been ahle to have accomplished it, had not the colonel hy accident turned at last to take Booth's side of the question; and hefore they separated he swore many oaths that James should give him proper satisfaction.

Such was the end of this present interview, so little to the coutent of Booth, that he was heartily concerned he had ever mentioned a syllahle of the matter to his honourable friend.

CHAPTER II.

In which Booth pays a visit to the noble lord.

When that day of the week returned in which Mr. Booth chose to walk ahroad, he went to wait on the nohle peer, according to his kind invitation.

Booth now found a very different reception with this great man's porter from what he had met with at his friend the colonel's. He no sooner told his name than the porter with a how told him his lordship was at home: the door immediately flew wide open, and he was conducted to an antechamber, where a servant told him he would acquaint his lordship with his arrival. Nor did he wait many minutes before the same servant returned and ushered him to his lordship's apartment.

He found my lord alone, and was received by him in the most courteous manner imaginahle. After the first ceremonials were over, his lordship began in the following words; "Mr. Booth, I do assure yon, you are very much obliged to my eousin Ellison. She hath given yon such a character, that I shall have a pleasnre in doing anything in my power to serve you.—But it will be very difficult, I am afraid, to get you a rank at home. In the West Indies, perhaps, or in some regiment abroad, it may be more easy; and, when I eonsider your reputation as a soldier, I make no douht of your readiness to go to any place where the service of your country shall call you." Booth answered, "That be was highly obliged to his lordship, and assured him he would with great cheerfulness attend his duty in any part of the world. The only thing grievous in the exchange of countries," said he, "in my opinion, is to leave those I love hehind me, and I am snre I shall never have a second trial equal to my first. It was very hard, my lord, to leave a young wife hig with her first child, and so affected with my ahsence, that I had the utmost reason to despair of ever seeing her more. After such a demonstration of my resolntion to sacrifice every other consideration to my duty, I hope your lordship will honour me with some confidence that I shall make no ohjection to serve in any country."—"My dear Booth," answered the lord, "you speak like a soldier, and I greatly honour your sentiments. Indeed, I own the justice of your inference from the example you have given; fur to quit a wife, as you say, in the very infancy of marriage, is, I acknowledge, some trial of resolution. Booth answered with a low how; and then, after some immaterial eonversation, his lordship promised to speak immediately to the minister and appointed Mr. Booth to come to him again on the Wednesday morning, that he might be acquainted with his patron's success. The poor man now hlushed and looked silly, till, after some time he summoned up all his coursge to his assistance and, relying on the other's friendship, he opened the whole affair of his eircumstances, and eonfessed that he did not dare stir from bis lodgings above one day in seven. His lordship expressed great concern at this account, and very kindly promised to take some opportunity of calling on him at bis eousin Ellison's, when he hoped, he said, to bring him comfortahle tidings.

Booth soon afterwards took his leave with the most profuse acknowledgments for so much goodness, and hastened home to acquaint his Amelia with what had so greatly overjoyed him. She highly congratulated him on his having found so generous and powerful a friend, towards wbom both their bosoms hurnt with the warmest sentiments of gratitude. She was not, however, contented till she had made Booth renew his promise, in the most solemn manner, of taking her with him. After whicb they sat down with their little ehildren to a scrag of mutton and hroth, with the highest satisfaction, and very heartily drank his lordship's bealth in a pot of porter.

In the afternoon this happy conple, if the reader will allow me to call poor people happy, drank tea with Mrs. Ellison, where his lordship's praises, being again repeated hy hoth the husband and wife, were very loudly echoed hy Mrs. Ellison. While they were here, the young lady whom we have mentioned at the end of the last hook to have made a fourth at whist, and with whom Amelia seemed so much pleased, came in; she was just returned to town from a short visit in the country, and her present visit was unexpected. It was, however, very agreeable to Amelia, who liked her still hetter upon a second interview, and was resolved to solicit ber further acquaintance.

Mrs. Bennet still maintained some little reserve, hut was much more familiar and communicative than before. She appeared, moreover, to he as little ceremonious as Mrs. Ellison had reported ber, and very readily accepted Amelia's apology for not paying her the first visit, and agreed to drink tea with her the very next afternoon.

Whilst the above-mentioned company were sitting in Mrs. Ellison's parlour, serjeant Atkinson passed by the window and knocked at the door. Mrs. Ellison no sooner saw him than she said, "Pray, Mr. Booth, who is that genteel young serjeant? he was here every day last week to inquire after you." This was indeed a fact; the serjeant was apprehensive of the design of Murphy; hut, as the poor fellow had received all his answers from the maid or Mrs. Ellison, Booth had never heard a word of the matter. He was, however, greatly pleased with

what he was now told, and hurst forth into great praise of the serjeant, which were seconded hy Amelia, who added that he was her foster-hrôther, and she helieved one of the honestest fellows in the world.

"And I 'll swear," cries Mrs. Ellison, "he is one of the prettiest. Do, Mr. Booth, desire him to walk in. A serjeant of the guards is a gentleman; and I had rather give sueh a man as you dessribe a dish of tea than any Beau Frihhle of them all."

Booth wanted no great solicitation to show any kind of regard to Atkinson; and, accordingly, the serjeant was ushered in, thongh not without some reluctance on his side. There is, perhaps, nothing more uneasy than those sensatious which the Freneh call the *mauvaise honte*, nor any more difficult to eonquer; and poor Atkinson would, I am persuaded, have mounted a hreach with less concern than he showed in walking across a room before three ladies, two of whom were his avowed well-wishers.

Though I do not entirely agree with the late learned Mr. Essex, the celebrated dancing-master's opinion, that dancing is the rudiment of polite education, as he would, I apprehend, exclude every other art and scieuce, yet it is certain that persons whose feet have never been nnder the hands of the professors of that art are apt to discover this want in their education in every motion, nay, even when they stand or sit still. They seem, indeed, to be overburned with limhs which they know not how to use, as if, when Nature hath finished her work, the dancing-master still is necessary to put it in motion.

Atkinson was, at present, an exampie of this ohservation which doth so much honour to a profession for which I have a very high regard. He was handsome and exquisitely well made; and yet, as he had never learned to dance, he made so awkward an appearance in Mrs. Ellison's parlour, that the good lady herself, who had invited him in, could at first scarce refrain from langhter at his hehaviour. He had not, however, been long in the room before admiration of his person got the better of such risihle ideas. So great is the advantage of beauty in men as well as women, and so sure is this quality in either sex of procuring some regard from the beholder.

The exceeding courteous hehaviour of Mrs. Ellison, joined to that of Amelia and Booth, at length dissipated the uneasiness of Atkinson; and he gained sufficient confidence to tell the company some entertaining stories of accidents that had happened in the army within his knowledge, which, though they greatly pleased all present, are not, however, of consequence enough to have a place in this history.

Mrs. Ellison was so very importunate with her company to stay supper that they all consented. As for the serjeant, he seemed to be none of the least welcome guests. She was, indeed, so pleased with what she had heard of him and what she saw of him, that, when a little warmed with wine, for she was no flincher at the bottle, she began to indulge some freedoms in her discourse towards him that a little offended Amelia's delicacy, nay, they did not seem to be highly relished hy the other lady; thoogh I am far from insinnating that these exceeded the bounds of decorum, or were, indeed, greater liherties than ladies of the middle age, and especially widows, do frequently allow to themselves.

CHAPTER III.

Relating principally to the affairs of serjeant Atkinson.

THE next day, when all the same company, Atkinson only excepted, assembled in Amelia's apartment, Mrs. Ellison presently began to discourse of him, and that in terms not only of approbation hut even of affection. She called him her clever serjeant, and her dear serjeant, repeated often that he was the prettiest fellow in the army, and said it was a thousand pities he had not a commission; for that, if he had, she was sure he would become a general.

"I am of your opinion, Madam," answered Booth; "and, as he hath got one hundred pounds of his own already, if he could find a wife now to help him to two or three hundred more, I think he might easily get a commission in a marching regiment; for I am convinced there is no colonel in the army would refuse him."

"Refuse him, indeed!" said Mrs. Ellison; "no; he would be a very pretty colonel that did. And, upon my honour, I believe there are very few ladies who would refuse him, if he had hut a proper opportunity of soliciting them. The colonel and the lady both would he hetter off than with one of those pretty masters that I see walking about, and dragging their long swords after them, when they should rather drag their leading-strings."

"Well said," cries Booth, "and spoken like a woman of spirit.—Indeed, I believe, they would be both better served."

"True, captain," answered Mrs. Ellison; "I would rather leave the two first syllahles out of the word gentleman than the last."

"Nay, I assure you," replied Booth, "there is not a quieter creature in the world. Though the fellow hath the bravery of a lion, he hath the meekness of a lamh. I can tell you stories enow of that kind, and so can my dear Amelia, when he was a boy."

"O! if the match sticks there," cries Amelia, "I positively will not spoil his fortune hy my silence. I can answer for him from his infancy, that he was one of the best-natured lads in the world. I will tell you a story or two of him, the truth of which I can testify from my own knowledge. When he was but six years old he was at play with me at my mother's house, and a great pointing-dog hit him through the leg. The poor lad, in the midst of the anguish of his wound, declared he was overjoyed it had not happened to miss (for the same dog had just before snapped at me, and my petticoats had been my defence).——Another instance of his goodness, which greatly recommended him to my father, and which I have loved him for ever since, was this: my father was a great lover of hirds, and strictly forhad the spoiling of their nests. Poor Joe was one day caught upon a tree, and, heing concluded guilty, was severely lashed for it; hut it was afterwards discovered that another boy, a friend of Joe's, had robbed the nest of its young ones, and poor Joe had climbed the tree in order to restore them, notwithstanding which, he submitted to the punishment rather than he would impeach his companion. But, if these stories appear chiidish and trifling, the duty and kindness he hath shown to his mother must recommend him to every one. Ever since he hath been fifteen years old he hath more than half supported her: and when my brother died, I remember particularly, Joe, at his desire, for he was much his favourite, had one of his suits given him; hut, instead of his becoming finer on that occasion, another young fellow came to church in my brother's clothes, and my old nurse appeared the same Sunday in a new gown, which her son had purchased for her with the sale of his legacy."

"Well, I protest, he is a very worthy creature," said Mrs. Bennet.

"He is a charming fellow," cries Mrs. Ellison,—"but then the name of serjeant, Captain Booth; there, as the play says, my pride brings me off again."

> And whatsoever the sages charge on pride,
> The angels fall, and twenty other good faults beside;
> On earth I'm sure—I'm sure—something—calling
> Pride saves man, and our sex too, from falling.—

Here a footman's rap at the door shook the room. Upon which Mrs. Ellison, running to the window, cried out, "Let me die if it is not my lord! what shall I do? I must be at home to him; but suppose he should inquire for you, captain, what shall I say? or will you go down with me?"

The company were in some confusion at this instant, and, before they had agreed on anything, Booth's little girl came running into the room, and said, "There was a prodigious great gentleman coming up stairs." She was immediately followed by his lordship, who, as he knew Booth must be at home, made very little or no inquiry at the door.

Amelia was taken somewhat at a surprise, but she was too polite to show much confusion; for, though she knew nothing of the town, she had had a genteel education, and kept the best company the country afforded. The ceremonies therefore passed as usual, and they all sat down.

His lordship soon addressed himself to Booth, saying, "As I have what I think good news for you, sir, I could not delay giving myself the pleasure of communicating it to you. I have mentioned your affair where I promised you, and I have no doubt of my success. One may easily perceive, you know, from the manner of people's behaving upon such occasions; and, indeed, when I related your case, I found there was much inclination to serve you. Great men, Mr. Booth, must do things in their own time; but I think you may depend on having something done very soon."

Booth made many acknowledgments for his lordship's goodness, and now a second time paid all the thanks which would have been due, even had the favour been obtained. This art of promising is the economy of a great man's pride, a sort of good husbandry in conferring favours, by which they receive tenfold in acknowledgments for every obligation, I mean among those who really intend the service; for there are others who cheat poor men of their thanks, without ever designing to deserve them at all.

This matter being sufficiently discussed, the conversation took a gayer turn; and my lord began to entertain the ladies with some of that elegant discourse which, though most delightful to hear, it is impossible should ever be read.

His lordship was so highly pleased with Amelia, that he could not help being somewhat particular to her; but this particularity distinguished itself only in a higher degree of respect, and was so very polite, and so very distant, that she herself was pleased, and at his departure, which was not till he had far exceeded the length of a common visit, declared he was the finest gentleman she had ever seen; with which sentiment her husband and Mrs. Ellison both entirely concurred.

Mrs. Bennet, on the contrary, expressed some little dislike to my lord's complaisance, which she called excessive. "For my own part," said she, "I have not the least relish for those very fine gentlemen; what the world generally calls politeness, I term insincerity; and I am more charmed with the stories which Mrs. Booth told us of the honest serjeant than with all that the finest gentlemen in the world ever said in their lives!"

"O! to be sure," cries Mrs. Ellison; "*All for Love, or the World well Lost*, is a motto very proper for some folks to wear in their coat of arms; but the generality of the world will, I believe, agree with that lady's opinion of my cousin, rather than with Mrs. Bennet."

Mrs. Bennet, seeing Mrs. Ellison took offence at what she said, thought proper to make some apology, which was very readily accepted, and so ended the visit.

We cannot however put an end to the chapter without observing that such is the ambitious temper of beauty, that it may always apply to itself that celebrated passage in Lucan,

> *Nec quenquam jam ferre potest Cæsarve priorem,*
> *Pompeiusve parem.*

Indeed, I believe, it may be laid down as a general rule, that no woman who hath any great pretensions to admiration is ever well pleased in a company where she perceives herself to fill only the second place. This observation, however, I humbly submit to the judgment of the ladies, and hope it will be considered as retracted by me if they shall dissent from my opinion.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing matters that require no preface.

When Booth and his wife were left alone together they both extremely exulted in their good fortune in having found so good a friend as his lordship; nor were they wanting in very warm expressions of gratitude towards Mrs. Ellison. After which they began to lay down schemes of living when Booth should have his commission of captain; and, after the exactest computation, concluded that, with economy, they should be able to save at least fifty pounds a-year out of their income in order to pay their debts.

These matters being well settled, Amelia asked Booth what he thought of Mrs. Bennet? "I think, my dear," answered Booth, "that she hath been formerly a very pretty woman." "I am mistaken," replied she, "if she be not a very good creature. I don't know I ever took such a liking to any one on so short an acquaintance. I fancy she hath been a very sprightly woman; for, if you observe, she discovers by starts a great vivacity in her countenance." "I made the same observation," cries Booth: "sure some strange misfortune hath befallen her." "A misfortune indeed!" answered Amelia; "sure, child, you forget what Mrs. Ellison told us, that she had lost a beloved husband. A misfortune which I have often wondered at any woman's surviving." At which words she cast a tender look at Booth, and presently afterwards, throwing herself upon his neck, cried, "O, Heavens! what a happy creature am I! when I consider the dangers you have gone through, how I exult in my bliss!" The good-natured reader will suppose that Booth was not deficient in returning such tenderness, after which the conversation became too fond to be here related.

The next morning Mrs. Ellison addressed herself to Booth as follows: "I shall make no apology, sir, for what I am going to say, as it proceeds from my friendship to yourself and your dear lady. I am convinced then, sir, there is something more than accident in your going abroad only one day in the week. Now, sir, if, as I am afraid, matters are not altogether as well as I wish them, I beg, since I do not believe you are provided with a lawyer, that you will suffer me to recommend one to you. The person I shall mention is, I assure you, of much ability in his profession, and I have known him de

great services to gentlemen under a cloud. Do not be ashamed of your circumstances, my dear friend: they are a much greater scandal to those who have left so much merit unprovided for."

Booth gave Mrs. Ellison abundance of thanks for her kindness, and explicitly confessed to her that her conjectures were right, and, without hesitation, accepted the offer of her friend's assistance.

Mrs. Ellison then acquainted him with her apprehensions on his account. She said she had both yesterday and this morning seen two or three very ugly suspicious fellows pass several times by her window. "Upon all accounts," said she, "my dear sir, I advise you to keep yourself close confined till the lawyer hath been with you. I am sure he will get you your liberty, at least of walking about within the verge. There 's something to be done with the board of green-cloth; I don't know what; but this I know, that several gentlemen have lived here a long time very comfortably, and have defied all the vengeance of their creditors. However, in the mean time, you must be a close prisoner with your lady; and I believe there is no man in England but would exchange his liberty for the same gaol."

She then departed in order to send for the attorney, and presently afterwards the serjeant arrived with news of the like kind. He said he had scraped an acquaintance with Murphy. "I hope your honour will pardon me," cries Atkinson, "but I pretended to have a small demand upon your honour myself, and offered to employ him in the business. Upon which he told me that, if I would go with him to the Marshal's court, and make affidavit of my debt, he should be able very shortly to get it me; 'for I shall have the captain in hold,' cries he, 'within a day or two.' I wish," said the serjeant, "I could do your honour any service. Shall I walk about all day before the door? or shall I be porter, and watch it in the inside, till your honour can find some means of securing yourself? I hope you will not be offended at me, but I beg you would take care of falling into Murphy's hands; for he hath the character of the greatest villain upon earth. I am afraid you will think me too bold, sir; but I have a little money: if it can be of any service, do, pray your honour, command it. It can never do me so much good any other way. Consider, sir, I owe all I have to yourself and my dear mistress."

Booth stood a moment, as if he had been thunderstruck, and then, the tears bursting from his eyes, he said, "Upon my soul, Atkinson, you overcome me. I scarce ever heard of so much goodness, nor do I know how to express my sentiments of it. But, be assured, as for your money, I will not accept it; and let it satisfy you, that in my present circumstances it would do me no essential service; but this be assured of likewise, that whilst I live I shall never forget the kindness of the offer. However, as I apprehend I may be in some danger of fellows getting into the house, for a day or two, as I have no guard but a poor little girl, I will not refuse the goodness you offer to shew in my protection. And I make no doubt but Mrs. Ellison will let you sit in her parlour for that purpose."

Atkinson, with the utmost readiness, undertook the office of porter; and Mrs. Ellison as readily allotted him a place in her back-parlour, where he continued three days together, from eight in the morning till twelve at night; during which time, he had sometimes the company of Mrs. Ellison, and sometimes of Booth, Amelia, and Mrs. Bennet too; for this last had taken as great a fancy to Amelia as Amelia had to her, and, therefore as Mr. Booth's affairs were now no secret in the neighbourhood, made her frequent visits during the confinement of her husband, and consequently her own.

Nothing, as I remember, happened in this interval of time, more worthy notice than the following card which Amelia received from her old acquaintance Mrs. James:—"Mrs. James sends her compliments to Mrs. Booth, and desires to know how she does; for, as she hath not had the favour of seeing her at her own house, or of meeting her in any public place, in so long time, fears it may be owing to ill health."

Amelia had long given over all thoughts of her friend, and doubted not but that she was as entirely given over by her; she was very much surprised at this message, and under some doubt whether it was not meant as an insult, especially from the mention of public places, which she thought so inconsistent with her present circumstances, of which she supposed Mrs. James was well apprised. However, at the entreaty of her husband, who languished for nothing more than to be again reconciled to his friend James, Amelia undertook to pay the lady a visit, and to examine into the mystery of this conduct, which appeared to her so unaccountable.

Mrs. James received her with a degree of civility that amazed Amelia no less than her coldness had done before. She resolved to come to an eclaircissement, and, having sat out some company that came in, when they were alone together Amelia, after some silence and many offers to speak, at last said, "My dear Jenny (if you will now suffer me to call you by so familiar a name), have you entirely forgot a certain young lady who had the pleasure of being your intimate acquaintance at Montpelier?" "Whom do you mean, dear madam?" cries Mrs James with great concern. "I mean myself," answered Amelia. "You surprise me, madam," replied Mrs. James: "How can you ask me that question?" "Nay, my dear, I do not intend to offend you," cries Amelia, "but I am really desirous to solve to myself the reason of that coldness which you showed me when you did me the favour of a visit. Can you think, my dear, I was not disappointed, when I expected to meet an intimate friend, to receive a cold formal visitant? I desire you to examine your own heart and answer me honestly if you do not think I had some little reason to be dissatisfied with your behaviour?" "Indeed, Mrs. Booth," answered the other lady, "you surprise me very much; if there was anything displeasing to you in my behaviour I am extremely concerned at it. I did not know I had been defective in any of the rules of civility, but if I was, madam, I ask your pardon." "Is civility then, my dear," replied Amelia, "a synonymous term with friendship? Could I have expected, when I parted the last time with Miss Jenny Bath, to have met her the next time in the shape of a fine lady, complaining of the hardship of climbing up two pair of stairs to visit me, and then approaching me with the distant air of a new or a slight acquaintance? Do you think, my dear Mrs. James, if the tables had been turned, if my fortune had been as high in the world as yours, and you in my distress and abject condition, that I would not have climbed as high as the Monument to visit you?" "Sure, madam," cried Mrs. James, "I mistake you, or you have greatly mistaken me. Can you complain of my not visiting you, who have owed me a visit almost these three weeks? Nay, did I not even then send you a card, which sure was doing more than all the friendship and good-breeding in the world required; but, indeed, as I had met you in no public place, I really thought you was ill." —

"How can you mention public places to me," said Amelia, "when you can hardly be a stranger to my present situation? Did you not know, madam, that I was ruined?" "No, indeed, madam, did I not," replied Mrs. James; "I am sure I should have been highly concerned if I had." "Why, sure, my dear," cries Amelia, "you could not imagine that we were in affluent circumstances, when you found us in such a place, and in such a condition." "Nay, my dear," answered Mrs. James, "since you are pleased to mention it first yourself, I own I was a little surprised to see you in no better lodgings; but I concluded you had your own reasons for liking them; and, for my own part, I have laid it down as a positive rule never to inquire into the private affairs of any one, especially of my friends. I am not of the humour of some ladies, who confine the circle of their acquaintance to one part of the town, and would not be known to visit in the city for the world. For my part, I never dropped an acquaintance with any one while it was reputable to keep it up; and I can solemnly declare I have not a friend in the world for whom I have a greater esteem than I have for Mrs. Booth."

At this instant the arrival of a new visitant put an end to the discourse; and Amelia soon after took her leave without the least anger, but with some little unavoidable contempt for a lady, in whose opinion, as we have hinted before, outward form and ceremony constituted the whole essence of friendship; who valued all her acquaintance alike, as each individual served equally to fill up a place in her visiting roll; and who, in reality, had not the least concern for the good qualities or well-being of any of them.

CHAPTER V.

Containing much heroic matter.

At the end of three days Mrs. Ellison's friend had so far purchased Mr. Booth's liberty that he could walk again abroad within the verge without any danger of having a warrant backed against him by the board before he had notice. As for the ill-looked persons that had given the alarm, it was now discovered that another unhappy gentleman, and not Booth, was the object of their pursuit.

Mr. Booth, now being delivered from his fears, went, as he had formerly done, to take his morning walk in the Park. Here he met colonel Bath in company with some other officers, and very civilly paid his respects to him. But, instead of returning the salute, the colonel looked him full in the face with a very stern countenance; and, if he could be said to take any notice of him, it was in such a manner as to inform him he would take no notice of him.

Booth was not more hurt than surprised at this behaviour, and resolved to know the reason of it. He therefore watched an opportunity till the colonel was alone, and then walked boldly up to him, and desired to know if he had given him any offence? The colonel answered hastily, "Sir, I am above being offended with you, nor do I think it consistent with my dignity to make you any answer." Booth replied, "I don't know, sir, that I have done anything to deserve this treatment." "Look'ee, sir," cries the colonel, "if I had not formerly had some respect for you, I should not think you worth my resentment. However, as you are a gentleman born, and an officer, and as I have had an esteem for you, I will give you some marks of it by putting it in your power to do yourself justice. I will tell you therefore, sir, that you have acted like a scoundrel." "If we were not in the Park," answered Booth warmly, "I would thank you very properly for that compliment." "O, sir," cries the colonel, "we can be soon in a convenient place." Upon which Booth answered, he would attend him wherever he pleased. The colonel then bid him come along, and strutted forward directly up Constitution-hill to Hyde-park, Booth following him at first, and afterwards walking before him, till they came to that place which may be properly called the field of blood, being that part, a little to the left of the ring, which heroes have chosen for the scene of their exit out of this world.

Booth reached the ring some time before the colonel; for he mended not his pace any more than a Spaniard. To say truth, I believe it was not in his power; for he had so long accustomed himself to one and the same strut, that as a horse, used always to trotting, can scarce be forced into a gallop, so could no passion force the colonel to alter his pace.

At length, however, both parties arrived at the lists, where the colonel very deliberately took off his wig and coat, and laid them on the grass, and then, drawing his sword, advanced to Booth, who had likewise his drawn weapon in his hand, but had made no other preparation for the combat.

The combatants now engaged with great fury, and, after two or three passes, Booth ran the colonel through the body and threw him on the ground, at the same time possessing himself of the colonel's sword.

As soon as the colonel was become master of his speech, he called out to Booth in a very kind voice, and said, "You have done my business, and satisfied me that you are a man of honour, and that my brother James must have been mistaken; for I am convinced that no man who will draw his sword in so gallant a manner is capable of being a rascal. D—n me, give me a buss, my dear boy; I ask your pardon for that infamous appellation I dishonoured your dignity with; but d—n me if it was not purely out of love, and to give you an opportunity of doing yourself justice, which I own you have done like a man of honour. What may be the consequence I know not, but I hope, at least, I shall live to reconcile you with my brother."

Booth showed great concern, and even horror in his countenance. "Why, my dear colonel," said he, "would you force me to this? for Heaven's sake tell me what I have ever done to offend you."

"Me!" cried the colonel. "Indeed, my dear child, you never did anything to offend me.—Nay, I have acted the part of a friend to you in the whole affair. I maintained your cause with my brother as long as decency would permit; I could not flatly contradict him, though, indeed, I scarce believed him. But what could I do? If I had not fought with you, I must have been obliged to have fought with him: however, I hope what is done will be sufficient, and that matters may be discommodated without your being put to the necessity of fighting any more on this occasion."

"Never regard me," cried Booth eagerly; "for Heaven's sake, think of your own preservation. Let me put you into a chair, and get you a surgeon."

"Thou art a noble lad," cries the colonel, who was now got on his legs, "and I am glad the business is so well over; for, though your sword went quite through, it slanted so that I apprehend there is little danger of life: however, I think there is enough done to put an honourable end to the affair, especially as you was so hasty to disarm me. I bleed a little, but I can walk to the house by the water; and, if you will send me a chair thither, I shall be obliged to you."

As the colonel refused any assistance (indeed he was very able to walk without it, though with somewhat less dignity than usual), Booth set forward to Grosvenor-gate, in order to procure the chair, and soon after returned with one to his friend; whom having conveyed into it, he attended himself on foot into Bond-street, where then lived a very eminent surgeon.

The surgeon having probed the wound, turned towards Booth, who was apparently the guilty person, and said, with a smile, "Upon my word, sir, you have performed the business with great dexterity."

"Sir," cries the colonel to the surgeon, "I would not have you imagine I am afraid to die. I think I know more what belongs to the dignity of a man; and, I believe, I have shown it at the head of a line of battle. Do not impute my concern to that fear, when I ask you whether there is or is not any danger?"

"Really, colonel," answered the surgeon, who well knew the complexion of the gentleman then under his hands, "it would appear like presumption to say that a man who hath been just run through the body is in no manner of danger. But this I think I may assure you, that I yet perceive no very bad symptoms, and, unless something worse should appear, or a fever be the consequence, I hope you may live to be again, with all your dignity, at the head of a line of battle."

"I am glad to hear that is your opinion," quoth the colonel, "for I am not desirous of dying, though I am not afraid of it. But, if anything worse than you apprehend should happen, I desire you will be a witness of my declaration that this young gentleman is entirely innocent. I forced him to do what he did. My dear Booth, I am pleased matters are as they are. You are the first man that ever gained an advantage over me; but it was very lucky for you that you disarmed me, and I doubt not but you have the equanimity to think so. If the business, therefore, hath ended without doing anything to the purpose, it was Fortune's pleasure, and neither of our faults."

Booth heartily embraced the colonel, and assured him of the great satisfaction he had received from the surgeon's opinion; and soon after the two combatants took their leave of each other. The colonel, after he was dressed, went in a chair to his lodgings, and Booth walked on foot to his; where he luckily arrived without meeting any of Mr. Murphy's gang; a danger which never once occurred to his imagination till he was out of it.

The affair he had been about had indeed so entirely occupied his mind, that it had obliterated every other idea; among the rest, it caused him so absolutely to forget the time of the day, that, though he had exceeded the time of dining above two hours, he had not the least suspicion of being at home later than usual.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the reader will find matter worthy consideration

AMELIA, having waited above an hour for her husband, concluded, as he was the most punctual man alive, that he had met with some engagement abroad, and sat down to her meal with her children; which, as it was always uncomfortable in the absence of her husband, was very short; so that, before his return, all the apparatus of dining was entirely removed.

Booth sat some time with his wife, expecting every minute when the little maid would make her appearance; at last, curiosity, I believe, rather than appetite, made him ask how long it was to dinner? "To dinner, my dear!" answered Amelia; "sure you have dined, I hope?" Booth replied in the negative; upon which his wife started from her chair, and bestirred herself as nimbly to provide him a repast as the most industrious hostess in the kingdom doth when some unexpected guest of extraordinary quality arrives at her house.

The reader hath not, I think, from any passages hitherto recorded in this history, had much reason to accuse Amelia of a blamable curiosity; he will not, I hope, conclude that she gave an instance of any such fault when, upon Booth's having so long overstayed his time, and so greatly mistaken the hour of the day, and upon some other circumstances of his behaviour (for he was too honest to be good at concealing any of his thoughts), she said to him, after he had done eating, "My dear, I am sure something more than ordinary hath happened today, and I beg you will tell me what it is."

Booth answered that nothing of any consequence had happened; that he had been detained by a friend, whom he met accidentally, longer than he expected. In short, he made many shuffling and evasive answers, not boldly lying out, which, perhaps, would have succeeded, but poorly and vainly endeavouring to reconcile falsehood with truth; an attempt which seldom fails to betray the most practised deceiver.

How impossible was it therefore for poor Booth to succeed in an art for which nature had so entirely disqualified him. His countenance, indeed, confessed faster than his tongue denied, and the whole of his behaviour gave Amelia an alarm, and made her suspect something very bad had happened; and, as her thoughts turned presently on the badness of their circumstances, she feared some mischief from his creditors had befallen him; for she was too ignorant of such matters to know that, if he had fallen into the hands of the Philistines (which is the name given by the faithful to bailiffs), he would hardly have been able so soon to recover his liberty. Booth at last perceived her to be so uneasy, that, as he saw no hopes of contriving any fiction to satisfy her, he thought himself obliged to tell her the truth, or at least part of the truth, and confessed that he had had a little skirmish with colonel Bath, in which, he said, the colonel had received a slight wound, not at all dangerous; "and this," says he, "is all the whole matter." "If it be so," cries Amelia, "I thank Heaven no worse hath happened; but why, my dear, will you ever converse with that madman, who can embrace a friend one moment, and fight with him the next?" "Nay, my dear," answered Booth, "you yourself must confess, though he be a little too much on the *qui vive*, he is a man of great honour and good-nature." "Tell me not," replied she, "of such good-nature and honour as would sacrifice a friend and a whole family to a ridiculous whim. O, Heavens!" cried she, falling upon her knees, "from what misery have I escaped, from what have these poor babes escaped, through your gracious providence this day!" Then, turning to her husband, she cried, "But are you sure the monster's wound is no more dangerous than you say? a monster surely I may call him, who can quarrel with a man that could not, that I am convinced would not, offend him."

Upon this question, Booth repeated the assurances which the surgeon had given them, perhaps with a little enlargement, which pretty well satisfied Amelia; and, instead of blaming her husband for what he had done, she tenderly embraced him, and again returned thanks to Heaven for his safety.

In the evening Booth insisted on paying a short visit to the colonel, highly against the inclination of Amelia, who, by many arguments and entreaties, endeavoured to dissuade her husband from continuing an acquaintance in which, she said, she should always foresee much danger for the future. However, she was at last prevailed upon to acquiesce; and Booth went to the colonel, whose lodgings happened to be in the verge as well as his own.

He found the colonel in his night-gown, and his great chair, engaged with another officer at a game of chess. He rose immediately, and, having heartily embraced Booth, presented him to his friend, saying, he had the honour to introduce to him as brave and as *fortitudinous* a man as any in the king's dominions. He then took Booth with him into the next room, and desired him not to mention a word of what had happened in the morning; saying, "I am very well satisfied that no more hath happened; however, as it ended in nothing, I could wish it might remain a secret." Booth told him he was heartily glad to find him so well, and promised never to mention it more to any one.

The game at chess being but just begun, and neither of the parties having gained any considerable advantage, they neither of them insisted on continuing it; and now the colonel's antagonist took his leave, and left the colonel and Booth together.

As soon as they were alone the latter earnestly entreated the former to acquaint him with the real cause of his anger; "for may I perish," cries Booth, "if I can even guess what I have ever done to offend either you, or your brother, colonel James."

"Look'ee, child," cries the colonel; "I tell you I am for my own part satisfied; for I am convinced that a man who will fight can never be a rascal; and, therefore, why should you inquire any more of me at present? when I see my brother James, I hope to reconcile all matters, and perhaps no more swords need be drawn on this occasion." But Booth still persisting in his desire, the colonel, after some hesitation, with a tremendous oath, cried out, "I do not think myself at liberty to refuse you after the indignity I offered you; so, since you demand it of me, I will inform you. My brother told me you had used him dishonourably, and had divellicated his character behind his back. He gave me his word, too, that he was well assured of what he said. What could I have done? though I own to you I did not believe him, and your behaviour since hath convinced me I was in the right; I must either have given him the lie, and fought with him, or else I was obliged to behave as I did, and fight with you. And now, my lad, I leave it to you to do as you please; but, if you are laid under any necessity to do yourself further justice, it is your own fault."

"Alas! colonel," answered Booth, "besides the obligations I have to the colonel, I have really so much love for him, that I think of nothing less than resentment. All I wish is to have this affair brought to an eclaircissement, and to satisfy him that he is in an error; for, though his assertions are cruelly injurious, and I have never deserved them, yet I am convinced he would not say what he did not himself think. Some rascal, envious of his friendship for me, hath belied me to him; and the only resentment I desire is, to convince him of his mistake."

At these words the colonel grinned horribly a ghastly smile, or rather sneer, and answered, "Young gentleman, you may do as you please; but, by the eternal dignity of man, if any man breathing had taken a liberty with my character,—Here, here—Mr. Booth (showing his fingers), here, d—n me, should be his nostrils; he should breathe through my hands, and breathe his last, d—n me."

Booth answered, "I think, colonel, I may appeal to your testimony that I dare do myself justice; since he who dare draw his sword against you can hardly be supposed to fear any other person; but I repeat to you again that I love colonel James so well, and am so greatly obliged to him, that it would be almost indifferent to me whether I directed my sword against his breast or my own."

The colonel's muscles were considerably softened by Booth's last speech; but he again contracted them into a vast degree of fierceness before he cried out—"Boy, thou hast reason enough to be vain; for thou art the first person that ever could proudly say he gained an advantage over me in combat. I believe, indeed, thou art not afraid of any man breathing, and, as I know thou hast some obligations to my brother, I do not discommend thee; for nothing more becomes the dignity of a man than gratitude. Besides, as I am satisfied my brother can produce the author of the slander—I say, I am satisfied of that—d—n me, if any man alive dares assert the contrary; for that would be to make my brother himself a liar—I will make him produce his author; and then, my dear boy, your doing yourself proper justice there will bring you finely out of the whole affair. As soon as my surgeon gives me leave to go abroad, which, I hope, will be in a few days, I will bring my brother James to a tavern where you shall meet us; and I will engage my honour, my whole dignity to you, to make you friends."

The assurance of the colonel gave Booth great pleasure; for few persons ever loved a friend better than he did James; and as for doing military justice on the author of that scandalous report which had incensed his friend against him, not Bath himself was ever more ready, on such an occasion, than Booth to execute it. He soon after took his leave, and returned home in high spirits to his Amelia, whom he found in Mrs. Ellison's apartment, engaged in a party at ombre with that lady and her right honourable cousin.

His lordship had, it seems, had a second interview with the great man, and, having obtained further hopes (for I think there was not yet an absolute promise) of success in Mr. Booth's affairs, his usual good-nature brought him immediately to acquaint Mr. Booth with it. As he did not therefore find him at home, and as he met with the two ladies together, he resolved to stay till his friend's return, which he was assured would not be long, especially as he was so lucky, he said, to have no particular engagement that whole evening.

We remarked before that his lordship, at the first interview with Amelia, had distinguished her by a more particular address from the other ladies; but that now appeared to be rather owing to his perfect good-breeding, as she was then to be considered as the mistress of the house, than from any other preference. His present behaviour made this still more manifest; for, as he was now in Mrs. Ellison's apartment, though she was his relation and an old acquaintance, he applied his conversation rather more to her than to Amelia. His eyes, indeed, were now and then guilty of the contrary distinction, but this was only by stealth; for they constantly withdrew the moment they were discovered. In short, he treated Amelia with the greatest distance, and at the same time with the most profound and awful respect; his conversation was so general, so lively, and so obliging, that Amelia, when she added to his agreeableness the

obligations she had to him for his friendship to Booth, was certainly as much pleased with his lordship as any virtuous woman can possibly be with any man, besides her own husband.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing various matters.

We have already mentioned the good-humour in which Booth returned home; and the reader will easily believe it was not a little increased by the good-humour in which he found his company. My lord received him with the utmost marks of friendship and affection, and told him that his affairs went on as well almost as he himself could desire, and that he doubted not very soon to wish him joy of a company.

When Booth had made a proper return to all his lordship's unparalleled goodness, he whispered Amelia that the colonel was entirely out of danger, and almost as well as himself. This made her satisfaction complete, threw her into such spirits, and gave such a lustre to her eyes, that her face, as Horace says, was too dazzling to be looked at; it was certainly too handsome to be looked at without the highest admiration.

His lordship departed about ten o'clock, and left the company in raptures with him, especially the two ladies, of whom it is difficult to say which exceeded the other in his commendations. Mrs. Ellison swore she believed he was the best of all human kind; and Amelia, without making any exception, declared he was the finest gentleman and most agreeable man she had ever seen in her life; adding, it was great pity he should remain single. "That's true, indeed," cries Mrs. Ellison, "and I have often lamented it; nay, I am astonished at it, considering the great liking he always shows for our sex, and he may certainly have the choice of all. The real reason, I believe, is, his fondness for his sister's children. I declare, madam, if you was to see his behaviour to them, you would think they were his own. Indeed he is vastly fond of all manner of children." "Good creature!" cries Amelia; "if ever he doth me the honour of another visit I am resolved I will show him my little things. I think, Mrs. Ellison, as you say my lord loves children, I may say, without vanity, he will not see many such." "No, indeed, will he not," answered Mrs. Ellison: "and now I think on't, madam, I wonder at my own stupidity in never making the offer before; but since you put it into my head, if you will give me leave, I'll take master and miss to wait on my lord's nephew and niece. They are very pretty behaved children; and little master and miss will be, I dare swear, very happy in their acquaintance; besides, if my lord himself should see them, I know what will happen; for he is the most generous of all human beings."

Amelia very readily accepted the favour which Mrs. Ellison offered her; but Booth expressed some reluctance. "Upon my word, my dear," said he, with a smile, "this behaviour of ours puts me in mind of the common conduct of beggars; who, whenever they receive a favour, are sure to send other objects to the same fountain of charity. Don't we, my dear, repay our obligations to my lord in the same manner, by sending our children a begging to him?"

"O beastly!" cries Mrs. Ellison; "how could such a thought enter your brains? I protest, madam, I begin to grow ashamed of this husband of yours. How can you have so vulgar a way of thinking? Begging, indeed! the poor little dear things a begging! If my lord was capable of such a thought, though he was my own brother instead of my cousin, I should scorn him too much ever to enter his doors." "O dear madam!" answered Amelia, "you take Mr. Booth too seriously, when he was only in jest; and the children shall wait upon you whenever you please."

Though Booth had been a little more in earnest than Amelia had represented him, and was not, perhaps, quite so much in the wrong as he was considered by Mrs. Ellison, yet, seeing there were two to one against him, he wisely thought proper to recede, and let his smile go off with that air of a jest which his wife had given it.

Mrs. Ellison, however, could not let it pass without paying some compliments to Amelia's understanding, nor without some obscure reflections upon Booth, with whom she was more offended than the matter required. She was indeed a woman of most profuse generosity, and could not hear a thought which she deemed vulgar or sneaking. She afterwards launched forth the most profuse encomiums of his lordship's liberality, and concluded the evening with some instances which he had given of that virtue which, if not the noblest, is, perhaps, one of the most useful to society with which great and rich men can be endowed.

The next morning early, serjeant Atkinson came to wait on lieutenant Booth, and desired to speak with his honour in private. Upon which the lieutenant and serjeant took a walk together in the Park. Booth expected every minute when the serjeant would open his mouth; under which expectation he continued till he came to the end of the mall, and so he might have continued till he came to the end of the world; for, though several words stood at the end of the serjeant's lips, there they were likely to remain for ever. He was, indeed, in the condition of a miser, whom a charitable impulse hath impelled to draw a few pence to the edge of his pocket, where they were altogether as secure as if they were in the bottom; for, as the one hath not the heart to part with a farthing, so neither had the other the heart to speak a word.

Booth at length, wondering that the serjeant did not speak, asked him, What his business was? when the latter with a stammering voice began the following apology: "I hope, sir, your honour will not be angry, nor take anything amiss of me. I do assure you, it was not of my seeking, nay, I dare not proceed in the matter without first asking your leave. Indeed, if I had taken any liberties from the goodness you have been pleased to show me, I should look upon myself as one of the most worthless and despicable of wretches; but nothing is farther from my thoughts. I know the distance which is between us; and, because your honour hath been so kind and good as to treat me with more familiarity than any other officer ever did, if I had been base enough to take any freedoms, or to encroach upon your honour's goodness, I should deserve to be whipped through the regiment. I hope, therefore, sir, you will not suspect me of any such attempt."

"What can all this mean, Atkinson?" cries Booth; "what mighty matter would you introduce with all this previous apology?"

"I am almost ashamed and afraid to mention it," answered the serjeant; "and yet I am sure your honour will believe what I have said, and not think anything owing to my own presumption; and, at the same time, I have no reason to think you would do anything to spoil my fortune in an honest way, when it is dropped into my lap without my own seeking. For may I perish if it is not all the lady's

own goodness, and I hope in Heaven, with your honour's leave, I shall live to make her amends for it." In a word, that we may not detain the reader's curiosity quite so long as he did Booth's, he acquainted that gentleman that he had an offer of marriage from a lady of his acquaintance, to whose company he had introduced him, and desired his permission to accept of it.

Booth must have been very dull indeed if, after what the serjeant had said, and after what he had heard Mrs. Ellison say, he had wanted any information concerning the lady. He answered him briskly and cheerfully, that he had his free consent to marry any woman whatever; "and the greater and richer she is," added he, "the more I shall be pleased with the match. I don't inquire who the lady is," said he, smiling, "but I hope she will make as good a wife as, I am convinced, her husband will deserve."

"Your honour hath been always too good to me," cries Atkinson; "but this I promise you, I will do all in my power to merit the kindness she is pleased to show me. I will be bold to say she will marry an honest man, though he is but a poor one; and she shall never want anything which I can give her or do for her, while my name is Joseph Atkinson."

"And so her name is a secret, Joe, is it?" cries Booth.

"Why, sir," answered the serjeant, "I hope your honour will not insist upon knowing that, as I think it would be dishonourable in me to mention it."

"Not at all," replied Booth; "I am the farthest in the world from any such desire. I know thee better than to imagine thou wouldst disclose the name of the fair lady." Booth then shook Atkinson heartily by the hand, and assured him earnestly of the joy he had in his good fortune; for which the good serjeant failed not of making all proper acknowledgments. After which they departed, and Booth returned home.

As Mrs. Ellison opened the door, Booth hastily rushed by; for he had the utmost difficulty to prevent laughing in her face. He ran directly up stairs, and, throwing himself into a chair, discharged such a fit of laughter as greatly surprised, and at first almost frightened, his wife.

Amelia, it will be supposed, presently inquired into the cause of this phenomenon, with which Booth, as soon as he was able (for that was not within a few minutes), acquainted her. The news did not affect her in the same manner as it had affected her husband. On the contrary, she cried, "I protest I cannot guess what makes you see it in so ridiculous a light. I really think Mrs. Ellison has chosen very well. I am convinced Joe will make her one of the best of husbands; and, in my opinion, that is the greatest blessing a woman can be possessed of."

However, when Mrs. Ellison came into her room a little while afterwards to fetch the children, Amelia became of a more risible disposition, especially when the former, turning to Booth, who was then present, said, "So, captain, my jantee-serjeant was very early here this morning. I scolded my maid heartily for letting him wait so long in the entry like a lacquey, when she might have shown him into my inner apartment." At which words Booth burst into a very loud laugh; and Amelia herself could no more prevent laughing than she could blushing.

"Heyday!" cries Mrs. Ellison; "what have I said to cause all this mirth?" and at the same time blushed, and looked very silly, as is always the case with persons who suspect themselves to be the objects of laughter, without absolutely taking what it is which makes them ridiculous.

Booth still continued laughing; but Amelia, composing her muscles, said, "I ask your pardon, dear Mrs. Ellison; but Mr. Booth hath been in a strange giggling humour all this morning; and I really think it is infectious."

"I ask your pardon too, madam," cries Booth, "but one is sometimes unaccountably foolish."

"Nay, but seriously," said she, "what is the matter?—something I said about the serjeant, I believe; but you may laugh as much as you please; I am not ashamed of owning I think him one of the prettiest fellows I ever saw in my life; and, I own, I scolded my maid at suffering him to wait in my entry; and where is the mighty ridiculous matter, pray?"

"None at all," answered Booth; "and I hope the next time he will be ushered into your inner apartment."

"Why should he not, sir?" replied she; "for, wherever he is ushered, I am convinced he will behave himself as a gentleman should."

Here Amelia put an end to the discourse, or it might have proceeded to very great lengths; for Booth was of a waggish inclination, and Mrs. Ellison was not a lady of the nicest delicacy.

CHAPTER VIII.

The heroic behaviour of colonel Bath.

Booth went this morning to pay a second visit to the colonel, where he found colonel James. Both the colonel and the lieutenant appeared a little shocked at their first meeting, but matters were soon cleared up; for the former presently advanced to the latter, shook him heartily by the hand, and said, "Mr. Booth, I am ashamed to see you; for I have injured you, and I heartily ask your pardon. I am now perfectly convinced that what I hinted to my brother, and which I find had like to have produced such fatal consequences, was entirely groundless. If you will be contented with my asking your pardon, and spare me the disagreeable remembrance of what led me into my error, I shall esteem it as the highest obligation."

Booth answered, "As to what regards yourself, my dear colonel, I am abundantly satisfied; but, as I am convinced some rascal hath been my enemy with you in the cruellest manner, I hope you will not deny me the opportunity of kicking him through the world."

"By all the dignity of man," cries colonel Bath, "the boy speaks with spirit, and his request is reasonable."

Colonel James hesitated a moment, and then whispered Booth that he would give him all the satisfaction imaginable concerning the whole affair when they were alone together; upon which, Booth addressing himself to colonel Bath, the discourse turned on other matters during the remainder of the visit, which was but short, and then both went away together, leaving colonel Bath as well as it was possible to expect, more to the satisfaction of Booth than of colonel James, who would not have been displeased if his wound had been more dangerous; for he was grown somewhat weary of a disposition that he rather called captious than heroic, and which, as he every day more and more hated his wife, he apprehended might some time or other give him some trouble; for Bath was the most affectionate of brothers, and had often swore, in the presence of James, that he would eat any man alive who should use his sister ill.

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Colonel Bath was well satisfied that his brother and the lieutenant were gone out with a design of tilting, from which he offered not a syllable to dissuade them, as he was convinced it was right, and that Booth could not in honour take, nor the colonel give, any less satisfaction. When they had been gone therefore about half an hour, he rang his bell to inquire if there was any news of his brother; a question which he repeated every ten minutes for the space of two hours, when, having heard nothing of him, he began to conclude that both were killed on the spot.

While he was in this state of anxiety his sister came to see him; for, notwithstanding his desire of keeping it a secret, the duel had blazed all over the town. After receiving some kind congratulations on his safety, and some unkind hints concerning the warmth of his temper, the colonel asked her when she had seen her husband? she answered, not that morning. He then communicated to her his suspicion, told her he was convinced his brother had drawn his sword that day, and that, as neither of them had heard anything from him, he began to apprehend the worst that could happen.

Neither Miss Bellamy nor Mrs. Cibber were ever in a greater consternation on the stage than now appeared in the countenance of Mrs. James. "Good Heavens! brother," cried she; "what do you tell me? you have frightened me to death. Let your man get me a glass of water immediately, if you have not a mind to see me die before your face. When, where, how was this quarrel? why did not you prevent it if you knew of it? Is it not enough to be every day tormenting me with hazarding your own life, but must you bring the life of one who you know must be, and ought to be, so much the dearest of all to me, into danger? take your sword, brother, take your sword, and plunge it into my bosom; it would be kinder of you than to fill it with such dreads and terrors." Here she swallowed the glass of water, and then threw herself back in her chair, as if she had intended to faint away.

Perhaps, if she had so, the colonel would have lent her no assistance, for she had hurt him more than by ten thousand stabs. He sat erect in his chair, with his eyebrows knit, his forehead wrinkled, his eyes flashing fire, his teeth grating against each other, and breathing horror all round him. In this posture he sat for some time silent, casting disdainful looks at his sister. At last his voice found its way through a passion which had almost choked him, and he cried out, "Sister, what have I done to deserve the opinion you express of me? which of my actions hath made you conclude that I am a rascal and a coward? look at that poor sword, which never woman yet saw but in its sheath; what hath that done to merit your desire that it should be contaminated with the blood of a woman?"

"Alas! brother," cried she, "I know not what you say; you are desirous, I believe, to terrify me out of the little senses I have left. What can I have said, in the agonies of grief into which you threw me, to deserve this passion?"

"What have you said?" answered the colonel: "you have said that which, if a man had spoken, nay, d—n me, if he had but hinted that he durst even think, I would have made him eat my sword; by all the dignity of man, I would have crumbled his soul into powder. But I consider that the words were spoken by a woman, and I am calm again. Consider, my dear, that you are my sister, and behave yourself with more spirit. I have only mentioned to you my surmise. It may not have happened as I suspect; but, let what will have happened, you will have the comfort that your husband hath behaved himself with becoming dignity, and lies in the bed of honour."

"Talk not to me of such comfort," replied the lady; "it is a loss I cannot survive. But why do I sit here lamenting myself? I will go this instant and know the worst of my fate, if my trembling limbs will carry me to my coach. Good morrow, dear brother; whatever becomes of me, I am glad to find you out of danger." The colonel paid her his proper compliments, and she then left the room, but returned instantly back, saying, "Brother, I must beg the favour of you to let your footman step to my mantua-maker; I am sure it is a miracle, in my present distracted condition, how it came into my head." The footman was presently summoned, and Mrs. James delivered him his message, which was to countermand the orders which she had given that very morning to make her up a new suit of brocade. "Heaven knows," says she, "now, when I can wear brocade, or whether ever I shall wear it." And now, having repeated her message with great exactness, lest there should be any mistake, she again lamented her wretched situation, and then departed, leaving the colonel in full expectation of hearing speedy news of the fatal issue of the battle.

But, though the reader should entertain the same curiosity, we must be excused from satisfying it till we have first accounted for an incident which we have related in this very chapter, and which, we think, deserves some solution. The critic, I am convinced, already is apprised that I mean the friendly behaviour of James to Booth, which, from what we had before recorded, seemed so little to be expected.

It must be remembered that the anger which the former of these gentlemen had conceived against the latter arose entirely from the false account given by Miss Matthews of Booth, whom that lady had accused to colonel James of having as basely as wickedly traduced his character.

Now, of all the ministers of vengeance, there are none with whom the devil deals so treacherously as with those whom he employs in executing the mischievous purposes of an angry mistress; for no sooner is revenge executed on an offending lover than it is sure to be repented; and all the anger which before raged against the beloved object, returns with double fury on the head of his assassin.

Miss Matthews, therefore, no sooner heard that Booth was killed (for so was the report at first, and by a colonel of the army) than she immediately concluded it to be James. She was extremely shocked with the news, and her heart instantly began to relent. All the reasons on which she had founded her love recurred, in the strongest and liveliest colours, to her mind, and all the causes of her hatred sunk down and disappeared; or, if the least remembrance of anything which had disobliged her remained, her heart became his zealous advocate, and soon satisfied her that her own fates were more to be blamed than he, and that, without being a villain, he could have acted no otherwise than he had done.

In this temper of mind she looked on herself as the murderer of an innocent man, and, what to her was much worse, of the man she had loved, and still did love, with all the violence imaginable. She looked on James as the tool with which she had done this murder; and, as it is usual for people who have rashly or inadvertently made any animate or inanimate thing the instrument of mischief to hate the innocent means by which the mischief was effected (for this is a subtle method which the mind invents to excuse ourselves, the last objects on whom

we would willingly wreak our vengeance), so Miss Matthews now hated and cursed James as the efficient cause of that act which she herself had contrived and laboured to carry into execution.

She sat down therefore in a furious agitation, little short of madness, and wrote the following letter:

"I hope this will find you in the hands of justice, for the murder of one of the best friends that ever man was blest with. In one sense, indeed, he may seem to have deserved his fate, by choosing a fool for a friend; for who but a fool would have believed what the anger and rage of an injured woman suggested; a story so improbable, that I could scarce be thought in earnest when I mentioned it?

"Know, then, cruel wretch, that poor Booth loved you of all men breathing, and was, I believe, in your commendation, guilty of as much falsehood as I was in what I told you concerning him.

"If this knowledge makes you miserable, it is no more than you have made the unhappy "F. Matthews."

CHAPTER IX.

Being the last chapter of the fifth book.

We shall now return to colonel James and Mr. Booth, who walked together from colonel Bath's lodging with much more peaceable intention than that gentleman had conjectured, who dreamt of nothing but swords and guns and implements of war.

The Birdcage-walk in the Park was the scene appointed by James for unburthening his mind.—Thither they came, and there James acquainted Booth with all that which the reader knows already, and gave him the letter which we have inserted at the end of the last chapter.

Booth expressed great astonishment at this relation, not without venting some detestation of the wickedness of Miss Matthews; upon which James took him up, saying, he ought not to speak with such abhorrence of faults which love for him had occasioned.

"Can you mention love, my dear colonel," cried Booth, "and such a woman in the same breath?"

"Yes, faith! can I," says James; "for the devil take me if I know a more lovely woman in the world." Here he began to describe her whole person; but, as we cannot insert all the description, so we shall omit it all; and concluded with saying, "Curse me if I don't think her the finest creature in the universe. I would give half my estate, Booth, if she loved me as well as she doth you. Though, on second consideration, I believe I should repent that bargain; for then, very possibly, I should not care a farthing for her."

"You will pardon me, dear colonel," answered Booth; "but to me there appears somewhat very singular in your way of thinking. Beauty is, indeed, the object of liking, great qualities of admiration, good ones of esteem; but the devil take me if I think anything but love to be the object of love."

"Is there not something too selfish," replied James, "in that opinion? but, without considering it in that light, is it not of all things the most insipid? all oil! all sugar! zounds! it is enough to cloy the sharp-set appetite of a parson. Acids surely are the most likely to quicken."

"I do not love reasoning in allegories," cries Booth; "but with regard to love, I declare I never found anything cloying in it. I have lived almost alone with my wife near three years together, was never tired with her company, nor ever wished for any other; and I am sure I never tasted any of the acid you mention to quicken my appetite."

"This is all very extraordinary and romantic to me," answered the colonel. "If I was to be shut up three years with the same woman, which Heaven forbid! nothing, I think, could keep me alive but a temper as violent as that of Miss Matthews. As to love, it would make me sick to death in the twentieth part of that time. If I was so condemned, let me see, what would I wish the woman to be? I think no one virtue would be sufficient. With the spirit of a tigress, I would have her be a prude, a scold, a scholar, a critic, a wit, a politician, and a jacobite; and then, perhaps, eternal opposition would keep up our spirits; and, wishing one another daily at the devil, we should make a shift to drag on a damnable state of life, without much spleen or vapours."

"And so you do not intend," cries Booth, "to break with this woman?"

"Not more than I have already, if I can help it," answered the colonel.

"And you will be reconciled to her?" said Booth.

"Yes, faith! will I, if I can," answered the colonel; "I hope you have no objection."

"None, my dear friend," said Booth, "unless on your account."

"I do believe you," said the colonel; "and yet, let me tell you, you are a very extraordinary man, not to desire me to quit her on your own account. Upon my soul, I begin to pity the woman, who hath placed her affection, perhaps, on the only man in England of your age who would not return it. But for my part, I promise you, I like her beyond all other women; and, whilst that is the case, my boy, if her mind was as full of iniquity as Pandora's box was of diseases, I'd hug her close in my arms, and only take as much care as possible to keep the lid down for fear of mischief. But come, dear Booth," said he, "let us consider your affairs; for I am ashamed of having neglected them so long; and the only anger I have against this wench is, that she was the occasion of it."

Booth then acquainted the colonel with the promises he had received from the noble lord, upon which James shook him by the hand, and heartily wished him joy, crying, "I do assure you, if you have his interest, you will need no other; I did not know you was acquainted with him."

To which Mr. Booth answered, "That he was but a new acquaintance, and that he was recommended to him by a lady."

"A lady!" cries the colonel; "well, I don't ask her name. You are a happy man, Booth, amongst the women; and, I assure you, you could have no stronger recommendation. The peer loves the ladies, I believe, as well as ever Mark Antony did; and it is not his fault if he hath not spent as much upon them. If he once fixes his eye upon a woman, he will stick at nothing to get her.

"Ay, indeed!" cries Booth. "Is that his character?"

"Ay, faith," answered the colonel, "and the character of most men besides him. Few of them, I mean, will stick at anything besides their money. Jusque à la Bourse is sometimes the boundary of love as well as friendship. And, indeed, I never knew any other man part with his money so very freely on these occasions. You see, dear Booth, the confidence I have in your honour."

"I hope, indeed, you have," cries Booth, "but I don't see what instance you now give me of that confidence."

"Have not I shown you," answered James, "where you may carry your goods to market? I can assure you, my friend, that is a secret I would not impart to every man in your situation, and all circumstances considered."

"I am very sorry, sir," cries Booth very gravely,

and turning as pale as death, "you should entertain a thought of this kind; a thought which hath almost frozen up my blood. I am unwilling to believe there are such villains in the world; but there is none of them whom I should detest half so much as myself, if my own mind had ever suggested to me a hint of that kind. I have tasted of some distresses of life, and I know not to what greater I may be driven, but my honour, I thank Heaven, is in my own power, and I can boldly say to Fortune that she shall not rob me of it."

"Have I not expressed that confidence, my dear Booth?" answered the colonel. "And what you say now well justifies my opinion; for I do agree with you that, considering all things, it would be the highest instance of dishonour."

"Dishonour, indeed!" returned Booth. "What! to prostitute my wife! Can I think there is such a wretch breathing?"

"I don't know that," said the colonel; "but I am sure it was very far from my intention to insinuate the least hint of any such matter to you. Nor can I imagine how you yourself could conceive such a thought. The goods I meant were no other than the charming person of Miss Matthews; for whom I am convinced my lord would bid a swingeing price against me."

Booth's countenance greatly cleared up at this declaration, and he answered with a smile, that he hoped he need not give the colonel any assurances on that head. However, though he was satisfied with regard to the colonel's suspicions, yet some chimeras now arose in his brain which gave him no very agreeable sensations. What these were, the sagacious reader may probably suspect; but, if he should not, we may perhaps have occasion to open them in the sequel. Here we will put an end to this dialogue, and to the fifth book of this history.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER I.

Panegyrics on beauty, with other grave matters.

The colonel and Booth walked together to the latter's lodgings; for as it was not that day in the week in which all parts of the town are indifferent, Booth could not wait on the colonel.

When they arrived in Spring-garden, Booth, to his great surprise, found no one at home but the maid. In truth, Amelia had accompanied Mrs. Ellison and her children to his lordship's; for, as her little girl showed a great unwillingness to go without her, the fond mother was easily persuaded to make one of the company.

Booth had scarce ushered the colonel up to his apartment when a servant from Mrs. James knocked hastily at the door. The lady, not meeting with her husband at her return home, began to despair of him, and performed everything which was decent on the occasion. An apothecary was presently called with hartshorn and sal volatile, a doctor was sent for, and messengers were despatched every way; amongst the rest, one was sent to inquire at the lodgings of his supposed antagonist.

The servant hearing that his master was alive and well above stairs, ran up eagerly to acquaint him with the dreadful situation in which he left his miserable lady at home, and likewise with the occasion of all her distress, saying, that his lady had been at her brother's, and had there heard that his honour was killed in a duel by captain Booth.

The colonel smiled at this account, and bid the servant make haste back to contradict it. And then turning to Booth, he said, "Was there ever such another fellow as this brother of mine? I thought indeed his behaviour was somewhat odd at the time. I suppose he overheard me whisper that I would give you satisfaction, and thence concluded we went together with a design of tilting. D—n the fellow, I begin to grow heartily sick of him, and wish I could get well rid of him without cutting his throat, which I sometimes apprehended he will insist on my doing, as a return for my getting him made a lieutenant-colonel."

Whilst these two gentlemen were commenting on the character of the third, Amelia and her company returned, and all presently came up stairs, not only the children, but the two ladies, laden with trinkets as if they had been come from a fair. Amelia, who had been highly delighted all the morning with the excessive pleasure which her children enjoyed, when she saw colonel James with her husband, and perceived the most manifest marks of that reconciliation which she knew had been so long and so earnestly wished by Booth, became so transported with joy, that her happiness was scarce capable of addition. Exercise had painted her face with vermilion; and the highest good-humour had so sweetened every feature, and a vast flow of spirits had so lightened up her bright eyes, that she was all a blaze of beauty. She seemed, indeed, as Milton sublimely describes Eve,

> —Adorn'd
> With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
> To make her amiable.

Again:

> Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture, dignity and love.

Or, as Waller sweetly, though less sublimely, sings:—

> Sweetness, truth, and every grace
> Which time and use are wont to teach,
> The eye may in a moment reach,
> And read distinctly in her face.

Or, to mention one poet more, and him of all the sweetest, she seemed to be the very person of whom Suckling wrote the following lines, where, speaking of Cupid he says,

> All his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,
> All his sweet motions, all his taking smiles
> All that awakes, all that inflames desires,
> All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles
> He does into one pair of eyes convey,
> And there begs leave that he himself may stay.

Such was Amelia at this time when she entered the room; and, having paid her respects to the colonel, she went up to her husband, and cried, "O, my dear! never were any creatures so happy as your little things have been this whole morning; and all owing to my lord's goodness; sure never was anything so good-natured and so generous!" She then made the children produce their presents, the value of which amounted to a pretty large sum; for there was a gold watch, amongst the trinkets, that cost above twenty guineas.

Instead of discovering so much satisfaction on this occasion as Amelia expected, Booth very gravely answered, "And pray, my dear, how are we to repay all these obligations to his lordship?" "How can you ask so strange a question?" cries Mrs. Ellison: "how little do you know of the soul of generosity (for sure my cousin deserves that name) when you call a few little trinkets given to children an obligation!" "Indeed, my dear," cries Amelia, "I would have stopped his hand if it had been possible; nay, I was forced at last absolutely to refuse, or I believe he would have laid a hundred pound out on the children; for I never saw any one so fond of children, which convinces me he is one of the best of men; but I ask your pardon, colonel," said she, turning to him; "I should not entertain you

with these subjects; yet I know you have goodness enough to excuse the folly of a mother."

The colonel made a very low assenting bow, and soon after they all sat down to a small repast; for the colonel had promised Booth to dine with him when they first came home together, and what he had since heard from his own house gave him still less inclination than ever to repair thither.

But, besides both these, there was a third and stronger inducement to him to pass the day with his friend, and this was the desire of passing it with his friend's wife. When the colonel had first seen Amelia in France, she was but just recovered from a consumptive habit, and looked pale and thin; besides, his engagements with Miss Bath at that time took total possession of him, and guarded his heart from the impressions of another woman; and, when he had dined with her in town, the vexations through which she had lately passed had somewhat deadened her beauty; besides, he was then engaged, as we have seen, in a very warm pursuit of a new mistress, but now he had no such impediment; for, though the reader hath just before seen his warm declarations of a passion for Miss Matthews, yet it may be remembered that he had been in possession of her for above a fortnight; and one of the happy properties of this kind of passion is, that it can with equal violence love half a dozen or half a score different objects at one and the same time.

But indeed such were the charms now displayed by Amelia, of which we endeavoured above to draw some faint resemblance, that perhaps no other beauty could have secured him from their influence; and here, to confess a truth in his favour, however the grave or rather the hypocritical part of mankind may censure it, I am firmly persuaded that to withdraw admiration from exquisite beauty, or to feel no delight in gazing at it, is as impossible as to feel no warmth from the most scorching rays of the sun. To run away is all that is in our power; and in the former case, if it must be allowed we have the power of running away, it must be allowed also that it requires the strongest resolution to execute it; for when, as Dryden says,

All paradise is open'd in a face,

how natural is the desire of going thither! and how difficult to quit the lovely prospect!

And yet, however difficult this may be, my young readers, it is absolutely necessary, and that immediatly too: flatter not yourselves that fire will not scorch as well as warm, and the longer we stay within its reach the more we shall burn. The admiration of a beautiful woman, though the wife of our dearest friend, may at first perhaps be innocent, but let us not flatter ourselves it will always remain so; desire is sure to succeed; and wishes, hopes, designs, with a long train of mischiefs, tread close at our heels. In affairs of this kind we may most properly apply the well-known remark of *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. It fares, indeed, with us on this occasion as with the unwary traveller in some parts of Arabia, the desert, whom the treacherous sands imperceptibly betray till he is overwhelmed and lost. In both cases the only safety is by withdrawing our feet the very first moment we perceive them sliding.

This digression may appear impertinent to some readers; we could not, however, avoid the opportunity of offering the above hints; since of all passions there is none against which we should so strongly fortify ourselves as this, which is generally called love; for no other lays before us, especially in the tumultuous days of youth, such sweet, such strong and almost irresistible temptations; none hath produced in private life such fatal and lamentable tragedies; and, what is worst of all, there is none to whose poison and infatuation the best of minds are so liable. Ambition scarce ever produces any evil but when it reigns in cruel and savage bosoms; and avarice seldom flourishes at all but in the basest and poorest soil. Love, on the contrary, sprouts usually up in the richest and noblest minds; but there, unless nicely watched, pruned, and cultivated, and carefully kept clear of those vicious weeds which are too apt to surround it, it branches forth into wildness and disorder, produces nothing desirable, but chokes up and kills whatever is good and noble in the mind where it so abounds. In short, to drop the allegory, not only tenderness and good nature, but bravery, generosity, and every virtue are often made the instruments of effecting the most atrocious purposes of this all-subduing tyrant.

CHAPTER II.

Which will not appear, we presume, unnatural to all married readers.

If the table of poor Booth afforded but an indifferent repast to the colonel's hunger, here was most excellent entertainment of a much higher kind. The colonel began now to wonder within himself at his not having before discovered such incomparable beauty and excellence. This wonder was indeed so natural, that, lest it should arise likewise in the reader, we thought proper to give the solution of it in the preceding chapter.

During the first two hours the colonel scarce ever had his eyes off from Amelia; for he was taken by surprise, and his heart was gone before he suspected himself to be in any danger. His mind, however, no sooner suggested a certain secret to him than it suggested some degree of prudence to him at the same time; and the knowledge that he had thoughts to conceal, and the care of concealing them, had birth at one and the same instant. During the residue of the day, therefore, he grew more circumspect, and contented himself with now and then stealing a look by chance, especially as the more than ordinary gravity of Booth made him fear that his former behaviour had betrayed to Booth's observation the great and sudden liking he had conceived for his wife, even before he had observed it in himself.

Amelia continued the whole day in the highest spirits and highest good humour imaginable, never once remarking that appearance of discontent in her husband of which the colonel had taken notice; so much more quick-sighted, as we have somewhere else hinted, is guilt than innocence. Whether Booth had in reality made any such observations on the colonel's behaviour as he had suspected, we will not undertake to determine; yet so far may be material to say, as we can with sufficient certainty, that the change in Booth's behaviour that day, from what was usual with him, was remarkable enough. None of his former vivacity appeared in his conversation; and his countenance was altered from being the picture of sweetness and good humour, not indeed to sourness or moroseness, but to gravity and melancholy.

Though the colonel's suspicion had the effect which we have mentioned on his behaviour, yet it could not persuade him to depart. In short, he sat in his chair as if confined to it by enchantment, stealing looks now and then, and humouring his growing passion, without having command enough over his limbs to carry him out of the room, till decency at last forced him to put an end to his preposterous visit. When the husband and wife were left alone together, the latter resumed the subject of her

children, and gave Booth a particular narrative of all that had passed at his lordship's, which he, though something had certainly disconcerted him, affected to receive with all the pleasure he could; and this affectation, however awkwardly he acted his part, passed very well on Amelia; for she could not well conceive a displeasure of which she had not the least hint of any cause, and indeed at a time when, from his reconciliation with James, she imagined her husband to be entirely and perfectly happy.

The greatest part of that night Booth passed awake; and, if during the residue he might be said to sleep, he could scarce be said to enjoy repose; his eyes were no sooner closed, than he was pursued and haunted by the most frightful and terrifying dreams, which threw him into so restless a condition, that he soon disturbed his Amelia, and greatly alarmed her with apprehensions that he had been seized by some dreadful disease, though he had not the least symptoms of a fever by any extraordinary heat, or any other indication, but was rather colder than usual.

As Booth assured his wife that he was very well, but found no inclination to sleep, she likewise bid adieu to her slumbers, and attempted to entertain him with her conversation. Upon which his lordship occurred as the first topic; and she repeated to him all the stories which she had heard from Mr. Ellison, of the peer's goodness to his sister and his nephew and niece. "It is impossible, my dear," says she, "to describe their fondness for their uncle, which is to me an incontestible sign of a parent's goodness." In this manner she ran on for several minutes, concluding at last, that it was pity so very few had such generous minds joined to immense fortunes.

Booth, instead of making a direct answer to what Amelia had said, cried coldly, "But do you think, my dear, it was right to accept all those expensive toys which the children brought home? And I ask you again, what return we are to make for these obligations?"

"Indeed, my dear," cries Amelia, "you see this matter in two serious a light. Though I am the last person in the world who would lessen his lordship's goodness (indeed I shall always think we are both infinitely obliged to him), yet sure you must allow the expense to be a mere trifle to such a vast fortune. As for return, his own benevolence, in the satisfaction it receives, more than repays itself, and I am convinced he expects no other."

"Very well, my dear," cries Booth, "you shall have it your way; I must confess I never yet found any reason to blame your discernment; and perhaps I have been in the wrong to give myself so much uneasiness on this account."

"Uneasiness, child!" said Amelia eagerly; "Good Heavens! hath this made you uneasy?"

"I do own it hath," answered Booth, "and it hath been the only cause of breaking my repose."

"Why then I wish," cries Amelia, "all the things had been at the devil before ever the children had seen them; and, whatever I may think myself, I promise you they shall never more accept the value of a farthing:—if upon this occasion I have been the cause of your uneasiness, you will do me the justice to believe that I was totally innocent."

At those words Booth caught her in his arms, and with the tenderest embrace, emphatically repeating the word innocent, cried, "Heaven forbid I should think otherwise! O, thou art the best of creatures that ever blessed a man!"

"Well, but," said she, smiling, "do confess, my dear, the truth; I promise you I won't blame you nor disesteem you for it; but is not pride really at the bottom of this fear of an obligation?"

"Perhaps it may," answered he; "or, if you will, you may call it fear. I own I am afraid of obligations, as the worst kind of debts; for I have generally observed those who confer them expect to be repaid ten thousand fold."

Here ended all that is material of their discourse; and a little time afterwards, they both fell fast asleep in one another's arms; from which time Booth had no more restlessness, nor any further perturbation in his dreams.

Their repose, however, had been so much disturbed in the former part of the night, that, as it was very late before they enjoyed that sweet sleep I have just mentioned, they lay abed the next day till noon, when they both rose with the utmost cheerfulness; and, while Amelia bestirred herself in the affairs of her family, Booth went to visit the wounded colonel.

He found that gentleman still proceeding very fast in his recovery, with which he was more pleased than he had reason to be with his reception; for the colonel received him very coldly indeed, and, when Booth told him he had received perfect satisfaction from his brother, Bath erected his head and answered with a sneer, "Very well, sir, if you think these matters can be so made up, d—n me if it is any business of mine. My dignity hath not been injured."

"No one, I believe," cries Booth, "dare injure it."

"You believe so!" said the colonel: "I think, sir, you might be assured of it; but this, at least, you may be assured of, that if any man did, I would tumble him down the precipice of hell, d—n me, that you may be assured of."

As Booth found the colonel in this disposition, he had no great inclination to lengthen out his visit, nor did the colonel himself seem to desire it: so he soon returned back to his Amelia, whom he found performing the office of a cook, with as much pleasure as a fine lady generally enjoys in dressing herself out for a ball.

CHAPTER III.

In which the history looks a little backwards.

BEFORE we proceed farther in our history we shall recount a short scene to our reader which passed between Amelia and Mrs. Ellison whilst Booth was on his visit to colonel Bath. We have already observed that Amelia had conceived an extraordinary affection for Mrs. Bennet, which had still increased every time she saw her; she thought she discovered something wonderfully good and gentle in her countenance and disposition, and was very desirous of knowing her whole history.

She had a very short interview with that lady this morning in Mrs. Ellison's apartment. As soon, therefore, as Mrs. Bennet was gone, Amelia acquainted Mrs. Ellison with the good opinion she had conceived of her friend, and likewise with her curiosity to know her story: "For there must be something uncommonly good," said she, "in one who can so truly mourn for a husband above three years after his death."

"O!" cries Mrs. Ellison, "to be sure the world must allow her to have been one of the best of wives. And, indeed, upon the whole, she is a good sort of woman; and what I like her the best for is a strong resemblance that she bears to yourself in the form of her person, and still more in her voice. But for my own part, I know nothing remarkable in her fortune, unless what I have told you, that she was the daughter of a clergyman, had little or no fortune, and married a poor parson for love, who

left her in the utmost distress. If you please, I will show you a letter which she writ to me at that time, though I insist upon your promise never to mention it to her; indeed, you will be the first person I ever showed it to." She then opened her scrutoire, and, taking out the letter, delivered it to Amelia, saying, "There, madam, is, I believe, as fine a picture of distress as can well be drawn."

"Dear Madam,—As I have no other friend on earth but yourself, I hope you will pardon my writing to you at this season; though I do not know that you can relieve my distresses, or, if you can, have I any pretence to expect that you should. My poor dear, O Heavens—my——lies dead in the house; and, after I had procured sufficient to bury him, a set of ruffians have entered my house, seized all I have, have seized his dear, dear corpse, and threaten to deny it burial. For Heaven's sake, send me, at least, some advice; little Tommy stands now by me crying for bread, which I have not to give him. I can say no more than that I am your most distressed humble servant, "M. Bennet."

Amelia read the letter over twice, and then returning it, with tears in her eyes, asked how the poor creature could possibly get through such distress.

"You may depend upon it, madam," said Mrs. Ellison, "the moment I read this account I posted away immediately to the lady. As to the seizing the body, that I found was a mere hugbear; but all the rest was literally true. I sent immediately for the same gentleman that I recommended to Mr. Booth, left the care of burying the corpse to him, and brought my friend and her little boy immediately away to my own house, where she remained some months in the most miserable condition. I then provailed with her to retire into the country, and procured her a lodging with a friend at St. Edmundsbury, the air and gaiety of which place by degrees recovered her; and she returned in about a twelvemonth to town, as well, I think, as she is at present."

"I am almost afraid to ask," cries Amelia, "and yet I long methinks to know what is become of the poor little boy."

"He hath been dead," said Mrs. Ellison, "a little more than half a year; and the mother lamented him at first almost as much as she did her husband, but I found it indeed rather an easier matter to comfort her, though I sat up with her near a fortnight upon the latter occasion."

"You are a good creature," said Amelia, "and I love you dearly."

"Alas! madam," cries she, "what could I have done if it had not been for the goodness of that best of men, my noble cousin! His lordship no sooner heard of the widow's distress from me than he immediately settled one hundred and fifty pounds a year upon her during her life."

"Well! how noble, how generous was that!" said Amelia. "I declare I begin to love your cousin, Mrs. Ellison."

"And I declare if you do," answered she, "there is no love lost, I verily believe; if you had heard what I heard him say yesterday behind your back ——"

"Why, what did he say, Mrs. Ellison?" cries Amelia.

"He said," answered the other, "that you was the finest woman his eyes ever beheld.—Ah! it is in vain to wish, and yet I cannot help wishing too.—O, Mrs. Booth! if you had been a single woman, I firmly believe I could have made you the happiest in the world. And I sincerely think I never saw a woman who deserved it more."

"I am obliged to you, madam," cries Amelia, "for your good opinion; but I really look on myself already as the happiest woman in the world. Our circumstances, it is true, might have been a little more fortunate; but O, my dear Mrs. Ellison! what fortune can be put in the balance with such a husband as mine?"

"I am afraid, dear madam," answered Mrs. Ellison, "you would not hold the scale fairly.—I acknowledge, indeed, Mr. Booth is a very pretty gentleman; Heaven forbid I should endeavour to lessen him in your opinion; yet, if I was to be brought to confession, I could not help saying I see where the superiority lies, and that the men have more reason to envy Mr. Booth than the women have to envy his lady."

"Nay, I will not bear this," replied Amelia. "You will forfeit all my love if you have the least disrespectful opinion of my husband. You do not know him, Mrs. Ellison; he is the best, the kindest, the worthiest of all his sex. I have observed, indeed, once or twice before, that you have taken some dislike to him. I cannot conceive for what reason. If he hath said or done anything to disoblige you, I am sure I can justly acquit him of design. His extreme vivacity makes him sometimes a little too heedless; but, I am convinced, a more innocent heart, or one more void of offence, was never in a human bosom."

"Nay, if you grow serious," cries Mrs. Ellison, "I have done. How is it possible you should suspect I had taken any dislike to a man to whom I have always shown so perfect a regard? but to say I think him, or almost any other man in the world, worthy of yourself, is not within my power with truth. And since you force the confession from me, I declare, I think such beauty, such sense, and such goodness united, might aspire without vanity to the arms of any monarch in Europe."

"Alas! my dear Mrs. Ellison," answered Amelia, "do you think happiness and a crown so closely united? how many miserable women have lain in the arms of kings?—Indeed, Mrs. Ellison, if I had all the merit you compliment me with, I should think it all fully rewarded with such a man as, I thank Heaven, hath fallen to my lot; nor would I, upon my soul, exchange that lot with any queen in the universe."

"Well, there are enow of our sex," said Mrs. Ellison, "to keep you in countenance; but I shall never forget the beginning of a song of Mr. Congreve's, that my husband was so fond of that he was always singing it:—

> Love's but a frailty of the mind,
> When 'tis not with ambition join'd.

Love without interest makes but an unsavoury dish, in my opinion."

"And pray how long hath this been your opinion?" said Amelia, smiling.

"Ever since I was born," answered Mrs. Ellison; "at least, ever since I can remember."

"And have you never," said Amelia, "deviated from this generous way of thinking?"

"Never once," answered the other, "in the whole course of my life."

"O, Mrs. Ellison! Mrs. Ellison!" cries Amelia; why do we ever blame those who are disingenuous in confessing their faults, when we are so often ashamed to own ourselves in the right? Some women now, in my situation, would be angry that you had not made confidantes of them; but I never desire to know more of the secrets of others than they are pleased to intrust me with. You must believe, however, that I should not have given you these hints of my knowing all if I had disapproved of your choice. On the contrary, I assure you I highly approve it. The gentility he wants, it will be

easy in your power to procure for him; and as for his good qualities, I will myself be bound for them; and I make not the least doubt, as you have owned to me yourself that you have placed your affections on him, you will be one of the happiest women in the world."

"Upon my honour," cries Mrs. Ellison, very gravely, "I do not understand one word of what you mean."

"Upon my honour, you astonish me," said Amelia; "but I have done."

"Nay then," said the other, "I insist upon knowing what you mean."

"Why, what can I mean," answered Amelia, "but your marriage with serjeant Atkinson?"

"With serjeant Atkinson!" cries Mrs. Ellison eagerly, "my marriage with a serjeant!"

"Well, with Mr. Atkinson, then, captain Atkinson, if you please; for so I hope to see him."

"And have you really no better opinion of me," said Mrs. Ellison, "than to imagine me capable of such condescension? What have I done, dear Mrs. Booth, to deserve so low a place in your esteem? I find, indeed, as Solomon says, *Women ought to watch the door of their lips*. How little did I imagine that a little harmless freedom in discourse could persuade any one that I could entertain a serious intention of disgracing my family! for of a very good family am I come, I assure you, madam, though I now let lodgings. Few of my lodgers, I believe, ever came of a better."

"If I have offended you, madam," said Amelia, "I am very sorry, and ask your pardon; but, besides what I heard from yourself, Mr. Booth told me—"

"O yes!" answered Mrs. Ellison, "Mr. Booth, I know, is a very good friend of mine. Indeed, I know you better than to think it could be your own suspicion. I am very much obliged to Mr. Booth truly."

"Nay," cries Amelia, "the serjeant himself is in fault; for Mr. Booth, I am positive, only repeated what he had from him."

"Impudent coxcomb!" cries Mrs. Ellison. "I shall know how to keep such fellows at a proper distance for the future—I will tell you, dear madam, all that happened. When I rose in the morning I found the fellow waiting in the entry; and, as you had expressed some regard for him as your foster-brother—nay, he is a very genteel fellow, that I must own—I scolded my maid for not showing him into my little back-room; and I then asked him to walk into the parlour. Could I have imagined he would have construed such little civility into an encouragement?"

"Nay, I will have justice done to my poor brother too," said Amelia. "I myself have seen you give him much greater encouragement than that."

"Well, perhaps I have," said Mrs. Ellison. "I have been always too unguarded in my speech, and cannot answer for all I have said." She then began to change her note, and, with an affected laugh, turned all into ridicule; and soon afterwards the two ladies separated, both in apparent good-humour; and Amelia went about those domestic offices in which Mr. Booth found her engaged at the end of the preceding chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing a very extraordinary incident.

In the afternoon Mr. Booth, with Amelia and her children, went to refresh themselves in the Park. The conversation now turned on what passed in the morning with Mrs. Ellison, the latter part of the dialogue, I mean, recorded in the last chapter. Amelia told her husband that Mrs. Ellison so strongly denied all intentions to marry the serjeant, that she had convinced her the poor fellow was under an error, and had mistaken a little too much levity for serious encouragement; and concluded by desiring Booth not to jest with her any more on that subject.

Booth burst into a laugh at what his wife said. "My dear creature," said he, "how easy is thy honesty and simplicity to be imposed on! how little dost thou guess at the art and falsehood of women! I knew a young lady who, against her father's consent, was married to a brother officer of mine; and, as I often used to walk with her (for I knew her father intimately well), she would of her own accord take frequent occasions to ridicule and vilify her husband (for so he was at the time), and expressed great wonder and indignation at the report which she allowed to prevail that she should condescend ever to look at such a fellow with any other design than of laughing at and despising him. The marriage afterwards became publicly owned, and the lady was reputably brought to bed. Since which I have often seen her; nor hath she ever appeared to be in the least ashamed of what she had formerly said, though, indeed, I believe she hates me heartily for having heard it."

"But for what reason," cries Amelia, "should she deny a fact, when she must be so certain of our discovering it, and that immediately?"

"I cannot answer what end she may propose," said Booth. "Sometimes one would be almost persuaded that there was a pleasure in lying itself. But this I am certain, that I would believe the honest serjeant on his bare word sooner than I would fifty Mrs. Ellisons on oath. I am convinced he would not have said what he did to me without the strongest encouragement; and, I think, after what we have been both witnesses to, it requires no great confidence in his veracity to give him an unlimited credit with regard to the lady's behaviour."

To this Amelia made no reply; and they discoursed of other matters during the remainder of a very pleasant walk.

When they returned home Amelia was surprised to find an appearance of disorder in her apartment. Several of the trinkets which his lordship had given the children lay about the room; and a suit of her own clothes, which she had left in her drawers, was now displayed upon the bed.

She immediately summoned her little girl up stairs, who, as she plainly perceived the moment she came up with a candle, had half cried her eyes out; for, though the girl had opened the door to them, as it was almost dark, she had not taken any notice of this phenomenon in her countenance.

The girl now fell down upon her knees and cried, "For Heaven's sake, madam, do not be angry with me. Indeed, I was left alone in the house; and, hearing somebody knock at the door, I opened it—I am sure thinking no harm. I did not know but it might have been you, or my master, or madam Ellison; and immediately as I did, the rogue burst in and ran directly up stairs, and what he hath robbed you of I cannot tell; but I am sure I could not help it, for he was a great swingeing man with a pistol in each hand; and, if I had dared to call out, to be sure he would have killed me. I am sure I was never in such a fright in my born days, whereof I am hardly come to myself yet. I believe he is somewhere about the house yet, for I never saw him go out."

Amelia discovered some little alarm at this narrative, but much less than many other ladies would

have shown, for a fright is, I believe, some time laid hold of as an opportunity of disclosing several charms peculiar to that occasion. And which, as Mr. Addison says of certain virtues,

> Shun the day, and lie conceal'd
> In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Booth, having opened the window, and summoned in two chairmen to his assistance, proceeded to search the house; but all to no purpose; the thief was flown, though the poor girl, in her state of terror, had not seen him escape.

But now a circumstance appeared which greatly surprised both Booth and Amelia; indeed, I believe it will have the same effect on the reader; and this was, that the thief had taken nothing with him. He had, indeed, tumbled over all Booth's and Amelia's clothes and the children's toys, but had left all behind him.

Amelia was scarce more pleased than astonished at this discovery, and re-examined the girl, assuring her of an absolute pardon if she confessed the truth, but grievously threatening her if she was found guilty of the least falsehood. "As for a thief, child," says she, "that is certainly not true; you have had somebody with you to whom you have been showing the things; therefore tell me plainly who it was.

The girl protested in the solemnest manner that she knew not the person; but as to some circumstances she began to vary a little from her first account, particularly as to the pistols, concerning which, being strictly examined by Booth, she at last cried—"To be sure, sir, he must have had pistols about him." And instead of persisting in his having rushed in upon her, she now confessed that he had asked at the door for her master and mistress; and that at his desire she had shown him up stairs, where he at first said he would stay till their return home; "but, indeed," cried she, "I thought no harm, for he looked like a gentleman-like sort of a man. And, indeed, so I thought he was for a good while, whereof he sat down and behaved himself very civilly, till he saw some of master's and miss's things upon the chest of drawers; whereof he cried, 'Hey-day! what 's here?' and then he fell to tumbling about the things like any mad. Then I thinks, thinks I to myself, to be sure he is a highwayman, whereof I did not dare to speak to him; for I knew madam Ellison and her maid was gone out, and what could such a poor girl as I do against a great strong man? and besides, thinks I, to be sure he hath got pistols about him, though I cannot indeed (that I will not do for the world) take my Bible-oath that I saw any; yet to be sure he would have soon pulled them out and shot me dead if I had ventured to have said anything to offend him."

"I know not what to make of this," cries Booth. "The poor girl, I verily believe, speaks to the best of her knowledge. A thief it could not be, for he hath not taken the least thing; and it is plain he had the girl's watch in his hand. If it had been a bailiff, surely he would have staid till our return. I can conceive no other from the girl's account than that it must have been some madman."

"O good sir!" said the girl, "now you mention it, if he was not a thief, to be sure he must have been a madman; for indeed he looked, and behaved himself too, very much like a madman; for, now I remember it, he talked to himself and said many strange kind of words that I did not understand. Indeed, he looked altogether as I have seen people in Bedlam; besides, if he was not a madman, what good could it do him to throw the things all about the room in such a manner? and he said something too about my master just before he went down stairs; I was in such a fright I cannot remember particularly, but I am sure they were very ill words; he said he would do for him — I am sure he said that, and other wicked bad words too, if I could but think of them."

"Upon my word," said Booth, "this is the most probable conjecture; but still I am puzzled to conceive who it should be, for I have no madman to my knowledge of my acquaintance, and it seems, as the girl says, he asked for me." He then turned to the child, and asked her if she was certain of that circumstance.

The poor maid, after a little hesitation, answered, "Indeed, sir, I cannot be very positive; for the fright he threw me into afterwards drove everything almost out of my mind."

"Well, whatever he was," cries Amelia, "I am glad the consequence is no worse; but let this be a warning to you, little Betty, and teach you to take more care for the future. If ever you should be left alone in the house again, be sure to let no person in without first looking out at the window and seeing who they are. I promised not to chide you any more on this occasion, and I will keep my word; but it is very plain you desired this person to walk up into our apartment, which was very wrong in our absence."

Betty was going to answer, but Amelia would not let her, saying, "Don't attempt to excuse yourself; for I mortally hate a liar, and can forgive any fault sooner than falsehood."

The poor girl then submitted; and now Amelia, with her assistance, began to replace all things in their order; and little Emily, hugging her watch with great fondness, declared she would never part with it any more.

Thus ended this odd adventure, not entirely to the satisfaction of Booth; for, besides his curiosity, which, when thoroughly roused, is a very troublesome passion, he had, as is I believe usual with all persons in his circumstances, several doubts and apprehensions of he knew not what. Indeed, fear is never more uneasy than when it doth not certainly know its object; for on such occasions the mind is ever employed in raising a thousand hugbears and phantoms, much more dreadful than any realities, and, like children, when they tell tales of hobgoblings, seems industrious in terrifying itself.

CHAPTER V.

Containing some matters not very unnatural.

Matters were scarce sooner reduced into order and decency than a violent knocking was heard at the door, such indeed as would have persuaded any one not accustomed to the sound that the madman was returned in the highest spring-tide of his fury.

Instead, however, of so disagreeable an appearance, a very fine lady presently came into the room, no other, indeed, than Mrs. James herself; for she was resolved to show Amelia, by the speedy return of her visit, how unjust all her accusations had been of any failure in the duties of friendship; she had, moreover, another reason to accelerate this visit, and that was, to congratulate her friend on the event of the duel between Colonel Bath and Mr. Booth.

The lady had so well profited by Mrs. Booth's remonstrance, that she had now no more of that stiffness and formality which she had worn on a former occasion. On the contrary, she now behaved with the utmost freedom and good-humour, and made herself so very agreeable, that Amelia was highly pleased and delighted with her company.

An incident happened during this visit, that may appear to some too inconsiderable in itself to be recorded; and yet, as it certainly produced a very strong consequence in the mind of Mr. Booth, we cannot prevail on ourselves to pass it by.

Little Emily, who was present in the room while Mrs. James was there, as she stood near that lady happened to be playing with her watch, which she was so greatly overjoyed had escaped safe from the madman. Mrs. James, who expressed great fondness for the child, desired to see the watch, which she commended as the prettiest of the kind she had ever seen.

Amelia caught eager hold of this opportunity to spread the praises of her benefactor. She presently acquainted Mrs. James with the donor's name, and ran on with great encomiums on his lordship's goodness, and particularly on his generosity. To which Mrs. James answered, "O! certainly, madam, his lordship hath universally the character of being extremely generous—where he likes."

In uttering these words she laid a very strong emphasis on the three last monosyllables, accompanying them at the same time with a very sagacious look, a very significant leer, and a great flirt with her fan.

The greatest genius the world hath ever produced observes, in one of his most excellent plays, that

> Trifles, light as air,
> Are to the jealous confirmations strong
> As proofs of holy writ.

That Mr. Booth began to be possessed by this worst of fiends, admits, I think, no longer doubt; for at this speech of Mrs. James he immediately turned pale, and, from a high degree of cheerfulness, was all on a sudden struck dumb, so that he spoke not another word till Mrs. James left the room.

The moment that lady drove from the door Mrs. Ellison came up stairs. She entered the room with a laugh, and very plentifully rallied both Booth and Amelia concerning the madman, of which she had received a full account below stairs; and at last asked Amelia if she could not guess who it was; but, without receiving an answer, went on, saying, "For my own part, I fancy it must be some lover of yours! some person that hath seen you, and so is run mad with love. Indeed, I should not wonder if all mankind were to do the same. La! Mr. Booth, what makes you grave? why, you are as melancholy as if you had been robbed in earnest. Upon my word, though, to be serious, it is a strange story; and, as the girl tells it, I know not what to make of it. Perhaps it might be some rogue that intended to rob the house, and his heart failed him; yet even that would be very extraordinary. What, did you lose nothing, madam?"

"Nothing at all," answered Amelia. "He did not even take the child's watch."

"Well, captain," cries Mrs. Ellison, "I hope you will take more care of the house to-morrow; for your lady and I shall leave you alone to the care of it. Here, madam," said she, "here is a present from my lord to us; here are two tickets for the masquerade at Ranelagh. You will be so charmed with it! It is the sweetest of all diversions."

"May I be damned, madam," cries Booth, "if my wife shall go thither."

Mrs. Ellison started at these words, and, indeed, so did Amelia; for they were spoke with great vehemence. At length the former cried out with an air of astonishment, "Not let your lady go to Ranelagh, sir?"

"No, madam," cries Booth, "I will not let my wife go to Ranelagh."

"You surprise me!" cries Mrs. Ellison. "Sure, you are not in earnest?"

"Indeed, madam," returned he, "I am seriously in earnest. And, what is more, I am convinced she would of her own accord refuse to go."

"Now, madam," said Mrs. Ellison, "you are to answer for yourself; and I will for your husband, that, if you have a desire to go, he will not refuse you."

"I hope, madam," answered Amelia with great gravity, "I shall never desire to go to any place contrary to Mr. Booth's inclinations."

"Did ever mortal hear the like?" said Mrs. Ellison; "you are enough to spoil the best husband in the universe. Inclinations! what, is a woman to be governed then by her husband's inclinations, though they are never so unreasonable?"

"Pardon me, madam," said Amelia; "I will not suppose Mr. Booth's inclinations ever can be unreasonable. I am very much obliged to you for the offer you have made me; but I beg you will not mention it any more; for, after what Mr. Booth hath declared, if Ranelagh was a heaven upon earth, I would refuse to go to it."

"I thank you, my dear," cries Booth; "I do assure you, you oblige me beyond my power of expression by what you say; but I will endeavour to show you, both my sensibility of such goodness, and my lasting gratitude to it."

"And pray, sir," cries Mrs. Ellison, "what can be your objection to your lady's going to a place which, I will venture to say, is as reputable as any about town, and which is frequented by the best company?"

"Pardon me, good Mrs. Ellison," said Booth: as my wife is so good to acquiesce without knowing my reasons, I am not, I think, obliged to assign them to any other person."

"Well," cries Mrs. Ellison, "if I had been told this, I would not have believed it. What, refuse your lady an innocent diversion, and that too when you have not the pretence to say it would cost you a farthing?"

"Why will you say any more on this subject, dear madam?" cries Amelia. "All diversions are to me matters of such indifference, that the bare inclinations of any one for whom I have the least value would at all times turn the balance of mine. I am sure then, after what Mr. Booth hath said—"

"My dear," cries he, taking her up hastily, "I sincerely ask your pardon; I spoke inadvertently, and in a passion. I never once thought of controlling you, nor ever would. Nay, I said in the same breath you would not go; and, upon my honour, I meant nothing more."

"My dear," said she, "you have no need of making any apology. I am not in the least offended, and am convinced you will never deny me what I shall desire."

"Try him, try him, madam," cries Mrs. Ellison; "I will be judged by all the women in town if it is possible for a wife to ask her husband anything more reasonable. You cannot conceive what a sweet, charming, elegant, delicious place it is. Paradise itself can hardly be equal to it."

"I beg you will excuse me, madam," said Amelia; "nay, I entreat you will ask me no more; for he assured I must and will refuse. Do let me desire you to give the ticket to poor Mrs. Bennet. I believe it would greatly oblige her."

"Pardon me, madam," said Mrs. Ellison; "if you will not accept of it, I am not so distressed for want of company as to go to such a public place with all sorts of people, neither. I am always very glad to

see Mrs. Bennet at my own house, because I look upon her as a very good sort of a woman; but I don't choose to be seen with such people in public places."

Amelia expressed some little indignation at this last speech, which she declared to be entirely beyond her comprehension; and soon after, Mrs. Ellison, finding all her efforts to prevail on Amelia were ineffectual, took her leave, giving Mr. Booth two or three sarcastical words, and a much more sarcastical look, at her departure.

CHAPTER VI.

A scene in which some ladies will possibly think Amelia's conduct exceptionable.

Booth and his wife being left alone, a solemn silence prevailed during a few minutes. At last Amelia, who, though a good, was yet a human creature, said to her husband, "Pray, my dear, do inform me what could put you into so great a passion when Mrs. Ellison first offered me the tickets for this masquerade?"

"I had rather you would not ask me," said Booth. "You have obliged me greatly in your ready acquiescence with my desire, and you will add greatly to the obligation by not inquiring the reason of it. This you may depend upon, Amelia, that your good and happiness are the great objects of all my wishes, and the end I propose in all my actions. This view alone could tempt me to refuse you anything, or to conceal anything from you."

"I will appeal to yourself," answered she, "whether this be not using me too much like a child, and whether I can possibly help being a little offended at it?"

"Not in the least," replied he; "I use you only with the tenderness of a friend. I would only endeavour to conceal that from you which I think would give you uneasiness if you knew. These are called the pious frauds of friendship."

"I detest all fraud," says she; "and pious is too good an epithet to be joined to so odious a word. You have often, you know, tried these frauds with no better effect than to tease and torment me. You cannot imagine, my dear, but that I must have a violent desire to know the reason of words which I own I never expected to have heard. And the more you have shown a reluctance to tell me, the more eagerly I have longed to know. Nor can this be called a vain curiosity, since I seem so much interested in this affair. If after all this, you still insist on keeping the secret, I will convince you I am not ignorant of the duty of a wife by my obedience; but I cannot help telling you at the same time you will make me one of the most miserable of women."

"That is," cries he, "in other words, my dear Emily, to say, I will be contented without the secret, but I am resolved to know it, nevertheless."

"Nay, if you say so," cries she, "I am convinced you will tell me. Positively, dear Billy, I must and will know."

"Why, then, positively," says Booth, "I will tell you. And I think I shall then show you that, however well you may know the duty of a wife, I am not always able to behave like a husband. In a word then, my dear, the secret is no more than this; I am unwilling you should receive any more presents from my lord."

"Mercy upon me!" cries she, with all the marks of astonishment; "what! a masquerade ticket!"—

"Yes, my dear," cries he; "that is, perhaps, the very worst and most dangerous of all. Few men make presents of those tickets to ladies without intending to meet them at the place. And what do we know of your companion? To be sincere with you, I have not liked her behaviour for some time. What might be the consequence of going with such a woman to such a place, to meet such a person, I tremble to think. And now, my dear, I have told you my reason of refusing her offer with some little vehemence, and I think I need explain myself no farther."

"You need not, indeed, sir," answered she. "Good Heavens! did I ever expect to hear this? I can appeal to Heaven, nay, I will appeal to yourself, Mr. Booth, if I have ever done anything to deserve such a suspicion. If ever any action of mine, nay, if ever any thought, had stained the innocence of my soul, I could be contented."

"How cruelly do you mistake me!" said Booth. "What suspicion have I ever shown?"

"Can you ask it," answered she, "after what you have just now declared?"

"If I have declared any suspicion of you," replied he, "or if ever I entertained a thought leading that way, may the worst of evils that ever afflicted human nature attend me! I know the pure innocence of that tender bosom, I do know it, my lovely angel, and adore it. The snares which might be laid for that innocence were alone the cause of my apprehension. I feared what a wicked and voluptuous man, resolved to sacrifice everything to the gratification of a sensual appetite with the most delicious repast, might attempt. If ever I injured the unspotted whiteness of thy virtue in my imagination, may hell——"

"Do not terrify me," cries she, interrupting him, "with such imprecations. O, Mr. Booth! Mr. Booth! you must well know that a woman's virtue is always her sufficient guard. No husband, without suspecting that, can suspect any danger from those snares you mention; and why, if you are liable to take such things into your head, may not your suspicions fall on me as well as on any other? for sure nothing was ever more unjust, I will not say ungrateful, than the suspicions which you have bestowed on his lordship. I do solemnly declare, in all the times I have seen the poor man, he hath never once offered the least forwardness. His behaviour hath been polite indeed, but rather remarkably distant than otherwise. Particularly when we played at cards together. I don't remember he spoke ten words to me all the evening; and when I was at his house, though he showed the greatest fondness imaginable to the children, he took so little notice of me, that a vain woman would have been very little pleased with him. And if he gave them many presents, he never offered me one. The first, indeed, which he ever offered me was that which you in that kind manner forced me to refuse."

"All this may be only the effect of art," said Booth. "I am convinced he doth, nay, I am convinced he must like you; and my good friend James, who perfectly well knows the world, told me, that his lordship's character was that of the most profuse in his pleasures with women; nay, what said Mrs. James this very evening? 'His lordship is extremely generous—where he likes.' I shall never forget the sneer with which she spoke these last words."

"I am convinced they injure him," cries Amelia. "As for Mrs. James, she was always given to be censorious; I remarked it in her long ago, as her greatest fault. And for the colonel, I believe he may find faults enow of this kind in his own bosom, without searching after them among his neighbours. I am sure he hath the most impudent look of all the men I know; and I solemnly declare,

the very last time he was here he put me out of countenance more than once."

"Colonel James," answered Booth, "may have his faults very probably. I do not look upon him as a saint, nor do I believe he desires I should; but what interest could he have in abusing this lord's character to me? or why should I question his truth, when he assured me that my lord had never done an act of beneficence in his life but for the sake of some woman whom he lusted after?"

"Then I myself can confute him," replied Amelia; "for, besides his service to you, which, for the future, I shall wish to forget, and his kindness to my little babes, how inconsistent is the character which James gives of him with his lordship's behaviour to his own nephew and niece, whose extreme fondness of their uncle sufficiently proclaims his goodness to them? I need not mention all that I have heard from Mrs. Ellison, every word of which I believe; for I have great reason to think, notwithstanding some little levity, which, to give her her due, she sees and condemns in herself, she is a very good sort of woman."

"Well, my dear," cries Booth, "I may have been deceived, and I heartily hope I am so; but in cases of this nature it is always good to be on the surest side; for, as Congreve says,

"The wise too jealous are: fools too secure."

Here Amelia burst into tears, upon which Booth immediately caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to comfort her. Passion, however, for a while obstructed her speech, and at last she cried, "O, Mr. Booth! can I bear to hear the word jealousy from your mouth?"

"Why, my love," said Booth, "will you so fatally misunderstand my meaning? how often shall I protest that it is not of you, but of him, that I was jealous? If you could look into my breast, and there read all the most secret thoughts of my heart, you would not see one faint idea to your dishonour."

"I don't misunderstand you, my dear," said she, "so much as I am afraid you misunderstand yourself. What is it you fear?—you mention not force, but snares. Is not this to confess, at least, that you have some doubt of my understanding? do you then really imagine me so weak as to be cheated of my virtue?—am I to be deceived into an affection for a man before I perceive the least inward hint of my danger? No, Mr. Booth, believe me, a woman must be a fool indeed who can have in earnest such an excuse for her actions. I have not, I think, any very high opinion of my judgment; but so far I shall rely upon it, that no man breathing could have any such designs as you have apprehended without my immediately seeing them; and how I should then act I hope my whole conduct to you hath sufficiently declared."

"Well, my dear," cries Booth, "I beg you will mention it no more; if possible, forget it. I hope, nay, I believe, I have been in the wrong; pray forgive me."

"I will, I do forgive you, my dear," said she, "if forgiveness be a proper word for one whom you have rather made miserable than angry; but let me entreat you to banish for ever all such suspicions from your mind. I hope Mrs. Ellison hath not discovered the real cause of your passion; but, poor woman, if she had, I am convinced it would go no farther. Oh, Heavens! I would not for the world it should reach his lordship's ears. You would lose the best friend that ever man had. Nay, I would not for his own sake, poor man! for I really believe it would affect him greatly, and I must, I cannot help having an esteem for so much goodness. An esteem which, by this dear hand," said she, taking Booth's hand and kissing it, "no man alive shall ever obtain by making love to me."

Booth caught her in his arms and tenderly embraced her. After which the reconciliation soon became complete; and Booth, in the contemplation of his happiness, entirely buried all his jealous thoughts.

CHAPTER VII.

A chapter in which there is much learning.

THE next morning, whilst Booth was gone to take his morning walk, Amelia went down into Mrs. Ellison's apartment, where, though she was received with great civility, yet she found that lady was not at all pleased with Mr. Booth; and, by some hints which dropped from her in conversation, Amelia very greatly apprehended that Mrs. Ellison had too much suspicion of her husband's real uneasiness; for that lady declared very openly she could not help perceiving what sort of man Mr. Booth was: "And though I have the greatest regard for you, madam, in the world," said she, "yet I think myself in honour obliged not to impose on his lordship, who, I know very well, hath conceived his greatest liking to the captain on my telling him that he was the best husband in the world."

Amelia's fears gave her much disturbance, and when her husband returned she acquainted him with them; upon which occasion, as it was natural, she resumed a little the topic of their former discourse, nor could she help casting, though in very gentle terms, some slight blame on Booth for having entertained a suspicion which, she said, might in its consequence very possibly prove their ruin, and occasion the loss of his lordship's friendship.

Booth became highly affected with what his wife said, and the more, as he had just received a note from colonel James, informing him that the colonel had heard of a vacant company in the regiment which Booth had mentioned to him, and that he had been with his lordship about it, who had promised to use his utmost interest to obtain him the command.

The poor man now expressed the utmost concern for his yesterday's behaviour, said he believed the devil had taken possession of him, and concluded with crying out, "Sure I was born, my dearest creature, to be your torment."

Amelia no sooner saw her husband's distress than she instantly forbore whatever might seem likely to aggravate it, and applied herself, with all her power, to comfort him. "If you will give me leave to offer my advice, my dearest soul," said she, "I think all might yet be remedied. I think you know me too well to suspect that the desire of diversion should induce me to mention what I am now going to propose; and in that confidence I will ask you to let me accept my lord's and Mrs. Ellison's offer, and go to the masquerade. No matter how little while I stay there; if you desire it I will not be an hour from you. I can make an hundred excuses to come home, or tell a real truth, and say I am tired of the place. The bare going will cure everything."

Amelia had no sooner done speaking than Booth immediately approved her advice, and readily gave his consent. He could not, however, help saying, that the shorter her stay was there the more agreeable it would be to him; "for you know, my dear," said he, "I would never willingly be a moment out of your sight."

In the afternoon Amelia sent to invite Mrs. Ellison to a dish of tea; and Booth undertook to laugh off

all that had passed yesterday, in which attempt the abundant good humour of that lady gave him great hopes of success.

Mrs. Bennet came that afternoon to make a visit, and was almost an hour with Booth and Amelia before the entry of Mrs. Ellison.

Mr. Booth had hitherto rather disliked this young lady, and had wondered at the pleasure which Amelia declared she took in her company. This afternoon, however, he changed his opinion, and liked her almost as much as his wife had done. She did indeed behave at this time with more than ordinary gaiety; and good humour gave a glow to her countenance that set off her features, which were very pretty, to the best advantage, and lessened the deadness that had usually appeared in her complexion.

But if Booth was now pleased with Mrs. Bennet, Amelia was still more pleased with her than ever. For, when their discourse turned on love, Amelia discovered that her new friend had all the same sentiments on that subject with herself. In the course of their conversation Booth gave Mrs. Bennet a hint of wishing her a good husband, upon which both the ladies declaimed against second marriages with equal vehemence.

Upon this occasion Booth and his wife discovered a talent in their visitant to which they had been before entirely strangers, and for which they both greatly admired her, and this was, that the lady was a good scholar, in which, indeed, she had the advantage of poor Amelia, whose reading was confined to English plays and poetry; besides which, I think she had conversed only with the divinity of the great and learned Dr. Barrow, and with the histories of the excellent Bishop Burnet.

Amelia delivered herself on the subject of second marriages with much eloquence and great good sense; but when Mrs. Bennet came to give her opinion she spoke in the following manner: "I shall not enter into the question concerning the legality of bigamy. Our laws certainly allow it, and so, I think, doth our religion. We are now debating only on the decency of it, and in this light I own myself as strenuous an advocate against it as any Roman matron would have been in those ages of the commonwealth when it was held to be infamous. For my own part, how great a paradox soever my opinion may seem, I solemnly declare, I see but little difference between having two husbands at one time and at several times; and of this I am very confident, that the same degree of love for a first husband which preserves a woman in the one case will preserve her in the other. There is one argument which I scarce know how to deliver before you, sir; but—if a woman hath lived with her first husband without having children, I think it unpardonable in her to carry barrenness into a second family. On the contrary, if she hath children by her first husband, to give them a second father is still more unpardonable."

"But suppose, madam," cries Booth, interrupting her with a smile, "she should have had children by her first husband, and have lost them?"

"That is a case," answered she, with a sigh, "which I did not desire to think of, and I must own it the most favourable light in which a second marriage can be seen. But the scriptures, as Petrarch observes, rather suffer them than commend them; and St. Jerom speaks against them with the utmost bitterness."—"I remember," cries Booth (who was willing either to show his learning, or to draw out the lady's), "a very wise law of Charondas, the famous lawgiver of Thurium, by which men who married a second time were removed from all public councils; for it was scarce reasonable to suppose that he who was so great a fool in his own family should be wise in public affairs. And though second marriages were permitted among the Romans, yet they were at the same time discouraged, and those Roman widows who refused them were held in high esteem, and honoured with what Valerius Maximus calls the Corona Pudicitiæ. In the noble family of Camilli there was not, in many ages, a single instance of this, which Martial calls adultery:

Quæ toties nubit, non nubit; adultera lege est."

"True, sir," says Mrs. Bennet, "and Virgil calls this a violation of chastity, and makes Dido speak of it with the utmost detestation:

Sed mihi vel Tellus optem prius ima dehiscat;
Vel Pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvo.
Ille meus, primum qui me sibi junxit, amores,
Ille habeat secum, servetque Sepulchro."

She repeated these lines with so strong an emphasis, that she almost frightened Amelia out of her wits, and not a little staggered Booth, who was himself no contemptible scholar. He expressed great admiration of the lady's learning; upon which she said it was all the fortune given her by her father, and all the dower left her by her husband; "and sometimes," said she, "I am inclined to think I enjoy more pleasure from it than if they had bestowed on me what the world would in general call more valuable."—She then took occasion, from the surprise which Booth had affected to conceive at her repeating Latin with so good a grace, to comment on that great absurdity (for so she termed it) of excluding women from learning; for which they were equally qualified with the men, and in which so many had made so notable a proficiency; for a proof of which she mentioned madam Dacier, and many others.

Though both Booth and Amelia outwardly concurred with her sentiments, it may be a question whether they did not assent rather out of complaisance, than from their real judgment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing some unaccountable behaviour in Mrs. Ellison.

Mrs. Ellison made her entrance at the end of the preceding discourse. At her first appearance she put on an unusual degree of formality and reserve but when Amelia had acquainted her that she designed to accept the favour intended her, she soon began to alter the gravity of her muscles, and presently fell in with that ridicule which Booth thought proper to throw on his yesterday's behaviour.

The conversation now became very lively and pleasant, in which Booth having mentioned the discourse that passed in the last chapter, and having greatly complimented Mrs. Bennet's speech on that occasion, Mrs. Ellison, who was as strenuous an advocate on the other side, began to rally that lady extremely, declaring it was a certain sign she intended to marry again soon. "Married ladies," cries she, "I believe, sometimes think themselves in earnest in such declarations, though they are oftener perhaps meant as compliments to their husbands; but, when widows exclaim loudly against second marriages, I would always lay a wager that the man, if not the wedding-day, is absolutely fixed on."

Mrs. Bennet made very little answer to this sarcasm. Indeed, she had scarce opened her lips from the time of Mrs. Ellison's coming into the room, and had grown particularly grave at the mention of the masquerade. Amelia imputed this to her being left out of the party, a matter which is often no small mortification to human pride, and in a whisper asked

Mrs. Ellison if she could not procure a third ticket, to which she received an absolute negative.

During the whole time of Mrs. Bennet's stay, which was above an hour afterwards, she remained perfectly silent, and looked extremely melancholy. This made Amelia very uneasy, as she concluded she had guessed the cause of her vexation. In which opinion she was the more confirmed from certain looks of no very pleasant kind which Mrs. Bennet now and then cast on Mrs. Ellison, and the more than ordinary concern that appeared in the former lady's countenance whenever the masquerade was mentioned, and which, unfortunately, was the principal topic of their discourse; for Mrs. Ellison gave a very elaborate description of the extreme beauty of the place and elegance of the diversion.

When Mrs. Bennet was departed, Amelia could not help again soliciting Mrs. Ellison for another ticket, declaring she was certain Mrs. Bennet had a great inclination to go with them; but Mrs. Ellison again excused herself from asking it of his lordship. "Besides, madam," says she, "if I would go thither with Mrs. Bennet, which, I own to you, I don't choose, as she is a person whom *nobody knows*, I very much doubt whether she herself would like it; for she is a woman of a very unacconntable turn. All her delight lies in books; and as for public diversions, I have heard her often declare her abhorrence of them."

"What then," said Amelia, "could occasion all that gravity from the moment the masquerade was mentioned?"

"As to that," answered the other, "there is no guessing. You have seen her altogether as grave before now. She hath had these fits of gravity at times ever since the death of her husband."

"Poor creature!" cries Amelia; "I heartily pity her, for she must certainly suffer a great deal on these occasions. I declare I have taken a strange fancy to her."

"Perhaps you would not like her so well if you knew her thoroughly," answered Mrs. Ellison.—"She is, upon the whole, but of a whimsical temper; and, if you will take my opinion, you should not cultivate too much intimacy with her. I know you will never mention what I say; but she is like some pictures which please best at a distance."

Amelia did not seem to agree with these sentiments, and she greatly importuned Mrs. Ellison to be more explicit, but to no purpose; she continued to give only dark hints to Mrs. Bennet's disadvantage; and, if ever she let drop something a little too harsh, she failed not immediately to contradict herself by throwing some gentle commendations into the other scale; so that her conduct appeared utterly unaccountable to Amelia, and, upon the whole, she knew not whether to conclude Mrs. Ellison to be a friend or enemy to Mrs. Bennet.

During this latter conversation Booth was not in the room, for he had been summoned down stairs by the serjeant, who came to him with news from Murphy, whom he had met that evening, and who assured the serjeant that, if he was desirous of recovering the debt which he had before pretended to have on Booth, he might shortly have an opportunity, for that there was to be a very strong petition to the board the next time they sat. Murphy said further that he need not fear having his money, for that, to his certain knowledge, the captain had several things of great value, and even his children had gold watches.

This greatly alarmed Booth, and still more when the serjeant reported to him, from Murphy, that all these things had been seen in his possession within a day last past. He now plainly perceived, as he thought, that Murphy himself, or one of his emissaries, had been the supposed madman; and he now very well accounted to himself, in his own mind, for all that had happened, conceiving that the design was to examine into the state of his effects, and to try whether it was worth his creditors' while to plunder him by law.

At his return to his apartment he communicated what he had heard to Amelia and Mrs. Ellison, not disguising his apprehensions of the enemy's intentions; but Mrs. Ellison endeavoured to laugh him out of his fears, calling him faint-hearted, and assuring him he might depend on her lawyer. "Till you hear from him," said she, "you may rest entirely contented; for, take my word for it, no danger can happen to you of which you will not be timely apprised by him. And as for the fellow that had the impudence to come into your room, if he was sent on such an errand as you mention, I heartily wish I had been at home; I would have secured him safe with a constable, and have carried him directly before justice Thresher. I know the justice is an enemy to bailiffs on his own account."

This heartening speech a little roused the courage of Booth, and somewhat comforted Amelia, though the spirits of both had been too much hurried to suffer them either to give or receive much entertainment that evening; which Mrs. Ellison perceiving soon took her leave, and left this unhappy couple to seek relief from sleep, that powerful friend to the distressed, though, like other powerful friends, he is not always ready to give his assistance to those who want it most.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing a very strange incident.

When the husband and wife were alone they again talked over the news which the serjeant had brought; on which occasion Amelia did all she could to conceal her own fears, and to quiet those of her husband. At last she turned the conversation on another subject, and poor Mrs. Bennet was brought on the carpet. "I should be sorry," cries Amelia, "to find I had conceived an affection for a bad woman; and yet I begin to fear Mrs. Ellison knows something of her more than she cares to discover; why else should she be unwilling to be seen with her in public? Besides, I have observed that Mrs. Ellison hath been always backward to introduce her to me, nor would ever bring her to my apartment, though I have often desired her. Nay, she hath given me frequent hints not to cultivate the acquaintance. What do you think, my dear? I should be very sorry to contract an intimacy with a wicked person."

"Nay, my dear," cries Booth, "I know no more of her, nor indeed hardly so much as yourself. But this, I think, that if Mrs. Ellison knows any reason why she should not have introduced Mrs. Bennet into your company, she was very much in the wrong in introducing her into it."

In discourses of this kind they passed the remainder of the evening. In the morning Booth rose early, and, going down stairs, received from little Betty a sealed note, which contained the following words:

Beware, beware, beware;
For I apprehend a dreadful snare
Is laid for virtuous innocence,
Under a friend's false pretence.

Booth immediately inquired of the girl who brought this note? and was told it came by a chairman, who, having delivered it, departed without saying a word

He was extremely staggered at what he read, and presently referred the advice to the same affair on which he had received those hints from Atkinson the preceding evening; but when he came to consider the words more maturely he could not so well reconcile the two last lines of this poetical epistle, if it may be so called, with any danger which the law gave him reason to apprehend. Mr. Murphy and his gang could not well be said to attack either his innocence or virtue; nor did they attack him under any colour or pretence of friendship.

After much deliberation on this matter a very strange suspicion came into his head; and this was, that he was betrayed by Mrs. Ellison. He had, for some time, conceived no very high opinion of that good gentlewoman, and he now began to suspect that she was bribed to betray him. By this means he thought he could best account for the strange appearance of the supposed madman. And when this conceit once had birth in his mind, several circumstances nourished and improved it. Among these were her jocose behaviour and raillery on that occasion, and her attempt to ridicule his fears from the message which the serjeant had brought him.

This suspicion was indeed preposterous, and not at all warranted by, or even consistent with, the character and whole behaviour of Mrs. Ellison, but it was the only one which at that time suggested itself to his mind; and, however blamable it might be, it was certainly not unnatural in him to entertain it; for so great a torment is anxiety to the human mind, that we always endeavour to relieve ourselves from it by guesses, however doubtful or uncertain; on all which occasions, dislike and hatred are the surest guides to lead our suspicion to its object.

When Amelia rose to breakfast, Booth produced the note which he had received, saying, "My dear, you have so often blamed me for keeping secrets from you, and I have so often, indeed, endeavoured to conceal secrets of this kind from you with such ill success, that I think I shall never more attempt it." Amelia read the letter hastily, and seemed not a little discomposed; then, turning to Booth with a very disconsolate countenance, she said, "Sure fortune takes a delight in terrifying us! what can be the meaning of this?" Then, fixing her eyes attentively on the paper, she perused it for some time, till Booth cried, "How is it possible, my Emily, you can read such stuff patiently? the verses are certainly as bad as ever were written."—"I was trying, my dear," answered she, "to recollect the hand; for I will take my oath I have seen it before, and that very lately;" and suddenly she cried out, with great emotion, "I remember it perfectly now; it is Mrs. Bennet's hand. Mrs. Ellison showed me a letter from her but a day or two ago. It is a very remarkable hand, and I am positive it is hers."

"If it be hers," cries Booth, "what can she possibly mean by the latter part of her caution? sure Mrs. Ellison hath no intention to betray us."

"I know not what she means," answered Amelia, "but I am resolved to know immediately, for I am certain of the hand. By the greatest luck in the world, she told me yesterday where her lodgings were, when she pressed me exceedingly to come and see her. She lives but a very few doors from us, and I will go to her this moment."

Booth made not the least objection to his wife's design. His curiosity was, indeed, as great as hers, and so was his impatience to satisfy it, though he mentioned not this his impatience to Amelia; and perhaps it had been well for him if he had.

Amelia, therefore, presently equipped herself in her walking dress, and, leaving her children to the care of her husband, made all possible haste to Mrs. Bennet's lodgings.

Amelia waited near five minutes at Mrs. Bennet's door before any one came to open it; at length a maid servant appeared, who, being asked if Mrs. Bennet was at home, answered, with some confusion in her countenance, that she did not know; "but, madam," said she, "if you will send up your name, I will go and see." Amelia then told her name, and the wench, after staying a considerable time, returned and acquainted her that Mrs. Bennet was at home. She was then ushered into a parlour and told that the lady would wait on her presently.

In this parlour Amelia cooled her heels, as the phrase is, near a quarter of an hour. She seemed, indeed, at this time, in the miserable situation of one of those poor wretches who make their morning visits to the great to solicit favours, or perhaps to solicit the payment of a debt, for both are alike treated as beggars, and the latter sometimes considered as the more troublesome beggars of the two.

During her stay here, Amelia observed the house to be in great confusion; a great hustle was heard above stairs, and the maid ran up and down several times in a great hurry.

At length Mrs. Bennet herself came in. She was greatly disordered in her looks, and had, as the women call it, huddled on her clothes in much haste; for, in truth, she was in bed when Amelia first came. Of this fact she informed her, as the only apology she could make for having caused her to wait so long for her company.

Amelia very readily accepted her apology, but asked her with a smile, if these early hours were usual with her? Mrs. Bennet turned as red as scarlet at the question, and answered, "No, indeed, dear madam. I am for the most part a very early riser; but I happened accidently to sit up very late last night. I am sure I had little expectation of your intending me such a favour this morning."

Amelia, looking very stedfastly at her, said, "Is it possible, madam, you should think such a note as this would raise no curiosity in me?" She then gave her the note, asking her if she did know the hand?

Mrs. Bennet appeared in the utmost surprise and confusion at this instant. Indeed, if Amelia had conceived but the slightest suspicion before, the behaviour of the lady would have been a sufficient confirmation to her of the truth. She waited not, therefore, for an answer, which, indeed, the other seemed in no haste to give, but conjured her in the most earnest manner to explain to her the meaning of so extraordinary an act of friendship; "for so," said she, "I esteem it, being convinced you must have sufficient reason for the warning you have given me."

Mrs. Bennet, after some hesitation, answered, "I need not, I believe, tell you how much I am surprised at what you have shown me; and the chief reason of my surprise is, how you came to discover my hand. Sure, madam, you have not shown it to Mrs. Ellison."

Amelia declared she had not, but desired she would question her no farther. "What signifies how I discovered it, since your hand it certainly is?"

"I own it is," cries Mrs. Bennet, recovering her spirits, "and since you have not shown it to that woman I am satisfied. I begin to guess now whence you might have your information; but no matter; I wish I had never done anything of which I ought to be more ashamed. No one can, I think, justly accuse me of a crime on that account; and I thank Heaven my shame will never be directed by the

false opinion of the world. Perhaps it was wrong to show my letter, but when I consider all circumstances I can forgive it."

"Since you have guessed the truth," said Amelia, "I am not obliged to deny it. She, indeed, showed me your letter, but I am sure you have not the least reason to be ashamed of it. On the contrary, your behaviour on so melancholy an occasion was highly praiseworthy; and your bearing up under such afflictions as the loss of a husband in so dreadful a situation was truly great and heroical."

"So Mrs. Ellison then hath shown you my letter?" cries Mrs. Bennet, eagerly.

"Why, did not you guess it yourself?" answered Amelia; "otherwise I am sure I have betrayed my honour in mentioning it. I hope you have not drawn me inadvertently into any breach of my promise. Did you not assert, and that with an absolute certainty, that you knew she had shown me your letter, and that you was not angry with her for so doing?"

"I am so confused," replied Mrs. Bennet, "that I scarce know what I say; yes, yes, I remember I did say so—I wish I had no greater reason to be angry with her than that."

"For Heaven's sake," cries Amelia, "do not delay my request any longer; what you say now greatly increases my curiosity, and my mind will be on the rack till you discover your whole meaning; for I am more and more convinced that something of the utmost importance was the purport of your message."

"Of the utmost importance, indeed," cries Mrs. Bennet; "at least you will own my apprehensions were sufficiently well founded. O gracious Heaven! how happy shall I think myself if I should have proved your preservation! I will, indeed, explain my meaning; but, in order to disclose all my fears in their just colours, I must unfold my whole history to you. Can you have patience, madam, to listen to the story of the most unfortunate of women?"

Amelia assured her of the highest attention, and Mrs. Bennet soon after began to relate what is written in the seventh book of this history.

BOOK VII.—CHAPTER I.

A very short chapter, and consequently requiring no preface.

Mrs. Bennet having fastened the door, and both the ladies having taken their places, she once or twice offered to speak, when passion stopped her utterance; and, after a minute's silence, she burst into a flood of tears. Upon which Amelia, expressing the utmost tenderness for her, as well by her look as by her accent, cried, "What can be the reason, dear madam, of all this emotion?" "O, Mrs. Booth!" answered she, "I find I have undertaken what I am not able to perform. You would not wonder at my emotion if you knew you had an adultress and a murderer now standing before you."

Amelia turned pale as death at these words, which Mrs. Bennet observing, collected all the force she was able, and, a little composing her countenance, cried, "I see, madam, I have terrified you with such dreadful words; but I hope you will not think me guilty of these crimes in the blackest degree." "Guilty!" cries Amelia. "O Heavens!" "I believe, indeed, your candour," continued Mrs. Bennet, "will be readier to acquit me than I am to acquit myself. Indiscretion, at least, the highest, most unpardonable indiscretion, I shall always lay to my own charge: and, when I reflect on the fatal consequences, I can never, never, forgive myself." Here she again began to lament in so bitter a manner, that Amelia endeavoured, as much as she could (for she was herself greatly shocked), to soothe and comfort her; telling her that, if indiscretion was her highest crime, the unhappy consequences made her rather an unfortunate than a guilty person; and concluded by saying,—"Indeed, madam, you have raised my curiosity to the highest pitch, and I beg you will proceed with your story."

Mrs. Bennet then seemed a second time going to begin her relation, when she cried out, "I would, if possible, tire you with no more of my unfortunate life than just with that part which leads to a catastrophe in which I think you may yourself be interested; but I protest I am at a loss where to begin."

"Begin wherever you please, dear madam," cries Amelia; "but I beg you will consider my impatience." "I do consider it," answered Mrs. Bennet; "and therefore would begin with that part of my story which leads directly to what concerns yourself; for how, indeed, should my life produce anything worthy your notice?" "Do not say so, madam," cries Amelia; "I assure you I have long suspected there were some very remarkable incidents in your life, and have only wanted an opportunity to impart to you my desire of hearing them: I beg, therefore, you would make no more apologies." "I will not, madam," cries Mrs. Bennet, "and yet I would avoid anything trivial; though, indeed, in stories of distress, especially where love is concerned, many little incidents may appear trivial to those who have never felt the passion, which, to delicate minds, are the most interesting part of the whole." "Nay, but, dear madam," cries Amelia, "this is all preface."

"Well, madam," answered Mrs. Bennet, "I will consider your impatience." She then rallied all her spirits in the best manner she could, and began as is written in the next chapter.

And here possibly the reader will blame Mrs Bennet for taking her story so far back, and relating so much of her life in which Amelia had no concern; but, in truth, she was desirous of inculcating a good opinion of herself, from recounting those transactions where her conduct was unexceptionable, before she came to the more dangerous and suspicious part of her character. This I really suppose to have been her intention; for to sacrifice the time and patience of Amelia at such a season to the mere love of talking of herself would have been as unpardonable in her as the hearing it was in Amelia a proof of the most perfect good breeding.

CHAPTER II.

The beginning of Mrs. Bennet's history.

"I was the younger of two daughters of a clergyman in Essex; of one in whose praise if I should indulge my fond heart in speaking, I think my invention could not outgo the reality. He was indeed well worthy of the cloth he wore; and that, I think, is the highest character a man can obtain.

"During the first part of my life, even till I reached my sixteenth year, I can recollect nothing to relate to you. All was one long serene day, in looking back upon which, as when we cast our eyes on a calm sea, no object arises to my view. All appears one scene of happiness and tranquillity.

"On the day, then, when I became sixteen years old, must I begin my history; for on that day I first tasted the bitterness of sorrow.

"My father, besides those prescribed by our religion, kept five festivals every year. These were on his wedding-day, and on the birth-day of each of his little family; on these occasions he used to invite two or three neighbours to his house, and to indulge

himself, as he said, in great excess; for so he called drinking a pint of very small punch; and, indeed, it might appear excess to one who on other days rarely tasted any liquor stronger than small beer.

"Upon my unfortunate birth-day, then, when we were all in a high degree of mirth, my mother having left the room after dinner, and staying away pretty long, my father sent me to see for her. I went according to his orders; but, though I searched the whole house, and called after her without doors, I could neither see nor hear her. I was a little alarmed at this (though far from suspecting any great mischief had befallen her), and ran back to acquaint my father, who answered coolly (for he was a man of the calmest temper), 'Very well, my dear, I suppose she is not gone far, and will be here immediately.' Half an hour or more passed after this, when, she not returning, my father himself expressed some surprise at her stay; declaring it must be some matter of importance which could detain her at that time from her company. His surprise now increased every minute, and he began to grow uneasy, and to show sufficient symptoms in his countenance of what he felt within. He then despatched the servant-maid to inquire after her mistress in the parish, but waited not her return; for she was scarce gone out of doors before he begged leave of his guests to go himself on the same errand. The company now all broke up, and attended my father, all endeavouring to give him hopes that no mischief had happened. They searched the whole parish, but in vain; they could neither see my mother, nor hear any news of her. My father returned home in a state little short of distraction. His friends in vain attempted to administer either advice or comfort; he threw himself on the floor in the most bitter agonies of despair.

"Whilst he lay in this condition, my sister and myself lying by him, all equally, I believe, and completely miserable, our old servant-maid came into the room, and cried out, her mind misgave her that she knew where her mistress was. Upon these words, my father sprung from the floor, and asked her eagerly, where? But oh! Mrs. Booth, how can I describe the particulars of a scene to you, the remembrance of which chills my blood with horror, and which the agonies of my mind, when it passed, made all a scene of confusion! the fact then in short was this: my mother, who was a most indulgent mistress to one servant, which was all we kept, was unwilling, I suppose, to disturb her at her dinner, and therefore went herself to fill her tea-kettle at a well, into which, stretching herself too far, as we imagine, the water then being very low, she fell with the tea-kettle in her hand. The missing this gave the poor old wretch the first hint of her suspicion, which, upon examination, was found to be too well grounded.

"What we all suffered on this occasion may more easily be felt than described."——"It may indeed," answered Amelia, "and I am so sensible of it, that, unless you have a mind to see me faint before your face, I beg you will order me something; a glass of water, if you please." Mrs. Bennet immediately complied with her friend's request; a glass of water was brought, and some hartshorn drops infused into it; which Amelia having drank off, declared she found herself much better; and then Mrs. Bennet proceeded thus:—

"I will not dwell on a scene which I see hath already so much affected your tender heart, and which is as disagreeable to me to relate as it can be to you to hear. I will therefore only mention to you the behaviour of my father on this occasion, which was indeed becoming a philosopher and a christian divine. On the day after my mother's funeral he sent for my sister and myself into his room, where, after many caresses and every demonstration of fatherly tenderness as well in silence as in words, he began to exhort us to bear with patience the great calamity that had befallen us; saying, 'That as every human accident, how terrible soever, must happen to us by divine permission at least, a due sense of our duty to our great Creator must teach us an absolute submission to his will. Not only religion, but common sense, must teach us this; for oh! my dear children,' cries he, 'how vain is all resistance, all repining! could tears wash back again my angel from the grave, I should drain all the juices of my body through my eyes; but oh, could we fill up that cursed well with our tears, how fruitless would be all our sorrow!'—I think I repeat you his very words; for the impression they made on me is never to be obliterated. He then proceeded to comfort us with the cheerful thought that the loss was entirely our own, and that my mother was greatly a gainer by the accident which we lamented. 'I have a wife,' cries he, 'my children, and you have a mother, now amongst the heavenly choir; how selfish therefore is all our grief! how cruel to her are all our wishes!' In this manner he talked to us near half an hour, though I must frankly own to you his arguments had not the immediate good effect on us which they deserved, for we retired from him very little the better for his exhortations; however, they became every day more and more forcible upon our recollection; indeed, they were greatly strengthened by his example; for in this, as in all other instances, he practised the doctrines which he taught. From this day he never mentioned my mother more, and soon after recovered his usual cheerfulness in public; though I have reason to think he paid many a bitter sigh in private to that remembrance which neither philosophy nor christianity could expunge.

"My father's advice, enforced by his example, together with the kindness of some of our friends, assisted by that ablest of all the mental physicians, Time, in a few months pretty well restored my tranquillity, when fortune made a second attack on my quiet. My sister, whom I dearly loved, and who as warmly returned my affection, had fallen into an ill state of health some time before the fatal accident which I have related. She was indeed at that time so much better, that we had great hopes of her perfect recovery; but the disorders of her mind on that dreadful occasion so affected her body, that she presently relapsed to her former declining state, and thence grew continually worse and worse, till, after a decay of near seven months, she followed my poor mother to the grave.

"I will not tire you, dear madam, with repetitions of grief; I will only mention two observations which have occurred to me from reflections on the two losses I have mentioned. The first is, that a mind once violently hurt grows, as it were, callous to any future impressions of grief, and is never capable of feeling the same pangs a second time. The other observation is, that the arrows of fortune, as well as all others, derive their force from the velocity with which they are discharged; for, when they approach you by slow and perceptible degrees, they have but very little power to do you mischief.

"The truth of these observations I experienced, not only in my own heart, but in the behaviour of my father, whose philosophy seemed to gain a complete triumph over this latter calamity.

"Our family was now reduced to two; and my

father grew extremely fond of me, as if he had now conferred an entire stock of affection on me, that had before been divided. His words, indeed, testified no less, for he daily called me his only darling, his whole comfort, his all. He committed the whole charge of his house to my care, and gave me the name of the little housekeeper, an appellation of which I was then as proud as any minister of state can be of his titles. But, though I was very industrious in the discharge of my occupation, I did not, however, neglect my studies, in which I had made so great a proficiency, that I was become a pretty good mistress of the Latin language, and had made some progress in the Greek. I believe, madam, I have formerly acquainted you, that learning was the chief estate I inherited of my father, in which he had instructed me from my earliest youth.

"The kindness of this good man had at length wiped off the remembrance of all losses; and I during two years led a life of great tranquillity, I think I might almost say of perfect happiness.

"I was now in the nineteenth year of my age, when my father's good fortune removed us from the county of Essex into Hampshire, where a living was conferred on him by one of his old schoolfellows, of twice the value of what he was before possessed of.

"His predecessor in this new living had died in very indifferent circumstances, and had left behind him a widow with two small children. My father, therefore, who, with great economy, had a most generous soul, bought the whole furniture of the parsonage-house at a very high price; some of it, indeed, he would have wanted; for, though our little habitation in Essex was most completely furnished, yet it bore no proportion to the largeness of that house in which he was now to dwell.

"His motive, however, to the purchase was, I am convinced, solely generosity; which appeared sufficiently by the price he gave, and may be farther enforced by the kindness he showed the widow in another instance; for he assigned her an apartment for the use of herself and her little family, which, he told her she was welcome to enjoy as long as it suited her convenience.

"As this widow was very young, and generally thought to be tolerably pretty, though I own she had a cast with her eyes which I never liked, my father, you may suppose, acted from a less noble principle than I have hinted; but I must in justice acquit him, for these kind offers were made her before ever he had seen her face; and I have the greatest reason to think that, for a long time after he had seen her, he beheld her with much indifference.

"This act of my father's gave me, when I first heard it, great satisfaction; for I may at least, with the modesty of the ancient philosophers, call myself a lover of generosity; but when I became acquainted with the widow I was still more delighted with what my father had done; for, though I could not agree with those who thought her a consummate beauty, I must allow that she was very fully possessed of the power of making herself agreeable; and this power she exerted with so much success, with such indefatigable industry to oblige, that within three months I became in the highest manner pleased with my new acquaintance, and had contracted the most sincere friendship for her.

"But, if I was so pleased with the widow, my father was by this time enamoured of her. She had, indeed, by the most artful conduct in the world, so insinuated herself into his favour, so entirely infatuated him that he never showed the least marks of cheerfulness in her absence, and could, in truth, scarce bear that she should be out of his sight.

"She had managed this matter so well (O, she is the most artful of women!) that my father's heart was gone before I ever suspected it was in danger. The discovery you may easily believe, madam, was not pleasing. The name of a mother-in-law sounded dreadful in my ears; nor could I bear the thought of parting again with a share in those dear affections, of which I had purchased the whole by the loss of a beloved mother and sister.

"In the first hurry and disorder of my mind on this occasion I committed a crime of the highest kind against all the laws of prudence and discretion. I took the young lady herself very roundly to task, treated her designs on my father as little better than a design to commit a theft, and in my passion, I believe, said she might be ashamed to think of marrying a man old enough to be her grandfather; for so in reality he almost was.

"The lady on this occasion acted finely the part of an hypocrite. She affected to be highly affronted at my unjust suspicions, as she called them; and proceeded to such asseverations of her innocence, that she almost brought me to discredit the evidence of my own eyes and ears.

"My father, however, acted much more honestly, for he fell the next day into a more violent passion with me than I had ever seen him in before, and asked me whether I intended to return his paternal fondness by assuming the right of controlling his inclinations? with more of the like kind, which fully convinced me what had passed between him and the lady, and how little I had injured her in my suspicions.

"Hitherto, I frankly own, my aversion to this match had been principally on my own account; for I had no ill opinion of the woman, though I thought neither her circumstances nor my father's age promised any kind of felicity from such an union; but now I learned some particulars, which, had not our quarrel become public in the parish, I should perhaps have never known. In short, I was informed that this gentle obliging creature, as she had at first appeared to me, had the spirit of a tigress, and was by many believed to have broken the heart of her first husband.

"The truth of this matter being confirmed to me upon examination, I resolved not to suppress it. On this occasion fortune seemed to favour me, by giving me a speedy opportunity of seeing my father alone and in good humour. He now first began to open his intended marriage, telling me that he had formerly had some religious objections to bigamy, but he had very fully considered the matter, and had satisfied himself of its legality. He then faithfully promised me that no second marriage should in the least impair his affection for me; and concluded with the highest eulogiums on the goodness of the widow, protesting that it was her virtues and not her person with which he was enamoured.

"I now fell upon my knees before him, and, bathing his hand in my tears, which flowed very plentifully from my eyes, acquainted him with all I had heard, and was so very imprudent, I might almost say so cruel, to disclose the author of my information.

"My father heard me without any indication of passion, and answered coldly, that if there was any proof of such facts he should decline any farther thoughts of this match; 'But, child,' said he, 'though I am far from suspecting the truth of what you tell me, as far as regards your knowledge, yet you know the inclination of the world to slander.' However,

before we parted he promised to make a proper inquiry into what I had told him.—But I ask your pardon, dear madam, I am running minutely into those particulars of my life in which you have not the least concern."

Amelia stopped her friend short in her apology; and though, perhaps, she thought her impertinent enough, yet (such was her good breeding) she gave her many assurances of a curiosity to know every incident of her life which she could remember; after which Mrs. Bennet proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Continuation of Mrs. Bennet's story.

"I THINK, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, "I told you my father promised me to inquire farther into the affair, but he had hardly time to keep his word; for we separated pretty late in the evening and early the next morning he was married to the widow.

"But, though he gave no credit to my information, I had sufficient reason to think he did not forget it, by the resentment which he soon discovered to both the persons whom I had named as my informers.

"Nor was it long before I had good cause to believe that my father's new wife was pefectly well acquainted with the good opinion I had of her, not only from her usage of me, but from certain hints which she threw forth with an air of triumph. One day, particularly, I remember she said to my father, upon his mentioning his age, 'O, my dear! I hope you have many years yet to live! unless, indeed, I should be so cruel as to break your heart.' She spoke these words looking me full in the face, and accompanied them with a sneer in which the highest malice was visible, under a thin covering of affected pleasantry.

"I will not entertain you, madam, with anything so common as the cruel usage of a step-mother; nor of what affected me much more, the unkind behaviour of a father under such an influence. It shall suffice only to tell you that I had the mortification to perceive the gradual and daily decrease of my father's affection. His smiles were converted into frowns; the tender appellations of child and dear were exchanged for plain Molly, that girl, that creature, and sometimes much harder names. I was at first turned all at once into a cipher, and at last seemed to be considered as a nuisance in the family.

"Thus altered was the man of whom I gave you such a character at the entrance of my story; but, alas! he no longer acted from his own excellent disposition, but was in everything governed and directed by my mother-in-law. In fact, whenever there is great disparity of years between husband and wife, the younger is, I believe, always possessed of absolute power over the elder; for superstition itself is a less firm support of absolute power than dotage.

"But, though his wife was so entirely mistress of my father's will that she could make him use me ill, she could not so perfectly subdue his understanding as to prevent him from being conscious of such ill-usage; and from this consciousness, he began inveterately to hate me. Of this hatred he gave me numberless instances, and I protest to you I know not any other reason for it than what I have assigned; and the cause, as experiance hath convinced me, is adequate to the effect.

"While I was in this wretched situation, my father's unkindness having almost broken my heart, he came one day into my room with more anger in his countenance than I had ever seen, and, after bitterly upbraiding me with my undutiful behaviour both to himself and his worthy consort, he bid me pack up my alls, and immediately prepare to quit his house; at the same time gave me a letter, and told me that would acquaint me where I might find a home; adding that he doubted not but I expected, and had indeed solicited, the invitation; and left me with a declaration that he would have no spies in his family.

"The letter, I found on opening it, was from my father's own sister; but before I mention the contents I will give you a short sketch of her character, as it was somewhat particular. Her personal charms were not great; for she was very tall, very thin, and very homely. Of the defect of her beauty she was, perhaps, sensible; her vanity, therefore, retreated into her mind, where there is no looking-glass, and consequently where we can flatter ourselves with discovering almost whatever beauties we please. This is an encouraging circumstance; and yet I have observed, dear Mrs. Booth, that few women ever seek these comforts from within till they are driven to it by despair of finding any food for their vanity from without. Indeed, I believe the first wish of our whole sex is to be handsome."

Here both the ladies fixed their eyes on the glass, and both smiled.

"My aunt, however," continued Mrs. Bennet, "from despair of gaining any applause this way, had applied herself entirely to the contemplation of her understanding, and had improved this to such a pitch, that at the age of fifty, at which she was now arrived, she had contracted a hearty contempt for much the greater part of both sexes; for the women, as being idiots, and for the men, as the admirers of idiots. That word, and fool, were almost constantly in her mouth, and were bestowed with great liberality among all her acquaintance.

"This lady had spent one day only at my father's house in near two years; it was about a month before his second marriage. At her departure she took occasion to whisper me her opinion of the widow, whom she called a pretty idiot, and wondered how her brother could bear such company under his roof; for neither she nor I had at that time any suspicion of what afterwards happened.

"The letter which my father had just received, and which was the first she had sent him since his marriage, was of such a nature that I should be unjust if I blamed him for being offended; fool and idiot were both plentifully bestowed in it as well on himself as on his wife. But what, perhaps, had principally offended him was that part which related to me; for, after much panegyric on my understanding, and saying he was unworthy of such a daughter, she considered his match not only as the highest indiscretion as it related to himself, but as a downright act of injustice to me. One expression in it I shall never forget. 'You have placed,' said she, 'a woman above your daughter, who, in understanding, the only valuable gift of nature, is the lowest in the whole class of pretty idiots.' After much more of this kind, it concluded with inviting me to her house.

"I can truly say that when I had read the letter I entirely forgave my father's suspicion that I had made some complaints to my aunt of his behaviour; for, though I was indeed innocent, there was surely colour enough to suspect the contrary.

"Though I had never been greatly attached to my aunt, nor indeed had she formerly given me any reason for such an attachment, yet I was well enough pleased with her present invitation. To say the truth, I led so wretched a life where I then was, that it was impossible not to be a gainer by any exchange.

"I could not, however, bear the thoughts of leaving my father with an impression on his mind against me which I did not deserve. I endeavoured, therefore, to remove all his suspicion of my having complained to my aunt by the most earnest asseverations of my innocence; but they were all to no purpose. All my tears, all my vows, and all my entreaties were fruitless. My new mother, indeed, appeared to be my advocate; but she acted her part very poorly, and, far from counterfeiting any desire of succeeding in my suit, she could not conceal the excessive joy which she felt on the occasion.

"Well, madam, the next day I departed for my aunt's, where, after a long journey of forty miles, I arrived, without having once broke my fast on the road; for grief is as capable as food of filling the stomach, and I had too much of the former to admit any of the latter. The fatigue of my journey, and the agitation of my mind, joined to my fasting, so overpowered my spirits, that when I was taken from my horse I immediately fainted away in the arms of the man who helped me from my saddle. My aunt expressed great astonishment at seeing me in this condition, with my eyes almost swollen out of my head with tears; but my father's letter, which I delivered her soon after I came to myself, pretty well, I believe, cured her surprise. She often smiled with a mixture of contempt and anger while she was reading it; and, having pronounced her brother to be a fool, she turned to me, and, with as much affability as possible (for she is no great mistress of affability), said, 'Don't be uneasy, dear Molly, for you are come to the house of a friend—of one who hath sense enough to discern the author of all the mischief: depend upon it, child, I will, ere long, make some people ashamed of their folly.' This kind reception gave me some comfort, my aunt assuring me that she would convince him how unjustly he had accused me of having made any complaints to her. A paper war was now begun between these two, which not only fixed an irreconcilable hatred between them, but confirmed my father's displeasure against me; and, in the end, I believe, did me no service with my aunt; for I was considered by both as the cause of their dissension, though, in fact, my stepmother, who very well knew the affection my aunt had for her, had long since done her business with my father; and as for my aunt's affection towards him, it had been abating several years, from an apprehension that he did not pay sufficient deference to her understanding.

"I had lived about half a year with my aunt when I heard of my stepmother's being delivered of a boy, and the great joy my father expressed on that occasion; but, poor man, he lived not long to enjoy his happiness; for within a month afterwards I had the melancholy news of his death.

"Notwithstanding all the disobligations I had lately received from him, I was sincerely afflicted at my loss of him. All his kindness to me in my infancy, all his kindness to me while I was growing up, recurred to my memory, raised a thousand tender, melancholy ideas, and totally obliterated all thoughts of his latter behaviour, for which I made also every allowance and every excuse in my power.

"But what may perhaps appear more extraordinary, my aunt began soon to speak of him with concern. She said he had some understanding formerly, though his passion for that vile woman had, in a great measure, obscured it; and one day, when she was in an ill-humour with me, she had the cruelty to throw out a hint that she had never quarrelled with her brother if it had not been on my account.

"My father, during his life, had allowed my aunt very handsomely for my board; for generosity was too deeply riveted in his nature to be plucked out by all the power of his wife. So far, however, she prevailed, that, though he died possessed of upwards of 2000*l.* he left me no more than 100*l.*, which, as he expressed in his will, was to set me up in some business, if I had the grace to take to any.

"Hitherto my aunt had in general treated me with some degree of affection; but her behaviour began now to be changed. She soon took an opportunity of giving me to understand that her fortune was insufficient to keep me; and, as I could not live on the interest of my own, it was high time for me to consider about going into the world. She added, that her brother having mentioned my setting up in some business in his will was very fooish; that I had been bred to nothing; and, besides, that the sum was too trifling to set me up in any way of reputation; she desired me therefore to think of immediately going into service.

"This advice was perhaps right enough; and I told her I was very ready to do as she directed me, but I was at that time in an ill state of health; I desired her therefore to let me stay with her till my legacy, which was not to be paid till a year after my father's death, was due; and I then promised to satisfy her for my board, to which she readily consented.

"And now, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, sighing, "I am going to open to you those matters which lead directly to that great catastrophe of my life which hath occasioned my giving you this trouble, and of trying your patience in this manner."

Amelia, notwithstanding her impatience, made a very civil answer to this; and then Mrs. Bennet proceeded to relate what is written in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Farther continuation.

"The curate of the parish where my aunt dwelt was a young fellow of about four-and-twenty. He had been left an orphan in his infancy, and entirely unprovided for, when an uncle had the goodness to take care of his education, both at school and at the university. As the young gentleman was intended for the church, his uncle, though he had two daughters of his own, and no very large fortune, purchased for him the next presentation of a living of near 200*l.* a-year. The incumbent, at the time of the purchase, was under the age of sixty, and in apparent good health; notwithstanding which, he died soon after the bargain, and long before the nephew was capable of orders; so that the uncle was obliged to give the living to a clergyman, to hold it till the young man came of proper age.

"The young gentleman had not attained his proper age of taking orders when he had the misfortune to lose his uncle and only friend, who, thinking he had sufficiently provided for his nephew by the purchase of the living, considered him no farther in his will, but divided all the fortune of which he died possessed between his two daughters; recommending it to them, however, on his death-bed, to assist their cousin with money sufficient to keep him at the university till he should be capable of ordination.

"But, as no appointment of this kind was in the will, the young ladies, who received about 2000*l.* each, thought proper to disregard the last words of their father; for, besides that both of them were extremely tenacious of their money, they were great

enemies to their cousin, on account of their father's kindness to him; and thought proper to let him know that they thought he had robbed them of too much already.

"The poor young fellow was now greatly distressed; for he had yet above a year to stay at the university, without any visible means of sustaining himself there.

"In this distress, however, he met with a friend, who had the good-nature to lend him the sum of twenty pounds, for which he only accepted his bond for forty, and which was to be paid within a year after his being possessed of his living; that is, within a year after his becoming qualified to hold it.

"With this small sum thus hardly obtained the poor gentleman made a shift to struggle with all difficulties till he became the due age to take upon himself the character of a deacon. He then repaired to that clergyman to whom his uncle had given the living upon the conditions above mentioned, to procure a title to ordination; but this, to his great surprise and mortification, was absolutely refused him.

"The immediate disappointment did not hurt him so much as the conclusion he drew from it; for he could have but little hopes that the man who could have the cruelty to refuse him a title would vouchsafe afterwards to deliver up to him a living of so considerable a value; nor was it long before this worthy incumbent told him plainly that he valued his uncle's favours at too high a rate to part with them to any one; nay, he pretended scruples of conscience, and said that, if he had made any slight promises, which he did not now well remember, they were wicked and void; that he looked upon himself as married to his parish, and he could no more give it up than he could give up his wife without sin.

"The poor young fellow was now obliged to seek farther for a title, which, at length, he obtained from the rector of the parish where my aunt lived.

"He had not long been settled in the curacy before an intimate acquaintance grew between him and my aunt; for she was a great admirer of the clergy, and used frequently to say they were the only conversible creatures in the country.

"The first time she was in this gentleman's company was at a neighbour's christening, where she stood godmother. Here she displayed her whole little stock of knowledge, in order to captivate Mr. Bennet (I suppose, madam, you already guess that to have been his name), and before they parted gave him a very strong invitation to her house.

"Not a word passed at this christening between Mr. Bennet and myself, but our eyes were not unemployed. Here, madam, I first felt a pleasing kind of confusion, which I know not how to describe. I felt a kind of uneasiness, yet did not wish to be without it. I longed to be alone, yet dreaded the hour of parting. I could not keep my eyes off from the object which caused my confusion, and which I was at once afraid of and enamoured with. But why do I attempt to describe my situation to one who must, I am sure, have felt the same?"

Amelia smiled, and Mrs. Bennet went on thus: "O, Mrs. Booth! had you seen the person of whom I am now speaking, you would not condemn the suddenness of my love. Nay, indeed, I had seen him there before, though this was the first time I had ever heard the music of his voice. Oh! it was the sweetest that was ever heard.

"Mr. Bennet came to visit my aunt the very next day. She imputed this respectful haste to the powerful charms of her understanding, and resolved to lose no opportunity in improving the opinion which she imagined he had conceived of her. She became by this desire quite ridiculous, and ran into absurdities and a gallimatias scarce credible.

"Mr. Bennet, as I afterwards found, saw her in the same light with myself; but, as he was a very sensible and well-bred man, he so well concealed his opinion from us both, that I was almost angry, and she was pleased even to raptures, declaring herself charmed with his understanding, though, indeed, he had said very little; but I believe he heard himself into her good opinion, while he gazed himself into love.

"The two first visits which Mr. Bennet made to my aunt, though I was in the room all the time, I never spoke a word; but on the third, on some argument which arose between them, Mr. Bennet referred himself to me. I took his side of the question, as indeed I must to have done justice, and repeated two or three words of Latin. My aunt reddened at this, and expressed great disdain of my opinion, declaring she was astonished that a man of Mr. Bennet's understanding could appeal to the judgment of a silly girl: 'Is she,' said my aunt, bridling herself, 'fit to decide between us!' Mr. Bennet spoke very favourably of what I had said; upon which my aunt burst almost into a rage, treated me with downright scurrility, called me conceited fool, abused my poor father for having taught me Latin, which, said she, had made me a downright coxcomb, and made me prefer myself to those who were a hundred times my superiors in knowledge. She then fell foul on the learned languages, declaring they were totally useless, and concluded that she had read all that was worth reading, though, she thanked heaven, she understood no language but her own.

"Before the end of this visit Mr. Bennet reconciled himself very well to my aunt, which, indeed, was no difficult task for him to accomplish; but from that hour she conceived a hatred and rancour towards me which I could never appease.

"My aunt had, from my first coming into her house, expressed great dislike to my learning. In plain truth, she envied me that advantage. This envy I had long ago discovered, and had taken great pains to smother it, carefully avoiding ever to mention a Latin word in her presence, and always submitting to her authority; for indeed I despised her ignorance too much to dispute with her. By these means I had pretty well succeeded, and we lived tolerably together; but the affront paid to her understanding by Mr. Bennet in my favour was an injury never to be forgiven to me. She took me severely to task that very evening, and reminded me of going to service in such earnest terms as almost amounted to literally turning me out of doors; advising me, in the most insulting manner, to keep my Latin to myself, which she said was useless to any one, but ridiculous when pretended to by a servant.

"The next visit Mr. Bennet made at our house I was not suffered to be present. This was much the shortest of all his visits; and when he went away he left my aunt in a worse humour than ever I had seen her. The whole was discharged on me in the usual manner, by upbraiding me with my learning, conceit, and poverty; reminding me of obligations, and insisting on my going immediately to service. With all this I was greatly pleased, as it assured me that Mr. Bennet had said something to her in my favour; and I would have purchased a kind expression of his at almost any price.

"I should scarce, however, have been so sanguine as to draw this conclusion, had I not received some hints that I had not unhappily placed my affections on a man who made me no return; for, though he had scarce addressed a dozen sentences to me (for, indeed, he had no opportunity), yet his eyes had revealed certain secrets to mine with which I was not displeased.

"I remained, however, in a state of anxiety near a month; sometimes pleasing myself with thinking Mr. Bennet's heart was in the same situation with my own; sometimes doubting that my wishes had flattered and deceived me, and not in the least questioning that my aunt was my rival; for I thought no woman could be proof against the charms that had subdued me. Indeed, Mrs. Booth, he was a charming young fellow; I must—I must pay this tribute to his memory. O, gracious Heaven! why, why did I ever see him? why was I doomed to such misery?" Here she burst into a flood of tears, and remained incapable of speech for some time; during which the gentle Amelia endeavoured all she could to soothe her, and gave sufficient marks of sympathising in the tender affliction of her friend.

Mrs. Bennet, at length, recovered her spirits, and proceeded, as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

The story of Mrs. Bennet continued.

"I SCARCE know where I left off—Oh! I was, I think, telling you that I esteemed my aunt as my rival; and it is not easy to conceive a greater degree of detestation than I had for her; and what may, perhaps, appear strange, as she daily grew more and more civil to me, my hatred increased with her civility; for I imputed it all to her triumph over me, and to her having secured, beyond all apprehension, the heart I longed for.

"How was I surprised when, one day, with as much good-humour as she was mistress of (for her countenance was not very pleasing), she asked me how I liked Mr. Bennet? The question, you will believe, madam, threw me into great confusion, which she plainly perceived, and, without waiting for my answer, told me she was very well satisfied, for that it did not require her discernment to read my thoughts in my countenance. 'Well, child,' said she, 'I have suspected this a great while, and I believe it will please you to know that I yesterday made the same discovery in your lover.' This, I confess to you, was more than I could well bear, and I begged her to say no more to me at that time on that subject. 'Nay, child,' answered she, 'I must tell you all, or I should not act a friendly part. Mr. Bennet, I am convinced, hath a passion for you; but it is a passion which, I think, you should not encourage. For, to be plain with you, I fear he is in love with your person only. Now this is a love, child, which cannot produce that rational happiness which a woman of sense ought to expect.' In short, she ran on with a great deal of stuff about rational happiness, and woman of sense, and concluded with assuring me that, after the strictest scrutiny, she could not find that Mr. Bennet had an adequate opinion of my understanding; upon which she vouchsafed to make me many compliments, but mixed with several sarcasms concerning my learning.

"I hope, madam, however," said she to Amelia, "you have not so bad an opinion of my capacity as to imagine me dull enough to be offended with Mr. Bennet's sentiments, for which I presently knew so well to account. I was, indeed, charmed with his ingenuity, who had discovered, perhaps, the only way of reconciling my aunt to those inclinations which I now assured myself he had for me.

"I was not long left to support my hopes by my sagacity. He soon found an opportunity of declaring his passion. He did this in so forcible though gentle a manner, with such a profusion of fervency and tenderness at once, that his love, like a torrent, bore everything before it; and I am almost ashamed to own to you how very soon he prevailed upon me to—to—in short, to be an honest woman, and to confess to him the plain truth.

"When we were upon a good footing together he gave me a long relation of what had passed at several interviews with my aunt, at which I had not been present. He said he had discovered that, as she valued herself chiefly on her understanding, so she was extremely jealous of mine, and hated me on account of my learning. That, as he had loved me passionately from his first seeing me, and had thought of nothing from that time but of throwing himself at my feet, he saw no way so open to propitiate my aunt as that which he had taken by commending my beauty, a perfection to which she had long resigned all claim, at the expense of my understanding, in which he lamented my deficiency to a degree almost of ridicule. This he imputed chiefly to my learning: on this occasion he advanced a sentiment which so pleased my aunt that she thought proper to make it her own; for I heard it afterwards more than once from her own mouth. Learning, he said, had the same effect on the mind that strong liquors have on the constitution; both tending to eradicate all our natural fire and energy. His flattery had made such a dupe of my aunt that she assented, without the least suspicion of his sincerity, to all he said; so sure is vanity to weaken every fortress of the understanding, and to betray us to every attack of the enemy.

"You will believe, madam, that I readily forgave him all he had said, not only from that motive which I have mentioned, but as I was assured he had spoke the reverse of his real sentiments. I was not, however, quite so well pleased with my aunt, who began to treat me as if I was really an idiot. Her contempt, I own, a little piqued me; and I could not help often expressing my resentment, when we were alone together, to Mr. Bennet, who never failed to gratify me by making her conceit the subject of his wit; a talent which he possessed in the most extraordinary degree.

"This proved of very fatal consequence; for one day, while we were enjoying my aunt in a very thick arbour in the garden, she stole upon us unobserved, and overheard our whole conversation. I wish, my dear, you understood Latin, that I might repeat you a sentence in which the rage of a tigress that hath lost her young is described. No English poet, as I remember, hath come up to it; nor am I myself equal to the undertaking. She burst in upon us, open-mouthed, and, after discharging every abusive word almost, in the only language she understood, on poor Mr. Bennet, turned us both out of doors, declaring she would send my rags after me, but would never more permit me to set my foot within her threshold.

"Consider, dear madam, to what a wretched condition we were now reduced. I had not yet received the small legacy left me by my father; nor was Mr. Bennet master of five pounds in the whole world.

"In this situation, the man I doated on to distraction had but little difficulty to persuade me to a proposal which, indeed, I thought generous in him to make, as it seemed to proceed from that tender

ness for my reputation to which he ascribed it; indeed, it could proceed from no motive with which I should have been displeased. In a word, within two days we were man and wife.

"Mr. Bennet now declared himself the happiest of men; and, for my part, I sincerely declared I envied no woman upon earth. How little, alas! did I then know or suspect the price I was to pay for all my joys! A match of real love is, indeed, truly paradise; and such perfect happiness seems to be the forbidden fruit to mortals, which we are to lament having tasted during the rest of our lives.

"The first uneasiness which attacked us after our marriage was on my aunt's account. It was very disagreeable to live under the nose of so near a relation, who did not acknowledge us, but, on the contrary, was ever doing us all the ill turns in her power, and making a party against us in the parish, which is always easy enough to do amongst the vulgar against persons who are their superiors in rank, and, at the same time, their inferiors in fortune. This made Mr. Bennet think of procuring an exchange, in which intention he was soon after confirmed by the arrival of the rector. It was the rector's custom to spend three months every year at his living, for which purpose he reserved an apartment in his parsonage-house, which was full large enough for two such little families as then occupied it. We at first promised ourselves some little convenience from his boarding with us; and Mr. Bennet began to lay aside his thoughts of leaving his curacy, at least for some time. But these golden ideas presently vanished; for, though we both used our utmost endeavours to please him, we soon found the impossibility of succeeding. He was, indeed, to give you his character in a word, the most peevish of mortals. This temper, notwithstanding that he was both a good and a pious man, made his company so insufferable that nothing could compensate it. If his breakfast was not ready to a moment—if a dish of meat was too much or too little done—in short, if anything failed of exactly hitting his taste, he was sure to be out of humour all that day, so that, indeed, he was scarce ever in a good temper a whole day together; for fortune seems to take a delight in thwarting this kind of disposition, to which human life, with its many crosses and accidents, is, in truth, by no means fitted.

"Mr. Bennet was now, by my desire as well as his own, determined to quit the parish; but when he attempted to get an exchange, he found it a matter of more difficulty than he had apprehended; for the rector's temper was so well known among the neighbouring clergy, that none of them could be brought to think of spending three months in a year with him.

"After many fruitless inquiries, Mr. Bennet thought best to remove to London, the great mart of all affairs, ecclesiastical and civil. This project greatly pleased him, and he resolved, without more delay, to take his leave of the rector, which he did in the most friendly manner possible, and preached his farewell sermon; nor was there a dry eye in the church, except among the few whom my aunt, who remained still inexorable, had prevailed upon to hate us without any cause.

"To London we came, and took up our lodging the first night at the inn where the stage-coach set us down: the next morning my husband went out early on his business, and returned with the good news of having heard of a curacy, and of having equipped himself with a lodging in the neighbourhood of a worthy peer, 'who,' said he, 'was my fellow-collegiate; and, what is more, I have a direction to a person who will advance your legacy at a very reasonable rate.'

"This last particular was extremely agreeable to me, for our last guinea was now broached; and the rector had lent my husband ten pounds to pay his debts in the country, for, with all his peevishness, he was a good and a generous man, and had, indeed, so many valuable qualities, that I lamented his temper, after I knew him thoroughly, as much on his account as on my own.

"We now quitted the inn and went to our lodgings, where my husband having placed me in safety, as he said, he went about the business of the legacy with good assurance of success.

"My husband returned elated with his success, the person to whom he applied having undertaken to advance the legacy, which he fulfilled as soon as the proper inquiries could be made, and proper instruments prepared for that purpose.

"This, however, took up so much time, that, as our fund was so very low, we were reduced to some distress, and obliged to live extremely penurious; nor would all do without my taking a most disagreeable way of procuring money by pawning one of my gowns.

"Mr. Bennet was now settled in a curacy in town, greatly to his satisfaction, and our affairs seemed to have a prosperous aspect, when he came home to me one morning in much apparent disorder, looking as pale as death, and begged me by some means or other to get him a dram, for that he was taken with a sudden faintness and lowness of spirits.

"Frightened as I was, I immediately ran down stairs, and procured some rum of the mistress of the house; the first time, indeed, I ever knew him drink any. When he came to himself he begged me not to be alarmed, for it was no distemper, but something that had vexed him, which had caused his disorder, which he had now perfectly recovered.

"He then told me the whole affair. He had hitherto deferred paying a visit to the lord whom I mentioned to have been formerly his fellow-collegiate, and was now his neighbour, till he could put himself in decent rigging. He had now purchased a new cassock, hat, and wig, and went to pay his respects to his old acquaintance, who had received from him many civilities and assistances in his learning at the university, and had promised to return them fourfold hereafter.

"It was not without some difficulty that Mr. Bennet got into the antechamber. Here he waited, or, as the phrase is, cooled his heels, for above an hour before he saw his lordship; nor had he seen him then but by an accident; for my lord was going out when he casually intercepted him in his passage to his chariot. He approached to salute him with some familiarity, though with respect, depending on his former intimacy, when my lord, stepping short, very gravely told him he had not the pleasure of knowing him. How! my lord, said he, can you have so soon forgot your old acquaintance Tom Bennet? O, Mr. Bennet! cries his lordship, with much reserve, is it you? you will pardon my memory. I am glad to see you, Mr. Bennet, but you must excuse me at present, for I am in very great haste. He then broke from him, and without more ceremony, or any further invitation, went directly into his chariot.

"This cold reception from a person for whom my husband had a real friendship, and from whom he had great reason to expect a very warm return of affection, so affected the poor man, that it caused all those symptoms which I have mentioned before.

"Though this incident produced no material con-

sequence, I could not pass it over in silence, as, of all the misfortunes which ever befel him, it affected my husband the most. I need not, however, to a woman of your delicacy, make any comments on a behaviour which, though I believe it is very common, is, nevertheless, cruel and base beyond description, and is diametrically opposite to true honour as well as to goodness.

"To relieve the uneasiness which my husband felt on account of his false friend, I prevailed with him to go every night, almost for a fortnight together, to the play; a diversion of which he was greatly fond, and from which he did not think his being a clergyman excluded him; indeed, it is very well if those austere persons who would be inclined to censure him on this head have themselves no greater sins to answer for.

"From this time, during three months, we passed our time very agreeably, a little too agreeably perhaps for our circumstances; for, however innocent diversions may be in other respects, they must be owned to be expensive. When you consider then, madam, that our income from the curacy was less than forty pounds a year, and that, after payment of the debt to the rector, and another to my aunt, with the costs in law which she had occasioned by suing for it, my legacy was reduced to less than seventy pounds, you will not wonder that, in diversions, clothes, and the common expenses of life, we had almost consumed our whole stock.

"The inconsiderate manner in which we had lived for some time will, I doubt not, appear to you to want some excuse; but I have none to make for it. Two things, however, now happened, which occasioned much serious reflection to Mr. Bennet; the one was, that I grew near my time; the other, that he now received a letter from Oxford, demanding the debt of forty pounds which I mentioned to you before. The former of these he made a pretence of obtaining a delay for the payment of the latter, promising, in two months, to pay off half the debt, by which means he obtained a forbearance during that time.

"I was now delivered of a son, a matter which should in reality have increased our concern, but, on the contrary, it gave us great pleasure; greater indeed could not have been conceived at the birth of an heir to the most plentiful estate: so entirely thoughtless were we, and so little forecast had we of those many evils and distresses to which we had rendered a human creature, and one so dear to us, liable. The day of a christening is, in all families, I believe, a day of jubilee and rejoicing; and yet, if we consider the interest of that little wretch who is the occasion, how very little reason would the most sanguine persons have for their joy!

"But, though our eyes were too weak to look forward for the sake of our child, we could not be blinded to those dangers that immediately threatened ourselves. Mr. Bennet, at the expiration of the two months, received a second letter from Oxford, in a very peremptory style, and threatening a suit without any farther delay. This alarmed us in the strongest manner; and my husband, to secure his liberty, was advised for a while to shelter himself in the verge of the court.

"And, now, madam, I am entering on that scene which directly leads to all my misery."—Here she stopped, and wiped her eyes; and then, begging Amelia to excuse her for a few minutes, ran hastily out of the room, leaving Amelia by herself, while she refreshed her spirits with a cordial to enable her to relate what follows in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Farther continued.

Mrs. Bennet, returning into the room, made a short apology for her absence, and then proceeded in these following words:

"We now left our lodging, and took a second floor in that very house where you now are, to which we were recommended by the woman where we had before lodged, for the mistresses of both houses were acquainted; and, indeed, we had been all at the play together. To this new lodging then (such was our wretched destiny) we immediately repaired, and were received by Mrs. Ellison (how can I bear the sound of that detested name!) with much civility; she took care, however, during the first fortnight of our residence, to wait upon us every Monday morning for her rent; such being, it seems, the custom of this place, which, as it was inhabited chiefly by persons in debt, is not the region of credit.

"My husband, by the singular goodness of the rector, who greatly compassionated his case, was enabled to continue in his curacy, though he could only do the duty on Sundays. He was, however, sometimes obliged to furnish a person to officiate at his expense; so that our income was very scanty, and the poor little remainder of the legacy being almost spent, we were reduced to some difficulties, and, what was worse, saw still a prospect of greater before our eyes.

"Under these circumstances, how agreeable to poor Mr. Bennet must have been the behaviour of Mrs. Ellison, who, when he carried her her rent on the usual day, told him, with a benevolent smile, that he needed not to give himself the trouble of such exact punctuality. She added that, if it was at any time inconvenient to him, he might pay her when he pleased. 'To say the truth,' says she, 'I never was so much pleased with any lodgers in my life: I am convinced, Mr. Bennet, you are a very worthy man, and you are a very happy one too; for you have the prettiest wife and the prettiest child I ever saw.' These, dear madam, were the words she was pleased to make use of; and I am sure she behaved to me with such an appearance of friendship and affection, that, as I could not perceive any possible views of interest which she could have in her professions, I easily believed them real.

"There lodged in the same house—O, Mrs. Booth! the blood runs cold to my heart, and should run cold to yours, when I name him—there lodged in the same house a lord—the lord, indeed, whom I have since seen in your company. This lord, Mrs. Ellison told me, had taken a great fancy to my little Charley. Fool that I was, and blinded by my own passion, which made me conceive that an infant, not three months old, could be really the object of affection to any besides a parent, and more especially to a gay young fellow! But, if I was silly in being deceived, how wicked was the wretch who deceived me—who used such art, and employed such pains, such incredible pains, to deceive me! He acted the part of a nurse to my little infant; he danced it, he lulled it, he kissed it; declared it was the very picture of a nephew of his—his favourite sister's child; and said so many kind and fond things of its beauty, that I myself, though, I believe, one of the tenderest and fondest of mothers, scarce carried my own ideas of my little darling's perfection beyond the compliments which he paid it.

"My lord, however, perhaps from modesty, before my face, fell far short of what Mrs. Ellison reported from him. And now, when she found the

impression which was made on me by these means, she took every opportunity of insinuating to me his lordship's many virtues, his great goodness to his sister's children in particular; nor did she fail to drop some hints which gave me the most simple and groundless hopes of strange consequences from his fondness to my Charley.

"When, by these means, which, simple as they may appear, were, perhaps, the most artful, my lord had gained something more, I think, than my esteem, he took the surest method to confirm himself in my affection. This was, by professing the highest friendship for my husband; for, as to myself, I do assure you he never showed me more than common respect; and I hope you will believe I should have immediately startled and flown off if he had. Poor I accounted for all the friendship which he expressed for my husband, and all the fondness which he showed to my boy, from the great prettiness of the one and the great merit of the other; foolishly conceiving that others saw with my eyes and felt with my heart. Little did I dream that my own unfortunate person was the fountain of all this lord's goodness, and was the intended price of it.

"One evening, as I was drinking tea with Mrs. Ellison by my lord's fire (a liberty which she never scrupled taking when he was gone out), my little Charley, now about half a year old, sitting in her lap, my lord, accidentally, no doubt, indeed I then thought it so, came in. I was confounded, and offered to go; but my lord declared, if he disturbed Mrs. Ellison's company, as he phrased it, he would himself leave the room. When I was thus prevailed on to keep my seat, my lord immediately took my little baby into his lap, and gave it some tea there, not a little at the expense of his embroidery; for he was very richly dressed: indeed, he was as fine a figure as perhaps ever was seen. His behaviour on this occasion gave me many ideas in his favour. I thought he discovered good sense, good nature, condescension, and other good qualities, by the fondness he showed to my child, and the contempt he seemed to express for his finery, which so greatly became him; for I cannot deny but that he was the handsomest and genteelest person in the world, though such considerations advanced him not a step in my favour.

"My husband now returned from church (for this happened on a Sunday), and was, by my lord's particular desire, ushered into the room. My lord received him with the utmost politeness, and with many professions of esteem, which, he said, he had conceived from Mrs. Ellison's representations of his merit. He then proceeded to mention the living which was detained from my husband, of which Mrs. Ellison had likewise informed him; and said, he thought it would be no difficult matter to obtain a restoration of it by the authority of the bishop, who was his particular friend, and to whom he would take an immediate opportunity of mentioning it. This, at last, he determined to do the very next day, when he invited us both to dinner, where we were to be acquainted with his lordship's success.

"My lord now insisted on my husband's staying supper with him, without taking any notice of me; but Mrs. Ellison declared he should not part man and wife, and that she herself would stay with me. The motion was too agreeable to me to be rejected; and, except the little time I retired to put my child to bed, we spent together the most agreeable evening imaginable; nor was it, I believe, easy to decide whether Mr. Bennet or myself were most delighted with his lordship and Mrs. Ellison; but this I assure you, the generosity of the one, and the extreme civility and kindness of the other, were the subjects of our conversation all the ensuing night, during which we neither of us closed our eyes.

"The next day at dinner my lord acquainted us that he had prevailed with the bishop to write to the clergyman in the country; indeed, he told us that he had engaged the bishop to be very warm in our interest, and had not the least doubt of success. This threw us both into a flow of spirits; and in the afternoon Mr. Bennet, at Mrs. Ellison's request, which was seconded by his lordship, related the history of our lives from our first acquaintance. My lord seemed much affected with some tender scenes, which, as no man could better feel, so none could better describe, than my husband. When he had finished, my lord begged pardon for mentioning an occurrence which gave him such a particular concern, as it had disturbed that delicious state of happiness in which we had lived at our former lodging. 'It would be ungenerous,' said he, 'to rejoice at an accident which, though it brought me fortunately acquainted with two of the most agreeable people in the world, was yet at the expense of your mutual felicity. This circumstance, I mean, is your debt at Oxford; pray, how doth that stand? I am resolved it shall never disturb your happiness hereafter.' At these words the tears burst from my poor husband's eyes; and, in an ecstasy of gratitude, he cried out, 'Your lordship overcomes me with generosity. If you go on in this manner, both my wife's gratitude and mine must be bankrupt.' He then acquainted my lord with the exact state of the case, and received assurances from him that the debt should never trouble him. My husband was again breaking out into the warmest expressions of gratitude, but my lord stopped him short, saying, 'If you have any obligation, it is to my little Charley here, from whose little innocent smiles I have received more than the value of this trifling debt in pleasure.' I forgot to tell you that, when I offered to leave the room after dinner upon my child's account, my lord would not suffer me, but ordered the child to be brought to me. He now took it out of my arms, placed it upon his own knee, and fed it with some fruit from the dessert. In short, it would be more tedious to you than to myself to relate the thousand little tendernesses he showed to the child. He gave it many baubles; amongst the rest was a coral worth at least three pounds; and, when my husband was confined near a fortnight to his chamber with a cold, he visited the child every day (for to this infant's account were all the visits placed), and seldom failed of accompanying his visit with a present to the little thing.

"Here, Mrs. Booth, I cannot help mentioning a doubt which hath often arisen in my mind since I have been enough mistress of myself to reflect on this horrid train which was laid to blow up my innocence. Wicked and barbarous it was to the highest degree without any question; but my doubt is, whether the art or folly of it be the more conspicuous; for, however delicate and refined the art must be allowed to have been, the folly, I think, must upon a fair examination appear no less astonishing: for to lay all considerations of cruelty and crime out of the case, what a foolish bargain doth the man make for himself who purchases so poor a pleasure at so high a price!

"We had lived near three weeks with as much freedom as if we had been all of the same family, when, one afternoon, my lord proposed to my husband to ride down himself to solicit the surrender;

for he said the bishop had received an unsatisfactory answer from the parson, and had writ a second letter more pressing, which his lordship now promised us to strengthen by one of his own that my husband was to carry with him. Mr. Bennet agreed to this proposal with great thankfulness, and the next day was appointed for his journey. The distance was near seventy miles.

"My husband set out on his journey, and he had scarce left me before Mrs. Ellison came into my room, and endeavoured to comfort me in his absence; to say the truth, though he was to be from me but a few days, and the purpose of his going was to fix our happiness on a sound foundation for all our future days, I could scarce support my spirits under this first separation. But though I then thought Mrs. Ellison's intentions to be most kind and friendly, yet the means she used were utterly ineffectual, and appeared to me injudicious. Instead of soothing my uneasiness, which is always the first physic to be given to grief, she rallied me upon it, and began to talk in a very unusual style of gaiety, in which she treated conjugal love with much ridicule.

"I gave her to understand that she displeased me by this discourse; but she soon found means to give such a turn to it as made merit of all she had said. And now, when she had worked me into a good humour, she made a proposal to me which I at first rejected—but at last fatally, too fatally, suffered myself to be over-persuaded. This was to go to a masquerade at Ranelagh, for which my lord had furnished her with tickets."

At these words Amelia turned pale as death, and hastily begged her friend to give her a glass of water, some air, or anything. Mrs. Bennet, having thrown open the window, and procured the water, which prevented Amelia from fainting, looked at her with much tenderness, and cried, "I do not wonder, my dear madam, that you are affected with my mentioning that fatal masquerade; since I firmly believe the same ruin was intended for you at the same place; the apprehension of which occasioned the letter I sent you this morning, and all the trial of your patience which I have made since."

Amelia gave her a tender embrace, with many expressions of the warmest gratitude; assured her she had pretty well recovered her spirits, and begged her to continue her story, which Mrs. Bennet then did. However, as our readers may likewise be glad to recover their spirits also, we shall here put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

The story farther continued.

Mrs. Bennet proceeded thus:—

"I was at length prevailed on to accompany Mrs. Ellison to the masquerade. Here, I must confess, the pleasantness of the place, the variety of the dresses, and the novelty of the thing, gave me much delight, and raised my fancy to the highest pitch. As I was entirely void of all suspicion, my mind threw off all reserve, and pleasure only filled my thoughts. Innocence, it is true, possessed my heart; but it was innocence unguarded, intoxicated with foolish desires, and liable to every temptation. During the first two hours we had many trifling adventures not worth remembering. At length my lord joined us, and continued with me all the evening; and we danced several dances together.

"I need not, I believe, tell you, madam, how engaging his conversation is. I wish I could with truth say I was not pleased with it; or, at least, that I had a right to be pleased with it. But I will disguise nothing from you. I now began to discover that he had some affection for me, but he had already too firm a footing in my esteem to make the discovery shocking. I will—I will own the truth; I was delighted with perceiving a passion in him, which I was not unwilling to think he had had from the beginning, and to derive his having concealed it so long from his awe of my virtue, and his respect to my understanding. I assure you, madam, at the same time, my intentions were never to exceed the bounds of innocence. I was charmed with the delicacy of his passion; and, in the foolish thoughtless turn of mind in which I then was, I fancied I might give some very distant encouragement to such a passion in such a man with the utmost safety—that I might indulge my vanity and interest at once, without being guilty of the least injury.

"I know Mrs. Booth will condemn all these thoughts, and I condemn them no less myself; for it is now my stedfast opinion that the woman who gives up the least outwork of her virtue doth, in that very moment, betray the citadel.

"About two o'clock we returned home, and found a very handsome collation provided for us. I was asked to partake of it, and I did not, I could not refuse. I was not, however, entirely void of all suspicion, and I made many resolutions; one of which was, not to drink a drop more than my usual stint. This was, at the utmost, little more than half a pint of small punch.

"I adhered strictly to my quantity; but in the quality I am convinced I was deceived; for before I left the room I found my head giddy. What the villain gave me I know not; but, besides being intoxicated, I perceived effects from it which are not to be described.

"Here, madam, I must draw a curtain over the residue of that fatal night. Let it suffice that it involved me in the most dreadful ruin; a ruin to which I can truly say I never consented, and of which I was scarce conscious when the villanous man avowed it to my face in the morning.

"Thus I have deduced my story to the most horrid period; happy had I been had this been the period of my life, but I was reserved for greater miseries; but before I enter on them I will mention something very remarkable, with which I was now acquainted, and that will show there was nothing of accident which had befallen me, but that all was the effect of a long, regular, premeditated design.

"You may remember, madam, I told you that we were recommended to Mrs. Ellison by the woman at whose house we had before lodged. This woman, it seems, was one of my lord's pimps, and had before introduced me to his lordship's notice.

"You are to know then, madam, that this villain, this lord, now confessed to me that he had first seen me in the gallery at the oratorio, whither I had gone with tickets with which the woman where I first lodged had presented me, and which were, it seems, purchased by my lord. Here I first met the vile betrayer, who was disguised in a rug coat and a patch upon his face."

At these words Amelia cried, "O, gracious Heavens!" and fell back in her chair. Mrs. Bennet, with proper applications, brought her back to life; and then Amelia acquainted her that she herself had first seen the same person in the same place, and in the same disguise. "O, Mrs. Bennet!" cried she, "how am I indebted to you! what words, what thanks, what actions can demonstrate the gratitude of my sentiments! I look upon you, and always shall look upon you, as my preserver from the brink of a precipice, from which I was falling into the same ruin which you have so generously, so kindly, and so nobly disclosed for my sake."

Here the two ladies compared notes; and it ap-

peared that his lordship's behaviour at the oratorio had been alike to both; that he had made use of the very same words, the very same actions to Amelia, which he had practised over before on poor unfortunate Mrs. Bennet. It may, perhaps, be thought strange that neither of them could afterwards recollect him; but so it was. And, indeed, if we consider the force of disguise, the very short time that either of them was with him at this first interview, and the very little curiosity that must have been supposed in the minds of the ladies, together with the amusement in which they were then engaged, all wonder will, I apprehend, cease. Amelia, however, now declared she remembered his voice and features perfectly well, and was thoroughly satisfied he was the same person. She then accounted for his not having visited in the afternoon, according to his promise, from her declared resolutions to Mrs. Ellison not to see him. She now burst forth into some very satirical invectives against that lady, and declared she had the art, as well as the wickedness, of the devil himself.

Many congratulations now passed from Mrs. Bennet to Amelia, which were returned with the most hearty acknowledgments from that lady. But, instead of filling our paper with these, we shall pursue Mrs. Bennet's story, which she resumed as we shall find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Farther continuation.

"No sooner," said Mrs. Bennet, continuing her story, "was my lord departed, than Mrs. Ellison came to me. She behaved in such a manner when she became acquainted with what had passed, that, though I was at first satisfied of her guilt, she began to stagger my opinion, and at length prevailed upon me entirely to acquit her. She raved like a mad woman against my lord, swore he should not stay a moment in her house, and that she would never speak to him more. In short, had she been the most innocent woman in the world, she could not have spoke nor acted any otherwise, nor could she have vented more wrath and indignation against the betrayer.

"That part of her denunciation of vengeance which concerned my lord's leaving the house she vowed should be executed immediately; but then, seeming to recollect herself, she said, 'Consider, my dear child, it is for your sake alone I speak; will not such a proceeding give some suspicion to your husband?' I answered, that I valued not that; that I was resolved to inform my husband of all the moment I saw him; with many expressions of detestation of myself and an indifference for life and for everything else.

"Mrs. Ellison, however, found means to soothe me, and to satisfy me with my own innocence, a point in which, I believe, we are all easily convinced. In short, I was persuaded to acquit both myself and her, to lay the whole guilt upon my lord, and to resolve to conceal it from my husband.

"That whole day I confined myself to my chamber and saw no person but Mrs. Ellison. I was, indeed, ashamed to look any one in the face. Happily for me, my lord went into the country without attempting to come near me, for I believe his sight would have driven me to madness.

"The next day I told Mrs. Ellison that I was resolved to leave her lodgings the moment my lord came to town; not on her account (for I really inclined to think her innocent), but on my lord's, whose face I was resolved, if possible, never more to behold. She told me I had no reason to quit her house on that score, for that my lord himself had left her lodgings that morning in resentment, she believed, of the abuses which she had cast on him the day before.

"This confirmed me in the opinion of her innocence; nor hath she from that day to this, till my acquaintance with you, madam, done anything to forfeit my opinion. On the contrary, I owe her many good offices; amongst the rest, I have an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year from my lord, which I know was owing to her solicitations, for she is not void of generosity or good-nature; though, by what I have lately seen, I am convinced she was the cause of my ruin, and hath endeavoured to lay the same snares for you.

"But to return to my melancholy story. My husband returned at the appointed time; and I met him with an agitation of mind not to be described. Perhaps the fatigue which he had undergone in his journey, and his dissatisfaction at his ill success, prevented his taking notice of what I feared was too visible. All his hopes were entirely frustrated; the clergyman had not received the bishop's letter, and as to my lord's, he treated it with derision, and contempt. Tired as he was, Mr. Bennet would not sit down till he had inquired for my lord, intending to go and pay his compliments. Poor man! he little suspected that he had deceived him, as I have since known, concerning the bishop; much less did he suspect any other injury. But the lord—the villain was gone out of town, so that he was forced to postpone all his gratitude.

"Mr. Bennet returned to town late on the Saturday night, nevertheless he performed his duty at church the next day, but I refused to go with him. This, I think, was the first refusal I was guilty of since our marriage; but I was become so miserable, that his presence, which had been the source of all my happiness, was become my bane. I will not say I hated to see him, but I can say I was ashamed, indeed afraid, to look him in the face. I was conscious of I knew not what——guilt, I hope, it cannot be called."

"I hope not, nay, I think not," cries Amelia.

"My husband," continued Mrs. Bennet, "perceived my dissatisfaction, and imputed it to his ill-success in the country. I was pleased with this self-delusion, and yet, when I fairly compute the agonies I suffered at his endeavours to comfort me on that head, I paid most severely for it. O, my dear Mrs. Booth! happy is the deceived party between true lovers, and wretched indeed is the author of the deceit!

"In this wretched condition I passed a whole week, the most miserable I think of my whole life, endeavouring to humour my husband's delusion and to conceal my own tortures; but I had reason to fear I could not succeed long, for on the Saturday night I perceived a visible alteration in his behaviour to me. He went to bed in an apparent ill-humour, turned sullenly from me, and if I offered at any endearments he gave me only peevish answers.

"After a restless turbulent night, he rose early on Sunday morning and walked down stairs. I expected his return to breakfast, but was soon informed by the maid that he was gone forth, and that it was no more than seven o'clock. All this you may believe, madam, alarmed me. I saw plainly he had discovered the fatal secret, though by what means I could not divine. The state of my mind was very little short of madness. Sometimes I thought of running away from my injured husband, and sometimes of putting an end to my life.

"In the midst of such perturbations I spent the

day. My husband returned in the evening. O, Heavens! can I describe what followed?—It is impossible! I shall sink under the relation. He entered the room with a face as white as a sheet, his lips trembling and his eyes red as coals of fire and starting as it were from his head.—'Molly,' cries he, throwing himself into his chair, 'are you well?' 'Good Heavens!' says I, 'what's the matter?—Indeed I cannot say I am well.' 'No!' says he, starting from his chair, 'false monster, you have betrayed me, destroyed me, you have ruined your husband!' Then, looking like a fury, he snatched off a large book from the table, and, with the malice of a madman, threw it at my head and knocked me down backwards. He then caught me up in his arms and kissed me with most extravagant tenderness; then, looking me stedfastly in the face for several moments, the tears gushed in a torrent from his eyes, and with his utmost violence he threw me again on the floor, kicked me, stamped upon me. I believe, indeed, his intent was to kill me, and I believe he thought he had accomplished it.

"I lay on the ground for some minutes, I believe, deprived of my senses. When I recovered myself I found my husband lying by my side on his face, and the blood running from him. It seems, when he thought he had despatched me, he ran his head with all his force against a chest of drawers which stood in the room, and gave himself a dreadful wound in his head.

"I can truly say I felt not the least resentment for the usage I had received; I thought I deserved it all; though, indeed, I little guessed what he had suffered from me. I now used the most earnest entreaties to him to compose himself; and endeavoured, with my feeble arms, to raise him from the ground. At length he broke from me, and, springing from the ground, flung himself into a chair, when, looking wildly at me, he cried,—'Go from me, Molly. I beseech you, leave me. I would not kill you.'—He then discovered to me—O Mrs. Booth! can you guess it?—I was indeed polluted by the villain—I had infected my husband.—O heavens! why do I live to relate anything so horrid—I will not, I cannot yet survive it. I cannot forgive myself. Heaven cannot forgive me!"

Here she became inarticulate with the violence of her grief, and fell presently into such agonies, that the affrighted Amelia began to call aloud for some assistance. Upon this a maid-servant came up, who, seeing her mistress in a violent convulsion fit, presently screamed out she was dead. Upon which one of the other sex made his appearance: and who should this be but the honest serjeant? whose countenance soon made it evident that, though a soldier, and a brave one too, he was not the least concerned of all the company on this occasion.

The reader, if he hath been acquainted with scenes of this kind, very well knows that Mrs. Bennet, in the usual time, returned again to the possession of her voice: the first use of which she made was to express her astonishment at the presence of the serjeant, and, with a frantic air, to inquire who he was.

The maid, concluding that her mistress was not yet returned to her senses, answered, "Why it is my master, madam. Heaven preserve your senses, madam!—Lord sir, my mistress must be very bad not to know you!"

What Atkinson thought at this instant, I will not say; but certain it is he looked not over-wise. He attempted twice to take hold of Mrs. Bennet's hand, but she withdrew it hastily, and presently after, rising up from her chair, she declared herself pretty well again, and desired Atkinson and the maid to withdraw. Both of whom presently obeyed: the serjeant appearing by his countenance to want comfort almost as much as the lady did to whose assistance he had been summoned.

It is a good maxim to trust a person entirely or not at all; for a secret is often innocently blabbed out by those who know but half of it. Certain it is that the maid's speech communicated a suspicion to the mind of Amelia which the behaviour of the serjeant did not tend to remove; what that is, the sagacious readers may likewise probably suggest to themselves; if not, they must wait our time for disclosing it. We shall now resume the history of Mrs. Bennet, who, after many apologies, proceeded to the matters in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

The conclusion of Mrs. Bennet's history.

"When I became sensible," cries Mrs. Bennet, "of the injury I had done my husband, I threw myself at his feet, and, embracing his knees, while I bathed them with my tears, I begged a patient hearing, declaring, if he was not satisfied with what I should say, I would become a willing victim of his resentment. I said, and I said truly, that, if I owed my death that instant to his hands, I should have no other terror but of the fatal consequence which it might produce to himself.

"He seemed a little pacified, and bid me say whatever I pleased.

"I then gave him a faithful relation of all that had happened. He heard me with great attention, and at the conclusion cried, with a deep sigh—'O Molly! I believe it all.—You must have been betrayed as you tell me; you could not be guilty of such baseness, such cruelty, such ingratitude.' He then—O! it is impossible to describe his behaviour—he expressed such kindness, such tenderness, such concern for the manner in which he had used me—I cannot dwell on this scene—I shall relapse—you must excuse me."

Amelia begged her to omit anything which so affected her; and she proceeded thus:

"My husband, who was more convinced than I was of Mrs. Ellison's guilt, declared he would not sleep that night in her house. He then went out to see for a lodging; he gave me all the money he had, and left me to pay her bill, and put up the clothes, telling me, if I had not money enough, I might leave the clothes as a pledge; but he vowed he could not answer for himself if he saw the face of Mrs. Ellison.

"Words cannot scarce express the behaviour of that artful woman, it was so kind and so generous. She said, she did not blame my husband's resentment, nor could she expect any other, but that he and all the world should censure her—that she hated her house almost as much as we did, and detested her cousin, if possible, more. In fine, she said I might leave my clothes there that evening, but that she would send them to us the next morning; that she scorned the thought of detaining them; and as for the paltry debt, we might pay her whenever we pleased; for, to do her justice, with all her vices, she hath some good in her."

"Some good in her, indeed!" cried Amelia, with great indignation.

"We were scarce settled in our new lodgings," continued Mrs. Bennet, "when my husband began to complain of a pain in his inside. He told me he feared he had done himself some injury in his rage, and had hurst something within him. As to the odious—I cannot bear the thought, the great skill of the surgeon soon entirely cured him; but his other

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complaint, instead of yielding to any application, grew still worse and worse, nor ever ended till it brought him to his grave.

"O Mrs. Booth! could I have been certain that I had occasioned this, however innocently I had occasioned it, I could never have survived it; but the surgeon who opened him after his death assured me that he died of what they called a polypus in his heart, and that nothing which had happened on account of me was in the least the occasion of it.

"I have, however, related the affair truly to you. The first complaint I ever heard of the kind was within a day or two after we left Mrs. Ellison's; and this complaint remained till his death, which might induce him perhaps to attribute his death to another cause; but the surgeon, who is a man of the highest eminence, hath always declared the contrary to me, with the most positive certainty; and this opinion hath been my only comfort.

"When my husband died, which was about ten weeks after we quitted Mrs. Ellison's, of whom I had then a different opinion from what I have now, I was left in the most wretched condition imaginable. I believe, madam, she showed you my letter. Indeed, she did everything for me at that time which I could have expected from the best of friends. She supplied me with money from her own pocket, by which means I was preserved from a distress in which I must have otherwise inevitably perished.

"Her kindness to me in this season of distress prevailed on me to return again to her house. Why, indeed, should I have refused an offer so very convenient for me to accept, and which seemed so generous in her to make? Here I lived a very retired life with my little babe, seeing no company but Mrs. Ellison herself for a full quarter of a year. At last Mrs. Ellison brought me a parchment from my lord, in which he had settled upon me, at her instance, as she told me, and as I believe it was, an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year. This was, I think, the very first time she had mentioned his hateful name to me since my return to her house. And she now prevailed upon me, though I assure you not without much difficulty, to suffer him to execute the deed in my presence.

"I will not describe our interview,—I am not able to describe it, and I have often wondered how I found spirits to support it. This I will say for him, that, if he was not a real penitent, no man alive could act the part better.

"Besides resentment, I had another motive of my backwardness to agree to such a meeting; and this was—fear. I apprehended, and surely not without reason, that the annuity was rather meant as a bribe than a recompence, and that farther designs were laid against my innocence; but in this I found myself happily deceived; for neither then, nor at any time since, have I ever had the least solicitation of that kind. Nor, indeed, have I seen the least occasion to think my lord had any such desires.

"Good heavens! what are these men? what is this appetite which must have novelty and resistance for its provocatives, and which is delighted with us no longer than while we may be considered in the light of enemies?"

"I thank you, madam," cries Amelia, "for relieving me from my fears on your account; I trembled at the consequence of this second acquaintance with such a man, and in such a situation."

"I assure you, madam, I was in no danger," returned Mrs. Bennet; "for, besides that I think I could have pretty well relied on my own resolution, I have heard since, at St. Edmundsbury, from an intimate acquaintance of my lord's, who was an entire stranger to my affairs, that the highest degree of inconstancy is his character; and that few of his numberless mistresses have ever received a second visit from him.

"Well, madam," continued she, "I think I have little more to trouble you with; unless I should relate to you my long ill state of health, from which I am lately, I thank Heaven, recovered; or unless I should mention to you the most grievous accident that ever befel me, the loss of my poor dear Charley." Here she made a full stop, and the tears ran down into her bosom.

Amelia was silent a few minutes, while she gave the lady time to vent her passion; after which she began to pour forth a vast profusion of acknowledgments for the trouble she had taken in relating her history, but chiefly for the motive which had induced her to it, and for the kind warning which she had given her by the little note which Mrs. Bennet had sent her that morning.

"Yes, madam," cries Mrs. Bennet, "I am convinced, by what I have lately seen, that you are the destined sacrifice to this wicked lord; and that Mrs. Ellison, whom I no longer doubt to have been the instrument of my ruin, intended to betray you in the same manner. The day I met my lord in your apartment I began to entertain some suspicions, and I took Mrs. Ellison very roundly to task upon them; her behaviour, notwithstanding many asseverations to the contrary, convinced me I was right; and I intended, more than once, to speak to you, but could not; till last night the mention of the masquerade determined me to delay it no longer. I therefore sent you that note this morning, and am glad you so luckily discovered the writer, as it hath given me this opportunity of easing my mind, and of honestly showing you how unworthy I am of your friendship, at the same time that I so earnestly desire it."

CHAPTER X.

Being the last chapter of the seventh book.

AMELIA did not fail to make proper compliments to Mrs. Bennet on the conclusion of her speech in the last chapter. She told her that, from the first moment of her acquaintance, she had the strongest inclination to her friendship, and that her desires of that kind were much increased by hearing her story. "Indeed, madam," says she, "you are much too severe a judge on yourself; for they must have very little candour, in my opinion, who look upon your case with any severe eye. To me, I assure you, you appear highly the object of compassion; and I shall always esteem you as an innocent and an unfortunate woman."

Amelia would then have taken her leave, but Mrs. Bennet so strongly pressed her to stay to breakfast, that at length she complied; indeed, she had fasted so long, and her gentle spirits had been so agitated with variety of passions, that nature very strongly seconded Mrs. Bennet's motion.

Whilst the maid was preparing the tea-equipage, Amelia, with a little slyness in her countenance, asked Mrs. Bennet if serjeant Atkinson did not lodge in the same house with her? The other reddened so extremely at the question, repeated the serjeant's name with such hesitation, and behaved so awkwardly, that Amelia wanted no farther confirmation of her suspicions. She would not, however, declare them abruptly to the other, but began a dissertation on the serjeant's virtues; and, after observing the great concern which he had manifested when Mrs. Bennet was in her fit, concluded with saying she believed the serjeant would make

the best husband in the world, for that he had great tenderness of heart and a gentleness of manners not often to be found in any man, and much seldomer in persons of his rank.

"And why not in his rank?" said Mrs. Bennet. "Indeed, Mrs. Booth, we rob the lower order of mankind of their due. I do not deny the force and power of education; but, when we consider how very injudicious is the education of the better sort in general, how little they are instructed in the practice of virtue, we shall not expect to find the heart much improved by it. And even as to the head, how very slightly do we commonly find it improved by what is called a genteel education! I have myself, I think, seen instances of as great goodness, and as great understanding too, among the lower sort of people as among the higher. Let us compare your serjeant, now, with the lord who hath been the subject of conversation; on which side would an impartial judge decide the balance to incline?

"How monstrous then," cries Amelia, "is the opinion of those who consider our matching ourselves the least below us in degree as a kind of contamination!"

"A most absurd and preposterous sentiment," answered Mrs. Bennet, warmly; "how abhorrent from justice, from common sense, and from humanity—but how extremely incongruous with a religion which professes to know no difference of degree, but ranks all mankind on the footing of brethren! Of all kinds of pride, there is none so unchristian as that of station; in reality, there is none so contemptible. Contempt, indeed, may be said to be its own object; for my own part, I know none so despicable as those who despise others."

"I do assure you," said Amelia, "you speak my own sentiments. I give you my word, I should not be ashamed of being the wife of an honest man in any station.—Nor, if I had been much higher than I was, should I have thought myself degraded by calling our honest serjeant my husband."

"Since you have made this declaration," cries Mrs. Bennet, "I am sure you will not be offended at a secret I am going to mention to you."

"Indeed, my dear," answered Amelia, smiling, "I wonder rather you have concealed it so long; especially after the many hints I have given you."

"Nay, pardon me, madam," replied the other; "I do not remember any such hints; and, perhaps, you do not even guess what I am going to say. My secret is this; that no woman ever had so sincere, so passionate a lover, as you have had in the serjeant."

"I a lover in the serjeant!—I!" cries Amelia, a little surprised.

"Have patience," answered the other;—"I say, you, my dear. As much surprised as you appear, I tell you no more than the truth; and yet it is a truth you could hardly expect to hear from me, especially with so much good-humour; since I will honestly confess to you—But what need have I to confess what I know you guess already!—Tell me now sincerely, don't you guess?"

"I guess, indeed, and hope," said she, "that he is your husband."

"He is, indeed, my husband," cries the other; "and I am most happy in your approbation. In honest truth, you ought to approve my choice; since you was every way the occasion of my making it. What you said of him very greatly recommended him to my opinion; but he endeared himself to me most by what he said of you. In short, I have discovered he hath always loved you with such a faithful, honest, noble, generous passion, that I was consequently convinced his mind must possess all the ingredients of such a passion; and what are these but true honour, goodness, modesty, bravery, tenderness, and, in a word, every human virtue?—Forgive me, my dear; but I was uneasy till I became myself the object of such a passion."

"And do you really think," said Amelia, smiling, "that I shall forgive you robbing me of such a lover? or, supposing what you banter me with was true, do you really imagine you could change such a passion?"

"No, my dear," answered the other; "I only hope I have changed the object; for be assured, there is no greater vulgar error than that it is impossible for a man who loves one woman ever to love another. On the contrary, it is certain that a man who can love one woman so well at a distance will love another better that is nearer to him. Indeed, I have heard one of the best husbands in the world declare, in the presence of his wife, that he had always loved a princess with adoration. These passions, which reside only in very amorous and very delicate minds, feed only on the delicacies there growing; and leave all the substantial food, and enough of the delicacy too, for the wife."

The tea being now ready, Mrs. Bennet, or, if you please, for the future, Mrs. Atkinson, proposed to call in her husband; but Amelia objected. She said she should be glad to see him any other time, but was then in the utmost hurry, as she had been three hours absent from all she most loved. However, she had scarce drank a dish of tea before she changed her mind; and, saying she would not part man and wife, desired Mr. Atkinson might appear.

The maid answered that her master was not at home; which words she had scarce spoken, when he knocked hastily at the door, and immediately came running into the room, all pale and breathless, and, addressing himself to Amelia, cried out, "I am sorry, my dear lady, to bring you ill news; but captain Booth"—"What! what!" cries Amelia, dropping the tea-cup from her hand, "is anything the matter with him?"—"Don't be frightened, my dear lady," said the serjeant: "he is in very good health; but a misfortune hath happened."—"Are my children well?" said Amelia.—"O, very well," answered the serjeant. "Pray madam, don't be frightened; I hope it will signify nothing—he is arrested, but I hope to get him out of their damned hands immediately." "Where is he?" cries Amelia; "I will go to him this instant!" "He begs you will not," answered the serjeant. "I have sent his lawyer to him, and am going back with Mrs. Ellison this moment; but I beg your ladyship, for his sake, and for your own sake, not to go." "Mrs. Ellison! what is Mrs. Ellison to do?" cries Amelia: "I must and will go." Mrs. Atkinson then interposed, and begged that she would not hurry her spirits, but compose herself, and go home to her children, whither she would attend her. She comforted her with the thoughts that the captain was in no immediate danger; that she could go to him when she would; and desired her to let the serjeant return with Mrs Ellison, saying she might be of service, and that there was much wisdom, and no kind of shame, in making use of bad people on certain occasions.

"And who," cries Amelia, a little come to herself, "hath done this barbarous action?"

"One I am ashamed to name," cries the serjeant; "indeed I had always a very different opinion of him: I could not have believed anything but my own ears and eyes; but Dr. Harrison is the man who hath done the deed."

"Dr. Harrison!" cries Amelia. "Well, then, there is an end of all goodness in the world. I will never have a good opinion of any human being more."

The serjeant begged that he might not be detained from the captain; and that, if Amelia pleased to go home, he would wait upon her. But she did not choose to see Mrs. Ellison at this time; and, after a little consideration, she resolved to stay where she was; and Mrs. Atkinson agreed to go and fetch her children to her, it being not many doors distant.

The serjeant then departed; Amelia, in her confusion, never having once thought of wishing him joy on his marriage.

BOOK VIII.—CHAPTER I.

Being the first chapter of the eighth book.

The history must now look a little backwards to those circumstances which led to the catastrophe mentioned at the end of the last book.

When Amelia went out in the morning she left her children to the care of her husband. In this amiable office he had been engaged near an hour, and was at that very time lying along on the floor, and his little things crawling and playing about him, when a most violent knock was heard at the door; and immediately a footman, running up stairs, acquainted him that his lady was taken violently ill, and carried into Mrs. Chenevix's toy-shop.

Booth no sooner heard this account, which was delivered with great appearance of haste and earnestness, than he leaped suddenly from the floor, and, leaving his children roaring at the news of their mother's illness in strict charge with his maid, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the place; or towards the place rather: for, before he arrived at the shop, a gentleman stopped him full butt, crying, "Captain, whither so fast?"—Booth answered eagerly, "Whoever you are, friend, don't ask me any questions now."—"You must pardon me, captain," answered the gentleman; "but I have a little business with your honour—In short, captain, I have a small warrant here in my pocket against your honour, at the suit of one Dr. Harrison." "You are a bailiff then?" says Booth. "I am an officer, sir," answered the other. "Well, sir, it is in vain to contend," cries Booth; "but let me beg you will permit me only to step to Mrs. Chenevix's—I will attend you, upon my honour, wherever you please; but my wife lies violently ill there." "Oh, for that matter," answered the bailiff, "you may set your heart at ease. Your lady, I hope, is very well; I assure you she is not there. You will excuse me, captain, these are only stratagems of war. *Bolus and virtus, quis in a hostess equirit?*" "Sir, I honour your learning," cries Booth, "and could almost kiss you for what you tell me. I assure you I would forgive you five hundred arrests for such a piece of news. Well, sir, and whither am I to go with you?" "O, anywhere: where your honour pleases," cries the bailiff. "Then suppose we go to Brown's coffee-house," said the prisoner. "No," answered the bailiff, "that will not do; that's in the verge of the court." "Why then, to the nearest tavern," said Booth. "No, not to a tavern," cries the other, "that is not a place of security; and you know, captain, your honour is a shy cock; I have been after your honour these three months. Come, sir, you must go to my house, if you please." "With all my heart," answered Booth, "if it be anywhere hereabouts." "Oh, it is but a little ways off," replied the bailiff; "it is only in Gray's-Inn-lane, just by almost." He then called a coach, and desired his prisoner to walk in.

Booth entered the coach without any resistance, which, had he been inclined to make, he must have plainly perceived would have been ineffectual, as the bailiff appeared to have several followers at hand, two of whom, beside the commander in chief, mounted with him into the coach. As Booth was a sweet-tempered man, as well as somewhat of a philosopher, he behaved with all the good-humour imaginable, and, indeed, with more than his companions; who, however, showed him what they call civility, that is, they neither struck him nor spit in his face.

Notwithstanding the pleasantry which Booth endeavoured to preserve, he in reality envied every labourer whom he saw pass by him in his way. The charms of liberty against his will rushed on his mind; and he could not avoid suggesting to himself how much more happy was the poorest wretch who, without control, could repair to his homely habitation and to his family, compared to him, who was thus violently, and yet lawfully, torn away from the company of his wife and children. And their condition, especially that of his Amelia, gave his heart many a severe and bitter pang.

At length he arrived at the bailiff's mansion, and was ushered into a room in which were several persons. Booth desired to be alone; upon which the bailiff waited on him up-stairs into an apartment, the windows of which were well fortified with iron-bars, but the walls had not the least outwork raised before them; they were, indeed, what is generally called naked; the bricks having been only covered with a thin plaster, which in many places was mouldered away.

The first demand made upon Booth was for coach-hire, which amounted to two shillings, according to the bailiff's account; that being just double the legal fare. He was then asked if he did not choose a bowl of punch? to which he having answered in the negative, the bailiff replied, "Nay, sir, just as you please. I don't ask you to drink, if you don't choose it; but certainly you know the custom; the house is full of prisoners, and I can't afford gentlemen a room to themselves for nothing."

Booth presently took this hint—indeed it was a pretty broad one—and told the bailiff he should not scruple to pay him his price; but in fact he never drank unless at his meals. "As to that sir," cries the bailiff, "it is just as your honour pleases. I scorn to impose upon any gentleman in misfortunes: I wish you well out of them, for my part. Your honour can take nothing amiss of me; I only does my duty, what I am bound to do; and, as you says you don't care to drink anything, what will you be pleased to have for dinner?"

Booth then complied in bespeaking a dish of meat, and told the bailiff he would drink a bottle with him after dinner. He then desired the favour of pen, ink, and paper, and a messenger; all which were immediately procured him, the bailiff telling him he might send wherever he pleased, and repeating his concern for Booth's misfortunes, and a hearty desire to see the end of them.

The messenger was just despatched with the letter, when who should arrive but honest Atkinson? A soldier of the guards, belonging to the same company with the serjeant, and who had known Booth at Gibraltar, had seen the arrest, and heard the orders given to the coachman. This fellow, accidentally meeting Atkinson, had acquainted him with the whole affair.

At the appearance of Atkinson, joy immediately overspread the countenance of Booth. The ceremonials which passed between them are unnecessary to be repeated. Atkinson was soon despatched to

the attorney and to Mrs. Ellison, as the reader hath before heard from his own mouth.

Booth now greatly lamented that he had writ to his wife. He thought she might have been acquainted with the affair better by the serjeant. Booth begged him, however, to do everything in his power to comfort her; to assure her that he was in perfect health and good spirits; and to lessen as much as possible the concern which he knew she would have at reading his letter.

The serjeant, however, as the reader hath seen, brought himself the first account of the arrest. Indeed, the other messenger did not arrive till a full hour afterwards. This was not owing to any slowness of his, but to many previous errands which he was to execute before the delivery of the letter; for, notwithstanding the earnest desire which the bailiff had declared to see Booth out of his troubles, he had ordered the porter, who was his follower, to call upon two or three other bailiffs, and as many attorneys, to try to load his prisoner with as many actions as possible.

Here the reader may be apt to conclude that the bailiff, instead of being a friend, was really an enemy to poor Booth; but, in fact, he was not so. His desire was no more than to accumulate bail-bonds; for the bailiff was reckoned an honest and good sort of man in his way, and had no more malice against the bodies in his custody than a butcher hath to those in his; and, as the latter, when he takes his knife in hand, hath no idea but of the joints into which he is to cut the carcase; so the former, when he handles his writ, hath no other design but to cut out the body into as many bail-bonds as possible. As to the life of the animal, or the liberty of the man, they are thoughts which never obtrude themselves on either.

CHAPTER II.

Containing an account of Mr. Booth's fellow-sufferers

Before we return to Amelia we must detain our reader a little longer with Mr. Booth, in the custody of Mr. Boudum the bailiff, who now informed his prisoner that he was welcome to the liberty of the house with the other gentlemen.

Booth asked who those gentlemen were. "One of them, sir," says Mr. Boudum, "is a very great writer or author, as they call him; he hath been here these five weeks at the suit of a bookseller for eleven pound odd money; but he expects to be discharged in a day or two, for he hath writ out the debt. He is now writing for five or six booksellers, and he will get you sometimes, when he sits to it, a matter of fifteen shillings a-day. For he is a very good pen, they say, but is apt to be idle. Some days he won't write above five hours; but at other times I have known him at it above sixteen." "Ay!" cries Booth; "pray, what are his productions? What does he write?" "Why, sometimes," answered Bondum, "he writes your history books for your numbers, and sometimes your verses, your poems, what do you call them? and then again he writes news for your newspapers." "Ay, indeed! he is a most extraordinary man, truly!—How doth he get his news here?" "Why he makes it, as he doth your parliament speeches for your magazines. He reads them to us sometimes over a bowl of punch. To be sure it is all one as if one was in the parliament-house,—it is about liberty and freedom, and about the constitution of England. I says nothing for my part, for I will keep my neck out of a halter; but, faith, he makes it out plainly to me that all matters are not as they should be. I am all for liberty, for my part." "Is that so consistent with your calling?" cries Booth. "I thought, my friend, you had lived by depriving men of their liberty." "That's another matter," cries the bailiff; "that's all according to law, and in the way of business. To be sure, men must be obliged to pay their debts, or else there would be an end of everything." Booth desired the bailiff to give him his opinion of liberty. Upon which, he hesitated a moment, and then cried out, "O it is a fine thing, it is a very fine thing, and the constitution of England." Booth told him, that by the old constitution of England he had heard that men could not be arrested for debt; to which the bailiff answered, that must have been in very bad times; "because as why," says he, "would it not be the hardest thing in the world if a man could not arrest another for a just and lawful debt? besides, sir, you must be mistaken; for how could that ever be? is not liberty the constitution of England? well, and is not the constitution, as a man may say,—whereby the constitution, that is the law and liberty, and all that—"

Booth had a little mercy upon the poor bailiff, when he found him rounding in this manner, and told him he had made the matter very clear. Booth then proceeded to inquire after the other gentlemen, his fellows in affliction; upon which Bondum acquainted him that one of the prisoners was a poor fellow. "He calls himself a gentleman," said Bondum; "but I am sure I never saw anything genteel by him. In a week that he hath been in my house he hath drank only part of one bottle of wine. I intend to carry him to Newgate within a day or two, if he cannot find bail, which, I suppose, he will not be able to do; for everybody says he is an undone man. He hath run out all he hath by losses in business, and one way or other; and he hath a wife and seven children. Here was the whole family here the other day, all howling together. I never saw such a beggarly crew; I was almost ashamed to see them in my house. I thought they seemed fitter for Bridewell than any other place. To be sure, I do not reckon him as proper company for such as you, sir; but there is another prisoner in the house that I dare say you will like very much. He is, indeed, very much of a gentleman, and spends his money like one. I have had him only three days, and I am afraid he won't stay much longer. They say, indeed, he is a gamester; but what is that to me or any one, as long as a man appears as a gentleman? I always love to speak by people as I find; and, in my opinion, he is fit company for the greatest lord in the land; for he hath very good clothes, and money enough. He is not here for debt, but upon a judge's warrant for an assault and battery; for the tipstaff locks up here."

The bailiff was thus haranguing when he was interrupted by the arrival of the attorney whom the trusty serjeant had, with the utmost expedition, found out and despatched to the relief of his distressed friend. But before we proceed any farther with the captain we will return to poor Amelia, for whom, considering the situation in which we left her, the good-natured reader may be, perhaps, in no small degree solicitous.

CHAPTER III.

Containing some extraordinary behaviour in Mrs. Ellison.

The serjeant being departed to convey Mrs. Ellison to the captain, his wife went to fetch Amelia's children to their mother.

Amelia's concern for the distresses of her husband was aggravated at the sight of her children

"Good Heavens!" she cried, "what will—what can become of these poor little wretches? why have I produced these little creatures only to give them a share of poverty and misery?" At which words she embraced them eagerly in her arms, and bedewed them both with her tears.

The children's eyes soon overflowed as fast as their mother's, though neither of them knew the cause of her affliction. The little boy, who was the elder and much the sharper of the two, imputed the agonies of his mother to her illness, according to the account brought to his father in his presence.

When Amelia became acquainted with the child's apprehensions, she soon satisfied him that she was in a perfect state of health; at which the little thing expressed great satisfaction, and said he was glad she was well again. Amelia told him she had not been in the least disordered. Upon which the innocent cried out, "La! how can people tell such fibs? a great tall man told my papa you was taken very ill at Mrs. Somebody's shop, and my poor papa presently ran down stairs: I was afraid he would have broke his neck, to come to you."

"O, the villains!" cries Mrs. Atkinson, "what a stratagem was here to take away your husband!"

"Take away!" answered the child—"What! hath anybody taken away papa?—Sure that naughty fibbing man hath not taken away papa?"

Amelia begged Mrs. Atkinson to say something to her children, for that her spirits were overpowered. She then threw herself into a chair, and gave a full vent to a passion almost too strong for her delicate constitution.

The scene that followed, during some minutes, is beyond my power of description; I must beg the readers' hearts to suggest it to themselves. The children hung on the mother, whom they endeavoured in vain to comfort, as Mrs. Atkinson did in vain attempt to pacify them, telling them all would be well, and they would soon see their papa again.

At length, partly by the persuasions of Mrs. Atkinson, partly from consideration of her little ones, and more, perhaps, from the relief which she had acquired by her tears, Amelia became a little composed.

Nothing worth notice passed in this miserable company from this time till the return of Mrs. Ellison from the bailiff's house; and to draw out scenes of wretchedness to too great a length, is a task very uneasy to the writer, and for which none but readers of a most gloomy complexion will think themselves ever obliged to his labours.

At length Mrs. Ellison arrived, and entered the room with an air of gaiety rather misbecoming the occasion. When she had seated herself in a chair she told Amelia that the captain was very well and in good spirits, and that he earnestly desired her to keep up hers. "Come, madam," said she, "don't be disconsolate; I hope we shall soon be able to get him out of his troubles. The debts, indeed, amount to more than I expected; however, ways may be found to redeem him. He must own himself guilty of some rashness in going out of the verge, when he knew to what he was liable; but that is now not to be remedied. If he had followed my advice this had not happened; but men will be headstrong."

"I cannot bear this," cries Amelia; "shall I hear that best of creatures blamed for his tenderness to me?"

"Well, I will not blame him," answered Mrs. Ellison; "I am sure I propose nothing but to serve him; and if you will do as much to serve him yourself, he will not be long a prisoner."

"I do!" cries Amelia: "O Heavens! is there a thing upon earth—"

"Yes, there is a thing upon earth," said Mrs. Ellison, "and a very easy thing too; and yet I will venture my life you start when I propose it. And yet, when I consider that you are a woman of understanding, I know not why I should think so; for sure you must have too much good sense to imagine that you can cry your husband out of prison. If this would have done, I see you have almost cried your eyes out already. And yet you may do the business by a much pleasanter way than by crying and bawling."

"What do you mean, madam?" cries Amelia.—"For my part, I cannot guess your meaning."

"Before I tell you then, madam," answered Mrs. Ellison, "I must inform you, if you do not already know it, that the captain is charged with actions to the amount of near five hundred pounds. I am sure I would willingly be his bail; but I know my bail would not be taken for that sum. You must consider, therefore, madam, what chance you have of redeeming him; unless you choose, as perhaps some wives would, that he should lie all his life in prison."

At these words Amelia discharged a shower of tears, and gave every mark of the most frantic grief.

"Why, there now," cries Mrs. Ellison, "while you will indulge these extravagant passions, how can you be capable of listening to the voice of reason? I know I am a fool in concerning myself thus with the affairs of others. I know the thankless office I undertake; and yet I love you so, my dear Mrs. Booth, that I cannot bear to see you afflicted, and I would comfort you if you would suffer me. Let me beg you to make your mind easy; and within these two days I will engage to set your husband at liberty.

"Harkee, child; only behave like a woman of spirit this evening, and keep your appointment, notwithstanding what hath happened; and I am convinced there is one who hath the power and the will to serve you."

Mrs. Ellison spoke the latter part of her speech in a whisper, so that Mrs. Atkinson, who was then engaged with the children, might not hear her; but Amelia answered aloud, and said, "What appointment would you have me keep this evening?"

"Nay, nay, if you have forgot," cries Mrs. Ellison, "I will tell you more another time; but come, will you go home? my dinner is ready by this time, and you shall dine with me."

"Talk not to me of dinners," cries Amelia; "my stomach is too full already."

"Nay, but, dear madam," answered Mrs. Ellison, "let me beseech you to go home with me. I do not care," says she, whispering, "to speak before some folks."

"I have no secret, madam, in the world," replied Amelia aloud, "which I would not communicate to this lady; for I shall always acknowledge the highest obligations to her for the secrets she hath imparted to me."

"Madam," said Mrs. Ellison, "I do not interfere with obligations. I am glad the lady hath obliged you so much; and I wish all people were equally mindful of obligations. I hope I have omitted no opportunity of endeavouring to oblige Mrs. Booth, as well as I have some other folks."

"If by other folks, madam, you mean me," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "I confess I sincerely believe you intended the same obligation to us both; and I have the pleasure to think it is owing to me that this lady is not as much obliged to you as I am."

"I protest, madam, I can hardly guess your meaning," said Mrs. Ellison.—"Do you really intend to affront me, madam?"

A Woman's rage upon finding herself detected.

"I intend to preserve innocence and virtue, if it be in my power, madam," answered the other. And sure nothing but the most eager resolution to destroy it could induce you to mention such an appointment at such a time."

"I did not expect this treatment from you, madam," cries Mrs. Ellison; "such ingratitude I could not have believed had it been reported to me by any other."

"Such impudence," answered Mrs. Atkinson, "must exceed, I think, all belief; but, when women once abandon that modesty which is the characteristic of their sex, they seldom set any bounds to their assurance."

"I could not have believed this to have been in human nature," cries Mrs. Ellison. "Is this the woman whom I have fed, have clothed, have supported; who owes to my charity and my intercessions that she is not at this day destitute of all the necessaries of life?"

"I own it all," answered Mrs. Atkinson; "and I add the favour of a masquerade ticket to the number. Could I have thought, madam, that you would before my face have asked another lady to go to the same place with the same man?—But I ask your pardon; I impute rather more assurance to you than you are mistress of.—You have endeavoured to keep the assignation a secret from me; and it was by mere accident only that I discovered it; unless there are some guardian angels that in general protect innocence and virtue; though, I may say, I have not always found them so watchful."

"Indeed, madam," said Mrs. Ellison, "you are not worth my answer; nor will I stay a moment longer with such a person.—So, Mrs. Booth, you have your choice, madam, whether you will go with me, or remain in the company of this lady."

"If so, madam," answered Mrs. Booth, "I shall not be long in determining to stay where I am."

Mrs. Ellison then, casting a look of great indignation at both the ladies, made a short speech full of invectives against Mrs. Atkinson, and not without oblique hints of ingratitude against poor Amelia; after which she burst out of the room, and out of the house, and made haste to her own home, in a condition of mind to which fortune without guilt cannot, I believe, reduce any one.

Indeed, how much the superiority of misery is on the side of wickedness may appear to every reader who will compare the present situation of Amelia with that of Mrs. Ellison. Fortune had attacked the former with almost the highest degree of her malice. She was involved in a scene of most exquisite distress, and her husband, her principal comfort, torn violently from her arms; yet her sorrow, however exquisite, was all soft and tender, nor was she without many consolations. Her case, however hard, was not absolutely desperate; for scarce any condition of fortune can be so. Art and industry, chance and friends, have often relieved the most distressed circumstances, and converted them into opulence. In all these she had hopes on this side the grave, and perfect virtue and innocence gave her the strongest assurances on the other. Whereas, in the bosom of Mrs. Ellison, all was storm and tempest; anger, revenge, fear, and pride, like so many raging furies, possessed her mind, and tortured her with disappointment and shame. Loss of reputation, which is generally irreparable, was to be her lot; loss of friends is of this the certain consequence; all on this side the grave appeared dreary and comfortless; and endless misery on the other, closed the gloomy prospect.

Hence, my worthy reader, console thyself, that however few of the other good things of life are thy lot, the best of all things, which is innocence, is always within thy own power; and, though Fortune may make thee often unhappy, she can never make thee completely and irreparably miserable without thy own consent.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing, among many matters, the exemplary behaviour of colonel James.

When Mrs. Ellison was departed, Mrs. Atkinson began to apply all her art to sooth and comfort Amelia, but was presently prevented by her. "I am ashamed, dear madam," said Amelia, "of having indulged my affliction so much at your expense. The suddenness of the occasion is my only excuse; for, had I had time to summon my resolution to my assistance, I hope I am mistress of more patience than you have hitherto seen me exert. I know, madam, in my unwarrantable excesses, I have been guilty of many transgressions. First, against that Divine will and pleasure without whose permission, at least, no human accident can happen; in the next place, madam, if anything can aggravate such a fault, I have transgressed the laws of friendship as well as decency, in throwing upon you some part of the load of my grief; and again, I have sinned against common sense, which should teach me, instead of weakly and heavily lamenting my misfortunes, to rouse all my spirits to remove them. In this light I am shocked at my own folly, and am resolved to leave my children under your care, and go directly to my husband. I may comfort him. I may assist him. I may relieve him. There is nothing now too difficult for me to undertake."

Mrs. Atkinson greatly approved and complimented her friend on all the former part of her speech, except what related to herself, on which she spoke very civilly, and I believe with great truth; but as to her determination of going to her husband she endeavoured to dissuade her, at least she begged her to defer it for the present, and till the serjeant returned home. She then reminded Amelia that it was now past five in the afternoon, and that she had not taken any refreshment but a dish of tea the whole day, and desired she would give her leave to procure her a chick, or anything she liked better, for her dinner.

Amelia thanked her friend, and said she would sit down with her to whatever she pleased; "but if I do not eat," said she, "I would not have you impute it to anything but want of appetite; for I assure you all things are equally indifferent to me. I am more solicitous about these poor little things, who have not been used to fast so long. Heaven knows what may hereafter be their fate!"

Mrs. Atkinson bid her hope the best, and then recommended her children to the care of her maid.

And now arrived a servant from Mrs. James, with an invitation to captain Booth and to his lady to dine with the colonel the day after the next. This a little perplexed Amelia; but after a short consideration she despatched an answer to Mrs. James, in which she concisely informed her of what had happened.

The honest serjeant, who had been on his legs almost the whole day, now returned, and brought Amelia a short letter from her husband, in which he gave her the most solemn assurances of his health and spirits, and begged her with great earnestness to take care to preserve her own, which if she did, he said, he had no doubt but that they should shortly be happy. He added something of hopes from my lord, with which Mrs. Ellison had amused him, and which served only to destroy the comfort that Amelia received from the rest of his letter.

Whilst Amelia, the serjeant, and his lady, were engaged in a cold collation, for which purpose a cold chick was procured from the tavern for the ladies, and two pound of cold beef for the serjeant, a violent knocking was heard at the door, and presently afterwards colonel James entered the room. After proper compliments had passed, the colonel told Amelia that her letter was brought to Mrs. James while they were at table, and that on her showing it him he had immediately rose up, made an apology to his company, and took a chair to her. He spoke to her with great tenderness on the occasion, and desired her to make herself easy; assuring her that he would leave nothing in his power undone to serve her husband. He then gave her an invitation, in his wife's name, to his own house, in the most pressing manner.

Amelia returned him very hearty thanks for all his kind offers, but begged to decline that of an apartment in his house. She said, as she could not leave her children, so neither could she think of bringing such a trouble with her into his family; and, though the colonel gave her many assurances that her children, as well as herself, would be very welcome to Mrs. James, and even betook himself to entreaties, she still persisted obstinately in her refusal.

In real truth, Amelia had taken a vast affection for Mrs. Atkinson, of the comfort of whose company she could not bear to be deprived in her distress, nor to exchange it for that of Mrs. James, to whom she had lately conceived no little dislike.

The colonel, when he found he could not prevail with Amelia to accept his invitation, desisted from any farther solicitations. He then took a bank-bill of fifty pounds from his pocket-book, and said, "You will pardon me, dear madam, if I choose to impute your refusal of my house rather to a dislike of my wife, who I will not pretend to be the most agreeable of women (all men," said he, sighing, "have not captain Booth's fortune), than to any aversion or anger to me. I must insist upon it, therefore, to make your present habitation as easy to you as possible—I hope, madam, you will not deny me this happiness; I beg you will honour me with the acceptance of this trifle. He then put the note into her hand, and declared that the honour of touching it was worth a hundred times that sum."

"I protest, colonel James," cried Amelia, blushing, "I know not what to do or say, your goodness so greatly confounds me. Can I, who am so well acquainted with the many great obligations Mr. Booth already hath to your generosity, consent that you should add more to a debt we never can pay?"

The colonel stopped her short, protesting that she misplaced the obligation; for, that if to confer the highest happiness was to oblige, he was obliged to her acceptance. "And I do assure you, madam," said he, "if this trifling sum, or a much larger, can contribute to your ease, I shall consider myself as the happiest man upon earth in being able to supply it, and you, madam, my greatest benefactor in receiving it."

Amelia then put the note in her pocket, and they entered into a conversation in which many civil things were said on both sides; but what was chiefly worth remark was, that Amelia had almost her husband constantly in her mouth, and the colonel never mentioned him: the former seemed desirous to lay all obligations, as much as possible, to the account of her husband; and the latter endeavoured, with the utmost delicacy, to insinuate that her happiness was the main and indeed only point which he had in view.

Amelia had made no doubt, at the colonel's first appearance, but that he intended to go directly to her husband. When he dropped therefore a hint of his intention to visit him next morning she appeared visibly shocked at the delay. The colonel, perceiving this, said, "However inconvenient it may be, yet, madam, if it will oblige you, or if you desire it, I will even go to-night." Amelia answered, "My husband will be far from desiring to derive any good from your inconvenience; but, if you put it to me, I must be excused for saying I desire nothing more in the world than to send him so great a comfort as I know he will receive from the presence of such a friend." "Then, to show you, madam," cries the colonel, "that I desire nothing more in the world than to give you pleasure, I will go to him immediately."

Amelia then bethought herself of the serjeant, and told the colonel his old acquaintance Atkinson, whom he had known at Gibraltar, was then in the house, and would conduct him to the place. The serjeant was immediately called in, paid his respects to the colonel, and was acknowledged by him. They both immediately set forward, Amelia to the utmost of her power pressing their departure.

Mrs. Atkinson now returned to Amelia, and was by her acquainted with the colonel's late generosity; for her heart so boiled over with gratitude that she could not conceal the ebullition. Amelia likewise gave her friend a full narrative of the colonel's former behaviour and friendship to her husband, as well abroad as in England; and ended with declaring that she believed him to be the most generous man upon earth.

Mrs. Atkinson agreed with Amelia's conclusion, and said she was glad to hear there was any such man. They then proceeded with the children to the tea table, where panegyric, and not scandal, was the topic of their conversation; and of this panegyric the colonel was the subject; both the ladies seeming to vie with each other in celebrating the praises of his goodness.

CHAPTER V.

Comments upon authors.

HAVING left Amelia in as comfortable a situation as could possibly be expected, her immediate distresses relieved, and her heart filled with great hopes from the friendship of the colonel, we will now return to Booth, who, when the attorney and serjeant had left him, received a visit from that great author of whom honourable mention is made in our second chapter.

Booth, as the reader may be pleased to remember, was a pretty good master of the classics; for his father, though he designed his son for the army, did not think it necessary to breed him up a blockhead. He did not, perhaps, imagine that a competent share of Latin or Greek would make his son either a pedant or a coward. He considered likewise, probably, that the life of a soldier is in general a life of idleness; and might think that the spare hours of an officer in country quarters would be as well employed with a book as in sauntering about the streets, loitering in a coffee-house, sotting in a tavern, or in laying schemes to debauch and ruin a set of harmless ignorant country girls.

As Booth was therefore what might well be called, in this age at least, a man of learning, he began to discourse with our author on subjects of literature. "I think, sir," says he, "that Dr. Swift hath been generally allowed, by the critics in this kingdom, to be the greatest master of humour that ever wrote. Indeed, I allow him to have possessed most admirable

talents of this kind; and, if Rabelais was his master, I think he proves the truth of the common Greek proverb—that the scholar is often superior to the master. As to Cervantes, I do not think we can make any just comparison; for, though Mr. Pope compliments him with sometimes taking Cervantes' serious air—" "I remember the passage," cries the author;

> "O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
> Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver;
> Whether you take Cervantes' serious air,
> Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair—"

"You are right, sir," said Booth; "but though I should agree that the doctor hath sometimes condescended to imitate Rabelais, I do not remember to have seen in his works the least attempt in the manner of Cervantes. But there is one in his own way, and whom I am convinced he studied above all others—you guess, I believe, I am going to name Lucian. This author, I say, I am convinced, he followed; but I think he followed him at a distance; as, to say the truth, every other writer of this kind hath done in my opinion; for none, I think, hath yet equalled him. I agree, indeed, entirely with Mr. Moile, in his Discourse on the Age of the Philopatris, when he gives him the epithet of the incomparable Lucian; and incomparable, I believe, he will remain as long as the language in which he wrote shall endure. What an inimitable piece of humour is his Cock!" "I remember it very well," cries the author; "his story of a Cock and a Bull is excellent." Booth stared at this, and asked the author what he meant by the Bull? "Nay," answered he, "I don't know very well, upon my soul. It is a long time since I read him. I learned him all over at school; I have not read him much since. And pray, sir," said he, "how do you like his Pharsalia? don't you think Mr. Rowe's translation a very fine one?" Booth replied, "I believe we are talking of different authors. The Pharsalia, which Mr. Rowe translated, was written by Lucan; but I have been speaking of Lucian, a Greek writer, and, in my opinion, the greatest in the humorous way that ever the world produced." "Ay!" cries the author, "he was indeed so, a very excellent writer indeed! I fancy a translation of him would sell very well!" "I do not know, indeed," cries Booth. "A good translation of him would be a valuable book. I have seen a wretched one published by Mr. Dryden, but translated by others, who in many places have misunderstood Lucian's meaning, and have nowhere preserved the spirit of the original." "That is great pity," says the author. "Pray, sir, is he well translated in the French?" Booth answered, he could not tell; but that he doubted it very much, having never seen a good version into that language out of the Greek. "To confess the truth, I believe," said he, "the French translators have generally consulted the Latin only; which, in some of the few Greek writers I have read, is intolerably bad. And as the English translators, for the most part, pursue the French, we may easily guess what spirit those copies of bad copies must preserve of the original."

"Egad you are a shrewd guesser," cries the author. "I am glad the booksellers have not your sagacity. But how should it be otherwise, considering the price they pay by the sheet? The Greek, you will allow, is a hard language; and there are few gentlemen that write who can read it without a good lexicon. Now, sir, if we were to afford time to find out the true meaning of words, a gentleman would not get bread and cheese by his work. If one was to be paid, indeed, as Mr. Pope was for his Homer—Pray, sir, don't you think that the best translation in the world?"

"Indeed, sir," cries Booth, "I think, though it is certainly a noble paraphrase, and of itself a fine poem, yet in some places it is no translation at all. In the very beginning, for instance, he hath not rendered the true force of the author. Homer invokes his muse in the five first lines of the Iliad; and, at the end of the fifth, he gives his reason:

Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή.

"For all these things," says he, "were brought about by the decree of Jupiter; and, therefore, he supposes their true sources are known only to the deities. Now, the translation takes no more notice of the ΔΕ than if no such word had been there."

"Very possibly," answered the author; "it is a long time since I read the original. Perhaps, then, he followed the French translations. I observe, indeed, he talks much in the notes of madam Dacier and monsieur Eustathius."

Booth had now received conviction enough of his friend's knowledge of the Greek language; without attempting, therefore, to set him right, he made a sudden transition to the Latin. "Pray, sir," said he, "as you have mentioned Rowe's translation of the Pharsalia, do you remember how he hath rendered that passage in the character of Cato?—

———Venerisque hic maximus usus
Progenies; urbi Pater est, urbique Maritus.

"For I apprehend that passage is generally misunderstood."

"I really do not remember," answered the author. "Pray, sir, what do you take to be the meaning?"

"I apprehend, sir," replied Booth; "that by these words, *Urbi Pater est, urbique Maritus*, Cato is represented as the father and husband to the city of Rome."

"Very true, sir," cries the author; "very fine, indeed.—Not only the father of his country, but the husband too; very noble, truly!"

"Pardon me, sir," cries Booth; "I do not conceive that to have been Lucan's meaning. If you please to observe the context; Lucan, having commended the temperance of Cato in the instances of diet and clothes, proceeds to venereal pleasures; of which, says the poet, his principal use was procreation: then he adds, *Urbi pater est, urbique Maritus;* that he became a father and a husband for the sake only of the city."

"Upon my word that's true," cries the author; "I did not think of it. It is much finer than the other.—*Urbis Pater est*—what is the other?—ay—*Urbis Maritus.*—It is certainly as you say, sir."

Booth was by this pretty well satisfied of the author's profound learning; however, he was willing to try him a little farther. He asked him, therefore, what was his opinion of Lucan in general, and in what class of writers he ranked him?

The author stared a little at this question; and, after some hesitation, answered, "Certainly, sir, I think he is a fine writer and a very great poet."

"I am very much of the same opinion," cries Booth; "but where do you class him—next to what poet do you place him?"

"Let me see," cries the author; "where do I class him? next to whom do I place him?—Ay!—why—why, pray, where do you yourself place him?"

"Why, surely," cries Booth, "if he is not to be placed in the first rank with Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, I think clearly he is at the head of the second, before either Statius or Silius Italicus—though I allow to each of these their merits; but, perhaps, an epic poem was beyond the genius of either. I own, I have often thought, if Statius had ventured no farther than Ovid or Claudian, he would have succeeded better; for his Sylvæ are, in my opinion, much better than his Thebais."

"I believe I was of the same opinion formerly," said the author.

"And for what reason have you altered it?" cries Booth.

"I have not altered it," answered the author; "but, to tell you the truth, I have not any opinion at all about these matters at present. I do not trouble my head much with poetry; for there is no encouragement to such studies in this age. It is true, indeed, I have now and then wrote a poem or two for the magazines, but I never intend to write any more; for a gentleman is not paid for his time. A sheet is a sheet with the booksellers; and, whether it be in prose or verse, they make no difference; though certainly there is as much difference to a gentleman in the work as there is to a tailor between making a plain and a laced suit. Rhymes are difficult things; they are stubborn things, sir. I have been sometimes longer in tagging a couplet than I have been in writing a speech on the side of the opposition which hath been read with great applause all over the kingdom."

"I am glad you are pleased to confirm that," cries Booth; "for I protest it was an entire secret to me till this day. I was so perfectly ignorant, that I thought the speeches published in the magazines were really made by the members themselves."

"Some of them, and I believe I may, without vanity, say the best," cries the author, "are all the productions of my own pen; but I believe I shall leave it off soon, unless a sheet of speech will fetch more than it does at present. In truth, the romance-writing is the only branch of our business now that is worth following. Goods of that sort have had so much success lately in the market, that a bookseller scarce cares what he bids for them. And it is certainly the easiest work in the world; you may write it almost as fast as you can set pen to paper; and if you interlard it with a little scandal, a little abuse on some living characters of note, you cannot fail of success."

"Upon my word, sir," cries Booth, "you have greatly instructed me, I could not have imagined there had been so much regularity in the trade of writing as you are pleased to mention; by what I can perceive, the pen and ink is likely to become the staple commodity of the kingdom."

"Alas! sir," answered the author, "it is overstocked. The market is overstocked. There is no encouragement to merit, no patrons. I have been these five years soliciting a subscription for my new translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, with notes explanatory, historical, and critical; and I have scarce collected five hundred names yet."

The mention of this translation a little surprised Booth; not only as the author had just declared his intentions to forsake the tuneful muses; but, for some other reasons which he had collected from his conversation with our author, he little expected to hear of a proposal to translate any of the Latin poets. He proceeded, therefore, to catechise him a little farther; and by his answers was fully satisfied that he had the very same acquaintance with Ovid that he had appeared to have with Lucan.

The author then pulled out a bundle of papers containing proposals for his subscription, and receipts; and, addressing himself to Booth, said, "Though the place in which we meet, sir, is an improper place to solicit favours of this kind, yet, perhaps, it may be in your power to serve me if you will charge your pockets with some of these." Booth was just offering at an excuse, when the bailiff introduced colonel James and the serjeant.

The unexpected visit of a beloved friend to a man in affliction, especially in Mr. Booth's situation, is a comfort which can scarce be equalled; not barely from the hopes of relief or redress by his assistance, but as it is an evidence of sincere friendship which scarce admits of any doubt or suspicion. Such an instance doth indeed make a man amends for all ordinary troubles and distresses; and we ought to think ourselves gainers by having had such an opportunity of discovering that we are possessed of one of the most valuable of all human possessions.

Booth was so transported at the sight of the colonel that he dropped the proposals which the author had put into his hands, and burst forth into the highest professions of gratitude to his friend; who behaved very properly on his side, and said everything which became the mouth of a friend on the occasion.

It is true, indeed, he seemed not moved equally either with Booth or the serjeant, both whose eyes watered at the scene. In truth, the colonel, though a very generous man, had not the least grain of tenderness in his disposition. His mind was formed of those firm materials of which nature formerly hammered out the Stoic, and upon which the sorrows of no man living could make an impression. A man of this temper, who doth not much value danger, will fight for the person he calls his friend, and the man that hath but little value for his money will give it him; but such friendship is never to be absolutely depended on; for, whenever the favourite passion interposes with it, it is sure to subside and vanish into air. Whereas the man whose tender disposition really feels the miseries of another will endeavour to relieve them for his own sake; and, in such a mind, friendship will often get the superiority over every other passion.

But, from whatever motive it sprung, the colonel's behaviour to Booth seemed truly amiable; and so it appeared to the author, who took the first occasion to applaud it in a very florid oration; which the reader, when he recollects that he was a speech-maker by profession, will not be surprised at; nor, perhaps, will be much more surprised that he soon after took an occasion of clapping a proposal into the colonel's hands, holding at the same time a receipt very visible in his own.

The colonel received both, and gave the author a guinea in exchange, which was double the sum mentioned in the receipt; for which the author made a low bow, and very politely took his leave, saying, "I suppose, gentlemen, you may have some private business together; I heartily wish a speedy end to your confinement, and I congratulate you on the possessing so great, so noble, and so generous a friend."

CHAPTER VI.

Which inclines rather to satire than panegyric.

The colonel had the curiosity to ask Booth the name of the gentleman who, in the vulgar language, had struck, or taken him in for a guinea with so much ease and dexterity. Booth answered, he did not know his name; all that he knew of him was, that he was the most impudent and illiterate fellow he had ever seen, and that, by his own account, he was the author of most of the wonderful productions of the age. "Perhaps," said he, "it may look uncharitable in me to blame you for your generosity; but I am convinced the fellow hath not the least merit or capacity, and you have subscribed to the most horrid trash that ever was published."

"I care not a farthing what he publishes," cries

the colouel. "Heaven forbid I should be obliged to read half the nonsense I have subscribed to!"

"But don't you think," said Booth, "that by such indiscriminate encouragement of authors you do a real mischief to the society? By propagating the subscriptions of such fellows, people are tired out and withhold their contributions to man of real merit; and, at the same time, you are contributing to fill the world, not only with nonsense, but with all the scurrility, indecency, and profaneness with which the age abounds, and with which all bad writers supply the defect of genius."

"Pugh!" cries the colonel, "I never consider these matters. Good or bad, it is all one to me; but there's an acquaintance of mine, and a man of great wit too, that thinks the worst the best, as they are the surest to make him laugh."

"I ask pardon, sir," says the serjeant; "but I wish your honour would consider your own affairs a little, for it grows late in the evening."

"The serjeant says true," answered the colonel. "What is it you intend to do?"

"Faith, colonel, I know not what I shall do. My affairs seem so irreparable, that I have been driving them as much as possibly I could from my mind. If I was to suffer alone, I think I could bear them with some philosophy; but when I consider who are to be the sharers in my fortune—the dearest of children, and the best, the worthiest, and the noblest of women——Pardon me, my dear friend, these sensations are above me; they convert me into a woman; they drive me to despair, to madness."

The colonel advised him to command himself, and told him this was not the way to retrieve his fortune. "As to me, my dear Booth," said he, "you know you may command me as far as is really within my power."

Booth answered eagerly, that he was so far from expecting any more favours from the colonel, that he had resolved not to let him know anything of his misfortune. "No, my dear friend," cries he, "I am too much obliged to you already;" and then burst into many fervent expressions of gratitude, till the colonel himself stopped him, and begged him to give an account of the debt or debts for which he was detained in that horrid place.

Booth answered, he could not be very exact, but he feared it was upwards of four hundred pounds.

"It is but three hundred pounds, indeed, sir," cries the serjeant; "if you can raise three hundred pounds, you are a free man this moment."

Booth, who did not apprehend the generous meaning of the serjeant as well as, I believe, the reader will, answered he was mistaken; that he had computed his debts, and they amounted to upwards of four hundred pounds; nay, that the bailiff had shown him writs for above that sum.

"Whether your debts are three or four hundred," cries the colonel, "the present business is to give bail only, and then you will have some time to try your friends: I think you might get a company abroad, and then I would advance the money on the security of half your pay; and, in the mean time, I will be one of your bail with all my heart."

Whilst Booth poured forth his gratitude for all this kindness, the serjeant ran down stairs for the bailiff, and shortly after returned with him into the room.

The bailiff, being informed that the colonel offered to be bail for his prisoner, answered a little surly, "Well, sir, and who will be the other? you know, I suppose, there must be two; and I must have time to inquire after them."

The colonel replied, "I believe, sir, I am well known to be responsible for a much larger sum than you demand on this gentleman; but, if your forms require two, I suppose the serjeant here will do for the other."

"I don't know the serjeant or you either, sir," cries Bondum; "and, if you propose yourselves bail for the gentleman, I must have time to inquire after you."

"You need very little time to inquire after me," says the colonel, "for I can send for several of the law, whom I suppose you know, to satisfy you; but consider, it is very late."

"Yes, sir," answered Bondum, "I do consider it is too late for the captain to be bailed to-night."

"What do you mean by too late?" cries the colonel.

"I mean, sir, that I must search the office, and that is now shut up; for, if my lord mayor and the court of aldermen would be bound for him, I would not discharge him till I had searched the office."

"How, sir!" cries the colonel, "hath the law of England no more regard for the liberty of the subject than to suffer such fellows as you to detain a man in custody for debt, when he can give undeniable security?"

"Don't fellow me," said the bailiff; "I am as good a fellow as yourself, I believe, though you have that riband in your hat there."

"Do you know whom you are speaking to?" said the serjeant. "Do you know you are talking to a colonel of the army?"

"What's a colonel of the army to me?" cries the bailiff. "I have had as good as he in my custody before now."

"And a member of parliament?" cries the serjeant.

"Is the gentleman a member of parliament?—Well, and what harm have I said? I am sure I meant no harm; and, if his honour is offended, I ask his pardon; to be sure his honour must know that the sheriff is answerable for all the writs in the office, though they were never so many, and I am answerable to the sheriff. I am sure the captain can't say that I have shown him any manner of incivility since he hath been here.—And I hope, honourable sir," cries he, turning to the colonel, "you don't take anything amiss that I said, or meant by way of disrespect, or any such matter. I did not, indeed, as the gentleman here says, know who I was speaking to; but I did not say anything uncivil as I know of, and I hope no offence."

The colonel was more easily pacified than might have been expected, and told the bailiff that, if it was against the rules of law to discharge Mr. Booth that evening, he must be contented. He then addressed himself to his friend, and began to prescribe comfort and patience to him; saying, he must rest satisfied with his confinement that night; and the next morning he promised to visit him again.

Booth answered, that as for himself, the lying one night in any place was very little worth his regard. "You and I, my dear friend, have both spent our evening in a worse situation than I shall in this house. All my concern is for my poor Amelia, whose sufferings on account of my absence I know, and I feel with unspeakable tenderness. Could I be assured she was tolerably easy, I could be contented in chains or in a dungeon."

"Give yourself no concern on her account," said the colonel; "I will wait on her myself, though I break an engagement for that purpose, and will give her such assurances as I am convinced will make her perfectly easy."

Booth embraced his friend, and, weeping over him, paid his acknowledgment with tears for all his goodness. In words, indeed, he was not able

to thank him; for gratitude, joining with his other passions, almost choked him, and stopped his utterance.

After a short scene in which nothing passed worth recounting, the colonel bid his friend good night, and, leaving the serjeant with him, made the best of his way back to Amelia.

CHAPTER VII.

Worthy a very serious perusal.

The colonel found Amelia sitting very disconsolate with Mrs. Atkinson. He entered the room with an air of great gaiety, assured Amelia that her husband was perfectly well, and that he hoped the next day he would again be with her.

Amelia was a little comforted at this account, and vented many grateful expressions to the colonel for his unparalleled friendship, as she was pleased to call it. She could not, however, help giving way soon after to a sigh at the thoughts of her husband's bondage, and declared that night would be the longest she had ever known.

"This lady, madam," cries the colonel, "must endeavour to make it shorter. And, if you will give me leave, I will join in the same endeavour." Then, after some more consolatory speeches, the colonel attempted to give a gay turn to the discourse, and said, "I was engaged to have spent this evening disagreeably at Ranelagh, with a set of company I did not like. How vastly am I obliged to you, dear Mrs. Booth, that I pass it so infinitely more to my satisfaction!"

"Indeed, colonel," said Amelia, "I am convinced that to a mind so rightly turned as yours there must be a much sweeter relish in the highest offices of friendship than in any pleasures which the gayest public places can afford."

"Upon my word, madam," said the colonel, "you now do me more than justice. I have, and always had, the utmost indifference for such pleasures. Indeed, I hardly allow them worthy of that name, or, if they are so at all, it is in a very low degree. In my opinion the highest friendship must always lead us to the highest pleasure."

Here Amelia entered into a long dissertation on friendship, in which she pointed several times directly at the colonel as the hero of her tale.

The colonel highly applauded all her sentiments; and, when he could not avoid taking the compliment to himself, he received it with a most respectful bow. He then tried his hand likewise at description, in which he found means to repay all Amelia's panegyric in kind. This, though he did with all possible delicacy, yet a curious observer might have been apt to suspect that it was chiefly on her account that the colonel had avoided the masquerade.

In discourses of this kind they passed the evening, till it was very late, the colonel never offering to stir from his chair before the clock had struck one; when he thought, perhaps, that decency obliged him to take his leave.

As soon as he was gone Mrs. Atkinson said to Mrs. Booth, "I think, madam, you told me this afternoon that the colonel was married."

Amelia answered, she did so.

"I think likewise, madam," said Mrs. Atkinson, "you was acquainted with the colonel's lady."

Amelia answered that she had been extremely intimate with her abroad.

"Is she young and handsome?" said Mrs. Atkinson. "In short, pray, was it a match of love or convenience?"

Amelia answered, entirely of love, she believed, on his side; for that the lady had little or no fortune.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Atkinson; "for I am sure the colonel is in love with somebody. I think I never saw a more luscious picture of love drawn than that which he was pleased to give us as the portraiture of friendship. I have read, indeed, of Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias, and other great friends of old; nay, I sometimes flatter myself that I am capable of being a friend myself; but as for that fine, soft, tender, delicate passion, which he was pleased to describe, I am convinced there must go a he and a she to the composition."

"Upon my word, my dear, you are mistaken," cries Amelia. "If you had known the friendship which hath always subsisted between the colonel and my husband, you would not imagine it possible for any description to exceed it. Nay, I think his behaviour this very day is sufficient to convince you."

"I own what he hath done to-day hath great merit," said Mrs. Atkinson; "and yet, from what he hath said to-night—You will pardon me, dear madam; perhaps I am too quick-sighted in my observations; nay, I am afraid I am even impertinent."

"Fie upon it!" cries Amelia; "how can you talk in that strain? Do you imagine I expect ceremony? Pray speak what you think with the utmost freedom."

"Did he not then," said Mrs. Atkinson, "repeat the words, *the finest woman in the world*, more than once? did he not make use of an expression which might have become the mouth of Oroondates himself? If I remember, the words were these,—that, had he been Alexander the Great, he should have thought it more glory to have wiped off a tear from the bright eyes of Statira than to have conquered fifty worlds."

"Did he say so?" cries Amelia—"I think he did say something like it; but my thoughts were so full of my husband that I took little notice. But what would you infer from what he said? I hope you don't think he is in love with me!"

"I hope he doth not think so himself," answered Mrs. Atkinson; "though, when he mentioned the bright eyes of Statira, he fixed his own eyes on yours with the most languishing air I ever beheld."

Amelia was going to answer, when the serjeant arrived, and then she immediately fell to inquiring after her husband, and received such satisfactory answers to all her many questions concerning him, that she expressed great pleasure. These ideas so possessed her mind, that, without once casting her thoughts on any other matters, she took her leave of the serjeant and his lady, and repaired to bed to her children, in a room which Mrs. Atkinson had provided her in the same house; where we will at present wish her a good night.

CHAPTER VIII.

Consisting of grave matters.

While innocence and cheerful hope, in spite of the malice of fortune, closed the eyes of the gentle Amelia on her homely bed, and she enjoyed a sweet and profound sleep, the colonel lay restless all night on his down; his mind was affected with a kind of ague fit; sometimes scorched up with flaming desires, and again chilled with the coldest despair.

There is a time, I think, according to one of our poets, *when lust and envy sleep*. This, I suppose, is when they are well gorged with the food they most delight in; but, while either of these are hungry,

Nor poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,
Will ever medicine them to slumber.

The colonel was at present unhappily tormented by both these fiends. His last evening's conversation with Amelia had done his business effectually. The many kind words she had spoken to him, the many kind looks she had given him, as being, she conceived, the friend and preserver of her husband, had made an entire conquest of his heart. Thus the very love which she bore him, as the person to whom her little family were to owe their preservation and happiness, inspired him with thoughts of sinking them all in the lowest abyss of ruin and misery; and, while she smiled with all her sweetness on the supposed friend of her husband, she was converting that friend into his most bitter enemy.

Friendship, take heed: if woman interfere,
Be sure the hour of thy destruction 's near.

These are the lines of Vanbrugh; and the sentiment is better than the poetry. To say the truth, as a handsome wife is the cause and cement of many false friendships, she is often too liable to destroy the real ones.

Thus the object of the colonel's lust very plainly appears, but the object of his envy may be more difficult to discover. Nature and Fortune had seemed to strive with a kind of rivalship which should bestow most on the colonel. The former had given him person, parts, and constitution, in all which he was superior almost to every other man. The latter had given him rank in life, and riches, both in a very eminent degree. Whom then should this happy man envy? Here, lest ambition should mislead the reader to search the palaces of the great, we will direct him at once to Gray's-inn-lane; where, in a miserable bed, in a miserable room, he will see a miserable broken lieutenant, in a miserable condition, with several heavy debts on his back, and without a penny in his pocket. This, and no other, was the object of the colonel's envy. And why? because this wretch was possessed of the affections of a poor little lamb, which all the vast flocks that were within the power and reach of the colonel could not prevent that glutton's longing for. And sure this image of the lamb is not improperly adduced on this occasion; for what was the colonel's desire but to lead this poor lamb, as it were, to the slaughter, in order to purchase a feast of a few days by her final destruction, and to tear her away from the arms of one where she was sure of being fondled and caressed all the days of her life?

While the colonel was agitated with these thoughts, his greatest comfort was, that Amelia and Booth were now separated; and his greatest terror was of their coming again together. From wishes, therefore, he began to meditate designs; and so far was he from any intention of procuring the liberty of his friend, that he began to form schemes of prolonging his confinement, till he could procure some means of sending him away far from her; in which case he doubted not but of succeeding in all he desired.

He was forming this plan in his mind when a servant informed him that one serjeant Atkinson desired to speak with his honour. The serjeant was immediately admitted, and acquainted the colonel that, if he pleased to go and become bail for Mr. Booth, another unexceptionable housekeeper would be there to join with him. This person the serjeant had procured that morning, and had, by leave of his wife, given him a bond of indemnification for the purpose.

The colonel did not seem so elated with this news as Atkinson expected. On the contrary, instead of making a direct answer to what Atkinson said, the colonel began thus: "I think, serjeant, Mr. Booth hath told me that you was foster-brother to his lady. She is really a charming woman, and it is a thousand pities she should ever have been placed in the dreadful situation she is now in. There is nothing so silly as for subaltern officers of the army to marry, unless where they meet with women of very great fortunes indeed. What can be the event of their marrying otherwise, but entailing misery and beggary on their wives and their posterity?"

"Ah! sir," cries the serjeant, "it is too late to think of those matters now. To be sure, my lady might have married one of the top gentlemen in the country; for she is certainly one of the best as well as one of the handsomest women in the kingdom; and, if she had been fairly dealt by, would have had a very great fortune into the bargain. Indeed, she is worthy of the greatest prince in the world; and, if I had been the greatest prince in the world, I should have thought myself happy with such a wife; but she was pleased to like the lieutenant, and certainly there can be no happiness in marriage without liking."

"Lookee, serjeant," said the colonel; "you know very well that I am the lieutenant's friend. I think I have shown myself so."

"Indeed your honour hath," quoth the serjeant, "more than once to my knowledge."

"But I am angry with him for his imprudence, greatly angry with him for his imprudence; and the more so, as it affects a lady of so much worth."

"She is, indeed, a lady of the highest worth," cries the serjeant. "Poor dear lady! I knew her, an 't please your honour, from her infancy; and the sweetest-tempered, best-natured lady she is that ever trod on English ground. I have always loved her as if she was my own sister. Nay, she hath very often called me brother; and I have taken it to be a greater honour than if I was to be called a general officer."

"What pity it is," said the colonel, "that this worthy creature should be exposed to so much misery by the thoughtless behaviour of a man who, though I am his friend, I cannot help saying, hath been guilty of imprudence at least! Why could he not live upon his half-pay? What had he to do to run himself into debt in this outrageous manner?"

"I wish, indeed," cries the serjeant, "he had been a little more considerative; but I hope this will be a warning to him."

"How am I sure of that," answered the colonel; "or what reason is there to expect it? extravagance is a vice of which men are not so easily cured. I have thought a great deal of this matter, Mr. serjeant; and, upon the most mature deliberation, I am of opinion that it will be better, both for him and his poor lady, that he should smart a little more."

"Your honour, sir, to be sure is in the right," replied the serjeant; "but yet, sir, if you will pardon me for speaking, I hope you will be pleased to consider my poor lady's case. She suffers, all this while, as much or more than the lieutenant; for I know her so well, that I am certain she will never have a moment's ease till her husband is out of confinement."

"I know women better than you, serjeant," cries the colonel; "they sometimes place their affections on a husband as children do on their nurse; but they are both to be weaned. I know you, serjeant, to be a fellow of sense as well as spirit, or I should

not speak so freely to you; hut I took a fancy to you a long time ago, and I intend to serve you; hnt first, I ask you this question—Is your attachment to Mr. Booth or his lady?"

"Certainly, sir," said the serjeant, "I must love my lady best. Not hut I have a great affection for the lieutenant too, hecause I know my lady hath the same; and, indeed, he hath been always very good to me as far as was in his power. A lieutenant, your honour knows, can't do a great deal; hut I have always found him my friend npon all occasions."

"You say true," cries the colonel; "a lieutenant can do hut little; hut I can do much to serve you, and will too. But let me ask you one question: Who was the lady whom I saw last night with Mrs. Booth at her lodgings?"

Here the serjeant hlushed, and repeated, "The lady, sir!"

"Ay, a lady, a woman," cries the colonel, "who supped with us last night. She looked rather too much like a gentlewoman for the mistress of a lodging-house."

The serjeant's cheeks glowed at this compliment to his wife; and he was just going to own her when the colonel proceeded: "I think I never saw in my life so ill-looking, sly, demure a b—; I would give something, methinks, to know who she was."

"I don't know, indeed," cries the serjeant, in great confusion; "I know nothing ahout her."

"I wish you would inquire," said the colonel, "and let me know her name, and likewise what she is; I have a strange curiosity to know, and let me see you again this evening exactly at seven."

"And will not your honour then go to the lieutenant this morning?" said Atkinson.

"It is not in my power," answered the colonel; "I am engaged another way. Besides, there is no haste in this affair. If men will be imprudent they must suffer the consequences. Come to me at seven, and hring me all the particulars you can concerning that ill-looking jade I mentioned to you, for I am resolved to know who she is. And so good-morrow to you, serjeant; he assured I will take an opportunity to do something for you."

Though some readers may, perhaps, think the serjeant not unworthy of the freedom with which the colonel treated him; yet that haughty officer would have been very hackward to have condescended to such familiarity with one of his rank had he not proposed some design from it. In truth, he began to conceiva hopes of making the serjeant instrumental to his design on Amelia; in other words, to convert him into a pimp; an office in which tha colonel had been served hy Atkinson's betters, and which, as he knew it was in his power very well to reward him, he had no apprehension that the serjeant would decline—an opinion which the serjeant might have pardoned, though he had never given the least grounds for it, since the colonel borrowed it from the knowledge of his own heart. This dictated to him that he, from a had motive, was capahle of desiring to debauch his friend's wife; and the same heart inspired him to hope that another, from another had motive, might be guilty of the same breach of friendship in assisting him. Few men, I helieve, think better of others than of themselves; nor do they easily allow the existence of any virtue of which they perceive no traces in their own minds; for which reason I have observed, that it is extremely difficult to persuade a rogue that yon are an honast man; nor would you ever succeed in tha attempt hy the strongest evidence, was it not for tha comfortahle conclusion whieh tha rogue draws, that he who proves himself to be honest proves himself to he a fool at the same time.

CHAPTER IX.

A curious chapter, from which a curious reader may draw sundry observations.

The serjeant retired from the colonel in a very dejected state of mind: in which, however, we must leave him awhile and return to Amelia; who, as soon as she was up, had despatched Mrs. Atkinson to pay off her former lodgings, and to hring off all elothes and other moveahles.

The trusty messenger returned without performing her errand, for Mrs. Ellison had locked up all her rooms, and was gone out vary early that morning, and the servant knew not whither she was gone.

The two ladies now sat down to hreakfast, togather with Amelia's two children; after which, Amelia daclared she would take a coach and visit har husband. To this motion Mrs. Atkinson soon agreed, and offered to he her companion. To say truth, I think it was reasonahie enough; and the great ahhorrence which Booth had of seeing his wife in a hailiff's house was, perhaps, rather too nice and delicate.

When the ladies were hoth dressed, and just going to send for their vehicle, a great knocking was heard at the door, and presently Mrs. James was ushered into the room.

This visit was disagreeahle enough to Amelia, as it detained her from the sight of her husband, for which she so eagerly longed. However, as she had no douht hut that the visit would he reasonahly short, she resolved to receive the lady with all the complaisance in her power.

Mrs. James now behaved herself so very unlike the person that she lately appeared, that it might have surprised any one who doth not know that besides that of a fine lady, which is all mere art and mummery, every such woman hath some real character at the bottom, in which, whenever nature gets the hetter of her, she acts. Thus the finest ladies in the world will sometimes love, and sometimes scratch, according to their different natural dispositions, with great fury and violence, though hoth of these are equally inconsistent with a fine lady's artificial character.

Mrs. James then was at the hottom a very good-natured woman, and the moment she heard of Amelia's misfortune was sincerely grieved at it. She had aequiesced on the very first motion with the colonel's design of inviting her to her house; and this morning at hreakfast, when he had acquainted her that Amelia made some difficulty in accepting the offer, very readily undertook to go herself and persuade her friend to accept the invitation.

She now pressed this matter with such earnestness, that Amelia, who was not extremely versed in the art of denying, was hardly ahle to refuse her importunity; nothing, indeed, hut her affection to Mrs. Atkinson could have prevailed on her to refuse; that point, however, she would not give up, and Mrs. James, at last, was contented with a promise that, as soon as their affairs were settled, Amelia, with her husband and family, would make her a visit, and stay some time with her in the country, whither she was soon to retire.

Having ohtained this promise, Mrs. James, after many very friendly professions, took her leave, and, stepping into her coach, reassumed the fine lady, and drove away to join her company at an auction.

The moment she was gone Mrs. Atkinson, who had left the room upon the approach of Mrs James,

returned into it, and was informed by Amelia of all that had passed.

"Pray, madam," said Mrs. Atkinson, "do this colonel and his lady live, as it is called, well together?"

"If you mean to ask," cries Amelia, "whether they are a very fond couple, I must answer that I believe they are not."

"I have been told," says Mrs. Atkinson, "that there have been instances of women who have become bawds to their own husbands, and the husbands pimps for them."

"Fie upon it!" cries Amelia. "I hope there are no such people. Indeed, my dear, this is being a little too censorious."

"Call it what you please," answered Mrs. Atkinson; "it arises from my love to you and my fears for your danger. You know the proverb of a burnt child; and, if such a one hath any good-nature, it will dread the fire on the account of others as well as on its own. And, if I may speak my sentiments freely, I cannot think you will be in safety at this colonel's house."

"I cannot but believe your apprehensions to be sincere," replied Amelia; "and I must think myself obliged to you for them; but I am convinced you are entirely in an error. I look on colonel James as the most generous and best of men. He was a friend, and an excellent friend too, to my husband, long before I was acquainted with him, and he hath done him a thousand good offices. What do you say of his behaviour yesterday?"

"I wish," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "that this behaviour to-day had been equal. What I am now going to undertake is the most disagreeable office of friendship, but it is a necessary one. I must tell you, therefore, what passed this morning between the colonel and Mr. Atkinson; for, though it will hurt you, you ought, on many accounts, to know it." Here she related the whole, which we have recorded in the preceding chapter, and with which the serjeant had acquainted her while Mrs. James was paying her visit to Amelia. And, as the serjeant had painted the matter rather in stronger colours than the colonel, so Mrs. Atkinson again a little improved on the serjeant. Neither of these good people, perhaps, intended to aggravate any circumstance; but such is, I believe, the unavoidable consequence of all reports. Mrs. Atkinson, indeed, may be supposed not to see what related to James in the most favourable light, as the serjeant, with more honesty than prudence, had suggested to his wife that the colonel had not the kindest opinion of her, and had called her a sly and demure ——: it is true he omitted ill-looking b—; two words which are, perhaps, superior to the patience of any Job in petticoats that ever lived. He made amends, however, by substituting some other phrases in their stead, not extremely agreeable to a female ear.

It appeared to Amelia, from Mrs. Atkinson's relation, that the colonel had grossly abused Booth to the serjeant, and had absolutely refused to become his bail. Poor Amelia became a pale and motionless statue at this account. At length she cried, "If this be true, I and mine are all, indeed, undone. We have no comfort, no hope, no friend left. I cannot disbelieve you. I know you would not deceive me. Why should you, indeed, deceive me? But what can have caused this alteration since last night? Did I say or do anything to offend him?"

"You said, and did rather, I believe, a great deal too much to please him," answered Mrs. Atkinson. "Besides, he is not in the least offended with you. On the contrary, he said many kind things."

"What can my poor love have done?" said Amelia. "He hath not seen the colonel since last night. Some villain hath set him against my husband; he was once before suspicious of such a person. Some cruel monster hath belied his innocence!"

"Pardon me, dear madam," said Mrs. Atkinson; "I believe the person who hath injured the captain with this friend of his is one of the worthiest and best of creatures—nay, do not be surprised; the person I mean is even your fair self: sure you would not be so dull in any other case; but in this, gratitude, humility, modesty, every virtue, shuts your eyes.

Mortales hebetant visus,

as Virgil says. What in the world can be more consistent than his desire to have you at his own house and to keep your husband confined in another? All that he said and all that he did yesterday, and, what is more convincing to me than both, all that he looked last night, are very consistent with both these designs."

"O Heavens!" cries Amelia, "you chill my blood with horror! the idea freezes me to death; I cannot, must not, will not think it. Nothing but conviction! Heaven forbid I should ever have more conviction! And did he abuse my husband? what? did he abuse a poor, unhappy, distressed creature, oppressed, ruined, torn from his children, torn away from his wretched wife; the honestest, worthiest, noblest, tenderest, fondest, best—" Here she burst into an agony of grief, which exceeds the power of description.

In this situation Mrs. Atkinson was doing her utmost to support her when a most violent knocking was heard at the door, and immediately the serjeant ran hastily into the room, bringing with him a cordial which presently relieved Amelia. What this cordial was, we shall inform the reader in due time. In the mean while he must suspend his curiosity; and the gentlemen at White's may lay wagers whether it was Ward's pill or Dr. James's powder.

But before we close this chapter, and return back to the bailiff's house, we must do our best to rescue the character of our heroine from the dulness of apprehension, which several of our quick-sighted readers may lay more heavily to her charge than was done by her friend Mrs. Atkinson.

I must inform, therefore, all such readers, that it is not because innocence is more blind than guilt that the former often overlooks and tumbles into the pit which the latter foresees and avoids. The truth is, that it is almost impossible guilt should miss the discovering of all the snares in its way, as it is constantly prying closely into every corner in order to lay snares for others. Whereas innocence, having no such purpose, walks fearlessly and carelessly through life, and is consequently liable to tread on the gins which cunning hath laid to entrap it. To speak plainly and without allegory or figure, it is not want of sense, but want of suspicion, by which innocence is often betrayed. Again, we often admire at the folly of the dupe, when we should transfer our whole surprise to the astonishing guilt of the betrayer. In a word, many an innocent person hath owed his ruin to this circumstance alone, that the degree of villany was such as must have exceeded the faith of every man who was not himself a villain.

CHAPTER X.

In which are many profound secrets of philosophy.

Booth, having had enough of the author's company the preceding day, chose now another companion

Indeed, the author was not very solicitous of a second interview; for, as he could have no hope from Booth's pocket, so he was not likely to receive much increase to his vanity from Booth's conversation; for, low as this wretch was in virtue, sense, learning, birth, and fortune, he was by no means low in his vanity. This passion, indeed, was so high in him, and at the same time so blinded him to his own demerits, that he hated every man who did not either flatter him or give him money. In short, he claimed a strange kind of right, either to cheat all his acquaintance of their praise or to pick their pockets of their pence, in which latter case he himself repaid very liberally with panegyric.

A very little specimen of such a fellow must have satisfied a man of Mr. Booth's temper. He chose, therefore, now to associate himself with that gentleman of whom Bondum had given so shabby a character. In short, Mr. Booth's opinion of the bailiff was such, that he recommended a man most where he least intended it. Nay, the bailiff in the present instance, though he had drawn a malicious conclusion, honestly avowed that this was drawn only from the poverty of the person, which is never, I believe, any forcible disrecommendation to a good mind, but he must have had a very bad mind indeed, who, in Mr. Booth's circumstances, could have disliked or despised another man because that other man was poor.

Some previous conversation having passed between this gentleman and Booth, in which they had both opened their several situations to each other, the former, casting an affectionate look on the latter, expressed great compassion for his circumstances, for which Booth, thanking him, said, "You must have a great deal of compassion, and be a very good man, in such a terrible situation as you describe yourself, to have any pity to spare for other people."

"My affairs, sir," answered the gentleman, "are very bad, it is true, and yet there is one circumstance which makes you appear to me more the object of pity than I am to myself; and it is this—that you must from your years be a novice in affliction, whereas I have served a long apprenticeship to misery, and ought, by this time, to be a pretty good master of my trade. To say the truth, I believe habit teaches men to bear the burthens of the mind, as it inures them to bear heavy burthens on their shoulders. Without use and experience, the strongest minds and bodies both will stagger under a weight which habit might render easy and even contemptible."

"There is great justice," cries Booth, "in the comparison; and I think I have myself experienced the truth of it; for I am not that tyro in affliction which you seem to apprehend me. And perhaps it is from the very habit you mention that I am able to support my present misfortunes a little like a man."

The gentleman smiled at this, and cried, "Indeed, captain, you are a young philosopher."

"I think," cries Booth, "I have some pretensions to that philosophy which is taught by misfortunes, and you seem to be of opinion, sir, that is one of the best schools of philosophy."

"I mean no more, sir," said the gentleman, "than that in the days of our affliction we are inclined to think more seriously than in those seasons of life when we are engaged in the hurrying pursuits of business or pleasure, when we have neither leisure nor inclination to sift and examine things to the bottom. Now there are two considerations which, from my having long fixed my thoughts upon them, have greatly supported me under all my afflictions. The one is the brevity of life even at its longest duration, which the wisest of men hath compared to the short dimension of a span. One of the Roman poets compares it to the duration of a race; and another, to the much shorter transition of a wave.

"The second consideration is the uncertainty of it. Short as its utmost limits are, it is far from being assured of reaching those limits. The next day, the next hour, the next moment, may be the end of our course. Now of what value is so uncertain, so precarious a station! This consideration, indeed, however lightly it is passed over in our conception, doth, in a great measure, level all fortunes and conditions, and gives no man a right to triumph in the happiest state, or any reason to repine in the most miserable. Would the most worldly men see this in the light in which they examine all other matters, they would soon feel and acknowledge the force of this way of reasoning; for which of them would give any price for an estate from which they were liable to be immediately ejected? or, would they not laugh at him as a madman who accounted himself rich from such an uncertain possession? This is the fountain, sir, from which I have drawn my philosophy. Hence it is that I have learnt to look on all those things which are esteemed the blessings of life, and those which are dreaded as its evils, with such a degree of indifference that, as I should not be elated with possessing the former, so neither am I greatly dejected and depressed by suffering the latter. Is the actor esteemed happier to whose lot it falls to play the principal part than he who plays the lowest? and yet the drama may run twenty nights together, and by consequence may outlast our lives; but, at the best, life is only a little longer drama, and the business of the great stage is consequently a little more serious than that which is performed at the Theatre-royal. But even here, the catastrophes and calamities which are represented are capable of affecting us. The wisest men can deceive themselves into feeling the distresses of a tragedy, though they know them to be merely imaginary; and the children will often lament them as realities: what wonder then, if these tragical scenes which I allow to be a little more serious, should a little more affect us? where then is the remedy but in the philosophy I have mentioned, which, when once by a long course of meditation it is reduced to a habit, teaches us to set a just value on everything, and cures at once all eager wishes and abject fears, all violent joy and grief concerning objects which cannot endure long, and may not exist a moment."

"You have expressed yourself extremely well," cries Booth; "and I entirely agree with the justice of your sentiments; but, however true all this may be in theory, I still doubt its efficacy in practice. And the cause of the difference between these two is this; that we reason from our heads, but act from our hearts:

——Video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor.

Nothing can differ more widely than wise men and fools in their estimation of things; but, as both act from their uppermost passion, they both often act alike. What comfort then can your philosophy give to an avaricious man who is deprived of his riches or to an ambitious man who is stripped of his power? to the fond lover who is torn from his mistress or to the tender husband who is dragged from his wife? Do you really think that any meditations on the shortness of life will soothe them in their afflictions? Is not this very shortness itself one of their afflictions? and if the evil they suffer be a temporary deprivation of what they love, will they not think their fate the harder, and lament the

more, that they are to lose any part of an enjoyment to which there is so short and so uncertain a period?"

"I beg leave, sir," said the gentleman, "to distinguish here. By philosophy, I do not mean the bare knowledge of right and wrong, but an energy, a habit, as Aristotle calls it; and this I do firmly believe, with him and with the Stoics, is superior to all the attacks of fortune."

He was proceeding when the bailiff came in, and in a surly tone bade them both good-morrow; after which he asked the philosopher if he was prepared to go to Newgate; for that he must carry him thither that afternoon.

The poor man seemed very much shocked with this news. "I hope," cries he, "you will give a little longer time, if not till the return of the writ. But I beg you particularly not to carry me thither to-day, for I expect my wife and children here in the evening."

"I have nothing to do with wives and children," cried the bailiff; "I never desire to see any wives and children here. I like no such company."

"I entreat you," said the prisoner, "give me another day. I shall take it as a great obligation; and you will disappoint me in the cruelest manner in the world if you refuse me."

"I can't help people's disappointments," cries the bailiff; "I must consider myself and my own family. I know not where I shall be paid the money that's due already. I can't afford to keep prisoners at my own expense."

"I don't intend it shall be at your expense," cries the philosopher; "my wife is gone to raise money this morning; and I hope to pay you all I owe you at her arrival. But we intend to sup together to-night at your house; and, if you should remove me now, it would be the most barbarous disappointment to us both, and will make me the most miserable man alive."

"Nay, for my part," said the bailiff, "I don't desire to do anything barbarous. I know how to treat gentlemen with civility as well as another. And when people pay as they go, and spend their money like gentlemen, I am sure nobody can accuse me of any incivility since I have been in the office. And if you intend to be merry to-night I am not the man that will prevent it. Though I say it, you may have as good a supper dressed here as at any tavern in town."

"Since Mr. Bondum is so kind, captain," said the philosopher, "I hope for the favour of your company. I assure you, if it ever be my fortune to go abroad into the world, I shall be proud of the honour of your acquaintance."

"Indeed, sir," cries Booth, "it is an honour I shall be very ready to accept; but as for this evening, I cannot help saying I hope to be engaged in another place."

"I promise you, sir," answered the other, "I shall rejoice at your liberty, though I am a loser by it."

"Why, as to that matter," cries Bondum with a sneer, "I fancy, captain, you may engage yourself to the gentleman without any fear of breaking your word; for I am very much mistaken if we part to-day."

"Pardon me, my good friend," said Booth, "but I expect my bail every minute."

"Lookee, sir," cries Bondum, "I don't love to see gentlemen in an error. I shall not take the serjeant's bail; and as for the colonel, I have been with him myself this morning (for to be sure I love to do all I can for gentlemen), and he told me he could not possibly be here to-day; besides, why should I mince the matter? there is more stuff in the office."

"What do you mean by stuff?" cries Booth.

"I mean that there is another writ," answered the bailiff, "at the suit of Mrs. Ellison, the gentlewoman that was here yesterday; and the attorney that was with her is concerned against you. Some officers would not tell you all this; but I loves to show civility to gentlemen while they behave themselves as such. And I loves the gentlemen of the army in particular. I had like to have been in the army myself once; but I liked the commission I have better. Come, captain, let not your noble courage be cast down; what say you to a glass of white wine, or a tiff of punch, by way of whet?"

"I have told you, sir, I never drink in the morning," cries Booth a little peevishly.

"No offence I hope, sir," said the bailiff; "I hope I have not treated you with any incivility. I don't ask any gentleman to call for liquor in my house if he doth not choose it; nor I don't desire anybody to stay here longer than they have a mind to. Newgate, to be sure, is the place for all debtors that can't find bail. I knows what civility is, and I scorn to behave myself unbecoming a gentleman; but I'd have you consider that the twenty-four hours appointed by act of parliament are almost out; and so it is time to think of removing. As to bail, I would not have you flatter yourself; for I knows very well there are other things coming against you. Besides the sum you are already charged with is very large, and I must see you in a place of safety. My house is no prison, though I lock up for a little time in it. Indeed, when gentlemen are gentlemen, and likely to find bail, I don't stand for a day or two; but I have a good nose at a bit of carrion, captain; I have not carried so much carrion to Newgate, without knowing the smell of it."

"I understand not your cant," cries Booth; "but I did not think to have offended you so much by refusing to drink in a morning."

"Offended me, sir!" cries the bailiff. "Who told you so? Do you think, sir, if I want a glass of wine I am under any necessity of asking my prisoners for it? Damn it, sir, I'll show you I scorn your words. I can afford to treat you with a glass of the best wine in England, if you comes to that." He then pulled out a handful of guineas, saying, "There, sir, they are all my own; I owe nobody a shilling. I am no beggar, nor no debtor. I am the king's officer as well as you, and I will spend guinea for guinea as long as you please."

"Harkee, rascal," cries Booth, laying hold of the bailiff's collar. "How dare you treat me with this insolence? doth the law give you any authority to insult me in my misfortunes?" At which words he gave the bailiff a good shove, and threw him from him.

"Very well, sir," cries the bailiff; "I will swear both an assault and an attempt to a rescue. If officers are to be used in this manner, there is an end of all law and justice. But, though I am not a match for you myself, I have those below that are." He then ran to the door and called up two ill-looking fellows, his followers, whom, as soon as they entered the room, he ordered to seize on Booth, declaring he would immediately carry him to Newgate; at the same time pouring out a vast quantity of abuse, below the dignity of history to record.

Booth desired the two dirty fellows to stand off, and declared he would make no resistance; at the same time bidding the bailiff carry him wherever he durst.

"I'll show you what I dare," cries the bailiff; and again ordered the followers to lay hold of their prisoner, saying, "He has assaulted me already, and endeavoured a rescue. I shan't trust such a fellow to walk at liberty. A gentleman, indeed! ay, ay, Newgate is tha properest place for such gentry; as arrant carrion as ever was carried thither."

The fellows then both laid violent hands on Booth, and tha bailiff stepped to the door to order a coach; when, on a sudden, the whole scene was changed in an instant; for now the serjeant came running out of breath into the room; and, seeing his friend the captain roughly handled by two ill-looking fellows, without asking any questions stepped briskly up to his assistance, and instantly gave one of the assailants so violent a salute with his fist, that he directly measured his length on the floor.

Booth, having by this means his right arm at liberty, was unwilling to be idle, or entirely to owe his rescue from both the ruffians to the serjeant; he therefore imitated the example which his friend had set him, and with a lusty blow levelled the other follower with his companion on the ground.

The bailiff roared out, "A rescue, a rescue!" to which the serjeant answered there was no rescue intended. "The captain," said he, "wants no rescue. Here are some friends coming who will deliver him in a better manner."

The bailiff swore heartily he would carry him to Newgate in spite of all the friends in the world.

"You carry him to Newgate!" cried the serjeant, with the highest indignation. "Offer but to lay your hands on him, and I will knock your teeth down your ugly jaws." Then, turning to Booth, he cried, "They will be all here within a minute, sir; we had much ado to keep my lady from coming herself; but she is at home in good health, longing to see your honour; and I hope you will be with her within this half-hour."

And now three gentlemen entered the room; these were an attorney, the person whom the serjeant had procured in the morning to be his bail with colonel James, and lastly doctor Harrison himself.

The bailiff no sooner saw the attorney, with whom he was well acquainted (for the others he knew not), than he began, as the phrase is, to pull in his horns, and ordered the two followers, who were now got again on their legs, to walk down stairs.

"So, captain," says the doctor, "when last we parted, I believe we neither of us expected to meet in such a place as this."

"Indeed, doctor," cries Booth, "I did not expect to have been sent hither by the gentleman who did me that favour."

"How so, sir?" said the doctor; "you was sent hither by some person, I suppose, to whom you was indebted. This is the usual place, I apprehend, for creditors to send their debtors to. But you ought to be more surprised that the gentleman who sent you thither is come to release you. Mr. Murphy, you will perform all the necessary ceremonials."

The attorney then asked the bailiff with how many actions Booth was charged, and was informed there were five besides tha doctor's, which was much the heaviest of all. Proper bonds were presently provided, and the doctor and the serjeant's friend signed them; the bailiff, at the instance of the attorney, making no objection to the bail.

Booth, we may be assured, made a handsome speech to the doctor for such extraordinary friendship, with which, however, we do not think proper to trouble the reader; and now everything being ended, and tha company ready to depart, the bailiff stepped up to Booth, and told him he hoped he would remember civility-money.

"I believe," cries Booth, "you mean incivility-money; if there are any fees due for rudeness, I must own you have a very just claim."

"I am sure, sir," cries the bailiff, "I have treated your honour with all the respect in the world; no man, I am sure, can charge me with using a gentleman rudely. I knows what belongs to a gentleman better; but you can't deny that two of my men have been knocked down; and I doubt not but, as you are a gentleman, you will give them something to drink."

Booth was about to answer with some passion, when the attorney interfered, and whispered in his ear that it was usual to make a compliment to the officer, and that he had better comply with the custom.

"If the fellow had treated me civilly," answered Booth, "I should have no objection to comply with a bad custom in his favour; but I am resolved I will never reward a man for using me ill; and I will not agree to give him a single farthing."

"'Tis very well, sir," said the bailiff; "I am rightly served for my good-nature; but, if it had been to do again, I would have taken care you should not have been bailed this day."

Doctor Harrison, to whom Booth referred the cause, after giving him a succinct account of what had passed, declared the captain to be in the right. He said it was a most horrid imposition that such fellows were ever suffered to prey on the necessitous; but that the example would be much worse to reward them where they had behaved themselves ill. "And I think," says he, "the bailiff is worthy of great rebuke for what he hath just now said; in which I hope he hath boasted of more power than is in him. We do, indeed, with great justice and propriety value ourselves on our freedom if the liberty of the subject depends on the pleasure of such fellows as these!"

"It is not so neither altogether," cries the lawyer; "but custom hath established a present or fee to them at the delivery of a prisoner, which they call civility-money, and expect as in a manner their due, though in reality they have no right."

"But will any man," cries doctor Harrison, "after what the captain hath told us, say that the bailiff hath behaved himself as he ought; and, if he had, is he to be rewarded for acting in an unchristian and inhuman manner? it is pity that, instead of a custom of feeing them out of the pocket of the poor and wretched, when they do not behave themselves ill, there was not both a law and a practice to punish them severely when they do. In the present case, I am so far from agreeing to give the bailiff a shilling, that, if there be any method of punishing him for his rudeness, I shall be heartily glad to see it put into execution; for there are none whose conduct should be so strictly watched as that of these necessary evils in society, as their office concerns, for the most part, those poor creatures who cannot do themselves justice, and as they are generally the worst of men who undertake it."

The bailiff then quitted the room, muttering that he should know better what to do another time; and shortly after, Booth and his friends left the house; but, as they were going out, the author took doctor Harrison aside, and slipped a receipt into his hand, which the doctor returned, saying, he never subscribed when he neither knew the work nor the author; but that, if he would call at his lodgings, he would be very willing to give all the encouragement to merit which was in his power.

The author took down the doctor's name and direction, and made him as many bows as he would have done had he carried off the half guinea for which he had been fishing.

Mr. Booth then took his leave of the philosopher, and departed with the rest of his friends.

BOOK IX.—CHAPTER I.

In which the history looks backwards.

Before we proceed farther with our history it may be proper to look back a little, in order to account for the late conduct of doctor Harrison; which, however inconsistent it may have hitherto appeared, when examined to the bottom will be found, I apprehend, to be truly congruous with all the rules of the most perfect prudence, as well as with the most consummate goodness.

We have already partly seen in what light Booth had been represented to the doctor abroad. Indeed, the accounts which were sent of the captain, as well by the curate as by a gentleman of the neighbourhood, were much grosser and more to his disadvantage than the doctor was pleased to set them forth in his letter to the person accused. What sense he had of Booth's conduct was, however, manifest by that letter. Nevertheless, he resolved to suspend his final judgment till his return; and, though he censured him, would not absolutely condemn him without ocular demonstration.

The doctor, on his return to his parish, found all the accusations which had been transmitted to him confirmed by many witnesses, of which the curate's wife, who had been formerly a friend to Amelia, and still preserved the outward appearance of friendship, was the strongest. She introduced all with—"I am sorry to say it, and it is friendship which bids me speak; and it is for their good it should be told you." After which beginnings she never concluded a single speech without some horrid slander and bitter invective.

Besides the malicious turn which was given to these affairs in the country, which were owing a good deal to misfortune, and some little perhaps to imprudence, the whole neighbourhood rung with several gross and scandalous lies, which were merely the inventions of his enemies, and of which the scene was laid in London since his absence.

Poisoned with all this malice, the doctor came to town; and, learning where Booth lodged, went to make him a visit. Indeed, it was the doctor, and no other, who had been at his lodgings that evening when Booth and Amelia were walking in the Park, and concerning which the reader may be pleased to remember so many strange and odd conjectures.

Here the doctor saw the little gold watch and all those fine trinkets with which the noble lord had presented the children, and which, from the answers given him by the poor ignorant, innocent girl, he could have no doubt had been purchased within a few days by Amelia.

This account tallied so well with the ideas he had imbibed of Booth's extravagance in the country, that he firmly believed both the husband and wife to be the vainest, silliest, and most unjust people alive. It was, indeed, almost incredible that two rational beings should be guilty of such absurdity; but, monstrous and absurd as it was, ocular demonstration appeared to be the evidence against them.

The doctor departed from their lodgings enraged at this supposed discovery, and, unhappily for Booth, was engaged to supper that very evening with the country gentleman of whom Booth had rented a farm. As the poor captain happened to be the subject of conversation, and occasioned their comparing notes, the account which the doctor gave of what he had seen that evening so incensed the gentleman, to whom Booth was likewise a debtor, that he vowed he would take a writ out against him the next morning, and have his body alive or dead; and the doctor was at last persuaded to do the same. Mr. Murphy was thereupon immediately sent for; and the doctor in his presence repeated again what he had seen at his lodgings as the foundation of his suing him, which the attorney, as we have before seen, had blabbed to Atkinson.

But no sooner did the doctor hear that Booth was arrested than the wretched condition of his wife and family began to affect his mind. The children, who were to be utterly undone with their father, were entirely innocent; and as for Amelia herself, though he thought he had most convincing proofs of very blamable levity, yet his former friendship and affection to her were busy to invent every excuse, till, by very heartily loading the husband, they lightened the suspicion against the wife.

In this temper of mind he resolved to pay Amelia a second visit, and was on his way to Mrs. Ellison when the serjeant met him and made himself known to him. The doctor took his old servant into a coffee-house, where he received from him such an account of Booth and his family, that he desired the serjeant to show him presently to Amelia; and this was the cordial which we mentioned at the end of the ninth chapter of the preceding book.

The doctor became soon satisfied concerning the trinkets which had given him so much uneasiness, and which had brought so much mischief on the head of poor Booth. Amelia likewise gave the doctor some satisfaction as to what he had heard of her husband's behaviour in the country; and assured him, upon her honour, that Booth could so well answer every complaint against his conduct, that she had no doubt but that a man of the doctor's justice and candour would entirely acquit him, and would consider him as an innocent unfortunate man, who was the object of a good man's compassion, not of his anger or resentment.

This worthy clergyman, who was not desirous of finding proofs to condemn the captain or to justify his own vindictive proceedings, but, on the contrary, rejoiced heartily in every piece of evidence which tended to clear up the character of his friend, gave a ready ear to all which Amelia said. To this, indeed, he was induced by the love he always had for that lady, by the good opinion he entertained of her, as well as by pity for her present condition, than which nothing appeared more miserable; for he found her in the highest agonies of grief and despair, with her two little children crying over their wretched mother. These are, indeed, to a well-disposed mind, the most tragical sights that human nature can furnish, and afford a juster motive to grief and tears in the beholder than it would be to see all the heroes who have ever infested the earth hanged all together in a string.

The doctor felt this sight as he ought. He immediately endeavoured to comfort the afflicted; in which he so well succeeded, that he restored to Amelia sufficient spirits to give him the satisfaction we have mentioned: after which he declared he would go and release her husband, which he accordingly did in the manner we have above related.

CHAPTER II.

In which the history goes forward.

We now return to that period of our history to

which we had brought it at the end of our last book.

Booth and his friends arrived from the bailiff's, at the serjeant's lodgings, where Booth immediately ran up stairs to his Amelia; between whom I shall not attempt to describe the meeting. Nothing certainly was ever more tender or more joyful. This, however, I will observe, that a very few of these exquisite moments, of which the best minds only are capable, do in reality overbalance the longest enjoyments which can ever fall to the lot of the worst.

Whilst Booth and his wife were feasting their souls with the most delicious mutual endearments, the doctor was fallen to play with the two little children below stairs. While he was thus engaged the little boy did somewhat amiss; upon which the doctor said, "If you do so any more I will take your papa away from you again."—"Again! sir," said the child; "why, was it you then that took away my papa before?" "Suppose it was," said the doctor; "would you not forgive me?" "Yes," cries the child, "I would forgive you; because a christian must forgive everybody; but I should hate you as long as I live."

The doctor was so pleased with the boy's answer, that he caught him in his arms and kissed him; at which time Booth and his wife returned. The doctor asked which of them was their son's instructor in his religion; Booth answered that he must confess Amelia had all the merit of that kind. "I should have rather thought he had learnt of his father," cries the doctor; "for he seems a good soldier-like christian, and professes to hate his enemies with a very good grace."

"How, Billy!" cries Amelia. "I am sure I did not teach you so."

"I did not say I would hate my enemies, madam," cries the boy; "I only said I would hate papa's enemies. Sure, mamma, there is no harm in that; nay, I am sure there is no harm in it, for I have heard you say the same thing a thousand times."

The doctor smiled on the child, and, chucking him under the chin, told him he must hate nobody; and now Mrs. Atkinson, who had provided a dinner for them all, desired them to walk up and partake of it.

And now it was that Booth was first made acquainted with the serjeant's marriage, as was Dr. Harrison; both of whom greatly felicitated him upon it.

Mrs. Atkinson, who was, perhaps, a little more confounded than she would have been had she married a colonel, said, "If I have done wrong, Mrs. Booth is to answer for it, for she made the match; indeed, Mr. Atkinson, you are greatly obliged to the character which this lady gives of you." "I hope he will deserve it," said the doctor; "and, if the army hath not corrupted a good boy, I believe I may answer for him."

While our little company were enjoying that happiness which never falls to attend conversation where all present are pleased with each other, a visitant arrived who was, perhaps, not very welcome to any of them. This was no other than colonel James, who, entering the room with much gaiety, went directly up to Booth, embraced him, and expressed great satisfaction at finding him there; he then made an apology for not attending him in the morning, which he said had been impossible; and that he had, with the utmost difficulty, put off some business of great consequence in order to serve him this afternoon; "but I am glad on your account," cried he to Booth, "that my presence was not necessary."

Booth himself was extremely satisfied with this declaration, and failed not to return him as many thanks as he would have deserved had he performed his promise; but the two ladies were not quite so well satisfied. As for the serjeant, he had slipped out of the room when the colonel entered, not entirely out of that bashfulness which we have remarked him to be tainted with, but indeed, from what had passed in the morning, he hated the sight of the colonel, as well on the account of his wife as on that of his friend.

The doctor, on the contrary, on what he had formerly heard from both Amelia and her husband of the colonel's generosity and friendship, had built so good an opinion of him, that he was very much pleased with seeing him, and took the first opportunity of telling him so. "Colonel," said the doctor, "I have not the happiness of being known to you; but I have long been desirous of an acquaintance with a gentleman in whose commendation I have heard so much from some present." The colonel made a proper answer to this compliment, and they soon entered into a familiar conversation together; for the doctor was not difficult of access; indeed, he held the strange reserve which is usually practised in this nation between people who are in any degree strangers to each other to be very unbecoming the christian character.

The two ladies soon left the room; and the remainder of the visit, which was not very long, passed in discourse on various common subjects, not worth recording. In the conclusion, the colonel invited Booth and his lady, and the doctor, to dine with him the next day.

To give colonel James his due commendation, he had shown a great command of himself and great presence of mind on this occasion; for, to speak the plain truth, the visit was intended to Amelia alone; nor did he expect, or perhaps desire, anything less than to find the captain at home. The great joy which he suddenly conveyed into his countenance at the unexpected sight of his friend is to be attributed to that noble art which is taught in those excellent schools called the several courts of Europe. By this, men are enabled to dress out their countenances as much at their own pleasure as they do their bodies, and to put on friendship with as much ease as they can a laced coat.

When the colonel and doctor were gone, Booth acquainted Amelia with the invitation he had received. She was struck with the news, and betrayed such visible marks of confusion and uneasiness, that they could not have escaped Booth's observation had suspicion given him the least hint to remark; but this, indeed, is the great optic-glass helping us to discern plainly almost all that passes in the minds of others, without some use of which nothing is more purblind than human nature.

Amelia, having recovered from her first perturbation, answered, "My dear, I will dine with you wherever you please to lay your commands on me." "I am obliged to you, my dear soul," cries Booth; "your obedience shall be very easy, for my command will be that you shall always follow your own inclinations." "My inclinations," answered she, "would, I am afraid, be too unreasonable a confinement to you; for they would always lead me to be with you and your children, with at most a single friend or two now and then." "O my dear!" replied he, "large companies give us a greater relish for our own society when we return to it; and we shall be extremely merry, for doctor Harrison dines with us." "I hope you will, my dear," cries she; "but I own I should have been better pleased to have enjoyed a

few days with yourself and the children, with no other person but Mrs. Atkinson, for whom I have conceived a violent affection, and who would have given us but little interruption. However, if you have promised, I must undergo the penance." "Nay, child," cried he, "I am sure I would have refused, could I have guessed it had been in the least disagreeable to you; though I know your objection." "Objection!" cries Amelia, eagerly; "I have no objection." "Nay, nay," said he, "come, be honest, I know your objection, though you are unwilling to own it." "Good Heavens!" cried Amelia, frightened, "what do you mean? what objection?" "Why," answered he, "to the company of Mrs. James; and I must confess she hath not behaved to you lately as you might have expected; but you ought to pass all that by for the sake of her husband, to whom we have both so many obligations, who is the worthiest, honestest, and most generous fellow in the universe, and the best friend to me that ever man had."

Amelia, who had far other suspicions, and began to fear that her husband had discovered them, was highly pleased when she saw him taking a wrong scent. She gave, therefore, a little into the deceit, and acknowledged the truth of what he had mentioned; but said that the pleasure she should have in complying with his desires would highly recompense any dissatisfaction which might arise on any other account; and shortly after ended the conversation on this subject with her cheerfully promising to fulfil his promise.

In reality, poor Amelia had now a most unpleasant task to undertake; for she thought it absolutely necessary to conceal from her husband the opinion she had conceived of the colonel. For, as she knew the characters, as well of her husband as of his friend, or rather enemy (both being often synonymous in the language of the world), she had the utmost reason to apprehend something very fatal might attend her husband's entertaining the same thought of James which filled and tormented her own breast.

And, as she knew that nothing but these thoughts could justify the least unkind, or, indeed, the least reserved behaviour to James, who had, in all appearance, conferred the greatest obligations upon Booth and herself, she was reduced to a dilemma the most dreadful that can attend a virtuous woman, as it often gives the highest triumph, and sometimes, no little advantage, to the men of professed gallantry.

In short, to avoid giving any umbrage to her husband, Amelia was forced to act in a manner which she was conscious must give encouragement to the colonel; a situation which perhaps requires as great prudence and delicacy as any in which the heroic part of the female character can be exerted.

CHAPTER III.

A conversation between Dr. Harrison and others.

The next day Booth and his lady, with the doctor, met at colonel James's, where colonel Bath likewise made one of the company.

Nothing very remarkable passed at dinner, or till the ladies withdrew. During this time, however, the behaviour of colonel James was such as gave some uneasiness to Amelia, who well understood his meaning, though the particulars were too refined and subtle to be observed by any other present.

When the ladies had gone, which was as soon as Amelia could prevail on Mrs. James to depart, colonel Bath, who had been pretty brisk with champagne at dinner, soon began to display his magnanimity. "My brother tells me, young gentleman," said he to Booth, "that you have been used very ill lately by some rascals, and I have no doubt but you will do yourself justice."

Booth answered that he did not know what he meant. "Since I must mention it then," cries the colonel, "I hear you have been arrested; and I think you know what satisfaction is to be required by a man of honour."

"I beg sir," says the doctor, "no more may be mentioned of that matter. I am convinced no satisfaction will be required of the captain till he is able to give it."

"I do not understand what you mean by able," cries the colonel. To which the doctor answered, "That it was of too tender a nature to speak more of."

"Give me your hand, doctor," cries the colonel; "I see you are a man of honour, though you wear a gown. It is, as you say, a matter of a tender nature. Nothing, indeed, is so tender as a man's honour. Curse my liver, if any man—I mean, that is, if any gentleman, was to arrest me, I would as surely cut his throat as—"

"How, sir!" said the doctor, "would you compensate one breach of the law by a much greater, and pay your debts by committing murder?"

"Why do you mention law between gentlemen?" says the colonel. "A man of honour wears his law by his side; and can the resentment of an affront make a gentleman guilty of murder? and what greater affront can one man cast upon another than by arresting him? I am convinced that he who would put up an arrest would put up a slap in the face."

Here the colonel looked extremely fierce, and the divine stared with astonishment at this doctrine; when Booth, who well knew the impossibility of opposing the colonel's humour with success, began to play with it; and, having first conveyed a private wink to the doctor, he said there might be cases undoubtedly where such an affront ought to be resented; but that there were others where any resentment was impracticable: "As, for instance," said he, "where the man is arrested by a woman."

"I could not be supposed to mean that case," cries the colonel; "and you are convinced I did not mean it."

"To put an end to this discourse at once, sir," said the doctor, "I was the plaintiff at whose suit this gentleman was arrested."

"Was you so, sir?" cries the colonel; "then I have no more to say. Women and the clergy are upon the same footing. The long-robed gentry are exempted from the laws of honour."

"I do not thank you for that exemption, sir," cries the doctor; "and, if honour and fighting are, as they seem to be, synonymous words with you, I believe there are some clergymen, who in defence of their religion, or their country, or their friend, the only justifiable causes of fighting, except bare self-defence, would fight as bravely as yourself, colonel; and that without being paid for it."

"Sir, you are privileged," says the colonel, with great dignity; "and you have my leave to say what you please. I respect your order, and you cannot offend me."

"I will not offend you, colonel," cries the doctor; "and our order is very much obliged to you, since you profess so much respect to us, and pay none to our Master."

"What Master, sir?" said the colonel.

"That Master," answered the doctor, "who hath

expressly forbidden all that cutting of throats to which you discover so much inclination."

"O! your servant, sir," said the colonel; "I see what you are driving at; but you shall not persuade me to think that religion forces me to be a coward."

"I detest and despise the name as much as you can," cries the doctor; "but you have a wrong idea of the word, colonel. What were all the Greeks and Romans? were these cowards? and yet, did you ever hear of this butchery, which we call duelling, among them?"

"Yes, indeed, have I," cries the colonel. "What else is all Mr. Pope's Homer full of but duels? Did not what's his name, one of the Agamemnons, fight with that paltry rascal Paris? and Diomede with what d'ye call him there? and Hector with I forget his name, he that was Achilles's bosom-friend; and afterwards with Achilles himself? Nay, and in Dryden's Virgil, is there anything almost besides fighting?"

"You are a man of learning, colonel," cries the doctor; "but—"

"I thank you for that compliment," said the colonel.—"No, sir, I do not pretend to learning; but I have some little reading, and I am not ashamed to own it."

"But are you sure, colonel," cries the doctor, "that you have not made a small mistake? for I am apt to believe both Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden (though I cannot say I ever read a word of either of them) speak of wars between nations, and not of private duels; for of the latter I do not remember one single instance in all the Greek and Roman story. In short, it is a modern custom, introduced by barbarous nations since the times of christianity; though it is a direct and audacious defiance of the christian law, and is consequently much more sinful in us than it would have been in the heathens."

"Drink about, doctor," cries the colonel; "and let us call a new cause; for I perceive we shall never agree on this. You are a churchman, and I don't expect you to speak your mind."

"We are both of the same church, I hope," cries the doctor.

"I am of the church of England, sir," answered the colonel, "and will fight for it to the last drop of my blood."

"It is very generous in you, colonel," cries the doctor, "to fight so zealously for a religion by which you are to be damned."

"It is well for you, doctor," cries the colonel, "that you wear a gown; for, by all the dignity of a man, if any other person had said the words you have just uttered, I would have made him eat them; ay, d—n me, and my sword into the bargain."

Booth began to be apprehensive that this dispute might grow too warm; in which case he feared that the colonel's honour, together with the champagne, might hurry him so far as to forget the respect due, and which he professed to pay, to the sacerdotal robe. Booth therefore interposed between the disputants, and said that the colonel had very rightly proposed to call a new subject; for that it was impossible to reconcile accepting a challenge with the christian religion, or refusing it with the modern notion of honour. "And you must allow it, doctor," said he, "to be a very hard injunction for a man to become infamous; and more especially for a soldier, who is to lose his bread into the bargain."

"Ay, sir," says the colonel, with an air of triumph, "what say you to that?"

"Why," I say," cries the doctor, "that it is much harder to be damned on the other side."

"That may be," said the colonel; "but d—n me, if I would take an affront of any man breathing, for all that. And yet I believe myself to be as good a christian as wears a head. My maxim is, never to give an affront, nor ever to take one; and I say that it is the maxim of a good christian, and no man shall ever persuade me to the contrary."

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "since that is your resolution, I hope no man will ever give you an affront."

"I am obliged to you for your hope, doctor," cries the colonel, with a sneer; "and he that doth will be obliged to you for lending him your gown; for, by the dignity of a man, nothing out of petticoats, I believe, dares affront me."

Colonel James had not hitherto joined in the discourse. In truth, his thoughts had been otherwise employed; nor is it very difficult for the reader to guess what had been the subject of them. Being waked, however, from his reverie, and having heard the two or three last speeches, he turned to his brother, and asked him, why he would introduce such a topic of conversation before a gentleman of doctor Harrison's character?

"Brother," cried Bath, "I own it was wrong, and I ask the doctor's pardon; I know not how it happened to arise; for you know, brother, I am not used to talk of these matters. They are generally poltroons that do. I think I need not be beholden to my tongue to declare I am none. I have shown myself in a line of battle. I believe there is no man will deny that; I believe I may say no man dares deny that I have done my duty."

The colonel was thus proceeding to prove that his prowess was neither the subject of his discourse nor the object of his vanity, when a servant entered and summoned the company to tea with the ladies; a summons which colonel James instantly obeyed, and was followed by all the rest.

But as the tea-table conversation, though extremely delightful to those who are engaged in it, may probably appear somewhat dull to the reader, we will here put an end to the chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

A dialogue between Booth and Amelia.

The next morning early Booth went by appointment and waited on colonel James; whence he returned to Amelia in that kind of disposition which the great master of human passions would describe in Andromache, when he tells us she cried and smiled at the same instant.

Amelia plainly perceived the discomposure of his mind, in which the opposite affections of joy and grief were struggling for the superiority, and begged to know the occasion; upon which Booth spoke as follows:—

"My dear," said he, "I had no intention to conceal from you what hath passed this morning between me and the colonel, who hath oppressed me, if I may use that expression, with obligations. Sure never man had such a friend; for never was there so noble, so generous a heart—I cannot help this ebullition of gratitude, I really cannot." Here he paused a moment, and wiped his eyes, and then proceeded: "You know, my dear, how gloomy the prospect was yesterday before our eyes, how inevitably ruin stared me in the face; and the dreadful idea of having entailed beggary on my Amelia and her posterity racked my mind; for though, by the goodness of the doctor, I had regained my liberty, the debt yet remained; and, if that worthy man had a design of forgiving me his share, this must have

been my utmost hope, and the condition in which I must still have found myself need not to be expatiated on. In what light, then, shall I see, in what words shall I relate, the colonel's kindness? O my dear Amelia! he hath removed the whole gloom at once, hath driven all despair out of my mind, and hath filled it with the most sanguine, and, at the same time, the most reasonable hopes of making a comfortable provision for yourself and my dear children. In the first place, then, he will advance me a sum of money to pay off all my debts; and this on a bond to be repaid only when I shall become colonel of a regiment, and not before. In the next place, he is gone this very morning to ask a company for me, which is now vacant in the West Indies; and, as he intends to push this with all his interest, neither he nor I have any doubt of his success. Now, my dear, comes the third, which, though perhaps it ought to give me the greatest joy, such is, I own, the weakness of my nature, it rends my very heartstrings asunder. I cannot mention it, for I know it will give you equal pain; though I know, on all proper occasions, you can exert a manly resolution. You will not, I am convinced, oppose it, whatever you must suffer in complying. O my dear Amelia! I must suffer likewise; yet I have resolved to bear it. You know not what my poor heart hath suffered since he made the proposal. It is love for you alone which could persuade me to submit to it. Consider our situation; consider that of our children; reflect but on those poor babes, whose future happiness is at stake, and it must arm your resolution. It is your interest and theirs that reconciled me to a proposal which, when the colonel first made it, struck me with the utmost horror; he hath, indeed, from these motives, persuaded me into a resolution which I thought impossible for any one to have persuaded me into. O my dear Amelia! let me entreat you to give me up to the good of your children, as I have promised the colonel to give you up to their interest and your own. If you refuse these terms we are still undone, for he insists absolutely upon them. Think, then, my love, however hard they may be, necessity compels us to submit to them. I know in what light a woman, who loves like you, must consider such a proposal; and yet how many instances have you of women who, from the same motives, have submitted to the same!"

"What can you mean, Mr. Booth?" cries Amelia, trembling.

"Need I explain my meaning to you more?" answered Booth.—"Did I not say I must give up my Amelia?"

"Give me up!" said she.

"For a time only, I mean," answered he: "for a short time perhaps. The colonel himself will take care it shall not be long—for I know his heart; I shall scarce have more joy in receiving you back than he will have in restoring you to my arms. In the mean time, he will not only be a father to my children, but a husband to you."

"A husband to me!" said Amelia.

"Yes, my dear; a kind, a fond, a tender, an affectionate husband. If I had not the most certain assurances of this, doth my Amelia think I could be prevailed on to leave her? No, my Amelia, he is the only man on earth who could have prevailed on me; but I know his house, his purse, his protection, will be all at your command. And as for any dislike you have conceived to his wife, let not that be any objection; for I am convinced he will not suffer her to insult you; besides, she is extremely well bred, and, how much soever she may hate you in her heart, she will at least treat you with civility.

"Nay, the invitation is not his, but her's; and I am convinced they will both behave to you with the greatest friendship: his I am sure will be sincere, as to the wife of a friend intrusted to his care; and her's will, from good-breeding, have not only the appearances but the effects of the truest friendship."

"I understand you, my dear, at last," said she (indeed she had rambled into very strange conceits from some parts of his discourse); "and I will give you my resolution in a word—I will do the duty of a wife, and that is, to attend her husband wherever he goes."

Booth attempted to reason with her, but all to no purpose. She gave, indeed, a quiet hearing to all he said, and even to those parts which most displeased her ears; I mean those in which he exaggerated the great goodness and disinterested generosity of his friend; but her resolution remained inflexible, and resisted the force of all his arguments with a steadiness of opposition which it would have been almost excusable in him to have construed into stubbornness.

The doctor arrived in the midst of the dispute; and, having heard the merits of the cause on both sides, delivered his opinion in the following words:

"I have always thought it, my dear children, a matter of the utmost nicety to interfere in any differences between husband and wife; but, since you both desire me with such earnestness to give you my sentiments on the present contest between you, I will give you my thoughts as well as I am able. In the first place, then, can anything be more reasonable than for a wife to desire to attend her husband? It is, as my favourite child observes, no more than a desire to do her duty; and I make no doubt but that is one great reason of her insisting on it. And how can you yourself oppose it? Can love be its own enemy? or can a husband who is fond of his wife, content himself almost on any account with a long absence from her?"

"You speak like an angel, my dear doctor Harrison," answered Amelia: "I am sure, if he loved as tenderly as I do, he could on no account submit to it."

"Pardon me, child," cries the doctor; "there are some reasons which would not only justify his leaving you, but which must force him, if he hath any real love for you, joined with common sense, to make that election. If it was necessary, for instance, either to your good or to the good of your children, he would not deserve the name of a man, I am sure not that of a husband, if he hesitated a moment. Nay, in that case, I am convinced you yourself would be an advocate for what you now oppose. I fancy therefore I mistook him when I apprehended he said that the colonel made his leaving you behind as the condition of getting him the commission; for I know my dear child hath too much goodness, and too much sense, and too much resolution, to prefer any temporary indulgence of her own passions to the solid advantages of her whole family."

"There, my dear!" cries Booth; "I knew what opinion the doctor would be of. Nay, I am certain there is not a wise man in the kingdom who would say otherwise."

"Don't abuse me, young gentleman," said the doctor, "with appellations I don't deserve."

"I abuse you, my dear doctor!" cries Booth.

"Yes, my dear sir," answered the doctor; "you insinuated slily that I was wise, which, as the world understands the phrase, I should be ashamed of; and my comfort is that no one can accuse me justly

of it. I have just given an instance of the contrary by throwing away my advice."

"I hope, sir," cries Booth, "that will not be the case."

"Yes, sir," answered the doctor. "I know it will be the case in the present instance, for either you will not go at all, or my little turtle here will go with you."

"You are in the right, doctor," cries Amelia.

"I am sorry for it," said the doctor, "for then I assure you you are in the wrong."

"Indeed," cries Amelia, "if you knew all my reasons you would say they were very strong ones."

"Very probably," cries the doctor. "The knowledge that they are in the wrong is a very strong reason to some women to continue so."

"Nay, doctor," cries Amelia, "you shall never persuade me of that. I will not believe that any human being ever did an action merely because they knew it to be wrong."

"I am obliged to you, my dear child," said the doctor, "for declaring your resolution of not being persuaded. Your husband would never call me a wise man again if, after that declaration, I should attempt to persuade you."

"Well, I must be content," cries Amelia, "to let you think as you please."

"That is very gracious, indeed," said the doctor. "Surely, in a country where the church suffers others to think as they please, it would be very hard if they had not themselves the same liberty. And yet, as unreasonable as the power of controlling men's thoughts is represented, I will show you how you should control mine whenever you desire it."

"How, pray?" cries Amelia. "I should greatly esteem that power."

"Why, whenever you act like a wise woman," cries the doctor, "you will force me to think you so; and, whenever you are pleased to act as you do now, I shall be obliged, whether I will or no, to think as I do now."

"Nay, dear doctor," cries Booth, "I am convinced my Amelia will never do anything to forfeit your good opinion. Consider but the cruel hardship of what she is to undergo, and you will make allowances for the difficulty she makes in complying. To say the truth, when I examine my own heart, I have more obligations to her than appear at first sight; for, by obliging me to find arguments to persuade her, she hath assisted me in conquering myself. Indeed, if she had shown more resolution, I should have shown less."

"So you think it necessary, then," said the doctor, "that there should be one fool at least in every married couple. A mighty resolution, truly! and well worth your valuing yourself upon, to part with your wife for a few months in order to make the fortune of her and your children; when you are to leave her, too, in the care and protection of a friend that gives credit to the old stories of friendship, and doth an honour to human nature. What, in the name of goodness! do either of you think that you have made an union to endure for ever? How will either of you bear that separation which must, some time or other, and perhaps very soon, be the lot of one of you? Have you forgot that you are both mortal? As for christianity, I see you have resigned all pretensions to it; for I make no doubt but that you have so set your hearts on the happiness you enjoy here together, that neither of you ever think a word of hereafter."

Amelia now burst into tears; upon which Booth begged the doctor to proceed no farther. Indeed, he would not have wanted the caution; for, how ever blunt he appeared in his discourse, he had a tenderness of heart which is rarely found among men; for which I know no other reason than that true goodness is rarely found among them; for I am firmly persuaded that the latter never possessed my human mind in any degree without being attended by as large a portion of the former.

Thus ended the conversation on this subject; what followed is not worth relating, till the doctor carried off Booth with him to take a walk in the Park.

CHAPTER V.

A conversation between Amelia and Dr. Harrison, with the result.

AMELIA, being left alone, began to consider seriously of her condition; she saw it would be very difficult to resist the importunities of her husband, backed by the authority of the doctor, especially as she well knew how unreasonable her declarations must appear to every one who was ignorant of her real motives to persevere in it. On the other hand, she was fully determined, whatever might be the consequence, to adhere firmly to her resolution of not accepting the colonel's invitation.

When she had turned the matter every way in her mind, and vexed and tormented herself with much uneasy reflection upon it, a thought at last occurred to her which immediately brought her some comfort. This was, to make a confidant of the doctor, and to impart to him the whole truth. This method, indeed, appeared to her now to be so advisable, that she wondered she had not hit upon it sooner; but it is the nature of despair to blind us to all the means of safety, however easy and apparent they may be.

Having fixed her purpose in her mind, she wrote a short note to the doctor, in which she acquainted him that she had something of great moment to impart to him, which must be an entire secret from her husband, and begged that she might have an opportunity of communicating it as soon as possible.

Doctor Harrison received the letter that afternoon, and immediately complied with Amelia's request in visiting her. He found her drinking tea with her husband and Mrs. Atkinson, and sat down and joined the company.

Soon after the removal of the tea-table Mrs. Atkinson left the room. The doctor then, turning to Booth, said, "I hope, captain, you have a true sense of the obedience due to the church, though our clergy do not often exact it. However, it is proper to exercise our power sometimes, in order to remind the laity of their duty. I must tell you, therefore, that I have some private business with your wife; and I expect your immediate absence."

"Upon my word, doctor," answered Booth, "no Popish confessor, I firmly believe, ever pronounced his will and pleasure with more gravity and dignity; none therefore was ever more immediately obeyed than you shall be." Booth then quitted the room, and desired the doctor to recall him when his business with the lady was over.

Doctor Harrison promised he would; and then turning to Amelia he said, "Thus far, madam, I have obeyed your commands, and am now ready to receive the important secret which you mention in your note."

Amelia now informed her friend of all she knew, all she had seen and heard, and all that she suspected, of the colonel. The good man seemed greatly shocked at the relation, and remained in a silent astonishment. Upon which Amelia said, "Is villany so rare a thing, sir, that it should so much

surprise you?" "Nu child," cries he; "but I am shocked at seeing it so artfully disguised under the appearance of so much virtue; and, to confess the truth, I believe my own vanity is a little hurt in having been so grossly imposed upon. Indeed, I had a very high regard for this man; for, besides the great character given him by your husband, and the many facts I have heard so much redounding to his honour, he hath the fairest and most promising appearance I have ever yet beheld. A good face, they say, is a letter of recommendation. O Nature, Nature, why art thou so dishonest as ever to send men with these false recommendations into the world?"

"Indeed, my dear sir, I begin to grow entirely sick of it," cries Amelia; "for sure all mankind almost are villains in their hearts."

"Fie, child!" cries the doctur. "Do not make a conclusion so much to the dishonour of the great Creator. The nature of man is far from being in itself evil; it abounds with benevolence, charity, and pity, coveting praise and honour, and shunning shame and disgrace. Bad education, bad habits, and bad customs, debauch our nature, and drive it headlong as it were into vice. The governors of the world, and I am afraid the priesthood, are answerable for the badness of it. Instead of discouraging wickedness to the utmost of their power, both are too apt to connive at it. In the great sin of adultery, for instance; hath the government provided any law to punish it? or doth the priest take any care to correct it? on the contrary, is the most notorious practice of it any detriment to a man's fortune or to his reputation in the world? doth it exclude him from any preferment in the state, I had almost said in the church? is it any blot in his escutcheon? any bar to his honour? Is he not to be found every day in the assemblies of women of the highest quality? in the closets of the greatest men, and even at the tables of bishops? What wonder then if the community in general treat this monstrous crime as matter of jest, and that men give way to the temptations of a violent appetite, when the indulgence of it is protected by law and countenanced by custom? I am convinced there are good stamina in the nature of this very man; for he hath done acts of friendship and generosity to your husband before he could have any evil design on your chastity; and in a christian society, which I no more esteem this nation to be than I do any part of Turkey, I doubt not but this very colonel would have made a worthy and valuable member."

"Indeed, my dear sir," cries Amelia, "you are the wisest as well as best man in the world—"

"Not a word of my wisdom," cries the doctor. "I have not a grain—I am not the least versed in the Chrematistic * art, as an old friend of mine calls it. I know not how to get a shilling, nor how to keep it in my pocket if I had it."

"But you understand human nature to the bottom," answered Amelia; "and your mind is the treasury of all ancient and modern learning."

"You are a little flatterer," cries the doctor; "but I dislike you not for it. And, to show you I don't, I will return your flattery, and tell you you have acted with great prudence in concealing this affair from your husband; but you have drawn me into a scrape; for I have promised to dine with this fellow again to-morrow, and you have made it impossible for me to keep my word."

"Nay, but, dear sir," cries Amelia, "for Heaven's sake take care! If you show any kind of disrespect to the colonel, my husband may be led into some suspicion—especially after our conference."

"Fear nothing, child. I will give him no hint; and, that I may be certain of not doing it, I will stay away. You do not think, I hope, that I will join in a cheerful conversation with such a man; that I will so far betray my character as to give any countenance to such flagitious proceedings. Besides, my promise was only conditional; and I do not know whether I could otherwise have kept it; for I expect an old friend every day who comes to town twenty miles on foot to see me, whom I shall not part with on any account; for, as he is very poor, he may imagine I treat him with disrespect."

"Well, sir," cries Amelia, "I must admire you and love you for your goodness."

"Must you love me?" cries the doctor. "I could cure you now in a minute if I pleased."

"Indeed, I defy you, sir," said Amelia.

"If I could but persuade you," answered he, "that I thought you not handsome, away would vanish all ideas of goodness in an instant. Confess honestly, would they not?"

"Perhaps I might blame the goodness of your eyes," replied Amelia; "and that is perhaps an honester confession than you expected. But do, pray, sir, be serious, and give me your advice what to do. Consider the difficult game I have to play; for I am sure, after what I have told you, you would not even suffer me to remain under the roof of this colonel."

"No, indeed, would I not," said the doctor, "whilst I have a house of my own to entertain you."

"But how to dissuade my husband," continued she, "without giving him any suspicion of the real cause, the consequences of his guessing at which I tremble to think upon."

"I will consult my pillow upon it," said the doctor; "and in the morning you shall see me again. In the mean time be comforted, and compose the perturbations of your mind."

"Well, sir," said she, "I put my whole trust in you."

"I am sorry to hear it," cries the doctor. "Your innocence may give you a very confident trust in a much more powerful assistance. However, I will do all I can to serve you; and now, if you please, we will call back your husband; for, upon my word, he hath shown a good catholic patience. And where is the honest serjeant and his wife? I am pleased with the behaviour of you both to that worthy fellow, in opposition to the custom of the world; which, instead of being formed on the precepts of our religion to consider each other as brethren, teaches us to regard those who are a degree below us, either in rank or fortune, as a species of beings of an inferior order in the creation."

The captain now returned into the room, as did the serjeant and Mrs. Atkinson; and the two couple, with the doctor, spent the evening together in great mirth and festivity; for the doctor was one of the best companions in the world and a vein of cheerfulness, good humour, and pleasantry, ran through his conversation, with which it was impossible to resist being pleased.

* The art of getting wealth is so called by Aristotle in his Politics.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing as surprising an accident as is perhaps recorded in history.

Booth had acquainted the serjeant with the great goodness of colonel James, and with the cheerful prospects which he entertained from it. This Atkinson, behind the curtain, communicated to his wife. The conclusion which she drew from it need scarce be hinted to the reader. She made, indeed,

no scruple of plainly and bluntly telling her husband that the colonel had a most manifest intention to attack the chastity of Amelia.

This thought gave the poor serjeant great uneasiness, and, after having kept him long awake, tormented him in his sleep with a most horrid dream, in which he imagined that he saw the colonel standing by the bed-side of Amelia, with a naked sword in his hand, and threatened to stab her instantly unless she complied with his desires. Upon this the serjeant started up in his bed, and, catching his wife by the throat, cried out, "D—n you, put up your sword this instant, and leave the room, or by Heaven I'll drive mine to your heart's blood!"

This rough treatment immediately aroused Mrs. Atkinson from her sleep, who no sooner perceived the position of her husband, and felt his hand grasping her throat, than she gave a violent shriek and presently fell into a fit.

Atkinson now waked likewise, and soon became sensible of the violent agitations of his wife. He immediately leaped out of bed, and, running for a bottle of water, began to sprinkle her very plentifully; but all to no purpose: she neither spoke nor gave any symptoms of recovery. Atkinson then began to roar aloud; upon which Booth, who lay under him, jumped from his bed, and ran up with the lighted candle in his hand. The serjeant had no sooner taken the candle than he ran with it to the bed-side. Here he beheld a sight which almost deprived him of his senses. The bed appeared to be all over blood, and his wife weltering in the midst of it. Upon this the serjeant, almost in a frenzy, cried out, "O Heavens! I have killed my wife. I have stabbed her! I have stabbed her!" "What can be the meaning of all this?" said Booth. "O, sir!" cries the serjeant, "I dreamt I was rescuing your lady from the hands of colonel James, and I have killed my poor wife."—Here he threw himself upon the bed by her, caught her in his arms, and behaved like one frantic with despair.

By this time Amelia had thrown on a wrapping-gown, and was come up into the room where the serjeant and his wife were lying on the bed, and Booth standing like a motionless statue by the bed-side. Amelia had some difficulty to conquer the effects of her own surprise on this occasion; for a more ghastly and horrible sight than the bed presented could not be conceived.

Amelia sent Booth to call up the maid of the house, in order to lend her assistance; but before his return Mrs. Atkinson began to come to herself; and soon after, to the inexpressible joy of the serjeant, it was discovered she had no wound. Indeed, the delicate nose of Amelia soon made that discovery, which the grosser smell of the serjeant, and perhaps his fright, had prevented him from making; for now it appeared that the red liquor with which the bed was stained, though it may, perhaps, sometimes run through the veins of a fine lady, was not what is properly called blood, but was, indeed, no other than cherry-brandy, a bottle of which Mrs. Atkinson always kept in her room to be ready for immediate use, and to which she used to apply for comfort in all her afflictions. This the poor serjeant, in his extreme hurry, had mistaken for a bottle of water. Matters were now soon accommodated, and no other mischief appeared to be done, unless to the bed-clothes. Amelia and Booth returned back to their room, and Mrs. Atkinson rose from her bed in order to equip it with a pair of clean sheets.

And thus this adventure would have ended without producing any kind of consequence, had not the words which the serjeant uttered in his frenzy made some slight impression on Booth; so much, at least, as to awaken his curiosity; so that in the morning when he arose he sent for the serjeant, and desired to hear the particulars of this dream, since Amelia was concerned in it.

The serjeant at first seemed unwilling to comply, and endeavoured to make excuses. This, perhaps, increased Booth's curiosity, and he said, "Nay, I am resolved to hear it. Why, you simpleton, do you imagine me weak enough to be affected by a dream, however terrible it may be?"

"Nay, sir," cries the serjeant, "as for that matter, dreams have sometimes fallen out to be true. One of my own, I know, did so, concerning your honour; for, when you courted my young lady, I dreamt you was married to her; and yet it was at a time when neither I myself, nor any of the country, thought you would ever obtain her. But Heaven forbid this dream should ever come to pass!"

"Why, what was this dream?" cries Booth. "I insist on knowing."

"To be sure, sir," cries the serjeant, "I must not refuse you; but I hope you will never think any more of it. Why then, sir, I dreamt that your honour was gone to the West Indies, and had left my lady in the care of colonel James; and last night I dreamt the colonel came to my lady's bed-side, offering to ravish her, and with a drawn sword in his hand, threatening to stab her that moment unless she would comply with his desires. How I came to be by I know not; but I dreamt I rushed upon him, caught him by the throat, and swore I would put him to death unless he instantly left the room. Here I waked, and this was my dream. I never paid any regard to a dream in my life—but, indeed, I never dreamt anything so very plain as this. It appeared downright reality. I am sure I have left the marks of my fingers in my wife's throat. I would not have taken a hundred pound to have used her so."

"Faith," cries Booth, "it was an odd dream and not so easily to be accounted for as that you had formerly of my marriage; for, as Shakspeare says, *dreams denote a forgone conclusion*. Now it is impossible you should ever have thought of any such matter as this."

"However, sir," cries the serjeant, "it is in your honour's power to prevent any possibility of this dream's coming to pass, by not leaving my lady to the care of the colonel; if you must go from her, certainly there are other places where she may be with great safety; and, since my wife tells me that my lady is so very unwilling, whatever reasons she may have, I hope your honour will oblige her."

"Now I recollect it," cries Booth, "Mrs. Atkinson hath once or twice dropped some disrespectful words of the colonel. He hath done something to disoblige her."

"He hath indeed, sir," replied the serjeant: "he hath said that of her which she doth not deserve, and for which, if he had not been my superior officer, I would have cut both his ears off. Nay, for that matter, he can speak ill of other people besides her."

"Do you know, Atkinson," cries Booth, very gravely, "that you are talking of the dearest friend I have?"

"To be honest then," answered the serjeant, "I do not think so. If I did, I should love him much better than I do."

"I must and will have this explained," cries Booth. "I have too good an opinion of you, Atkinson, to think you would drop such things as you have without some reason—and I will know it."

"I am sorry I have dropped a word," cries Atkinson. "I am sure I did not intend it; and your honour hath drawn it from me unawares."

"Indeed, Atkinson," cries Booth, "you have made me very uneasy, and I must be satisfied."

"Then, sir," said the serjeant, "you shall give me your word of honour, or I will be cut into ten thousand pieces before I will mention another syllable."

"What shall I promise?" said Booth.

"That you will not resent anything I shall lay to the colonel," answered Atkinson.

"Resent?—Well, I give you my honour," said Booth.

The serjeant made him bind himself over and over again, and then related to him the scene which formerly passed between the colouel and himself, as far as concerned Booth himself; but concealed all that more immediately related to Amelia.

"Atkinson," cries Booth, "I cannot be angry with you, for I know you love me, and I have many obligations to you; but you have done wrong in censuring the colonel for what he said of me. I deserved all that he said, and his censures proceeded from his friendship."

"But it was not so kind, sir," said Atkinson, "to say such things to me who am but a serjeant, and at such a time too."

"I will hear no more," cries Booth. "Be assured you are the only man I would forgive on this occasion; and I forgive you only on condition you never speak a word more of this nature. This silly dream hath intoxicated you."

"I have done, sir," cries the serjeant. "I know my distance, and whom I am to obey; but I have one favour to beg of your honour, never to mention a word of what I have said to my lady; for I know she never would forgive me; I know she never would, by what my wife hath told me. Besides, you need not mention it, sir, to my lady, for she knows it all already, and a great deal more."

Booth presently parted from the serjeant, having desired him to close his lips on this occasion, and repaired to his wife, to whom he related the serjeant's dream.

Amelia turned as white as snow, and fell into so violent a trembling that Booth plainly perceived her emotion, and immediately partook of it himself. "Sure, my dear," said he, staring wildly, "there is more in this than I know. A silly dream could not so discompose you. I beg you, I entreat you to tell me—hath ever colonel James—"

At the very mention of the colonel's name Amelia fell on her knees, and begged her husband not to frighten her.

"What do I say, my dear love," cried Booth, "that can frighten you?"

"Nothing, my dear," said she; "but my spirits are so discomposed with the dreadful scene I saw last night, that a dream, which at another time I should have laughed at, hath shocked me. Do but promise me that you will not leave me behind you, and I am easy."

"You may be so," cries Booth, "for I will never deny you anything. But make me easy too. I must know if you have seen anything in colonel James to displease you."

"Why should you suspect it?" cries Amelia.

"You torment me to death," cries Booth. "By Heavens! I will know the truth. Hath he ever said or done anything which you dislike?"

"How, my dear," said Amelia, "can you imagine I should dislike a man who is so much your friend? Think of all the obligations you have to him, and then you may easily resolve yourself. Do you think, because I refuse to stay behind you in his house, that I have any objection to him? No, my dear, had he done a thousand times more than he hath—was he an angel instead of a man, I would not quit my Billy. There's the score, my dear—there's the misery, to be left by you."

Booth embraced her with the most passionate raptures, and, looking on her with inexpressible tenderness, cried, "Upon my soul, I am not worthy of you: I am a fool, and yet you cannot blame me. If the stupid miser hoards, with such care, his worthless treasure — if he watches it with such anxiety—if every apprehension of another's sharing the least part fills his soul with such agonies—O Amelia! what must be my condition, what terrors must I feel, while I am watching over a jewel of such real, such inestimable worth!"

"I can, with great truth, return the compliment," cries Amelia. "I have my treasure too; and am so much a miser, that no force shall ever tear me from it."

"I am ashamed of my folly," cries Booth; "and yet it is all from extreme tenderness. Nay, you yourself are the occasion. Why will you ever attempt to keep a secret from me? Do you think I should have resented to my friend his just censure of my conduct?"

"What censure, my dear love?" cries Amelia.

"Nay, the serjeant hath told me all," cries Booth—"nay, and that he hath told it to you. Poor soul! thou couldst not endure to hear me accused, though never so justly, and by so good a friend. Indeed, my dear, I have discovered the cause of that resentment to the colonel which you could not hide from me. I love you, I adore you for it; indeed, I could not forgive a slighting word on you. But, why do I compare things so unlike?—what the colonel said of me was just and true; every reflection on my Amelia must be false and villanous."

The discernment of Amelia was extremely quick, and she now perceived what had happened, and how much her husband knew of the truth. She resolved therefore to humour him, and fell severely on colonel James for what he had said to the serjeant, which Booth endeavoured all he could to soften; and thus ended this affair, which had brought Booth to the very brink of a discovery which must have given him the highest torment, if it had not produced any of those tragical effects which Amelia apprehended.

CHAPTER VII.

In which the author appears to be master of that profound learning called the knowledge of the town.

Mrs. James now came to pay a morning's visit to Amelia. She entered the room with her usual gaiety, and, after a slight preface, addressing herself to Booth, said she had been quarrelling with her husband on his account. "I know not," said she, "what he means by thinking of sending you the Lord knows whither. I have insisted on his asking something for you nearer home; and it would be the hardest thing in the world if he should not obtain it. Are we resolved never to encourage merit, but to throw away all our preferments on those who do not deserve them? What a set of contemptible wretches do we see strutting about the town in scarlet!"

Booth made a very low bow, and modestly spoke in disparagement of himself. To which she answered, "Indeed, Mr. Booth, you have merit; I have heard it from my brother, who is a judge of those matters, and I am sure cannot be suspected of flattery. He is your friend as well as myself;

and we will never let Mr. James rest till he hath got you a commission in England."

Booth bowed again, and was offering to speak, hut she interrupted him, saying, "I will have no thanks, nor no fine speeches; if I can do you any service I shall think I am only paying the debt of friendship to my dear Mrs. Booth."

Amelia, who had long since forgot the dislike she had taken to Mrs. James at her first seeing her in town, had attributed it to the right cause, and had begun to resume her former friendship for her, expressed very warm sentiments of gratitude on this occasion. She told Mrs. James she should be eternally obliged to her if she could succeed in her kind endeavours; for that the thoughts of parting again with her husband had given her the utmost concern. "Indeed," added she, "I cannot help saying he hath some merit in the service, for he hath received two dreadful wounds in it, one of which very greatly endangered his life; and I am convinced, if his pretensions were backed with any interest, he would not fail of success."

"They shall be backed with interest," cries Mrs. James, "if my husband hath any. He hath no favour to ask for himself, nor for any other friend that I know of; and, indeed, to grant a man his just due ought hardly to be thought a favour. Resume your old gaiety, therefore, my dear Emily. Lord! I remember the time when you was much the gayer creature of the two. But you make an arrant mope of yourself by confining yourself at home — one never meets you anywhere. Come, you shall go with me to the lady Betty Castleton's."

"Indeed, you must excuse me, my dear," answered Amelia, "I do not know lady Betty."

"Not know lady Betty! how is that possible?—hut no matter, I will introduce you. She keeps a morning rout; hardly a rout, indeed; a little bit of a drum—only four or five tables. Come, take your capuchin; you positively shall go. Booth, you shall go with us too. Though you are with your wife, another woman will keep you in countenance."

"La! child," cries Amelia, "how you rattle!"

"I am in spirits," answered Mrs. James, "this morning; for I won four rubbers together last night; and betted the things, and won almost every bet. I am in luck, and we will contrive to be partners—Come."

"Nay, child, you shall not refuse Mrs. James," said Booth.

"I have scarce seen my children to-day," answered Amelia. "Besides, I mortally detest cards."

"Detest cards!" cries Mrs. James. "How can you be so stupid? I would not live a day without them—nay, indeed, I do not believe I should be able to exist. Is there so delightful a sight in the world as the four honours in one's own hand, unless it be three natural aces at brag?—And you really hate cards?"

"Upon reflection," cries Amelia, "I have sometimes had great pleasure in them—in seeing my children build houses with them. My little boy is so dexterous that he will sometimes build up the whole pack."

"Indeed, Booth," cries Mrs. James, "this good woman of yours is strangely altered since I knew her first; but she will always be a good creature."

"Upon my word, my dear," cries Amelia, "you are altered too very greatly; hut I doubt not to live to see you alter again, when you come to have as many children as I have."

"Children!" cries Mrs. James; "you make me shudder. How can you envy me the only circumstance which makes matrimony comfortable?"

"Indeed, my dear," said Amelia, "you injure me; for I envy no woman's happiness in marriage." At these words such looks passed between Booth and his wife as, to a sensible by-stander, would have made all the airs of Mrs. James appear in the highest degree contemptible, and would have rendered herself the object of compassion. Nor could that lady avoid looking a little silly on the occasion.

Amelia now, at the earnest desire of her husband, accoutred herself to attend her friend; hut first she insisted on visiting her children, to whom she gave several hearty kisses, and then, recommending them to the care of Mrs. Atkinson, she and her husband accompanied Mrs. James to the rout; where few of my fine readers will be displeased to make part of the company.

The two ladies and Booth then entered an apartment beset with card-tables, like the rooms at Bath and Tunbridge. Mrs. James immediately introduced her friends to lady Betty, who received them very civilly, and presently engaged Booth and Mrs. James in a party at whist; for, as to Amelia, she so much declined playing, that as the party could be filled without her, she was permitted to sit by.

And now, who should make his appearance hut the noble peer of whom so much honourable mention hath already been made in this history? He walked directly up to Amelia, and addressed her with as perfect a confidence as if he had not been in the least conscious of having in any manner displeased her; though the reader will hardly suppose that Mrs. Ellison had kept anything a secret from him.

Amelia was not, however, so forgetful. She made him a very distant curtsey, would scarce vouchsafe an answer to anything he said, and took the first opportunity of shifting her chair and retiring from him.

Her behaviour, indeed, was such that the peer plainly perceived that he should get no advantage by pursuing her any farther at present. Instead, therefore, of attempting to follow her, he turned on his heel and addressed his discourse to another lady, though he could not avoid often casting his eyes towards Amelia as long as she remained in the room.

Fortune, which seems to have been generally no great friend to Mr. Booth, gave him no extraordinary marks of her favour at play. He lost two full rubbers, which cost five guineas; after which, Amelia, who was uneasy at his lordship's presence, begged him in a whisper to return home; with which request he directly complied.

Nothing, I think, remarkable happened to Booth, unless the renewal of his acquaintance with an officer whom he had known abroad, and who made one of his party at the whist-table.

The name of this gentleman, with whom the reader will hereafter be better acquainted, was Trent. He had formerly been in the same regiment with Booth, and there was some intimacy between them. Captain Trent expressed great delight in meeting his brother officer, and both mutually promised to visit each other.

The scenes which had passed the preceding night and that morning had so confused Amelia's thoughts, that, in the hurry in which she was carried off by Mrs. James, she had entirely forgot her appointment with Dr. Harrison. When she was informed at her return home that the doctor had been to wait upon her, and had expressed some anger at her being gone out, she became greatly uneasy, and begged her husband to go to the doctor's lodgings and make her apology.

But, lest the reader should be as angry with the

doctor as he had declared himself with Amelia, we think proper to explain the matter. Nothing then was farther from the doctor's mind than the conception of any anger towards Amelia. On the contrary, when the girl answered him that her mistress was not at home, the doctor said with great good humour, "How! not at home! then tell your mistress she is a giddy vagabond, and I will come to see her no more till she sends for me." This the poor girl, from misunderstanding one word, and half forgetting the rest, had construed into great passion, several very bad words, and a declaration that he would never see Amelia any more.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which two strangers make their appearance.

Booth went to the doctor's lodgings, and found him engaged with his country friend and his son, a young gentleman who was lately in orders; both whom the doctor had left to keep his appointment with Amelia.

After what we mentioned at the end of the last chapter we need take little notice of the apology made by Booth, or the doctor's reception of it, which was in his peculiar manner. "Your wife," said he, "is a vain hussy to think herself worth my anger; but tell her I have the vanity myself to think I cannot be angry without a better cause. And yet tell her I intend to punish her for her levity; for, if you go abroad, I have determined to take her down with me into the country, and make her do penance there till you return."

"Dear sir," said Booth, "I know not how to thank you if you are in earnest."

"I assure you then I am in earnest," cries the doctor; "but you need not thank me, however, since you know not how."

"But would not that, sir," said Booth, "be showing a slight to the colonel's invitation? and you know I have so many obligations to him."

Don't tell me of the colonel," cries the doctor; "the church is to be first served. Besides, sir, I have priority of right, even to yourself. You stole my little lamb from me; for I was her first love."

"Well, sir," cries Booth, "if I should be so unhappy to leave her to any one, she must herself determine; and, I believe, it will not be difficult to guess where her choice will fall; for of all men, next to her husband, I believe, none can contend with Dr. Harrison in her favour."

"Since you say so," cries the doctor, "fetch her hither to dinner with us; for I am at least so good a Christian to love those that love me—I will show you my daughter, my old friend, for I am really proud of her—and you may bring my grand-children with you if you please.

Booth made some compliments, and then went on his errand. As soon as he was gone the old gentleman said to the doctor, "Pray, my good friend, what daughter is this of yours? I never so much as heard that you was married."

"And what then," cries the doctor; "did you ever hear that a pope was married? and yet some of them have had sons and daughters, I believe; but, however, this young gentleman will absolve me without obliging me to penance."

"I have not yet that power," answered the young clergyman; "for I am only in deacon's orders."

"Are you not?" cries the doctor; "why then I will absolve myself. You are to know, then, my good friend, that this young lady was the daughter of a neighbour of mine, who is since dead, and whose sins, I hope, are forgiven; for she had too much to answer for on her child's account. Her father was my intimate acquaintance and friend; a worthier man, indeed, I believe, never lived. He died suddenly when his children were infants; and, perhaps, to the suddenness of his death it was owing that he did not recommend any care of them to me. However, I, in some measure, took that charge upon me; and particularly of her whom I call my daughter. Indeed, as she grew up she discovered so many good qualities that she wanted not the remembrance of her father's merit to recommend her. I do her no more than justice when I say she is one of the best creatures I ever knew. She hath a sweetness of temper, a generosity of spirit, an openness of heart—in a word, she hath a true Christian disposition. I may call her an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

"I wish you joy of your daughter," cries the old gentleman; "for, to a man of your disposition, to find out an adequate object of your benevolence is, I acknowledge, to find a treasure."

"It is, indeed, a happiness," cries the doctor.

"The greatest difficulty," added the gentleman, "which persons of your turn of mind meet with, is in finding proper objects for their goodness; for nothing sure can be more irksome to a generous mind than to discover that it hath thrown away all its good offices on a soil that bears no other fruit than ingratitude."

"I remember," cries the doctor, "Phocylides saith,

Μὴ κακὸν εὖ ἔρξῃς· σπείρων ἴσον ἐστ' ἐπὶ πόντῳ.*

But he speaks more like a philosopher than a Christian. I am more pleased with a French writer, one of the best, indeed, that I ever read, who blames men for lamenting the ill return which is so often made to the best offices.† A true Christian can never be disappointed if he doth not receive his reward in this world; the labourer might as well complain that he is not paid his hire in the middle of the day."

"I own, indeed," said the gentleman, "if we see it in that light—"

"And in what light should we see it?" answered the doctor. "Are we like Agrippa, only almost Christians? or, is Christianity a matter of bare theory, and not a rule for our practice?"

"Practical, undoubtedly; undoubtedly practical," cries the gentleman. "Your example might indeed have convinced me long ago that we ought to do good to every one."

"Pardon me, father," cries the young divine, "that is rather a heathenish than a Christian doctrine. Homer, I remember, introduces in his Iliad one Axylus, of whom he says,—

——Φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισι·
Πάντας γὰρ φίλιεσκεν.‡

But Plato, who, of the heathens, came nearest to the Christian philosophy, condemned this as impious doctrine; so Eustathius tells us, folio 474."

"I know he doth," cries the doctor, "and so Barnes tells us, in his note upon the place; but if you remember the rest of the quotation as well as you do that from Eustathius, you might have added the observation which Mr. Dryden makes in favour of this passage, that he found not, in all the Latin authors, so admirable an instance of extensive humanity. You might have likewise remembered the noble sentiment with which Mr. Barnes ends his note, the sense of which is taken from the fifth chapter of Matthew:—

* To do a kindness to a bad man is like sowing your seed in the sea.

† D'Esprit.

‡ He was a friend to mankind, for he loved them all.

——Ἠ καὶ τάδε πάντα
Μίγδ' ἀγαθοῖσι κακοῖσί τ' ἰὼ' ἀνδράσιν ἐξανατέλλει.

"It seems, therefore, as if this character rather became a christian than a heathen, for Homer could not have transcribed it from any of his deities. Whom is it, therefore, we imitate by such extensive benevolence?"

"What a prodigious memory you have!" cries the old gentleman; "indeed, son, you must not contend with the doctor in these matters."

"I shall not give my opinion hastily," cries the son. "I know, again, what Mr. Poole, in his annotations, says on that verse of St. Matthew—That it is only to *heap coals of fire upon their heads*. How are we to understand, pray, the text immediately preceding?—*Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you.*"

"You know, I suppose, young gentleman," said the doctor, "how these words are generally understood. The commentator you mention, I think, tells us that love is not here to be taken in the strict sense, so as to signify the complacency of the heart; you may hate your enemies as God's enemies, and seek due revenge of them for his honour; and, for your own sakes too, you may seek moderate satisfaction of them; but then you are to love them with a love consistent with these things; that is to say, in plainer words, you are to love them and hate them, and bless and curse, and do them good and mischief."

"Excellent! admirable!" said the old gentleman; "you have a most inimitable turn to ridicule."

"I do not approve ridicule," said the son, "on such subjects."

"Nor I neither," cries the doctor; "I will give you my opinion, therefore, very seriously. The two verses taken together contain a very positive precept, delivered in the plainest words, and yet illustrated by the clearest instance in the conduct of the Supreme Being; and lastly, the practice of this precept is most nobly enforced by the reward annexed—*that ye may be the children*, and so forth. No man who understands what it is to love, and to bless, and to do good, can mistake the meaning. But if they required any comment, the scripture itself affords enow. *If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; not rendering evil for evil or railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing.* They do not, indeed, want the comments of men, who, when they cannot bend their minds to the obedience of scripture, are desirous to wrest scripture to a compliance with their own inclinations."

"Most nobly and justly observed," cries the old gentleman. "Indeed, my good friend, you have explained the text with the utmost perspicuity."

"But if this be the meaning," cries the son, "there must be an end of all law and justice, for I do not see how any man can prosecute his enemy in a court of justice."

"Pardon me, sir," cries the doctor. "Indeed, as an enemy merely, and from a spirit of revenge, he cannot, and he ought not to prosecute him; but as an offender against the laws of his country he may, and it is his duty so to do. Is there any spirit of revenge in the magistrates or officers of justice when they punish criminals? Why do such, ordinarily I mean, concern themselves in inflicting punishments, but because it is their duty? and why may not a private man deliver an offender into the hands of justice from the same laudable motive? Revenge, indeed, of all kinds, is strictly prohibited; wherefore, as we are not to execute it with our own hands, so neither are we to make use of the law as the instrument of private malice, and to worry each other with inveteracy and rancour. And where is the great difficulty in obeying this wise, this generous, this noble precept? If revenge be, as a certain divine, not greatly to his honour, calls it, the most luscious morsel the devil ever dropped into the mouth of a sinner, it must be allowed at least to cost us often extremely dear. It is a dainty, if indeed it be one, which we come at with great inquietude, with great difficulty, and with great danger. However pleasant it may be to the palate while we are feeding on it, it is sure to leave a bitter relish behind it; and so far, indeed, it may be called a luscious morsel, that the most greedy appetites are soon glutted, and the most eager longing for it is soon turned into loathing and repentance. I allow there is something tempting in its outward appearance, but it is like the beautiful colour of some poisons, from which, however they may attract our eyes, a regard to our own welfare commands us to abstain. And this is an abstinence to which wisdom alone, without any divine command, hath been often found adequate, with instances of which the Greek and Latin authors everywhere abound. May not a christian, therefore, be well ashamed of making a stumbling-block of a precept which is not only consistent with his worldly interest, but to which so noble an incentive is proposed?"

The old gentleman fell into raptures at this speech, and, after making many compliments to the doctor upon it, he turned to his son, and told him he had an opportunity now of learning more in one day than he had learned at the university in a twelvemonth.

The son replied, that he allowed the doctrine to be extremely good in general, and that he agreed with the greater part; "but I must make a distinction," said he. However, he was interrupted from his distinction at present, for now Booth returned with Amelia and the children.

CHAPTER IX.

A scene of modern wit and humour.

In the afternoon the old gentleman proposed a walk to Vauxhall, a place of which, he said, he had heard much, but had never seen it.

The doctor readily agreed to his friend's proposal, and soon after ordered two coaches to be sent for to carry the whole company. But when the servant was gone for them Booth acquainted the doctor that it was yet too early. "Is it so?" said the doctor; "why, then, I will carry you first to one of the greatest and highest entertainments in the world."

The children pricked up their ears at this, nor did any of the company guess what he meant; and Amelia asked what entertainment he could carry them to at that time of day?

"Suppose," says the doctor, "I should carry you to court."

"At five o'clock in the afternoon!" cries Booth.

"Ay, suppose I should have interest enough to introduce you into the presence?"

"You are jesting, dear sir," cries Amelia.

"Indeed, I am serious," answered the doctor. "I will introduce you into that presence, compared to whom the greatest emperor on the earth is many millions of degrees meaner than the most contemptible reptile is to him. What entertainment can there be to a rational being equal to this? Was not the taste of mankind most wretchedly depraved, where would the vain man find an honour, or where would the love of pleasure propose so adequate an object as divine worship? with what ecstasy must the contemplation of being admitted to such a presence fill the mind! The pitiful courts of princes are open to few, and to those only at particular seasons; but from this glorious and gracious presence we are none of us, and at no time excluded."

Scene at Vauxhall

p 49.5

The doctor was proceeding thus when the servant returned, saying the coaches were ready; and the whole company with the greatest alacrity attended the doctor to St James's church.

When the service was ended, and they were again got into their coaches, Amelia returned the doctor many thanks for the light in which he had placed divine worship, assuring him that she had never before had so much transport in her devotion as at this time, and saying she believed she should be the better for this notion he had given her as long as she lived.

The coaches being come to the water-side, they all alighted, and, getting into one boat, proceeded to Vauxhall.

The extreme beauty and elegance of this place is well known to almost every one of my readers; and happy is it for me that it is so, since to give an adequate idea of it would exceed my power of description. To delineate the particular beauties of these gardens would, indeed, require as much pains, and as much paper too, as to rehearse all the good actions of their master whose life proves the truth of an observation which I have read in some ethic writer, that a truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with an excellency of heart; or, in other words, that true virtue is, indeed, nothing else but true taste.

Here our company diverted themselves with walking an hour or two before the music began. Of all the seven, Booth alone had ever been here before; so that, to all the rest, the place, with its other charms, had that of novelty. When the music played, Amelia, who stood next to the doctor, said to him in a whisper, "I hope I am not guilty of profaneness; but, in pursuance of that cheerful chain of thoughts with which you have inspired me this afternoon, I was just now lost in a reverie, and fancied myself in those blissful mansions which we hope to enjoy hereafter. The delicious sweetness of the place, the enchanting charms of the music, and the satisfaction which appears in every one's countenance, carried my soul almost to heaven in its ideas. I could not have, indeed, imagined there had been anything like this in this world."

The doctor smiled, and said, "You see, dear madam, there may be pleasures of which you could conceive no idea till you actually enjoyed them."

And now the little boy, who had long withstood the attractions of several cheesecakes that passed to and fro, could contain no longer, but asked his mother to give him one, saying, "I am sure my sister would be glad of another, though she is ashamed to ask." The doctor, overhearing the child, proposed that they should all retire to some place where they might sit down and refresh themselves; which they accordingly did. Amelia now missed her husband; but, as she had three men in her company, and one of them was the doctor, she concluded herself and her children to be safe, and doubted not but that Booth would soon find her out.

They now sat down, and the doctor very gallantly desired Amelia to call for what she liked. Upon which the children were supplied with cakes, and some ham and chicken were provided for the rest of the company; with which while they were regaling themselves with the highest satisfaction, two young fellows walking arm-in-arm, came up, and when they came opposite to Amelia they stood still, staring Amelia full in the face, and one of them cries aloud to the other, "D—n me, My lord, if she is not an angel!"—My lord stood still, staring likewise at her, without speaking a word; when two others of the same gang came up and one of them cried, "Come along, Jack, I have seen her before; but she is too well manned already. Three —— are enough for one woman, or the devil is in it!"

"D—n me," says he that spoke first, and whom they called Jack, "I will have a brush at her if she belonged to the whole convocation." And so saying, he went up to the young clergyman, and cried, "Doctor, sit up a little, if you please, and don't take up more room in a bed than belongs to you." At which words he gave the young man a push, and seated himself down directly over against Amelia, and, leaning both his elbows on the table, he fixed his eyes on her in a manner with which modesty can neither look nor bear to be looked at.

Amelia seemed greatly shocked at this treatment; upon which the doctor removed her within him, and then, facing the gentleman, asked him what he meant by this rude behaviour?—Upon which my lord stepped up and said, "Don't be impertinent, old gentleman. Do you think such fellows as you are to keep, d—n me, such fine wenches, d—n me, to yourselves, d—n me?"

"No, no," cries Jack, "the old gentleman is more reasonable. Here's the fellow that eats up the tithe-pig. Don't you see how his mouth waters at her? Where's your slabbering bib?" For, though the gentleman had rightly guessed he was a clergyman, yet he had not any of those insignia on with which it would have been improper to have appeared there.

"Such boys as you," cries the young clergyman, "ought to be well whipped at school, instead of being suffered to become nuisances in society."

"Boys, sir!" says Jack; "I believe I am as good a man as yourself, Mr. ——, and as good a scholar too. *Bos fur sus quotque sacerdos.* Tell me what's next. D—n me, I'll hold you fifty pounds you don't tell me what's next."

"You have him, Jack," cries my lord. "It is over with him, d—n me! he can't strike another blow."

"If I had you in a proper place," cries the clergyman, "you should find I would strike a blow, and a pretty hard one too."

"There," cries my lord, "there is the meekness of the clergyman—there spoke the wolf in sheep's clothing. D—n me, how big he looks! You must be civil to him, faith! or else he will burst with pride."

"Ay, ay," cries Jack, "let the clergy alone for pride; there's not a lord in the kingdom now hath half the pride of that fellow."

"Pray, sir," cries the doctor, turning to the other, "are you a lord?"

"Yes, Mr. ——," cries he, "I have that honour, indeed."

"And I suppose you have pride too," said the doctor.

"I hope I have, sir," answered he, "at your service."

"If such a one as you, sir," cries the doctor, "who are not only a scandal to the title you bear as a lord, but even as a man, can pretend to pride, why will you not allow it to a clergyman? I suppose, sir, by your dress, you are in the army; and, by the ribbon in your hat, you seem to be proud of that too. How much greater and more honourable is the service in which that gentleman is enlisted than yours! Why then should you object to the pride of the clergy, since the lowest of the function is in reality every way so much your superior?"

"Tida Tidu Tidum," cries my lord.

"However, gentlemen," cries the doctor, "if you have the least pretension to that name, I beg you will put an end to your frolic; since you see it

gives so much uneasiness to the lady. Nay, I entreat you for your own sakes, for here is one coming who will talk to you in a very different style from ours."

"One coming!" cries my lord; "what care I who is coming?"

"I suppose it is the devil," cries Jack; "for here are two of his livery servants already."

"Let the devil come as soon as he will," cries my lord; "d—n me if I have not a kiss!"

Amelia now fell a trembling; and her children, perceiving her fright, both hung on her, and began to cry; when Booth and captain Trent both came up.

Booth, seeing his wife disordered, asked eagerly what was the matter? At the same time the lord and his companion, seeing captain Trent, whom they well knew, said both together, "What, doth this company belong to you?" When the doctor, with great presence of mind, as he was apprehensive of some fatal consequence if Booth should know what had passed, said, "So, Mr. Booth, I am glad you are returned; your poor lady here began to be frighted out of her wits. But now you have him again," said he to Amelia, "I hope you will be easy."

Amelia, frightened as she was, presently took the hint, and greatly ehid her husband for leaving her. But the little boy was not so quick-sighted, and cried, "Indeed, papa, those naughty men there have frightened my mamma out of her wits."

"How!" cries Booth, a little moved; "frightened! Hath any one frightened you, my dear?"

"No, my love," answered she, "nothing. I know not what the child means. Everything is well now I see you safe."

Trent had been all the while talking aside with the young sparks; and now, addressing himself to Booth, said, "Here hath been some little mistake; I believe my lord mistook Mrs. Booth for some other lady."

"It is impossible," cries my lord, "to know every one. I am sure, if I had known the lady to be a woman of fashion, and an acquaintance of captain Trent, I should have said nothing disagreeable to her; but, if I have, I ask her pardon, and the company's."

"I am in the dark," cries Booth. "Pray what is all this matter?"

"Nothing of any consequence," cries the doctor, "nor worth your inquiring into. You hear it was a mistake of the person, and I really believe his lordship that all proceeded from his not knowing to whom the lady belonged."

"Come, come," says Trent, "there is nothing in the matter, I assure you. I will tell you the whole another time."

"Very well; since you say so," cries Booth, "I am contented." So ended the affair, and the two sparks made their congee, and sneaked off.

"Now they are gone," said the young gentleman, "I must say I never saw two worse-bred jackanapes, nor fellows that deserved to be kicked more. If I had had them in another place I would have taught them a little more respect to the church."

"You took rather a better way," answered the doctor, "to teach them that respect."

Booth now desired his friend Trent to sit down with them, and proposed to call for a fresh bottle of wine; but Amelia's spirits were too much disconcerted to give her any prospect of pleasure that evening. She therefore laid hold of the pretence of her children, for whom she said the hour was already too late; with which the doctor agreed. So they paid their reckoning and departed, leaving to the two rakes the triumph of having totally dissipated the mirth of this little innocent company, who were before enjoying complete satisfaction.

CHAPTER X.

A curious conversation between the doctor, the young clergyman, and the young clergyman's father.

THE next morning, when the doctor and his two friends were at breakfast, the young clergyman, in whose mind the injurious treatment he had received the evening before was very deeply impressed, renewed the conversation on that subject.

"It is a scandal," said he, "to the government, that they do not preserve more respect to the clergy, by punishing all rudeness to them with the utmost severity. It was very justly observed of you, sir," said he to the doctor, "that the lowest clergyman in England is in real dignity superior to the highest nobleman. What then can be so shocking as to see that gown, which ought to entitle us to the veneration of all we meet, treated with contempt and ridicule? Are we not, in fact, embassadors from heaven to the world? and do they not, therefore, in denying us our due respect, deny it in reality to Him that sent us!"

"If that be the case," says the doctor, "it behoves them to look to themselves; for He who sent us is able to exact most severe vengeance for the ill treatment of his ministers."

"Very true, sir," cries the young one; "and I heartily hope He will; but those punishments are at too great a distance to infuse terror into wicked minds. The government ought to interfere with its immediate censures. Fines and imprisonments and corporal punishments operate more forcibly on the human mind than all the fears of damnation."

"Do you think so?" cries the doctor; "then I am afraid men are very little in earnest in those fears."

"Most justly observed," says the old gentleman. "Indeed, I am afraid that is too much the case."

"In that," said the son, "the government is to blame. Are not books of infidelity, treating our holy religion as a mere imposture, nay, sometimes as a mere jest, published daily, and spread abroad amongst the people with perfect impunity?"

"You are certainly in the right," says the doctor; "there is a most blameable remissness with regard to these matters; but the whole blame doth not lie there; some little share of the fault is, I am afraid, to be imputed to the clergy themselves."

"Indeed, sir," cries the young one, "I did not expect that charge from a gentleman of your cloth. Do the clergy give any encouragement to such books? Do they not, on the contrary, cry loudly out against the suffering them? This is the invidious aspersion of the laity; and I did not expect to hear it confirmed by one of our own cloth."

"Be not too impatient, young gentleman," said the doctor. "I do not absolutely confirm the charge of the laity; it is much too general and too severe; but even the laity themselves do not attack them in that part to which you have applied your defence. They are not supposed such fools as to attack that religion to which they owe their temporal welfare. They are not taxed with giving any other support to infidelity than what it draws from the ill examples of their lives; I mean of the lives of some of them. Here too the laity carry their censures too far; for there are very few or none of the clergy whose lives, if compared with those of the laity, can be called profligate; but such, indeed, is the perfect purity of our religion, such is the innocence and virtue which it exacts to entitle us to its glorious rewards and to screen us from its dreadful punishments, that he must be a very good man indeed

who lives up to it. Thus then these persons argue. This man is educated in a perfect knowledge of religion, is learned in its laws, and is by his profession obliged, in a manner, to have them always before his eyes. The rewards which it promises to the obedience of these laws are so great, and the punishments threatened on disobedience so dreadful, that it is impossible but all men must fearfully fly from the one, and as eagerly pursue the other. If, therefore, such a person lives in direct opposition to, and in a constant breach of, these laws, the inference is obvious. There is a pleasant story in Matthew Paris, which I will tell you as well as I can remember it. Two young gentlemen, I think they were priests, agreed together that whosoever died first should return and acquaint his friend with the secrets of the other world. One of them died soon after, and fulfilled his promise. The whole relation he gave is not very material; but, among other things, he produced one of his hands, which Satan had made use of to write upon, as the moderns do on a card, and had sent his compliments to the priests for the number of souls which the wicked examples of their lives daily sent to hell. This story is the more remarkable as it was written by a priest, and a great favourer of his order."

"Excellent!" cried the old gentleman; "what a memory you have!"

"But, sir," cries the young one, "a clergyman is a man as well as another; and, if such perfect purity be expected—"

"I do not expect it," cries the doctor; "and I hope it will not be expected of us. The scripture itself gives us this hope, where the best of us are said to fall twenty times a-day. But sure we may not allow the practice of any of those grosser crimes which contaminate the whole mind. We may expect an obedience to the ten commandments, and an abstinence from such notorious vices as, in the first place, Avarice, which, indeed, can hardly subsist without the breach of more commandments than one. Indeed, it would be excessive candour to imagine that a man who so visibly sets his whole heart, not only on this world, but on one of the most worthless things in it (for so is money, without regard to its uses), should be, at the same time, laying up his treasure in heaven. Ambition is a second vice of this sort: we are told we cannot serve God and Mammon. I might have applied this to avarice; but I chose rather to mention it here. When we see a man sneaking about in courts and levees, and doing the dirty work of great men, from the hopes of preferment, can we believe that a fellow whom we see to have so many hard taskmasters upon earth ever thinks of his Master which is in heaven? Must he not himself think, if ever he reflects at all, that so glorious a master will disdain and disown a servant who is the dutiful tool of a court-favourite, and employed either as a pimp of his pleasure, or sometimes, perhaps, made a dirty channel to assist in the conveyance of that corruption which is clogging up and destroying the very vitals of his country?

"The last vice which I shall mention is Pride. There is not in the universe a more ridiculous nor a more contemptible animal than a proud clergyman; a turkey-cock or a jackdaw are objects of veneration when compared with him. I don't mean, by Pride, that noble dignity of mind to which goodness can only administer an adequate object, which delights in the testimony of its own conscience, and could not, without the highest agonies, hear its condemnation. By Pride I mean that saucy passion which exults in every little eventual pre-eminence over other men: such are the ordinary gifts of nature, and the paltry presents of fortune, wit, knowledge, birth, strength, beauty, riches, titles, and rank. That passion which is ever aspiring, like a silly child, to look over the heads of all about them; which, while it servilely adheres to the great, flies from the poor, as if afraid of contamination; devouring greedily every murmur of applause and every look of admiration; pleased and elated with all kind of respect; and hurt and inflamed with the contempt of the lowest and most despicable of fools, even with such as treated you last night disrespectfully at Vauxhall. Can such a mind as this be fixed on things above? Can such a man reflect that he hath the ineffable honour to be employed in the immediate service of his great Creator? or can he please himself with the heart-warming hope that his ways are acceptable in the sight of that glorious, that incomprehensible Being?"

"Hear, child, hear," cries the old gentleman; "hear, and improve your understanding. Indeed, my good friend, no one retires from you without carrying away some good instructions with him. Learn of the doctor, Tom, and you will be the better man as long as you live."

"Undoubtedly, sir," answered Tom, "the doctor hath spoken a great deal of excellent truth; and, without a compliment to him, I was always a great admirer of his sermons, particularly of their oratory. But,

Nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoque cætera.

I cannot agree that a clergyman is obliged to put up with an affront any more than another man, and more especially when it is paid to the order."

"I am very sorry, young gentleman," cries the doctor, "that you should be ever liable to be affronted as a clergyman; and I do assure you, if I had known your disposition formerly, the order should never have been affronted through you."

The old gentleman now began to check his son for his opposition to the doctor, when a servant delivered the latter a note from Amelia, which he read immediately to himself, and it contained the following words:

"My dear Sir,—Something hath happened since I saw you which gives me great uneasiness, and I beg the favour of seeing you as soon as possible to advise with you upon it. I am your most obliged and dutiful daughter,

"Amelia Booth."

The doctor's answer was, that he would wait on the lady directly; and then, turning to his friend, he asked him if he would not take a walk in the Park before dinner. "I must go," says he, "to the lady who was with us last night; for I am afraid, by her letter, some bad accident hath happened to her. Come, young gentleman, I spoke a little too hastily to you just now; but I ask your pardon. Some allowance must be made to the warmth of your blood. I hope we shall, in time, both think alike."

The old gentleman made his friend another compliment; and the young one declared he hoped he should always think, and act too, with the dignity becoming his cloth. After which the doctor took his leave for a while, and went to Amelia's lodgings.

As soon as he was gone the old gentleman fell very severely on his son. "Tom," says he, "how can you be such a fool to undo, by your perverseness, all that I have been doing? Why will you not learn to study mankind with the attention which I have employed to that purpose? Do you think, if I had affronted this obstinate old fellow as you do, I should ever have engaged his friendship?"

"I cannot help it, sir," said Tom: "I have not studied six years at the university to give up my

sentiments to every one. It is true, indeed, he put together a set of sounding words; but, in the main, I never heard any one talk more foolishly."

"What of that?" cries the father; "I never told you he was a wise man, nor did I ever think him so. If he had any understanding, he would have been a bishop long ago, to my certain knowledge. But, indeed, he hath been always a fool in private life; for I question whether he is worth 100*l.* in the world more than his annual income. He hath given away above half his fortune to the Lord knows who. I believe I have had above 200*l.* of him, first and last; and would you lose such a milch-cow as this for want of a few compliments? Indeed, Tom, thou art as great a simpleton as himself. How do you expect to rise in the church if you cannot temporise and give in to the opinions of your superiors?"

"I don't know, sir," cries Tom, "what you mean by my superiors. In one sense, I own, a doctor of divinity is superior to a bachelor of arts, and so far I am ready to allow his superiority; but I understand Greek and Hebrew as well as he, and will maintain my opinion against him, or any other in the schools."

"Tom," cries the old gentleman, "till thou gettest the better of thy conceit I shall never have any hopes of thee. If thou art wise, thou wilt think every man thy superior of whom thou canst get any thing; at least thou wilt persuade him that thou thinkest so, and that is sufficient. Tom, Tom, thou hast no policy in thee."

"What have I been learning these seven years," answered he, "in the university? However, father, I can account for your opinion. It is the common failing of old men to attribute all wisdom to themselves. Nestor did it long ago: but, if you will inquire my character at college, I fancy you will not think I want to go to school again."

The father and son then went to take their walk, during which the former repeated many good lessons of policy to his son, not greatly perhaps to his edification. In truth, if the old gentleman's fondness had not in a great measure blinded him to the imperfections of his son, he would have soon perceived that he was sowing all his instructions in a soil so choked with self-conceit that it was utterly impossible they should ever bear any fruit.

BOOK X. CHAPTER I.

To which we will not prefix a preface.

THE doctor found Amelia alone, for Booth was gone to walk with his new-revived acquaintance, captain Trent, who seemed so pleased with the renewal of his intercourse with his old brother-officer, that he had been almost continually with him from the time of their meeting at the drum.

Amelia acquainted the doctor with the purport of her message, as follows: "I ask your pardon, my dear sir, for troubling you so often with my affairs; but I know your extreme readiness, as well as ability, to assist any one with your advice. The fact is, that my husband hath been presented by colonel James with two tickets for a masquerade, which is to be in a day or two, and he insists so strongly on my going with him, that I really do not know how to refuse without giving him some reason; and I am not able to invent any other than the true one, which you would not, I am sure, advise me to communicate to him. Indeed I had a most narrow escape the other day; for I was almost drawn in inadvertently by a very strange accident, to acquaint him with the whole matter." She then related the serjeant's dream with all the consequences that attended it.

The doctor considered a little with himself, and then said, "I am really, child, puzzled as well as you about this matter. I would by no means have you go to the masquerade; I do not indeed like the diversion itself, as I have heard it described to me; not that I am such a prude to suspect every woman who goes there of any evil intentions; but it is a pleasure of too loose and disorderly a kind for the recreation of a sober mind. Indeed, you have still a stronger and more particular objection. I will try myself to reason him out of it."

"Indeed it is impossible," answered she; "and therefore I would not set you about it. I never saw him more set on anything. There is a party, as they call it, made on the occasion; and he tells me my refusal will disappoint all."

"I really do not know what to advise you," cries the doctor; "I have told you I do not approve of these diversions; but yet, as your husband is so very desirous, I cannot think there will be any harm in going with him. However, I will consider of it, and do all in my power for you."

Here Mrs. Atkinson came in, and the discourse on this subject ceased; but soon after Amelia renewed it, saying there was no occasion to keep any thing a secret from her friend. They then fell to debating on the subject, but could not come to any resolution. But Mrs. Atkinson, who was in an unusual flow of spirits, cried out, "Fear nothing, my dear Amelia, two women surely will be too hard for one man. I think, doctor, it exceeds Virgil:

Una dolo divûm si femina victa duorum est."

"Very well repeated, indeed!" cries the doctor. Do you understand all Virgil as well as you seem to do that line?"

"I hope I do, sir," said she, "and Horace too; or else my father threw away his time to very little purpose in teaching me."

"I ask your pardon, madam," cries the doctor. "I own it was an impertinent question."

"Not at all, sir," says she; "and if you are one of those who imagine women incapable of learning, I shall not be offended at it. I know the common opinion; but

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat."

"If I was to profess such an opinion, madam," said the doctor, "madam Dacier and yourself would bear testimony against me. The utmost indeed that I should venture would be to question the utility of learning in a young lady's education."

"I own," said Mrs. Atkinson, "as the world is constituted, it cannot be as serviceable to her fortune as it will be to that of a man; but you will allow, doctor, that learning may afford a woman, at least, a reasonable and an innocent entertainment."

"But I will suppose," cries the doctor, "it may have its inconveniences. As, for instance, if a learned lady should meet with an unlearned husband, might she not be apt to despise him?"

"I think not," cries Mrs. Atkinson—"and, if I may be allowed the instance, I think I have shown, myself, that women who have learning themselves can be contented without that qualification in a man."

"To be sure," cries the doctor, "there may be other qualifications which may have their weight in the balance. But let us take the other side of the question, and suppose the learned of both sexes to meet in the matrimonial union, may it not afford one excellent subject of disputation, which is the most learned?"

"Not at all," cries Mrs. Atkinson; "for, if they had both learning and good sense, they would soon see on which side the superiority lay."

"But if the learned man," said the doctor, "should

be a little unreasonable in his opinion, are you sure that the learned woman would preserve her duty to her husband, and submit?"

"But why," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "must we necessarily suppose that a learned man would be unreasonable?"

"Nay, madam," said the doctor, "I am not your husband; and you shall not hinder me from supposing what I please. Surely it is not such a paradox to conceive that a man of learning should be unreasonable. Are there no unreasonable opinions in very learned authors, even among the critics themselves? For instance, what can be a more strange, and indeed unreasonable opinion, than to prefer the Metamorphoses of Ovid to the Æneid of Virgil?"

"It would be indeed so strange," cries the lady, "that you shall not persuade me it was ever the opinion of any man."

"Perhaps not," cries the doctor; "and I believe you and I should not differ in our judgments of any person who maintained such an opinion—What a taste must he have!"

"A most contemptible one indeed," cries Mrs. Atkinson.

"I am satisfied," cries the doctor. "And, in the words of your own Horace, *Verbum non amplius oddam.*"

"But how provoking is this," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "to draw one in in such a manner! I protest I was so warm in the defence of my favourite Virgil, that I was not aware of your design; but all your triumph depends on a supposition that one should be so unfortunate as to meet with the silliest fellow in the world."

"Not in the least," cries the doctor. "Doctor Bentley was not such a person; and yet he would have quarrelled, I am convinced, with any wife in the world, in behalf of one of his corrections. I don't suppose he would have given up his *Ingentia Fata* to an angel."

"But do you think," said she, "if I had loved him, I would have contended with him?"

"Perhaps you might sometimes," said the doctor, "be of these sentiments; but you remember your own Virgil—*Varium et mutabile semper fœmina.*"

"Nay, Amelia," said Mrs. Atkinson, "you are now concerned as well as I am; for he hath now abused the whole sex, and quoted the severest thing that ever was said against us, though I allow it is one of the finest."

"With all my heart, my dear," cries Amelia. "I have the advantage of you however, for I don't understand him."

"Nor doth she understand much better than yourself," cries the doctor; "or she would not admire nonsense, even though in Virgil."

"Pardon me, sir," said she.

"And pardon me, madam," cries the doctor, with a feigned seriousness; "I say, a boy in the fourth form at Eton would be whipped, or would deserve to be whipped at least, who made the neuter gender agree with the feminine. You have heard, however, that Virgil left his Æneid incorrect; and, perhaps, had he lived to correct it, we should not have seen the faults we now see in it."

"Why, it is very true as you say, doctor," cries Mrs. Atkinson; "there seems to be a false concord. I protest I never thought of it before."

"And yet this is the Virgil," answered the doctor, "that you are so fond of, who hath made you all of the neuter gender; or, as we say in English, he hath made mere animals of you; for, if we translate it thus,

Woman is a various and changeable animal,

there will be no fault, I believe, unless in point of civility to the ladies."

Mrs. Atkinson had just time to tell the doctor he was a provoking creature, before the arrival of Booth and his friend put an end to that learned discourse, in which neither of the parties had greatly recommended themselves to each other; the doctor's opinion of the lady being not at all heightened by her progress in the classics, and she, on the other hand, having conceived a great dislike in her heart towards the doctor, which would have raged, perhaps, with no less fury from the consideration that he had been her husband.

CHAPTER II.

What happened at the masquerade.

From this time to the day of the masquerade nothing happened of consequence enough to have a place in this history.

On that day colonel James came to Booth's about nine in the evening, where he staid for Mrs. James, who did not come till near eleven. The four masques then set out together in several chairs, and all proceeded to the Haymarket.

When they arrived at the Opera-house the colonel and Mrs. James presently left them; nor did Booth and his lady remain long together, but were soon divided from each other by different masques.

A domino soon accosted the lady, and had her away to the upper end of the farthest room on the right hand, where both the masques sat down; nor was it long before the he domino began to make very fervent love to the she. It would, perhaps, be tedious to the reader to run through the whole process, which was not indeed in the most romantic style. The lover seemed to consider his mistress as a mere woman of this world, and seemed rather to apply to her avarice and ambition than to her softer passions.

As he was not so careful to conceal his true voice as the lady was, she soon discovered that this lover of her's was no other than her old friend the peer, and presently a thought suggested itself to her of making an advantage of this accident. She gave him therefore an intimation that she knew him, and expressed some astonishment at his having found her out. "I suspect," says she, "my lord, that you have a friend in the woman where I now lodge, as well as you had in Mrs. Ellison." My lord protested the contrary. To which she answered, "Nay, my lord, do not defend her so earnestly till you are sure I should have been angry with her."

At these words, which were accompanied with a very bewitching softness, my lord flew into raptures rather too strong for the place he was in. These the lady gently checked, and begged him to take care they were not observed; for that her husband, for aught she knew, was then in the room.

Colonel James came now up, and said, "So, madam, I have the good fortune to find you again; I have been extremely miserable since I lost you." The lady answered in her masquerade voice that she did not know him. "I am colonel James," said he in a whisper. "Indeed, sir," answered she, "you are mistaken; I have no acquaintance with any colonel James." "Madam," answered he, in a whisper likewise, "I am positive I am not mistaken, you are certainly Mrs. Booth." "Indeed, sir," said she, "you are very impertinent, and I beg you will leave me." My lord then interposed, and, speaking in his own voice, assured the colonel that the lady was a woman of quality, and that they were engaged in a conversation together; upon which the colonel

asked the lady's pardon; for, as there was nothing remarkable in her dress, he really believed he had been mistaken.

He then went again a hunting through the rooms, and soon after found Booth walking without his mask between too ladies, one of whom was in a blue domino, and the other in the dress of a shepherdess. "Will," cries the colonel, "do you know what is become of our wives; for I have seen neither of them since we have been in the room?" Booth answered, "That he supposed they were both together, and they should find them by and by." "What!" cries the lady in the blue domino, "are you both come upon duty then with your wives? as for yours, Mr. Alderman," said she to the colonel, "I make no question but she is got into much better company than her husband's." "How can you be so cruel, madam?" said the shepherdess; "you will make him beat his wife by and by, for he is a military man I assure you." "In the train bands, I presume," cries the domino, "for he is plainly dated from the city." "I own, indeed," cries the other, "the gentleman smells strongly of Thames-street, and, if I may venture to guess, of the honourable calling of a tailor."

"Why, what the devil hast thou picked up here?" cries James.

"Upon my soul, I don't know," answered Booth; "I wish you would take one of them at least."

"What say you, madam?" cries the domino, "will you go with the colonel? I assure you you have mistaken your man, for he is no less a person than the great colonel James himself."

"No wonder, then, that Mr. Booth gives him his choice of us; it is the proper office of a caterer, in which capacity Mr. Booth hath, I am told, the honour to serve the noble colonel."

"Much good may it do you with your ladies!" said James; "I will go in pursuit of better game." At which words he walked off.

"You are a true sportsman," cries the shepherdess; "for your only pleasure, I believe, lies in the pursuit."

"Do you know the gentleman, madam?" cries the domino.

"Who doth not know him?" answered the shepherdess.

"What is his character?" cries the domino; "for, though I have jested with him, I only know him by sight."

"I know nothing very particular in his character," cries the shepherdess. "He gets every handsome woman he can, and so they do all."

"I suppose then he is not married?" said the domino.

"O yes! and married for love too," answered the other; "but he hath lived away all his love for her long ago, and now, he says, she makes as fine an object of hatred. I think, if the fellow ever appears to have any wit, it is when he abuses his wife; and, luckily for him, that is his favourite topic. I don't know the poor wretch, but, as he describes her, it is a miserable animal."

"I know her very well," cries the other; "and I am much mistaken if she is not even with him; but hang him! what is become of Booth?"

At this instant a great noise arose near that part where the two ladies were. This was occasioned by a large assembly of young fellows whom they call bucks, who were got together, and were enjoying, as the phrase is, a letter, which one of them had found in the room.

Curiosity hath its votaries among all ranks of people; whenever therefore an object of this appears it is as sure of attracting a crowd in the assemblies of the polite as in those of their inferiors.

When this crowd was gathered together, one of the bucks, at the desire of his companions, as well as of all present, performed the part of a public orator, and read out the following letter, which we shall give the reader, together with the comments of the orator himself, and of all his audience.

The orator then, being mounted on a bench, began as follows:

"Here beginneth the first chapter of —— saint—Pox on't, Jack, what is the saint's name? I have forgot."

"Timothy, you blockhead," answered another; "— Timothy."

"Well, then cries the orator, "of Saint Timothy.

"'Sir—I am very sorry to have any occasion of writing on the following subject in a country that is honoured with the name of christian; much more am I concerned to address myself to a man whose many advantages, derived both from nature and fortune, should demand the highest return of gratitude to the great Giver of all those good things. Is not such a man guilty of the highest ingratitude to that most beneficent Being, by a direct and avowed disobedience of his most positive laws and commands?

"'I need not tell you that adultery is forbid in the laws of the decalogue; nor need I, I hope, mention that it is expressly forbid in the New Testament.'

"You see, therefore," said the orator, "what the law is, and therefore none of you will be able to plead ignorance when you come to the Old Bailey in the other world. But here goes again:—

"'If it had not been so expressly forbidden in scripture, still the law of Nature would have yielded light enough for us to have discovered the great horror and atrociousness of this crime.

"'And accordingly we find that nations, where the sun of righteousness hath yet never shined, have punished the adulterer with the most exemplary pains and penalties; not only the polite heathens, but the most barbarous nations, have concurred in these; in many places the most severe and shameful corporal punishments, and in some, and those not a few, death itself hath been inflicted on this crime.

"'And sure in a human sense there is scarce any guilt which deserves to be more severely punished. It includes in it almost every injury and every mischief which one man can do to, or can bring on, another. It is robbing him of his property—'

"Mind that, ladies," said the orator; "you are all the property of your husbands.——'And of that property which, if he is a good man, he values above all others. It is poisoning that fountain whence he hath a right to derive the sweetest and most innocent pleasure, the most cordial comfort, the most solid friendship, and most faithful assistance in all his affairs, wants, and distresses. It is the destruction of his peace of mind, and even of his reputation. The ruin of both wife and husband, and sometimes of the whole family, are the probable consequence of this fatal injury. Domestic happiness is the end of almost all our pursuits, and the common reward of all our pains. When men find themselves for ever barred from this delightful fruition, they are lost to all industry, and grow careless of all their worldly affairs. Thus they become bad subjects, bad relations, bad friends, and bad men. Hatred and revenge are the wretched passions which boil in their minds. Despair and madness very commonly ensue, and murder and suicide often close the dreadful scene.'

"Thus, gentlemen and ladies, you see the scene

The Masquerade Scene

p. 208

is closed. So here ends the first act—and thus begins the second :—

"'I have here attempted to lay before you a picture of this vice, the horror of which no colours of mine can exaggerate. But what pencil can delineate the horrors of that punishment which the scripture denounces against it?

"'And for what will you subject yourself to this punishment? or for what reward will you inflict all this misery on another? I will add, on your friends? for the possession of a woman; for the pleasure of a moment? But, if neither virtue nor religion can restrain your inordinate appetites, are there not many women as handsome as your friend's wife, whom, though not with innocence, you may possess with a much less degree of guilt? what motive then can thus hurry you on to the destruction of yourself and your friend? doth the peculiar rankness of the guilt add any zest to the sin? doth it enhance the pleasure as much as we may be assured it will the punishment?

"'But if you can be so lost to all sense of fear, and of shame, and of goodness, as not to be debarred by the evil which you are to bring on yourself, by the extreme baseness of the action, nor by the ruin in which you are to involve others, let me still urge the difficulty, I may say, the impossibility of the success. You are attacking a fortress on a rock; a chastity so strongly defended, as well by a happy natural disposition of mind as by the strongest principles of religion and virtue, implanted by education and nourished and improved by habit, that the woman must be invincible even without that firm and constant affection of her husband which would guard a much looser and worse-disposed heart. What therefore are you attempting but to introduce distrust, and perhaps disunion, between an innocent and a happy couple, in which too you cannot succeed without bringing, I am convinced, certain destruction on your own head?

"'Desist, therefore, let me advise you, from this enormous crime; retreat from the vain attempt of climbing a precipice which it is impossible you should ever ascend, where you must probably soon fall into utter perdition, and can have no other hope but of dragging down your best friend into perdition with you.

"'I can think of but one argument more, and that, indeed, a very bad one; you throw away that time in an impossible attempt, which might, in other places, crown your sinful endeavours with success.'

"And so ends the dismal ditty."

"D—n me," cries one, "did ever mortal hear such d—ned stuff?"

"Upon my soul," said another, "I like the last argument well enough. There is some sense in that; for d—n me if I had not rather go to D—g—ss at any time than to follow a virtuous b—— for a fortnight."

"Tom," says one of them, "let us set the ditty to music; let us subscribe to have it set by Handel; it will make an excellent oratorio."

"D—n me, Jack," says another, "we'll have it set to a psalm-tune, and we'll sing it next Sunday at St. James's church, and I'll bear a boh, d—n me."

"Fie upon it! gentlemen, fie upon it!" said a friar, who came up; "do you think there is any wit and humour in this ribaldry; or, if there were, would it make any atonement for abusing religion and virtue?"

"Heyday!" cries one, "this is a friar in good earnest."

"Whatever I am," said the friar, "I hope at least you are what you appear to be. Heaven forbid, for the sake of our posterity, that you should be gentlemen."

"Jack," cries one, "let us toss the friar in a blanket."

"Me in a blanket?" said the friar: "by the dignity of man, I will twist the neck of every one of you as sure as ever the neck of a dunghill-cock was twisted." At which words he pulled off his masque, and the tremendous majesty of colonel Bath appeared, from which the bucks fled away as fast as the Trojans heretofore from the face of Achilles. The colonel did not think it worth while to pursue any other of them except him who had the letter in his hand, which the colonel desired to see, and the other delivered, saying it was very much at his service.

The colonel being possessed of the letter, retired as privately as he could, in order to give it a careful perusal; for, hadly as it had been read by the orator, there were some passages in it which had pleased the colonel. He had just gone through it when Booth passed by him; upon which the colonel called to him, and, delivering him the letter, bid him put it in his pocket and read it at his leisure. He made many encomiums upon it, and told Booth it would be of service to him, and was proper for all young men to read.

Booth had not yet seen his wife; but, as he concluded she was safe with Mrs. James, he was not uneasy. He had been prevented searching farther after her by the lady in the blue domino, who had joined him again. Booth had now made these discoveries: that the lady was pretty well acquainted with him, that she was a woman of fashion, and that she had a particular regard for him. But, though he was a gay man, he was in reality so fond of his Amelia that he thought of no other woman; wherefore, though not absolutely a Joseph, as we have already seen, yet could he not be guilty of premeditated inconstancy. He was indeed so very cold and insensible to the hints which were given him, that the lady began to complain of his dulness. When the shepherdess again came up and heard this accusation against him, she confirmed it, saying, "I do assure you, madam, he is the dullest fellow in the world. Indeed, I should almost take you for his wife, by finding you a second time with him; for I do assure you the gentleman very seldom keeps any other company." "Are you so well acquainted with him, madam?" said the domino. "I have had that honour longer than your ladyship, I believe," answered the shepherdess. "Possibly you may, madam," cries the domino; "but I wish you would not interrupt us at present, for we have some business together." "I believe, madam," answered the shepherdess, "my business with the gentleman is altogether as important as yours; and therefore your ladyship may withdraw if you please." "My dear ladies," cries Booth, "I beg you will not quarrel about me." "Not at all," answered the domino; "since you are so indifferent, I resign my pretensions with all my heart. If you had not been the dullest fellow upon earth, I am convinced you must have discovered me." She then went off, muttering to herself that she was satisfied the shepherdess was some wretched creature whom nobody knew.

The shepherdess overheard the sarcasm, and answered it by asking Booth what contemptible wretch he had picked up? "Indeed, madam," said he, "you know as much of her as I do; she is a masquerade acquaintance like yourself." "Like me!" repeated she. "Do you think if this had been our first acquaintance I should have wasted so much time with you as I have? for your part, indeed, I believe a woman will get very little advantage by

her having been formerly intimate with you." "I do not know, madam," said Booth, "that I deserve that character any more than I know the person that now gives it me." "And you have the assurance then," said she in her own voice, "to affect not to remember me?" "I think," cries Booth, "I have heard that voice before; but, upon my soul, I do not recollect it." "Do you recollect," said she, "no woman that you have used with the highest barbarity—I will not say ingratitude?" "No, upon my honour," answered Booth. "Mention not honour," said she, "thou wretch! for, hardened as thou art, I could show thee a face that, in spite of thy consummate impudence, would confound thee with shame and horror. Dost thou not yet know me?" "I do, madam, indeed," answered Booth, "and I confess that of all women in the world you have the most reason for what you said."

Here a long dialogue ensued between the gentleman and the lady, whom, I suppose, I need not mention to have been Miss Matthews; but, as it consisted chiefly of violent upbraidings on her side, and excuses on his, I despair of making it entertaining to the reader, and shall therefore return to the colonel, who, having searched all the rooms with the utmost diligence, without finding the woman he looked for, began to suspect that he had before fixed on the right person, and that Amelia had denied herself to him, being pleased with her paramour, whom he had discovered to be the noble peer.

He resolved, therefore, as he could have no sport himself, to spoil that of others; accordingly he found out Booth, and asked him again what was become of both their wives; for that he had searched all over the rooms, and could find neither of them.

Booth was now a little alarmed at this account, and, parting with Miss Matthews, went along with the colonel in search of his wife. As for Miss Matthews, he had at length pacified her with a promise to make her a visit; which promise she extorted from him, swearing bitterly, in the most solemn manner, unless he made it to her, she would expose both him and herself at the masquerade.

As he knew the violence of the lady's passions, and to what heights they were capable of rising, he was obliged to come in to these terms; for he had, I am convinced, no fear upon earth equal to that of Amelia's knowing what it was in the power of Miss Matthews to communicate to her, and which, to conceal from her, he had already undergone so much uneasiness.

The colonel led Booth directly to the place where he had seen the peer and Amelia (such he was now well convinced she was) sitting together. Booth no sooner saw her than he said to the colonel, "Sure that is my wife in conversation with that masque?" "I took her for your lady myself," said the colonel; "but I found I was mistaken. Hark ye, that is my lord ——, and I have seen that very lady with him all this night.

This conversation passed at a little distance, and out of the hearing of the supposed Amelia; when Booth, looking stedfastly at the lady, declared with an oath that he was positive the colonel was in the right. She then beckoned to him with her fan; upon which he went directly to her, and she asked him to go home, which he very readily consented to. The peer then walked off; the colonel went in pursuit of his wife, or of some other woman; and Booth and his lady repaired in two chairs to their lodgings.

CHAPTER III.

Consequences of the masquerade, not uncommon nor surprising.

The lady, getting first out of her chair, ran hastily up into the nursery to the children; for such was Amelia's constant method at her return home, at whatever hour. Booth then walked into the dining-room, where he had not been long before Amelia came down to him, and, with a most cheerful countenance, said, "My dear, I fancy we have neither of us supped; shall I go down and see whether there is any cold meat in the house?"

"For yourself, if you please," answered Booth; "but I shall eat nothing."

"How, my dear!" said Amelia; "I hope you have not lost your appetite at the masquerade;" for supper was a meal at which he generally ate very heartily.

"I know not well what I have lost," said Booth; "I find myself disordered.—My head aches. I know not what is the matter with me."

"Indeed, my dear, you frighten me," said Amelia; "you look, indeed, disordered. I wish the masquerade had been far enough before you had gone thither."

"Would to Heaven it had!" cries Booth; "but that is over now. But pray, Amelia, answer me one question,—Who was that gentleman with you when I came up to you?"

"The gentleman! my dear," said Amelia; "what gentleman?"

"The gentleman—the nobleman—when I came up; sure I speak plain."

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't understand you," answered she; "I did not know one person at the masquerade."

"How!" said he; "what I spend the whole evening with a masque without knowing him?"

"Why, my dear," said she, "you know we were not together."

"I know we were not," said he, "but what is that to the purpose? Sure you answer me strangely. I know we were not together; and therefore I ask you whom you were with?"

"Nay, but, my dear," said she, "can I tell people in masques?"

"I say again, madam," said he, "would you converse two hours or more with a masque whom you did not know?"

"Indeed, child," says she, "I know nothing of the methods of a masquerade; for I never was at one in my life."

"I wish to Heaven you had not been at this!" cries Booth. "Nay, you will wish so yourself if you tell me truth.—What have I said? do I—can I suspect you of not speaking truth? Since you are ignorant then I will inform you: the man you have conversed with was no other than lord ——."

"And is that the reason," said she, "you wish I had not been there?"

"And is not that reason," answered he, "sufficient? Is he not the last man upon earth with whom I would have you converse?"

"So you really wish then that I had not been at the masquerade?"

"I do," cried he, "from my soul."

"So may I ever be able," cried she, "to indulge you in every wish as in this.—I was not there."

"Do not trifle, Amelia," cried he; "you would not jest with me if you knew the situation of my mind."

"Indeed I do not jest with you," said she. "Upon my honour I was not there. Forgive me this first deceit I ever practised, and indeed it shall be the last; for I have paid severely for this by the uneasiness it hath given me." She then revealed to him the whole secret, which was this:

I think it hath been already mentioned in some part of this history that Amelia and Mrs. Atkinson were exactly of the same make and stature, and that there was likewise a very near resemblance between their voices. When Mrs. Atkinson, therefore, found

that Amelia was so extremely averse to the masquerade, she proposed to go thither in her stead, and to pass upon Booth for his own wife.

This was afterwards very easily executed; for, when they left Booth's lodgings, Amelia, who went last to her chair, ran back to fetch her mask, as she pretended, which she had purposely left behind. She then whipped off her domino, and threw it over Mrs. Atkinson, who stood ready to receive it, and ran immediately down stairs, and, stepping into Amelia's chair, proceeded with the rest to the masquerade.

As her stature exactly suited that of Amelia, she had very little difficulty to carry on the imposition; for, besides the natural resemblance of their voices, and the opportunity of speaking in a feigned one, she had scarce an intercourse of six words with Booth during the whole time; for the moment they got into the crowd she took the first opportunity of slipping from him. And he, as the reader may remember, being seized by other women, and concluding his wife to be safe with Mrs. James, was very well satisfied, till the colonel set him upon the search, as we have seen before.

Mrs. Atkinson, the moment she came home, ran up stairs to the nursery, where she found Amelia, and told her in haste that she might very easily carry on the deceit with her husband; for that she might tell him what she pleased to invent, as they had not been a minute together during the whole evening.

Booth was no sooner satisfied that his wife had not been from home that evening than he fell into raptures with her, gave a thousand tender caresses, blamed his own judgment, acknowledged the goodness of hers, and vowed never to oppose her will more in any one instance during his life.

Mrs. Atkinson, who was still in the nursery with her masquerade dress, was then summoned down stairs, and, when Booth saw her and heard her speak in her mimic tone, he declared he was not surprised at his having been imposed upon, for that, if they were both in the same disguise, he should scarce be able to discover the difference between them.

They then sat down to half an hour's cheerful conversation, after which they retired all in the most perfect good-humour.

CHAPTER IV.

Consequences of the masquerade.

When Booth rose in the morning he found in his pocket that letter which had been delivered to him by colonel Bath, which, had not chance brought to his remembrance, he might possibly have never recollected.

He had now, however, the curiosity to open the letter, and, beginning to read it, the matter of it drew him on till he perused the whole; for, notwithstanding the contempt cast upon it by those learned critics the backs, neither the subject nor the manner in which it was treated was altogether contemptible.

But there was still another motive which induced Booth to read the whole letter, and this was, that he presently thought he knew the hand. He did, indeed, immediately conclude it was Dr. Harrison; for the doctor wrote a very remarkable one, and this letter contained all the particulars of the doctor's character.

He had just finished a second reading of this letter when the doctor himself entered the room. The good man was impatient to know the success of Amelia's stratagem, for he bore towards her all that love which esteem can create in a good mind, without the assistance of those selfish considerations from which the love of wives and children may be ordinarily deduced. The latter of which, Nature, by very subtle and refined reasoning, suggests to us to be part of our dear selves; and the former, as long as they remain the objects of our liking, that same Nature is furnished with very plain and fertile arguments to recommend to our affections. But to raise that affection in the human breast which the doctor had for Amelia, Nature is forced to use a kind of logic which is no more understood by a bad man than Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine of colours is by one born blind. And yet in reality it contains nothing more abstruse than this, that an injury is the object of anger, danger of fear, and praise of vanity; for in the same simple manner it may be asserted that goodness is the object of love.

The doctor inquired immediately for his child (for so he often called Amelia); Booth answered that he had left her asleep, for that she had had but a restless night. "I hope she is not disordered by the masquerade," cries the doctor. Booth answered he believed she would be very well when she waked. "I fancy," said he, "her gentle spirits were a little too much fluttered last night; that is all."

"I hope, then," said the doctor, "you will never more insist on her going to such places, but know your own happiness in having a wife that hath the discretion to avoid those places; which, though perhaps they may not be as some represent them, such brothels of vice and debauchery as would impeach the character of every virtuous woman who was seen at them, are certainly, however, scenes of riot, disorder, and intemperance, very improper to be frequented by a chaste and sober Christian matron."

Booth declared that he was very sensible of his error, and that, so far from soliciting his wife to go to another masquerade, he did not intend ever to go thither any more himself.

The doctor highly approved the resolution; and then Booth said, "And I thank you, my dear friend, as well as my wife's discretion, that she was not at the masquerade last night." He then related to the doctor the discovery of the plot; and the good man was greatly pleased with the success of the stratagem, and that Booth took it in such good part.

"But, sir," says Booth, "I had a letter given me by a noble colonel there, which is written in a hand so very like yours, that I could almost swear to it. Nor the style, as far as I can guess, unlike your own. Here it is, sir. Do you own the letter, doctor, or do you not?"

The doctor took the letter, and, having looked at it a moment, said, "And did the colonel himself give you this letter?"

"The colonel himself," answered Booth.

"Why then," cries the doctor, "he is surely the most impudent fellow that the world ever produced. What! did he deliver it with an air of triumph?"

"He delivered it me with air enough," cries Booth, "after his own manner, and bid me read it for my edification. To say the truth, I am a little surprised that he should single me out of all mankind to deliver the letter to; I do not think I deserve the character of such a husband. It is well I am not so very forward to take an affront as some folks."

"I am glad to see you are not," said the doctor; "and your behaviour in this affair becomes both the man of sense and the Christian; for it would be surely the greatest folly, as well as the most daring impiety, to risk your own life for the impertinence

of a fool. As long as you are assured of the virtue of your own wife, it is wisdom in you to despise the efforts of such a wretch. Not, indeed, that your wife accuses him of any downright attack, though she hath observed enough in his behaviour to give offence to her delicacy."

"You astonish me, doctor," said Booth. "What can you mean? my wife dislike his behaviour! hath the colonel ever offended her?"

"I do not say he hath ever offended her by any open declarations; nor hath he done anything which, according to the most romantic notion of honour, you can or ought to resent; but there is something extremely nice in the chastity of a truly virtuous woman."

"And hath my wife really complained of anything of that kind in the colonel?"

"Look ye, young gentleman," cries the doctor; "I will have no quarrelling or challenging; I find I have made some mistake, and therefore I insist upon it, by all the rights of friendship, that you give me your word of honour you will not quarrel with the colonel on this account."

"I do, with all my heart," said Booth; "for, if I did not know your character, I should absolutely think you was jesting with me. I do not think you have mistaken my wife, but I am sure she hath mistaken the colonel, and hath misconstrued some over-strained point of gallantry, something of the Quixote kind, into a design against her chastity; but I have that opinion of the colonel, that I hope you will not be offended when I declare I know not which of you two I should be the sooner jealous of."

"I would by no means have you jealous of any one," cries the doctor; "for I think my child's virtue may be firmly relied on; but I am convinced she would not have said what she did to me without a cause; nor should I, without such a conviction, have written that letter to the colonel, as I own to you I did. However, nothing I say hath yet passed which, even in the opinion of false honour, you are at liberty to resent; but as to declining any great intimacy, if you will take my advice, I think that would be prudent."

"You will pardon me, my dearest friend," said Booth, "but I have really such an opinion of the colonel that I would pawn my life upon his honour; and as for women, I do not believe he ever had an attachment to any."

"Be it so," said the doctor: "I have only two things to insist on. The first is, that, if ever you change your opinion, this letter may not be the subject of any quarrelling or fighting: the other is, that you never mention a word of this to your wife. By the latter I shall see whether you can keep a secret; and, if it is no otherwise material, it will be a wholesome exercise to your mind; for the practice of any virtue is a kind of mental exercise, and serves to maintain the health and vigour of the soul."

"I faithfully promise both," cries Booth. And now the breakfast entered the room, as did soon after Amelia and Mrs. Atkinson.

The conversation ran chiefly on the masquerade; and Mrs. Atkinson gave an account of several adventures there; but whether she told the whole truth with regard to herself I will not determine, for, certain it is, she never once mentioned the name of the noble peer. Amongst the rest, she said there was a young fellow that had preached a sermon there upon a stool, in praise of adultery, she believed; for she could not get near enough to hear the particulars.

During that transaction Booth had been engaged with the blue domino in another room, so that he knew nothing of it; so that what Mrs. Atkinson had now said only brought to his mind the doctor's letter to colonel Bath, for to him he supposed it was written; and the idea of the colonel being a lover to Amelia struck him in so ridiculous a light, that it threw him into a violent fit of laughter.

The doctor, who, from the natural jealousy of an author, imputed the agitation of Booth's muscles to his own sermon or letter on that subject, was a little offended, and said, gravely, "I should be glad to know the reason of this immoderate mirth. Is adultery a matter of jest in your opinion?"

"Far otherwise," answered Booth. "But how is it possible to refrain from laughter at the idea of a fellow preaching a sermon in favour of it at such a place?"

"I am very sorry," cries the doctor, "to find the age is grown to so scandalous a degree of licentiousness, that we have thrown off not only virtue, but decency. How abandoned must be the manners of any nation where such insults upon religion and morality can be committed with impunity! No man is fonder of true wit and humour than myself; but to profane sacred things with jest and scoffing is a sure sign of a weak and a wicked mind. It is the very vice which Homer attacks in the odious character of Thersites. The ladies must excuse my repeating the passage to you, as I know you have Greek enough to understand it:—

"Ος ῥ' ἐπια φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἀκοσμά τε, πολλά τε ἤδη.
Μὰψ, ἀτὰρ ἠ κατὰ κόσμον ἰριζέμεναι βασιλεῦσιν,
Ἀλλ' ὅ, τι οἱ εὐσσητο γελοίιον Ἀργείοισιν
Ἔμμεναι.*

"And immediately adds,

——αἴσχιστος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθε.†

"Horace, again, describes such a rascal:

—— *Solutos*
Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis‡

"and says of him,

Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.§"

"O charming Homer!" said Mrs. Atkinson, "how much above all other writers!"

"I ask your pardon, madam," said the doctor; "I forgot you was a scholar; but, indeed, I did not know you understood Greek as well as Latin."

"I do not pretend," said she, "to be a critic in the Greek; but I think I am able to read a little of Homer, at least with the help of looking now and then into the Latin."

"Pray, madam," said the doctor, "how do you like this passage in the speech of Hector to Andromache:

——Εἰς οἶκον ἰοῦσα τὰ σαυτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε,
Ἱστόν τ' ἠλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε
Ἔργον ἐποίχεσθαι.‖

"Or how do you like the character of Hippodamia, who, by being the prettiest girl and the best workwoman of her age, got one of the best husbands in all Troy?—I think, indeed, Homer enumerates her discretion with her other qualifications; but I do not remember he gives us one character of a woman of learning.—Don't you conceive this to be a great omission in that charming poet? However, Juvenal makes you amends, for he talks very

* Thus paraphrased by Mr. Pope:

"Awed by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice, studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim."

† "He was the greatest scoundrel in the whole army."

‡ "Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating petulance the praise." FRANCIS

§ "This man is black; do thou, O Roman! shun this man."

‖ "Go home and mind your own business. Follow your spinning, and keep your maids to their work."

abundantly of the learning of the Roman ladies in his time."

"You are a provoking man, doctor," said Mrs. Atkinson; "where is the harm in a woman's having learning as well as a man?"

"Let me ask you another question," said the doctor. "Where is the harm in a man's being a fine performer with a needle as well as a woman? And yet, answer me honestly; would you greatly choose to marry a man with a thimble upon his finger? Would you in earnest think a needle became the hand of your husband as well as a halberd?"

"As to war, I am with you," said she. "Homer himself, I well remember, makes Hector tell his wife that warlike works—What is the Greek word—Pollemy—something—belonged to men only; and I readily agree to it. I hate a masculine woman, an Amazon, as much as you can do; but what is there masculine in learning?"

"Nothing so masculine, take my word for it. As for your Pollemy, I look upon it to be the true characteristic of a devil. So Homer everywhere characterises Mars."

"Indeed, my dear," cries the serjeant, "you had better not dispute with the doctor; for, upon my word, he will be too hard for you."

"Nay, I beg you will not interfere," cries Mrs. Atkinson; "I am sure you can be no judge in these matters."

At which the doctor and Booth burst into a loud laugh; and Amelia, though fearful of giving her friend offence, could not forbear a gentle smile.

"You may laugh, gentlemen, if you please," said Mrs. Atkinson; "but I thank Heaven I have married a man who is not jealous of my understanding. I should have been the most miserable woman upon earth with a starched pedant who was possessed of that nonsensical opinion that the difference of sexes causes any difference in the mind. Why don't you honestly avow the Turkish notion that women have no souls? for you say the same thing in effect."

"Indeed, my dear," cries the serjeant, greatly concerned to see his wife so angry, "you have mistaken the doctor."

"I beg, my dear," cried she, "you will say nothing upon these subjects—I hope you at least do not despise my understanding."

"I assure you, I do not," said the serjeant; "and I hope you will never despise mine; for a man may have some understanding, I hope, without learning."

Mrs. Atkinson reddened extremely at these words; and the doctor, fearing he had gone too far, began to soften matters, in which Amelia assisted him. By these means, the storm rising in Mrs. Atkinson before was in some measure laid, at least suspended from bursting at present; but it fell afterwards upon the poor serjeant's head in a torrent, who had learned perhaps one maxim from his trade, that a cannon-ball always doth mischief in proportion to the resistance it meets with, and that nothing so effectually deadens its force as a woolpack. The serjeant therefore bore all with patience; and the idea of a woolpack, perhaps, bringing that of a feather-bed into his head, he at last not only quieted his wife, but she cried out with great sincerity, "Well, my dear, I will say one thing for you, that I believe from my soul, though you have no learning, you have the best understanding of any man upon earth; and I must own I think the latter far the more profitable of the two."

Far different was the idea she entertained of the doctor, whom, from this day, she considered as a conceited pedant; nor could all Amelia's endeavours ever alter her sentiments

The doctor now took his leave of Booth and his wife for a week, he intending to set out within an hour or two with his old friend, with whom our readers were a little acquainted at the latter end of the ninth book, and of whom, perhaps, they did not then conceive the most favourable opinion.

Nay, I am aware that the esteem which some readers before had for the doctor may be here lessened; since he may appear to have been too easy a dupe to the gross flattery of the old gentleman. If there be any such critics, we are heartily sorry, as well for them as for the doctor; but it is our business to discharge the part of a faithful historian, and to describe human nature as it is, not as we would wish it to be.

CHAPTER V.

In which colonel Bath appears in great glory.

THAT afternoon, as Booth was walking in the Park, he met with colonel Bath, who presently asked him for the letter which he had given him the night before; upon which Booth immediately returned it.

"Don't you think," cries Bath, "it is writ with great dignity of expression and emphasis of—of—of judgment?"

"I am surprised, though," cries Booth, "that any one should write such a letter to you, colonel."

"To me!" said Bath. "What do you mean, sir? I hope you don't imagine any man durst write such a letter to me? d—n me, if I knew a man who thought me capable of debauching my friend's wife, I would——d—n me."

"I believe, indeed, sir," cries Booth, "that no man living dares put his name to such a letter; but you see it is anonymous."

"I don't know what you mean by ominous," cries the colonel; "but, blast my reputation, if I had received such a letter, if I would not have searched the world to have found the writer. D—n me, I would have gone to the East Indies to have pulled off his nose."

"He would, indeed, have deserved it," cries Booth. "But pray, sir, how came you by it?"

"I took it," said the colonel, "from a set of idle young rascals, one of whom was reading it out aloud upon a stool, while the rest were attempting to make a jest, not only of the letter, but of all decency, virtue, and religion. A set of fellows that you must have seen or heard of about town, that are, d—n me, a disgrace to the dignity of manhood; puppies that mistake noise and impudence, rudeness and profaneness, for wit. If the drummers of my company had not more understanding than twenty such fellows, I'd have them both whipped out of the regiment."

"So, then, you do not know the person to whom it was writ?" said Booth.

"Lieutenant," cries the colonel, "your question deserves no answer. I ought to take time to consider whether I ought not to resent the supposition. Do you think, sir, I am acquainted with a rascal?"

"I do not suppose, colonel," cries Booth, "that you would willingly cultivate an intimacy with such a person; but a man must have good luck who hath any acquaintance, if there are not some rascals among them."

"I am not offended with you, child," says the colonel. "I know you did not intend to offend me."

"No man, I believe, dares intend it," said Booth.

"I believe so too," said the colonel; "d—n me, I know it. But you know, child, how tender I am on this subject. If I had been ever married myself, I

should have cleft the man's skull who had dared look wantonly at my wife."

"It is certainly the most cruel of all injuries," said Booth. "How finely doth Shakspeare express it in his Othello!

"But there, where I had treasured up my soul."

"That Shakspeare," cries the colonel, "was a fine fellow. He was a very pretty poet indeed. Was it not Shakspeare that wrote the play about Hotspur? You must remember these lines. I got them almost by heart at the playhouse; for I never missed that play whenever it was acted, if I was in town:—

By Heav'n it was an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the full moon,
Or drive into the bottomless deep.

And—and—faith, I have almost forgot them; but I know it is something about saving your honour from drowning—O! it is very fine! I say, d—n me, the man that writ those lines was the greatest poet the world ever produced. There is dignity of expression and emphasis of thinking, d—n me."

Booth assented to the colonel's criticism, and then cried, "I wish, colonel, you would be so kind to give me that letter." The colonel answered, if he had any particular use for it he would give it him with all his heart, and presently delivered it; and soon afterwards they parted.

Several passages now struck all at once upon Booth's mind, which gave him great uneasiness. He became confident now that he had mistaken one colonel for another; and, though he could not account for the letter's getting into those hands from whom Bath had taken it (indeed James had dropped it out of his pocket), yet a thousand circumstances left him no room to doubt the identity of the person, who was a man much more liable to raise the suspicion of a husband than honest Bath, who would at any time have rather fought with a man than lain with a woman.

The whole behaviour of Amelia now rushed upon his memory. Her resolution not to take up her residence at the colonel's house, her backwardness even to dine there, her unwillingness to go to the masquerade, many of her unguarded expressions, and some where she had been more guarded, all joined together to raise such an idea in Mr. Booth, that he had almost taken a resolution to go and cut the colonel to pieces in his own house. Cooler thoughts, however, suggested themselves to him in time. He recollected the promise he had so solemnly made to the doctor. He considered, moreover, that he was yet in the dark as to the extent of the colonel's guilt. Having nothing, therefore, to fear from it, he contented himself to postpone a resentment which he nevertheless resolved to take of the colonel hereafter, if he found he was in any degree a delinquent.

The first step he determined to take was, on the first opportunity, to relate to colonel James the means by which he became possessed of the letter, and to read it to him; on which occasion, he thought he should easily discern by the behaviour of the colonel whether he had been suspected either by Amelia or the doctor without a cause; but as for his wife, he fully resolved not to reveal the secret to her till the doctor's return.

While Booth was deeply engaged by himself in these meditations, captain Trent came up to him, and familiarly slapped him on the shoulder.

They were soon joined by a third gentleman, and presently afterwards by a fourth, both acquaintances of Mr. Trent; and all having walked twice the length of the Mall together, it being now past nine in the evening, Trent proposed going to the tavern, to which the strangers immediately consented; and Booth himself, after some resistance, was at length persuaded to comply.

To the King's Arms then they went, where the bottle went very briskly round till after eleven; at which time Trent proposed a game at cards, to which proposal likewise Booth's consent was obtained, though not without much difficulty; for, though he had naturally some inclination to gaming, and had formerly a little indulged it, yet he had entirely left it off for many years.

Booth and his friend were partners, and had at first some success; but Fortune, according to her usual conduct, soon shifted about, and persecuted Booth with such malice, that in about two hours he was stripped of all the gold in his pocket, which amounted to twelve guineas, being more than half the cash which he was at that time worth.

How easy it is for a man who is at all tainted with the itch of gaming to leave off play in such a situation, especially when he is likewise heated with liquor, I leave to the gamesters to determine. Certain it is that Booth had no inclination to desist; but, on the contrary, was so eagerly bent on playing on, that he called his friend out of the room, and asked him for ten pieces, which he promised punctually to pay the next morning.

Trent chid him for using so much formality on the occasion. "You know," said he, "dear Booth, you may have what money you please of me. Here is a twenty-pound note at your service; and, if you want five times the sum, it is at your service. We will never let these fellows go away with our money in this manner; for we have so much the advantage, that if the knowing ones were here they would lay odds of our side."

But if this was really Mr. Trent's opinion, he was very much mistaken; for the other two honourable gentlemen were not only greater masters of the game, and somewhat soberer than poor Booth, having, with all the art in their power, evaded the bottle, but they had, moreover, another small advantage over their adversaries, both of them, by means of some certain private signs, previously agreed upon between them, being always acquainted with the principal cards in each other's hands. It cannot be wondered, therefore, that Fortune was on their side; for, however she may be reported to favour fools, she never, I believe, shows them any countenance when they engage in play with knaves.

The more Booth lost, the deeper he made his bets; the consequence of which was, that about two in the morning, besides the loss of his own money, he was fifty pounds indebted to Trent: a sum indeed, which he would not have borrowed, had not the other, like a very generous friend, pushed it upon him.

Trent's pockets became at last dry by means of these loans. His own loss, indeed, was trifling; for the stakes of the games were no higher than crowns, and betting (as it is called) was that to which Booth owed his ruin. The gentlemen, therefore, pretty well knowing Booth's circumstances, and being kindly unwilling to win more of a man than he was worth, declined playing any longer, nor did Booth once ask them to persist, for he was ashamed of the debt which he had already contracted to Trent, and very far from desiring to increase it.

The company then separated. The two victors and Trent went off in their chairs to their several houses near Grosvenor-square, and poor Booth, in a melancholy mood, walked home to his lodgings. He was, indeed, in such a fit of despair, that it more

than once came into his head to put an end to his miserable being.

But before we introduce him to Amelia we must do her the justice to relate the manner in which she spent this unhappy evening. It was about seven when Booth left her to walk in the Park; from this time till past eight she was employed with her children, in playing with them, in giving them their supper, and in putting them to bed.

When these offices were performed she employed herself another hour in cooking up a little supper for her husband, this being, as we have already observed, his favourite meal, as indeed it was her's; and, in a most pleasant and delightful manner, they generally passed their time at this season, though their fare was very seldom of the sumptuous kind.

It now grew dark, and her hashed mutton was ready for the table, but no Booth appeared. Having waited therefore for him a full hour, she gave him over for that evening; nor was she much alarmed at his absence, as she knew he was in a night or two to be at the tavern with some brother-officers; she concluded therefore that they had met in the park, and had agreed to spend this evening together.

At ten then she sat down to supper by herself, for Mrs. Atkinson was then abroad. And here we cannot help relating a little incident, however trivial it may appear to some. Having sat some time alone, reflecting on their distressed situation, her spirits grew very low; and she was once or twice going to ring the bell to send her maid for half-a-pint of white wine, but checked her inclination in order to save the little sum of sixpence, which she did the more resolutely as she had before refused to gratify her children with tarts for their supper from the same motive. And this self-denial she was very probably practising to save sixpence, while her husband was paying a debt of several guineas incurred by the ace of trumps being in the hands of his adversary.

Instead therefore of this cordial she took up one of the excellent Farquhar's comedies, and read it half through; when, the clock striking twelve, she retired to bed, leaving the maid to sit up for her master. She would, indeed, have much more willingly sat up herself, but the delicacy of her own mind assured her that Booth would not thank her for the compliment. This is, indeed, a method which some wives take of upbraiding their husbands for staying abroad till too late an hour, and of engaging them, through tenderness and good nature, never to enjoy the company of their friends too long when they must do this at the expense of their wives' rest.

To bed then she went, but not to sleep. Thrice indeed she told the dismal clock, and as often heard the more dismal watchman, till her miserable husband found his way home, and stole silently like a thief to bed to her; at which time, pretending then first to awake, she threw her snowy arms around him; though, perhaps, the more witty property of snow, according to Addison, that is to say its coldness, rather belonged to the poor captain.

CHAPTER VI.

Read, gamester, and observe.

Booth could not so well disguise the agitations of his mind from Amelia but that she perceived sufficient symptoms to assure her that some misfortune had befallen him. This made her in her turn so uneasy that Booth took notice of it, and after breakfast said, "Sure, my dear Emily, something hath fallen out to vex you."

Amelia, looking tenderly at him, answered, "Indeed, my dear, you are in the right; I am indeed extremely vexed." "For Heaven's sake," said he, "what is it?" "Nay, my love," cries she, "that you must answer yourself. Whatever it is which hath given you all that disturbance that you in vain endeavour to conceal from me, this it is which causes all my affliction."

"You guess truly, my sweet," replied Booth; "I am indeed afflicted, and I will not, nay I cannot, conceal the truth from you. I have undone myself, Amelia."

"What have you done, child?" said she, in some consternation; "pray, tell me."

"I have lost my money at play," answered he.

"Pugh!" said she, recovering herself,—"what signifies the trifle you had in your pocket? Resolve never to play again, and let it give you no farther vexation; I warrant you, we will contrive some method to repair such a loss."

"Thou heavenly angel! thou comfort of my soul!" cried Booth, tenderly embracing her; then starting a little from her arms, and looking with eager fondness in her eyes, he said, "Let me survey thee; art thou really human, or art thou not rather an angel in a human form? O, no," cried he, flying again into her arms, "thou art my dearest woman, my best, my beloved wife!"

Amelia, having returned all his caresses with equal kindness, told him she had near eleven guineas in her purse, and asked how much she should fetch him. "I would not advise you, Billy, to carry too much in your pocket, for fear it should be a temptation to you to return to gaming, in order to retrieve your past losses. Let me beg you, on all accounts, never to think more, if possible, on the trifle you have lost, any more than if you had never possessed it."

Booth promised her faithfully he never would, and refused to take any of the money. He then hesitated a moment, and cried—"You say, my dear, you have eleven guineas; you have a diamond ring, likewise, which was your grandmother's—I believe that it is worth twenty pounds; and your own and the child's watch are worth as much more."

"I believe they would sell for as much," cried Amelia; "for a pawnbroker of Mrs. Atkinson's acquaintance offered to lend me thirty-five pounds upon them when you was in your last distress. But why are you computing their value now?"

"I was only considering," answered he, "how much we could raise in any case of exigency."

"I have computed it myself," said she; "and I believe all we have in the world, besides our bare necessary apparel, would produce about sixty pounds: and suppose, my dear," said she, "while we have that little sum, we should think of employing it some way or other, to procure some small subsistence for ourselves and our family. As for your dependence on the colonel's friendship, it is all vain, I am afraid, and fallacious. Nor do I see any hopes you have from any other quarter, of providing for yourself again in the army. And though the sum which is now in your power is very small, yet we may possibly contrive with it to put ourselves into some mean way of livelihood. I have a heart, my Billy, which is capable of undergoing anything for your sake; and I hope my hands are as able to work as those which have been more inured to it. But think, my dear, think what must be our wretched condition, when the very little we now have is all mouldered away, as it will soon be in this town."

When poor Booth heard this, and reflected that the time which Amelia foresaw was already arrived,

(for that he had already lost every farthing they were worth,) it touched him to the quick; he turned pale, gnashed his teeth, and cried out, "Damnation! this is too much to hear."

Amelia was thrown into the utmost consternation by this behaviour; and, with great terror in her countenance, cried out, "Good Heavens! my dear love, what is the reason of this agony?"

"Ask me no questions," cried he, "unless you would drive me to madness."

"My Billy! my love!" said she, "what can be the meaning of this?—I beg you will deal openly with me, and tell me all your griefs."

"Have you dealt fairly with me, Amelia?" said he.

"Yes, surely," said she; "Heaven is my witness how fairly."

"Nay, do not call Heaven," cried he, "to witness a falsehood. You have not dealt openly with me, Amelia. You have concealed secrets from me; secrets which I ought to have known, and which, if I had known, it had been better for us both."

"You astonish me as much as you shock me," cried she. "What falsehood, what treachery have I been guilty of?"

"You tell me," said he, "that I can have no reliance on James; why did not you tell me so before?"

"I call Heaven again," said she, "to witness; nay, I appeal to yourself for the truth of it; I have often told you so. I have told you I disliked the man, notwithstanding the many favours he had done you. I desired you not to have too absolute a reliance upon him. I own I had once an extreme good opinion of him, but I changed it, and I acquainted you that I had so—"

"But not," cries he, "with the reasons why you had changed it."

"I was really afraid, my dear," said she, "of going too far. I knew the obligations you had to him; and if I suspected that he acted rather from vanity than true friendship—"

"Vanity!" cries he; "take care, Amelia: you know his motive to be much worse than vanity—a motive which, if he had piled obligations on me till they had reached the skies, would tumble all down to hell. It is in vain to conceal it longer—I know all—your confidant hath told me all."

"Nay, then," cries she, "on my knees I entreat you to be pacified, and hear me out. It was, my dear, for you, my dread of your jealous honour, and the fatal consequences."

"Is not Amelia, then," cried he, "equally jealous of my honour? Would she, from a weak tenderness for my person, go privately about to betray, to undermine the most invaluable treasure of my soul? Would she have me pointed at as the credulous dupe, the easy fool, the tame, the kind cuckold of a rascal, with whom I conversed as a friend?"

"Indeed you injure me," said Amelia. "Heaven forbid I should have the trial! but I think I could sacrifice all I hold most dear to preserve your honour. I think I have shown I can. But I will—when you are cool, I will—satisfy you I have done nothing you ought to blame."

"I am cool then," cries he; "I will with the greatest coolness hear you.—But do not think, Amelia, I have the least jealousy, the least suspicion, the least doubt of your honour. It is your want of confidence in me alone which I blame."

"When you are calm," cried she, "I will speak, and not before."

He assured her he was calm; and then she said, You have justified my conduct by your present passion, in concealing from you my suspicions; for they were no more, nay it is possible they were unjust; for since the doctor, in betraying the secret to you, hath so far falsified my opinion of him, why may I not be as well deceived in my opinion of the colonel, since it was only formed on some particulars in his behaviour which I disliked? for, upon my honour, he never spoke a word to me, nor hath ever been guilty of any direct action, which I could blame." She then went on, and related most of the circumstances which she had mentioned to the doctor, omitting one or two of the strongest, and giving such a turn to the rest, that, if Booth had not had some of Othello's blood in him, his wife would have almost appeared a prude in his eyes. Even he, however, was pretty well pacified by this narrative, and said he was glad to find a possibility of the colonel's innocence; but that he greatly commended the prudence of his wife, and only wished she would for the future make him her only confidant.

Amelia, upon that, expressed some bitterness against the doctor for breaking his trust; when Booth, in his excuse, related all the circumstances of the letter, and plainly convinced her that the secret had dropped by mere accident from the mouth of the doctor.

Thus the husband and wife became again reconciled, and poor Amelia generously forgave a passion of which the sagacious reader is better acquainted with the real cause than was that unhappy lady.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Booth receives a visit from captain Trent.

When Booth grew perfectly cool, and began to reflect that he had broken his word to the doctor, in having made the discovery to his wife which we have seen in the last chapter, that thought gave him great uneasiness; and now, to comfort him, captain Trent came to make him a visit.

This was, indeed, almost the last man in the world whose company he wished for; for he was the only man he was ashamed to see, for a reason well known to gamesters; among whom, the most dishonourable of all things is not to pay a debt, contracted at the gaming-table, the next day, or the next time at least that you see the party.

Booth made no doubt but that Trent was come on purpose to receive this debt; the latter had been therefore scarce a minute in the room before Booth began, in an awkward manner, to apologise; but Trent immediately stopped his mouth, and said, "I do not want the money, Mr. Booth, and you may pay it me whenever you are able; and, if you are never able, I assure you I will never ask you for it."

This generosity raised such a tempest of gratitude in Booth (if I may be allowed the expression), that the tears burst from his eyes, and it was some time before he could find any utterance for those sentiments with which his mind overflowed; but, when he began to express his thankfulness, Trent immediately stopped him, and gave a sudden turn to their discourse.

Mrs. Trent had been to visit Mrs. Booth on the masquerade evening, which visit Mrs. Booth had not yet returned. Indeed, this was only the second day since she had received it. Trent therefore now told his friend that he should take it extremely kind if he and his lady would waive all ceremony, and sup at their house the next evening. Booth hesitated a moment, but presently said, "I am pretty certain my wife is not engaged, and I will undertake for her. I am sure she will not refuse anything Mr. Trent can ask." And soon after Trent took Booth with him to walk in the Park.

There were few greater lovers of a bottle than Trent; he soon proposed therefore to adjourn to

the King's Arms tavern, where Booth, though much against his inclination, accompanied him. But Trent was very importunate, and Booth did not think himself at liberty to refuse such a request to a man from whom he had so lately received such obligations.

When they came to the tavern, however, Booth recollected the omission he had been guilty of the night before. He wrote a short note therefore to his wife, acquainting her that he should not come home to supper; but comforted her with a faithful promise that he would on no account engage himself in gaming.

The first bottle passed in ordinary conversation; but, when they had tapped the second, Booth, on some hints which Trent gave him, very fairly laid open to him his whole circumstances, and declared he almost despaired of mending them. "My chief relief," said he, "was in the interest of colonel James; but I have given up those hopes."

"And very wisely too," said Trent. "I say nothing of the colonel's good will. Very likely he may be your sincere friend; but I do not believe he hath the interest he pretends to. He hath had too many favours in his own family to ask any more yet a while. But I am mistaken if you have not a much more powerful friend than the colonel; one who is both able and willing to serve you. I dined at his table within these two days, and I never heard kinder nor warmer expressions from the mouth of man than he made use of towards you. I make no doubt you know whom I mean."

"Upon my honour I do not," answered Booth; "nor did I guess that I had such a friend in the word as you mention."

"I am glad then," cries Trent, "that I have the pleasure of informing you of it." He then named the noble peer who hath been already so often mentioned in this history."

Booth turned pale and started at his name. "I forgive you, my dear Trent," cries Booth, "for mentioning his name to me, as you are a stranger to what hath passed between us."

"Nay, I know nothing that hath passed between you," answered Trent. "I am sure, if there is any quarrel between you of two days' standing, all is forgiven on his part."

"D—n his forgiveness!" said Booth. "Perhaps I ought to blush at what I have forgiven."

"You surprise me!" cries Trent. "Pray what can be the matter?"

"Indeed, my dear Trent," cries Booth, very gravely, "he would have injured me in the tenderest part. I know not how to tell it you; but he would have dishonoured me with my wife."

"Sure, you are not in earnest!" answered Trent; "but, if you are, you will pardon me for thinking that impossible."

"Indeed," cries Booth, "I have so good an opinion of my wife as to believe it impossible for him to succeed; but that he should intend me the favour you will not, I believe, think an impossibility."

"Faith! not in the least," said Trent. "Mrs. Booth is a very fine woman; and, if I had the honour to be her husband, I should not be angry with any man for liking her."

"But you would be angry," said Booth, "with a man, who should make use of stratagems and contrivances to seduce her virtue; especially if he did this under the colour of entertaining the highest friendship for yourself."

"Not at all," cries Trent. "It is human nature."

"Perhaps it is," cries Booth; "but it is human nature depraved, stripped of all its worth, and loveliness, and dignity, and degraded down to a level with the vilest brutes."

"Look ye, Booth," cries Trent, "I would not be misunderstood. I think, when I am talking to you, I talk to a man of sense and to an inhabitant of this country, not to one who dwells in a land of saints. If you have really such an opinion as you express of this noble lord, you have the finest opportunity of making a complete fool and bubble of him that any man can desire, and of making your own fortune at the same time. I do not say that your suspicions are groundless; for, of all men upon earth I know, my lord is the greatest bubble to women, though I believe he hath had very few. And this I am confident of, that he hath not the least jealousy of these suspicions. Now, therefore, if you will act the part of a wise man, I will undertake that you shall make your fortune without the least injury to the chastity of Mrs. Booth."

"I do not understand you, sir," said Booth.

"Nay," cries Trent, "if you will not understand me, I have done. I meant only your service; and I thought I had known you better."

Booth begged him to explain himself. "If you can," said he, "show me any way to improve such circumstances as I have opened to you, you may depend on it I shall readily embrace it, and own my obligations to you."

"That is spoken like a man," cries Trent. "Why, what is it more than this? Carry your suspicions in your own bosom. Let Mrs. Booth, in whose virtue I am sure you may be justly confident, go to the public places; there let her treat my lord with common civility only; I am sure he will bite. And thus, without suffering him to gain his purpose, you will gain yours. I know several who have succeeded with him in this manner."

"I am very sorry, sir," cries Booth, "that you are acquainted with any such rascals. I do assure you, rather than I would act such a part, I would submit to the hardest sentence that fortune could pronounce against me."

"Do as you please, sir," said Trent; "I have only ventured to advise you as a friend. But do you not think your nicety is a little over-scrupulous?"

"You will excuse me, sir," said Booth; "but I think no man can be too scrupulous in points which concern his honour."

"I know many men of very nice honour," answered Trent, "who have gone much farther; and no man, I am sure, had ever a better excuse for it than yourself. You will forgive me, Booth, since what I speak proceeds from my love to you; nay, indeed, by mentioning your affairs to me, which I am heartily sorry for, you have given me a right to speak. You know best what friends you have to depend upon; but, if you have no other pretensions than your merit, I can assure you you would fail, if it was possible you could have ten times more merit than you have. And, if you love your wife, as I am convinced you do, what must be your condition in seeing her want the necessaries of life?"

"I know my condition is very hard," cries Booth; "but I have one comfort in it, which I will never part with, and that is innocence. As to the mere necessaries of life, however, it is pretty difficult to deprive us of them; this, I am sure of, no one can want them long."

"Upon my word, sir," cries Trent, "I did not know you had been so great a philosopher. But, believe me, these matters look much less terrible at a distance than when they are actually present. You will then find, I am afraid, that honour hath no

more skill in cookery than Shakspeare tells us it hath in surgery. D—n me if I don't wish his lordship loved my wife as well as he doth yours, I promise you I would trust her virtue; and, if he should get the better of it, I should have people of fashion enough to keep me in countenance."

Their second bottle being now almost out, Booth, without making any answer, called for a bill. Trent pressed very much the drinking another bottle, but Booth absolutely refused, and presently afterwards they parted, not extremely well satisfied with each other. They appeared, indeed, one to the other, in disadvantageous lights of a very different kind. Trent concluded Booth to be a very silly fellow, and Booth began to suspect that Trent was very little better than a scoundrel.

CHAPTER VIII.

Contains a letter and other matters.

We will now return to Amelia; to whom, immediately upon her husband's departure to walk with Mr. Trent, a porter brought the following letter, which she immediately opened and read:

"Madam,—The quick despatch which I have given to your first commands will I hope assure you of the diligence with which I shall always obey every command that you are pleased to honour me with. I have, indeed, in this trifling affair, acted as if my life itself had been at stake; nay, I know not but it may be so; for this insignificant matter, you was pleased to tell me, would oblige the charming person in whose power is not only my happiness, but, as I am well persuaded, my life too. Let me reap therefore some little advantage in your eyes, as you have in mine, from this trifling occasion; for, if anything could add to the charms of which you are mistress, it would be perhaps that amiable zeal with which you maintain the cause of your friend. I hope, indeed, she will be my friend and advocate with the most lively of her sex, as I think she hath reason, and as you was pleased to insinuate she had been. Let me beseech you, madam, let not that dear heart, whose tenderness is so inclined to compassionate the miseries of others, be hardened only against the sufferings which itself occasions. Let not that man alone have reason to think you cruel, who, of all others, would do the most to procure your kindness. How often have I lived over in my reflections, in my dreams, those two short minutes we were together! But, alas! how faint are these mimicries of the imagination! What would I not give to purchase the reality of such another blessing! This, madam, is in your power to bestow on the man who hath no wish, no will, no fortune, no heart, no life, but what are at your disposal. Grant me only the favour to be at lady ——'s assembly. You can have nothing to fear from indulging me with a moment's sight, a moment's conversation; I will ask no more. I know your delicacy, and had rather die than offend it. Could I have seen you sometimes, I believe the fear of offending you would have kept my love for ever buried in my own bosom; but, to be totally excluded even from the sight of what my soul dotes on is what I cannot bear. It is that alone which hath extorted the fatal secret from me. Let that obtain your forgiveness for me. I need not sign this letter otherwise than with that impression of my heart which I hope it bears; and, to conclude it in any form, no language hath words of devotion strong enough to tell you with what truth, what anguish, what zeal, what adoration I love you."

Amelia had just strength to hold out to the end, when her trembling grew so violent that she dropped the letter, and had probably dropped herself, had not Mrs. Atkinson come timely in to support her.

"Good Heavens!" cries Mrs. Atkinson, "what is the matter with you, madam?"

"I know not what is the matter," cries Amelia; "but I have received a letter at last from that infamous colonel."

"You will take my opinion again then, I hope, madam," cries Mrs. Atkinson. "But don't be so affected; the letter cannot eat you or run away with you. Here it lies, I see; will you give me leave to read it?"

"Read it with all my heart," cries Amelia; "and give me your advice how to act, for I am almost distracted."

"Heyday!" says Mrs. Atkinson, "here is a piece of parchment too—what is that?" In truth, this parchment had dropped from the letter when Amelia first opened it; but her attention was so fixed by the contents of the letter itself that she had never read the other. Mrs. Atkinson had now opened the parchment first; and, after a moment's perusal, the fire flashed from her eyes, and the blood flushed into her cheeks, and she cried out, in a rapture, "It is a commission for my husband! upon my soul, it is a commission for my husband!" and, at the same time, began to jump about the room in a kind of frantic fit of joy.

"What can be the meaning of all this?" cries Amelia, under the highest degree of astonishment.

"Do not I tell you, my dear madam," cries she, "that it is a commission for my husband? and can you wonder at my being overjoyed at what I know will make him so happy? And now it is all out. The letter is not from the colonel, but from that noble lord of whom I have told you so much. But, indeed, madam, I have some pardons to ask of you. However, I know your goodness, and I will tell you all."

"You are to know then, madam, that I had not been in the Opera-house six minutes before a masque came up, and, taking me by the hand, led me aside. I gave the masque my hand; and, seeing a lady at that time lay hold on captain Booth, I took that opportunity of slipping away from him; for though, by the help of the squeaking voice, and by attempting to mimic yours, I had pretty well disguised my own, I was still afraid, if I had much conversation with your husband, he would discover me. I walked therefore away with this masque to the upper end of the farthest room, where we sat down in a corner together. He presently discovered to me that he took me for you, and I soon after found out who he was; indeed, so far from attempting to disguise himself, he spoke in his own voice and in his own person. He now began to make very violent love to me, but it was rather in the style of a great man of the present age than of an Arcadian swain. In short, he laid his whole fortune at my feet, and bade me make whatever terms I pleased, either for myself or for others. By others, I suppose he meant your husband. This, however, put a thought into my head of turning the present occasion to advantage. I told him there were two kinds of persons, the fallaciousness of whose promises had become proverbial in the world. These were lovers, and great men. What reliance, then, could I have on the promise of one who united in himself both those characters? That I had seen a melancholy instance, in a very worthy woman of my acquaintance (meaning myself, madam), of his want of generosity. I said I knew the obligations that he had to this woman, and the injuries he had done her, all which I was convinced she forgave, for that she had said the handsomest things in the world of him to me. He answered that he thought he had not been deficient in generosity to this lady (for I explained to him whom I meant); but that indeed, if she had spoke well of him to me (meaning yourself, madam), he would not fail to reward her for such an obligation. I then told him she had married a very deserving man, who had served long in the army abroad as a private man, and who was a serjeant in the guards; that I knew it was so very easy for him to get him a commission, that I should not think he had any honour or goodness in the world if he neglected it. I declared this step must be a preliminary to any good opinion he must ever hope for of mine. I then professed the greatest friendship to that lady (in which I am convinced you will think me serious), and assured him he would give me one of

the highest pleasures in letting me be the instrument of doing her such a service. He promised me in a moment to do what you see, madam, he hath since done. And to you I shall always think myself indebted for it."

"I know not how you are indebted to me," cries Amelia. "Indeed, I am very glad of any good fortune that can attend poor Atkinson, but I wish it had been obtained some other way. Good Heavens! what must be the consequence of this? What must this lord think of me for listening to his mention of love? nay, for making any terms with him? for what must he suppose those terms mean? Indeed, Mrs. Atkinson, you carried it a great deal too far. No wonder he had the assurance to write to me in the manner he hath done. It is too plain what he conceives of me, and who knows what he may say to others? You may have blown up my reputation by your behaviour."

"How is that possible?" answered Mrs. Atkinson. "Is it not in my power to clear up all matters? If you will but give me leave to make an appointment in your name I will meet him myself, and declare the whole secret to him."

"I will consent to no such appointment," cries Amelia. "I am heartily sorry I ever consented to practice any deceit. I plainly see the truth of what Dr. Harrison hath often told me, that, if one steps ever so little out of the ways of virtue and innocence, we know not how we may slide, for all the ways of vice are a slippery descent."

"That sentiment," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "is much older than Dr. Harrison. *Omne vitium in proclivi est.*"

"However new or old it is, I find it is true," cries Amelia—"But, pray, tell me all, though I tremble to hear it."

"Indeed, my dear friend," said Mrs. Atkinson, "you are terrified at nothing—indeed, indeed, you are too great a prude."

"I do not know what you mean by prudery," answered Amelia. "I shall never be ashamed of the strictest regard to decency, to reputation, and to that honour in which the dearest of all human creatures hath his share. But, pray, give me the letter, there is an expression in it which alarmed me when I read it. Pray, what doth he mean by his two short minutes, and by purchasing the reality of such another blessing?"

"Indeed, I know not what he means by two minutes," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "unless he calls two hours so; for we were not together much less. And as for any blessing he had, I am a stranger to it. Sure, I hope you have a better opinion of me than to think I granted him the last favour."

"I don't know what favours you granted him, madam," answered Amelia, peevishly, "but I am sorry you granted him any in my name."

"Upon my word," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "you use me unkindly, and it is an usage I did not expect at your hands, nor do I know that I deserved it. I am sure I went to the masquerade with no other view than to oblige you, nor did I say or do anything there which any woman who is not the most confounded prude upon earth would have started at on a much less occasion than what induced me. Well, I declare upon my soul then, that, if I was a man, rather than be married to a woman who makes such a fuss with her virtue, I would wish my wife was without such a troublesome companion."

"Very possibly, madam, these may be your sentiments," cries Amelia, "and I hope they are the sentiments of your husband."

"I desire, madam," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "you would not reflect on my husband. He is as worthy a man and as brave a man as yours; yes, madam, and he is now as much a captain."

She spoke these words with so loud a voice, that Atkinson, who was accidentally going up stairs, heard them; and, being surprised at the angry tone of his wife's voice, he entered the room, and, with a look of much astonishment, begged to know what was the matter.

"The matter, my dear," cries Mrs. Atkinson "is, that I have got a commission for you, and your good old friend here is angry with me for getting it."

"I have not spirits enow," cries Amelia, "to answer you as you deserve; and, if I had, you are below my anger."

"I do not know, Mrs. Booth," answered the other, "whence this great superiority over me is derived; but, if your virtue gives it you, I would have you to know, madam, that I despise a prude as much as you can do a ——."

"Though you have several times," cries Amelia, "insulted me with that word, I scorn to give you any ill language in return. If you deserve any bad appellation, you know it, without my telling it you."

Poor Atkinson, who was more frightened than he had ever been in his life, did all he could to procure peace. He fell upon his knees to his wife, and begged her to compose herself; for indeed she seemed to be in a most furious rage.

While he was in this posture Booth, who had knocked so gently at the door, for fear of disturbing his wife, that he had not been heard in the tempest, came into the room. The moment Amelia saw him, the tears which had been gathering for some time, burst in a torrent from her eyes, which, however, she endeavoured to conceal with her handkerchief. The entry of Booth turned all in an instant into a silent picture, in which the first figure which struck the eyes of the captain was the serjeant on his knees to his wife.

Booth immediately cried, "What's the meaning of this?" but received no answer. He then cast his eyes towards Amelia, and, plainly discerning her condition, he ran to her, and in a very tender phrase begged to know what was the matter. To which she answered, "Nothing, my dear, nothing of any consequence." He replied that he would know, and then turned to Atkinson, and asked the same question.

Atkinson answered, "Upon my honour, sir, I know nothing of it. Something hath passed between madam and my wife; but what it is I know no more than your honour."

"Your wife," said Mrs. Atkinson, "hath used me cruelly ill, Mr. Booth. If you must be satisfied, that is the whole matter."

Booth rapped out a great oath, and cried, "It is impossible; my wife is not capable of using any one ill."

Amelia then cast herself upon her knees to her husband, and cried, "For Heaven's sake do not throw yourself into a passion—some few words have passed—perhaps I may be in the wrong."

"Damnation seize me if I think so!" cries Booth. "And I wish whoever hath drawn these tears from your eyes may pay it with as many drops of their heart's blood."

"You see, madam," cries Mrs. Atkinson, "you have your bully to take your part; so I suppose you will use your triumph."

Amelia made no answer, but still kept hold of Booth, who, in a violent rage, cried out, "My Amelia triumph over such a wretch as thee!—What

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can lead thy insolence to such presumption? Serjeant, I desire you'll take that mouster out of the room, or I cannot answer for myself."

The serjeant was beginning to beg his wife to retire (for he perceived very plainly that she had, as the phrase is, taken a sip too much that evening) when, with a rage little short of madness, she cried out, "And do you tamely see me insulted in such a manner, now that you are a gentleman, and upon a footing with him?"

"It is lucky for us all, perhaps," answered Booth, "that he is not my equal."

"You lie, sirrah," said Mrs. Atkinson; "he is every way your equal; he is as good a gentleman as yourself, and as much an officer. No, I retract what I say; he hath not the spirit of a gentleman, nor of a man neither, or he would not bear to see his wife insulted."

"Let me beg of you, my dear," cries the serjeant, "to go with me and compose yourself."

"Go with thee, thou wretch!" cries she, looking with the utmost disdain upon him: "no, nor ever speak to thee more." At which words she burst out of the room, and the serjeant, without saying a word, followed her.

A very tender and pathetic scene now passed between Booth and his wife, in which, when she was a little composed, she related to him the whole story. For, besides that it was not possible for her otherwise to account for the quarrel which he had seen, Booth was now possessed of the letter that lay on the floor.

Amelia, having emptied her mind to her husband, and obtained his faithful promise that he would not resent the affair to my lord, was pretty well composed, and began to relent a little towards Mrs. Atkinson; but Booth was so highly incensed with her, that he declared he would leave her house the next morning; which they both accordingly did, and immediately accommodated themselves with convenient apartments within a few doors of their friend the doctor.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing some things worthy observation.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exchange of his lodgings, Booth did not forget to send an excuse to Mr. Trent, of whose conversation he had taken a full surfeit the preceding evening.

That day in his walks Booth met with an old brother-officer, who had served with him at Gibraltar, and was on half-pay as well as himself. He had not, indeed, had the fortune of being broke with his regiment, as was Booth, but had gone out, as they call it, on half-pay as a lieutenant, a rank to which he had risen in five-and-thirty years.

This honest gentleman, after some discourse with Booth, desired him to lend him half-a-crown, which he assured him he would faithfully pay the next day, when he was to receive some money for his sister. The sister was the widow of an officer that had been killed in the sea-service; and she and her brother lived together, on their joint stock, out of which they maintained likewise an old mother and two of the sister's children, the eldest of which was about nine years old. "You must know," said the old lieutenant, "I have been disappointed this morning by an old scoundrel, who wanted fifteen per cent. for advancing my sister's pension; but I have now got an honest fellow who hath promised it me to-morrow at ten per cent."

"And enough too, of all conscience," cries Booth.

"Why, indeed, I think so too," answered the other; "considering it is sure to be paid one time or other. To say the truth, it is a little hard the government doth not pay those pensions better; for my sister's hath been due almost these two years; that is my way of thinking."

Booth answered he was ashamed to refuse him such a sum; but, "Upon my soul," said he, "I have not a single halfpenny in my pocket; for I am in a worse condition, if possible, than yourself; for I have lost all my money, and, what is worse, I owe Mr. Trent, whom you remember at Gibraltar, fifty pounds."

"Remember him! yes, d—n him! I remember him very well," cries the old gentleman, "though he will not remember me. He is grown so great now that he will not speak to his old acquaintance; and yet I should be ashamed of myself to be great in such a manner."

"What manner do you mean?" cries Booth, a little eagerly.

"Why, by pimping," answered the other; "he is pimp in ordinary to my lord——, who keeps his family; or how the devil he lives else I don't know, for his place is not worth three hundred pounds a year, and he and his wife spend a thousand at least. But she keeps an assembly, which, I believe, if you was to call a bawdy-house, you would not misname it. But d—n me if I had not rather be an honest man, and walk on foot, with holes in my shoes, as I do now, or go without a dinner, as I and all my family will to-day, than ride in a chariot and feast by such means. I am honest Bob Bound, and always will be; that's my way of thinking; and there's no man shall call me otherwise; for if he doth, I will knock him down for a lying rascal; that is my way of thinking."

"And a very good way of thinking too," cries Booth. "However, you shall not want a dinner to-day; for if you will go home with me, I will lend you a crown with all my heart."

"Lookee," said the old man, "if it be anywise inconvenient to you I will not have it; for I will never rob another man of his dinner to eat myself—that is my way of thinking."

"Pooh!" said Booth; "never mention such a trifle twice between you and me. Besides, you say you can pay it me to-morrow; and I promise you that will be the same thing."

They then walked together to Booth's lodgings, where Booth, from Amelia's pocket, gave his friend double the little sum he had asked. Upon which the old gentleman shook him heartily by the hand, and, repeating his intentions of paying him the next day, made the best of his way to a butcher's, whence he carried off a leg of mutton to a family that had lately kept Lent without any religious merit.

When he was gone Amelia asked her husband who that old gentleman was? Booth answered he was one of the scandals of his country; that the duke of Marlborough had about thirty years before made him an ensign from a private man for very particular merit; and that he had not long since gone out of the army with a broken heart, upon having several boys put over his head. He then gave her an account of his family, which he had heard from the old gentleman in their way to his house, and with which we have already in a concise manner acquainted the reader.

"Good Heavens!" cries Amelia; "what are our great men made of? are they in reality a distinct species from the rest of mankind? are they born without hearts?"

"One would, indeed, sometimes," cries Booth, "be inclined to think so. In truth, they have no perfect idea of those common distresses of mankind

which are far removed from their own sphere. Compassion, if thoroughly examined, will, I believe, appear to be the fellow-feeling only of men of the same rank and degree of life for one another, on account of the evils to which they themselves are liable. Our sensations are, I am afraid, very cold towards those who are at a great distance from us, and whose calamities can consequently never reach us."

"I remember," cries Amelia, "a sentiment of Dr. Harrison's, which he told me was in some Latin book; *I am a man myself, and my heart is interested in whatever can befal the rest of mankind.* That is the sentiment of a good man, and whoever thinks otherwise is a bad one."

"I have often told you, my dear Emily," cries Booth, "that all men, as well the best as the worst, act alike from the principle of self-love. Where benevolence therefore is the uppermost passion, self-love directs you to gratify it by doing good, and by relieving the distresses of others; for they are then in reality your own. But where ambition, avarice, pride, or any other passion, governs the man and keeps his benevolence down, the miseries of all other men affect him no more than they would a stock or a stone. And thus the man and his statue have often the same degree of feeling or compassion."

"I have often wished, my dear," cries Amelia, "to hear you converse with Dr. Harrison on this subject; for I am sure he would convince you, though I can't, that there are really such things as religion and virtue."

This was not the first hint of this kind which Amelia had given; for she sometimes apprehended from his discourse that he was little better than an atheist: a consideration which did not diminish her affection for him, but gave her great uneasiness. On all such occasions Booth immediately turned the discourse to some other subject; for, though he had in other points a great opinion of his wife's capacity yet, as a divine or a philosopher he did not hold her in a very respectable light, nor did he lay any great stress on her sentiments in such matters. He now, therefore, gave a speedy turn to the conversation, and began to talk of affairs below the dignity of this history.

BOOK XI.—CHAPTER I.

Containing a very polite scene.

We will now look back to some personages who, though not the principal characters in this history, have yet made too considerable a figure in it to be abruptly dropped: and these are colonel James and his lady.

This fond couple never met till dinner the day after the masquerade, when they happened to be alone together in an antechamber before the arrival of the rest of the company.

The conversation began with the colonel's saying, "I hope, madam, you got no cold last night at the masquerade." To which the lady answered by much the same question.

They then sat together near five minutes without opening their mouths to each other. At last Mrs. James said, "Pray, sir, who was that masque with you in the dress of a shepherdess? How could you expose yourself by walking with such a trollop in public; for certainly no woman of any figure would appear there in such a dress? You know, Mr. James, I never interfere with your affairs; but I would, methinks, for my own sake, if I was you, preserve a little decency in the face of the world."

"Upon my word," said James, "I do not know whom you mean. A woman in such a dress might speak to me for aught I know. A thousand people speak to me at a masquerade. But, I promise you, I spoke to no woman acquaintance there that I know of. Indeed, I now recollect there was a woman in a dress of a shepherdess; and there was another awkward thing in a blue domino that plagued me a little, but I soon got rid of them."

"And I suppose you do not know the lady in the blue domino neither?"

"Not I, I assure you," said James. "But pray, why do you ask me these questions? It looks so like jealousy."

"Jealousy!" cries she; "I jealous! no, Mr. James, I shall never be jealous, I promise you, especially of the lady in the blue domino; for, to my knowledge, she despises you of all the human race."

"I am heartily glad of it," said James; "for I never saw such a tall awkward monster in my life."

"That is a very cruel way of telling me you knew me."

"You, madam!" said James; "you were in a black domino."

"It is not so unusual a thing, I believe, you yourself know, to change dresses. I own I did it to discover some of your tricks. I did not think you could have distinguished the tall awkward monster well."

"Upon my soul," said James, "if it was you I did not even suspect it; so you ought not to be offended at what I have said ignorantly."

"Indeed, sir," cries she, "you cannot offend me by anything you can say to my face; no, by my soul, I despise you too much. But I wish, Mr. James, you would not make me the subject of your conversation amongst your wenches. I desire I may not be afraid of meeting them for fear of their insults; that I may not be told by a dirty trollop you make me the subject of your wit amongst them, of which, it seems, I am the favourite topic. Though you have married a tall awkward monster, Mr. James, I think she hath a right to be treated, as your wife, with respect at least: indeed, I shall never require any more; indeed, Mr. James, I never shall. I think a wife hath a title to that."

"Who told you this, madam?" said James.

"Your slut," said she; "your wench, your shepherdess."

"By all that's sacred!" cries James, "I do not know who the shepherdess was."

"By all that's sacred then," says she, "she told me so, and I am convinced she told me truth. But I do not wonder at your denying it; for that is equally consistent with honour as to behave in such a manner to a wife who is a gentlewoman. I hope you will allow me that, sir. Because I had not quite so great a fortune I hope you do not think me beneath you, or that you did me any honour in marrying me. I am come of as good a family as yourself, Mr. James; and if my brother knew how you treated me he would not bear it."

"Do you threaten me with your brother, madam?" said James.

"I will not be ill-treated, sir," answered she.

"Nor I neither, madam," cries he; "and therefore I desire you will prepare to go into the country to-morrow morning."

"Indeed, sir," said she, "I shall not."

"By heavens! madam, but you shall," answered he: "I will have my coach at the door to-morrow morning by seven; and you shall either go into it or be carried."

"I hope, sir, you are not in earnest," said she.

"Indeed, madam," answered he, "but I am in

earnest, and resolved; and into the country you go to-morrow."

"But why into the country," said she, "Mr. James? Why will you be so barbarous to deny me the pleasures of the town?"

"Because you interfere with my pleasures," cried James, "which I have told you long ago I would not submit to. It is enough for fond couples to have these scenes together. I thought we had been upon a better footing, and had cared too little for each other to become mutual plagues. I thought you had been satisfied with the full liberty of doing what you pleased."

"So I am; I defy you to say I have ever given you any uneasiness."

"How!" cries he; "have you not just now upbraided me with what you heard at the masquerade?"

"I own," said she, "to be insulted by such a creature to my face stung me to the soul. I must have had no spirit to bear the insults of such an animal. Nay, she spoke of you with equal contempt. Whoever she is, I promise you Mr. Booth is her favourite. But, indeed, she is unworthy any one's regard, for she behaved like an arrant dragoon."

"Hang her!" cries the colonel, "I know nothing of her."

"Well, but, Mr. James, I am sure you will not send me into the country. Indeed I will not go into the country."

"If you was a reasonable woman," cries James, "perhaps I should not desire it. And on one consideration—"

"Come, name your consideration," said she.

"Let me first experience your discernment," said he. "Come, Molly, let me try your judgment. Can you guess at any woman of your acquaintance that I like?"

"Sure," said she, "it cannot be Mrs. Booth!"

"And why not Mrs. Booth?" answered he. "Is she not the finest woman in the world?"

"Very far from it," replied she, "in my opinion."

"Pray what faults," said he, "can you find in her?"

"In the first place," cries Mrs. James, "her eyes are too large; and she hath a look with them that I don't know how to describe; but I know I don't like it. Then her eyebrows are too large; therefore, indeed, she doth all in her power to remedy this with her pincers; for if it was not for those her eyebrows would be preposterous. Then her nose, as well proportioned as it is, has a visible scar on one side. Her neck, likewise, is too protuberant for the genteel size, especially as she laces herself; for no woman, in my opinion, can be genteel who is not entirely flat before. And, lastly, she is both too short and too tall. Well, you may laugh, Mr. James, I know what I mean, though I cannot well express it: I mean that she is too tall for a pretty woman and too short for a fine woman. There is such a thing as a kind of insipid medium—a kind of something that is neither one thing nor another. I know not how to express it more clearly; but when I say such a one is a pretty woman, a pretty thing, a pretty creature, you know very well I mean a little woman; and when I say such a one is a very fine woman, a very fine person of a woman, to be sure I must mean a tall woman. Now a woman that is between both is certainly neither the one nor the other."

"Well, I own," said he, "you have explained yourself with great dexterity; but, with all these imperfections, I cannot help liking her."

"That you need not tell me, Mr. James," answered the lady, "for that I knew before you desired me to invite her to your house. And nevertheless, did not I, like an obedient wife, comply with your desires? did I make any objection to the party you proposed for the masquerade, though I knew very well your motive? what can the best of wives do more? to procure you success is not in my power; and, if I may give you my opinion, I believe you never will succeed with her."

"Is her virtue so very impregnable?" said he, with a sneer.

"Her virtue," answered Mrs. James, "hath the best guard in the world, which is a most violent love for her husband."

"All pretence and affectation," cries the colonel. It is impossible she should have so little taste, or indeed so little delicacy, as to like such a fellow."

"Nay, I do not much like him myself," said she. "He is not indeed at all such a sort of man as I should like; but I thought he had been generally allowed to be handsome."

"He handsome!" cries James. "What, with a nose like the proboscis of an elephant, with the shoulders of a porter, and the legs of a chairman? The fellow hath not in the least the look of a gentleman, and one would rather think he had followed a plough than the camp all his life."

"Nay, now I protest," said she, "I think you do him injustice. He is genteel enough in my opinion. It is true, indeed, he is not quite of the most delicate make; but, whatever he is, I am convinced she thinks him the finest man in the world."

"I cannot believe it," answered he peevishly; "but will you invite her to dinner here to-morrow?"

"With all my heart, and as often as you please," answered she. "But I have some favours to ask of you. First, I must hear no more of going out of town till I please."

"Very well," cries he.

"In the next place," said she, "I must have two hundred guineas within these two or three days."

"Well, I agree to that too," answered he.

"And when I do go out of town, I go to Tunbridge—I insist upon that; and from Tunbridge I go to Bath—positively to Bath. And I promise you faithfully I will do all in my power to carry Mrs. Booth with me."

"On that condition," answered he, "I promise you you shall go wherever you please. And, to show you I will even prevent your wishes by my generosity, as soon as I receive the five thousand pounds which I am going to take upon one of my estates, you shall have two hundred more."

She thanked him with a low curtsey; and he was in such good humour that he offered to kiss her. To this kiss she coldly turned her cheek, and then, flirting her fan, said, "Mr. James, there is one thing I forgot to mention to you—I think you intended to get a commission in some regiment abroad for this young man. Now, if you would take my advice, I know this will not oblige his wife; and, besides, I am positive she resolves to go with him. But, if you can provide for him in some regiment at home, I know she will dearly love you for it, and when he is ordered to quarters she will be left behind; and Yorkshire or Scotland, I think, is as good a distance as either of the Indies."

"Well, I will do what I can," answered James; "but I cannot ask anything yet; for I got two places of a hundred a year each for two of my footmen, within this fortnight."

At this instant a violent knock at the door signified the arrival of their company, upon which both husband and wife put on their best looks to receive their guests; and, from their behaviour to each

other during the rest of the day, a stranger might have concluded he had been in company with the fondest couple in the universe.

CHAPTER II.

Matters political.

Before we return to Booth we will relate a scene in which Dr. Harrison was concerned.

This good man, while in the country, happened to be in the neighbourhood of a nobleman of his acquaintance, and whom he knew to have very considerable interest with the ministers at that time.

The doctor, who was very well known to this nobleman, took this opportunity of paying him a visit in order to recommend poor Booth to his favour. Nor did he much doubt of his success, the favour he was to ask being a very small one, and to which he thought the service of Booth gave him so just a title.

The doctor's name soon gained him an admission to the presence of this great man, who, indeed, received him with much courtesy and politeness; not so much, perhaps, from any particular regard to the sacred function, nor from any respect to the doctor's personal merit, as from some considerations which the reader will perhaps guess anon. After many ceremonials, and some previous discourse on different subjects, the doctor opened the business, and told the great man that he was come to him to solicit a favour for a young gentleman who had been an officer in the army and was now on half-pay. "All the favour I ask, my lord," said he, "is, that this gentleman may be again admitted *ad eundem*. I am convinced your lordship will do me the justice to think I would not ask for a worthless person; but, indeed, the young man I mean hath very extraordinary merit. He was at the siege of Gibraltar, in which he behaved with distinguished bravery, and was dangerously wounded at two several times in the service of his country. I will add that he is at present in great necessity, and hath a wife and several children, for whom he hath no other means of providing; and, if it will recommend him farther to your lordship's favour, his wife, I believe, is one of the best and worthiest of all her sex."

"As to that, my dear doctor," cries the nobleman, "I shall make no doubt. Indeed any service I shall do the gentleman will be upon your account. As to necessity, it is the plea of so many that it is impossible to serve them all. And with regard to the personal merit of these inferior officers, I believe I need not tell you that it is very little regarded. But if you recommend him, let the person be what he will, I am convinced it will be done; for I know it is in your power at present to ask for a greater matter than this."

"I depend entirely upon your lordship," answered the doctor.

"Indeed, my worthy friend," replied the lord, "I will not take a merit to myself which will so little belong to me. You are to depend on yourself. It falls out very luckily too at this time, when you have it in your power so greatly to oblige us."

"What, my lord, is in my power?" cries the doctor.

"You certainly know," answered his lordship, "how hard colonel Trompington is run at your town in the election of a mayor; they tell me it will be a very near thing unless you join us. But we know it is in your power to do the business, and turn the scale. I heard your name mentioned the other day on that account, and I know you may have anything in reason if you will give us your interest."

"Sure, my lord," cries the doctor, "you are not in earnest in asking my interest for the colonel?"

"Indeed I am," answered the peer; "why should you doubt it?"

"For many reasons," answered the doctor. "First, I am an old friend and acquaintance of Mr. Fairfield, as your lordship, I believe, very well knows. The little interest, therefore, that I have, you may be assured, will go in his favour. Indeed, I do not concern myself deeply in these affairs, for I do not think it becomes my cloth so to do. But, as far as I think it decent to interest myself, it will certainly be on the side of Mr. Fairfield. Indeed, I should do so if I was acquainted with both the gentlemen only by reputation; the one being a neighbouring gentleman of a very large estate, a very sober and sensible man, of known probity and attachment to the true interest of his country; the other is a mere stranger, a boy, a soldier of fortune, and, as far as I can discern from the little conversation I have had with him, of a very shallow capacity, and no education."

"No education, my dear friend!" cries the nobleman. "Why, he hath been educated in half the courts of Europe."

"Perhaps so, my lord," answered the doctor; "but I shall always be so great a pedant as to call a man of no learning a man of no education. And, from my own knowledge, I can aver that I am persuaded there is scarce a foot-soldier in the army who is more illiterate than the colonel."

"Why, as to Latin and Greek, you know," replied the lord, "they are not much required in the army."

"It may be so," said the doctor. "Then let such persons keep their own profession. It is a very low civil capacity indeed for which an illiterate man can be qualified. And, to speak a plain truth, if your lordship is a friend to the colonel, you would do well to advise him to decline an attempt in which I am certain he hath no probability of success."

"Well, sir," said the lord, "if you are resolved against us, I must deal as freely with you, and tell you plainly I cannot serve you in your affair. Nay, it will be the best thing I can do to hold my tongue; for, if I should mention his name with your recommendation after what you have said, he would perhaps never get provided for as long as he lives."

"Is his own merit, then, my lord, no recommendation?" cries the doctor.

"My dear, dear sir," cries the other, "what is the merit of a subaltern officer?"

"Surely, my lord," cries the doctor, "it is the merit which should recommend him to the post of a subaltern officer. And it is a merit which will hereafter qualify him to serve his country in a higher capacity. And I do assure you of this young man, that he hath not only a good heart but a good head too. And I have been told by those who are judges that he is, for his age, an excellent officer."

"Very probably!" cries my lord. "And there are abundance with the same merit and the same qualifications who want a morsel of bread for themselves and their families."

"It is an infamous scandal on the nation," cries the doctor; "and I am heartily sorry it can be said even with a colour of truth."

"How can it be otherwise?" says the peer. "Do you think it is possible to provide for all men of merit?"

"Yes, surely do I," said the doctor, "and very easily too."

"How, pray?" cries the lord. "Upon my word, I shall be glad to know."

"Only by not providing for those who have none. The men of merit in any capacity are not, I am

afraid, so extremely numerous that we need starve any of them, unless we wickedly suffer a set of worthless fellows to eat their bread."

"This is all mere Utopia," cries his lordship; "the chimerical system of Plato's commonwealth, with which we amused ourselves at the university; politics which are inconsistent with the state of human affairs."

"Sure, my lord," cries the doctor, "we have read of states where such doctrines have been put in practice. What is your lordship's opinion of Rome in the earlier ages of the commonwealth, of Sparta, and even of Athens itself in some periods of its history?"

"Indeed, doctor," cries the lord, "all these notions are obsolete and long since exploded. To apply maxims of government drawn from the Greek and Roman histories to this nation is absurd and impossible. But, if you will have Roman examples, fetch them from those times of the republic that were most like our own. Do you not know, doctor, that this is as corrupt a nation as ever existed under the sun? And would you think of governing such a people by the strict principles of honesty and morality?"

"If it be so corrupt," said the doctor, "I think it is high time to amend it: or else it is easy to foresee that Roman and British liberty will have the same fate; for corruption in the body politic as naturally tends to dissolution as in the natural body."

"I thank you for your simile," cries my lord; "for, in the natural body, I believe, you will allow there is the season of youth, the season of manhood, and the season of old age; and that, when the last of these arrives, it will be an impossible attempt by all the means of art to restore the body again to its youth, or to the vigour of its middle age. The same periods happen to every great kingdom. In its youth it rises by arts and arms to power and prosperity. This it enjoys and flourishes with a while; and then it may be said to be in the vigour of its age, enriched at home with all the emoluments and blessings of peace, and formidable abroad with all the terrors of war. At length this very prosperity introduces corruption, and then comes on its old age. Virtue and learning, art and industry, decay by degrees. The people sink into sloth and luxury and prostitution. It is enervated at home—becomes contemptible abroad; and such indeed is its misery and wretchedness, that it resembles a man in the last decrepit stage of life, who looks with unconcern at his approaching dissolution."

"This is a melancholy picture indeed," cries the doctor; "and, if the latter part of it can be applied to our case, I see nothing but religion, which would have prevented this decrepit state of the constitution, should prevent a man of spirit from hanging himself out of the way of so wretched a contemplation."

"Why so?" said the peer; "why hang myself, doctor? Would it not be wiser, think you, to make the best of your time, and the most you can, in such a nation?"

"And is religion, then, to be really laid out of the question?" cries the doctor.

"If I am to speak my own opinion, sir," answered the peer, "you know I shall answer in the negative. But you are too well acquainted with the world to be told that the conduct of politicians is not formed upon the principles of religion."

"I am very sorry for it," cries the doctor; "but I will talk to them then of honour and honesty; this is a language which I hope they will at least pretend to understand. Now to deny a man the preferment which he merits, and to give it to another man who doth not merit it, is a manifest act of injustice, and is consequently inconsistent with both honour and honesty. Nor is it only an act of injustice to the man himself, but to the public, for whose good principally all public offices are, or ought to be, instituted. Now this good can never be completed nor obtained but by employing all persons according to their capacities. Wherever true merit is liable to be superseded by favour and partiality, and men are intrusted with offices without any regard to capacity or integrity, the affairs of that state will always be in a deplorable situation. Such, as Livy tells us, was the state of Capua a little before its final destruction, and the consequence your lordship well knows. But, my lord, there is another mischief which attends this kind of injustice, and that is, it hath a manifest tendency to destroy all virtue and all ability among the people, by taking away all that encouragement and incentive which should promote emulation and raise men to aim at excelling in any art, science, or profession. Nor can anything, my lord, contribute more to render a nation contemptible among its neighbours; for what opinion can other countries have of the councils, or what terror can they conceive of the arms of such a people? and it was chiefly owing to the avoiding of this error that Oliver Cromwell carried the reputation of England higher than it ever was at any other time. I will add only one argument more, and that is founded on the most narrow and selfish system of politics; and this is, that such a conduct is sure to create universal discontent and grumbling at home; for nothing can bring men to rest satisfied, when they see others preferred to them, but an opinion that they deserve that elevation; for, as one of the greatest men this country ever produced observes,

> One worthless man that gains what he pretends
> Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends.

With what heart-burnings then must any nation see themselves obliged to contribute to the support of a set of men of whose incapacity to serve them they are well apprised, and who do their country a double diskindness, by being themselves employed in posts to which they are unequal, and by keeping others out of those employments for which they are qualified!"

"And do you really think, doctor," cries the nobleman, "that any minister could support himself in this country upon such principles as you recommend? Do you think he would be able to baffle an opposition unless he should oblige his friends by conferring places often contrary to his own inclinations and his own opinion?"

"Yes, really do I," cries the doctor. "Indeed, if a minister is resolved to make good his confession in the liturgy, *by leaving undone all those things which he ought to have done, and by doing all those things which he ought not to have done*, such a minister, I grant, will be obliged to baffle opposition, as you are pleased to term it, by these arts; for, as Shakspeare somewhere says,

> Things ill begun strengthen themselves by ill.

But if, on the contrary, he will please to consider the true interest of his country, and that only in great and national points; if he will engage his country in neither alliances nor quarrels but where it is really interested; if he will raise no money but what is wanted, nor employ any civil or military officers but what are useful, and place in these employments men of the highest integrity, and of the greatest abilities; if he will employ some few of his hours to advance our trade, and some few more to regulate our domestic government; if he would do this, my lord, I will answer for it, he shall either have no

opposition to baffle, or he shall baffle it by a fair appeal to his conduct. Such a minister may, in the language of the law, put himself on his country when he pleases, and he shall come off with honour and applause."

"And do you really believe, doctor," cries the peer, "there ever was such a minister, or ever will be?"

"Why not, my lord?" answered the doctor. "It requires no very extraordinary parts, nor any extraordinary degree of virtue. He need practise no great instances of self-denial. He shall have power, and honour, and riches, and, perhaps, all in a much greater degree than he can ever acquire by pursuing a contrary system. He shall have more of each and much more of safety."

"Pray, doctor," said my lord, "let me ask you one simple question. Do you really believe any man upon earth was ever a rogue out of choice?"

"Really, my lord," says the doctor, "I am ashamed to answer in the affirmative; and yet I am afraid experience would almost justify me if I should. Perhaps the opinion of the world may sometimes mislead men to think those measures necessary which in reality are not so. Or the truth may be, that a man of good inclinations finds his office filled with such corruption by the iniquity of his predecessors, that he may despair of being capable of purging it; and so sits down contented, as Augeas did with the filth of his stables, not because he thought them the better, or that such filth was really necessary to a stable, but that he despaired of sufficient force to cleanse them."

"I will ask you one question more, and I have done," said the nobleman. "Do you imagine that if any minister was really as good as you would have him, that the people in general would believe that he was so?"

"Truly, my lord," said the doctor, "I think they may be justified in not believing too hastily. But I beg leave to answer your lordship's question by another. Doth your lordship believe that the people of Greenland, when they see the light of the sun and feel his warmth, after so long a season of cold and darkness, will really be persuaded that he shines upon them?"

My lord smiled at the conceit; and then the doctor took an opportunity to renew his suit, to which his lordship answered, "He would promise nothing, and could give him no hopes of success; but you may be assured," said he, with a leering countenance, "I shall do him all the service in my power." A language which the doctor well understood; and soon after took a civil, but not a very ceremonious leave.

CHAPTER III.

The history of Mr. Trent.

We will now return to Mr. Booth and his wife. The former had spent his time very uneasily ever since he had discovered what sort of man he was indebted too; but, lest he should forget it, Mr. Trent thought now proper to remind him in the following letter, which he read the next morning after he had put off the appointment.

"Sir,—I am sorry the necessity of my affairs obliges me to mention that small sum which I had the honour to lend you the other night at play; and which I shall be much obliged to you if you will let me have some time either to-day or to-morrow. I am, sir, your most obedient, most humble servant,

"George Trent."

This letter a little surprised Booth, after the genteel, and, indeed, as it appeared, generous behaviour of Trent. But lest it should have the same effect upon the reader, we will now proceed to account for this, as well as for some other phenomena that have appeared in this history, and which, perhaps, we shall be forgiven for not having opened more largely before.

Mr. Trent then was a gentleman possibly of a good family, for it was not certain whence he sprung on the father's side. His mother, who was the only parent he ever knew or heard of, was a single gentlewoman, and for some time carried on the trade of a milliner in Covent-garden. She sent her son, at the age of eight years old, to a charity-school, where he remained till he was of the age of fourteen, without making any great proficiency in learning. Indeed it is not very probable he should; for the master, who, in preference to a very learned and proper man, was chosen by a party into this school, the salary of which was upwards of a hundred pounds a-year, had himself never travelled through the Latin Grammar, and was, in truth, a most consummate blockhead.

At the age of fifteen Mr. Trent was put clerk to an attorney, where he remained a very short time before he took leave of his master; rather, indeed, departed without taking leave; and, having broke open his mother's escrutoire, and carried off with him all the valuable effects he there found, to the amount of about fifty pounds, he marched off to sea, and went on board a merchantman, whence he was afterwards pressed into a man of war.

In this service he continued above three years; during which time he behaved so ill in his moral character that he twice underwent a very severe discipline for thefts in which he was detected; but, at the same time, he behaved so well as a sailor in an engagement with some pirates, that he wiped off all former scores, and greatly recommended himself to his captain.

At his return home, he being then about twenty years of age, he found that the attorney had in his absence married his mother, had buried her, and secured all her effects, to the amount, as he was informed, of about fifteen hundred pounds. Trent applied to his stepfather, but to no purpose; the attorney utterly disowned him, nor would he suffer him to come a second time within his doors.

It happened that the attorney had, by a former wife, an only daughter, a great favourite, who was about the same age with Trent himself, and had, during his residence at her father's house, taken a very great liking to this young fellow, who was extremely handsome and perfectly well made. This her liking was not, during his absence, so far extinguished but that it immediately revived on his return. Of this she took care to give Mr. Trent proper intimation; for she was not one of those backward and delicate ladies who can die rather than make the first overture. Trent was overjoyed at this, and with reason, for she was a very lovely girl in her person, the only child of a rich father; and the prospect of so complete a revenge on the attorney charmed him above all the rest. To be as short in the matter as the parties, a marriage was soon consummated between them.

The attorney at first raged and was implacable; but at last fondness for his daughter so far overcame resentment that he advanced a sum of money to buy his son-in-law (for now he acknowledged him as such) an ensign's commission in a marching regiment then ordered to Gibraltar; at which place the attorney heartily hoped that Trent might be knocked on the head; for in that case he thought he might marry his daughter more agreeably to his own ambition and to her advantage.

The regiment into which Trent purchased was

the same with that in which Booth likewise served; the one being an ensign, and the other a lieuteuant, in the two additional companies.

Trent had no blemish in his military capacity. Though he had had but an indifferent education, he was naturally sensible and genteel, and Nature, as we have said, had given him a very agreeable person. He was likewise a very bold fellow, and, as he really behaved himself every way well enough while he was at Gibraltar, there was some degree of intimacy between him and Booth.

When the siege was over, and the additional companies were again reduced, Trent returned to his wife, who received him with great joy and affection. Soon after this an accident happened which proved the utter ruin of his father-in-law, and ended in breaking his heart. This was nothing but making a mistake pretty common at this day, of writing another man's name to a deed instead of his own. In truth this matter was no less than what the law calls forgery, and was just then made capital by an act of parliament. From this offence, indeed, the attorney was acquitted, by not admitting the proof of the party, who was to avoid his own deed by his evidence, and therefore no witness, according to those excellent rules called the law of evidence; a law very excellently calculated for the preservation of the lives of his majesty's roguish subjects, and most notably used for that purpose.

But though by common law the attorney was honourably acquitted, yet, as common sense manifested to every one that he was guilty, he unhappily lost his reputation, and of consequence his business; the chagrin of which latter soon put an end to his life.

This prosecution had been attended with a very great expense; for, besides the ordinary costs of avoiding the gallows by the help of the law, there was a very high article, of no less than a thousand pounds, paid down to remove out of the way a witness against whom there was no legal exception. The poor gentleman had besides suffered some losses in business; so that, to the surprise of all his acquaintance, when his debts were paid there remained no more than a small estate of fourscore pounds a-year, which he settled upon his daughter, far out of the reach of her husband, and about two hundred pounds in money.

The old gentleman had not long been in his grave before Trent set himself to consider seriously of the state of his affairs. He had lately begun to look on his wife with a much less degree of liking and desire than formerly; for he was one of those who think too much of one thing is good for nothing. Indeed, he had indulged these speculations so far, that I believe his wife, though one of the prettiest women in town, was the last subject that he would have chose for any amorous dalliance.

Many other persons, however, greatly differed from him in this opinion. Amongst the rest was the illustrious peer of amorous memory. This noble peer, having therefore got a view of Mrs. Trent one day in the street, did, by means of an emissary then with him, make himself acquainted with her lodging, to which he immediately laid siege in form, setting himself down in a lodging directly opposite to her, from whence the battery of ogles began to play the very next morning.

The siege had not continued long before the governor of the garrison became sufficiently apprised of all the works which were carrying on, and, having well reconnoitered the enemy, and discovered who he was, notwithstanding a false name and some disguise of his person, he called a council of war within his own breast. In fact, to drop all allegory, he began to consider whether his wife was not really a more valuable possession than he had lately thought her. In short, as he had been disappointed in her fortune, he now conceived some hopes of turning her beauty itself into a fortune.

Without communicating these views to her, he soon scraped an acquaintance with his opposite neighbour by the name which he there usurped, and counterfeited an entire ignorance of his real name and title. On this occasion Trent had his disguise likewise, for he affected the utmost simplicity; of which affectation, as he was a very artful fellow, he was extremely capable.

The peer fell plump into this snare; and when, by the simplicity, as he imagined, of the husband, he became acquainted with the wife, he was so extravagantly charmed with her person, that he resolved, whatever was the cost or the consequence, he would possess her.

His lordship, however, preserved some caution in his management of this affair; more, perhaps, than was necessary. As for the husband, none was requisite, for he knew all he could; and, with regard to the wife herself, as she had for some time perceived the decrease of her husband's affection (for few women are, I believe, to be imposed upon in that matter), she was not displeased to find the return of all that complaisance and endearment, of those looks and languishments, from another agreeable person, which she had formerly received from Trent, and which she now found she should receive from him no longer.

My lord, therefore, having been indulged with as much opportunity as he could wish from Trent, and having received rather more encouragement than he could well have hoped from the lady, began to prepare all matters for a storm, when luckily, Mr. Trent declaring he must go out of town for two days, he fixed on the first day of his departure as the time of carrying his design into execution.

And now, after some debate with himself in what manner he should approach his love, he at last determined to do it in his own person; for he conceived, and perhaps very rightly, that the lady, like Semele, was not void of ambition, and would have preferred Jupiter in all his glory to the same deity in the disguise of an humble shepherd. He dressed himself, therefore, in the richest embroidery of which he was master, and appeared before his mistress arrayed in all the brightness of peerage; a sight whose charms she had not the power to resist, and the consequences are only to be imagined. In short, the same scene which Jupiter acted with his abovementioned mistress of old was more than beginning when Trent burst from the closet into which he had conveyed himself, and unkindly interrupted the action.

His lordship presently ran to his sword; but Trent, with great calmness, answered, "That, as it was very well known he durst fight, he should not draw his sword on this occasion; for sure," says he, "my lord, it would be the highest imprudence in me to kill a man who is now become so considerably my debtor." At which words he fetched a person from the closet, who had been confined with him, telling him he had done his business, and might now, if he pleased, retire.

It would be tedious here to amuse the reader with all that passed on the present occasion; the rage and confusion of the wife, or the perplexity in which my lord was involved. We will omit therefore all such matters, and proceed directly to business, as Trent and his lordship did soon after. And in the conclusion my lord stipulated to pay a good round

sum, and to provide Mr. Trent with a good place on the first opportunity.

On the side of Mr. Trent were stipulated absolute remission of all past, and full indulgence for the time to come.

Trent now immediately took a house at the polite end of the town, furnished it elegantly, and set up his equipage, rigged out both himself and his wife with very handsome clothes, frequented all public places where he could get admission, pushed himself into acquaintance, and his wife soon afterwards began to keep an assembly, or, in the fashionable phrase, to be at home once a-week; when, by my lord's assistance, she was presently visited by most men of the first rank, and by all such women of fashion as are not very nice in their company.

My lord's amour with this lady lasted not long; for, as we have before observed, he was the most inconstant of all the human race. Mrs. Trent's passion was not however of that kind which leads to any very deep resentment of such fickleness. Her passion, indeed, was principally founded upon interest; so that foundation served to support another superstructure; and she was easily prevailed upon, as well as her husband, to be useful to my lord in a capacity which, though very often exerted in the polite world, hath not as yet, to my great surprise, acquired any polite name, or, indeed, any which is not too coarse to be admitted in this history.

After this preface, which we thought necessary to account for a character of which some of my country and collegiate readers might possibly doubt the existence, I shall proceed to what more immediately regards Mrs. Booth. The reader may be pleased to remember that Mr. Trent was present at the assembly to which Booth and his wife were carried by Mrs. James, and where Amelia was met by the noble peer.

His lordship, seeing there that Booth and Trent were old acquaintance, failed not, to use the language of sportsmen, to put Trent upon the scent of Amelia. For this purpose that gentleman visited Booth the very next day, and had pursued him close ever since. By his means, therefore, my lord learned that Amelia was to be at the masquerade, to which place she was dogged by Trent in a sailor's jacket, who, meeting my lord, according to agreement, at the entrance of the opera-house, like the four-legged gentlemen of the same vocation, made a dead point, as it is called, at the game.

My lord was so satisfied and delighted with his conversation at the masquerade with the supposed Amelia, and the encouragement which in reality she had given him, that, when he saw Trent the next morning, he embraced him with great fondness, gave him a bank note of a hundred pounds, and promised him both the Indies on his success, of which he began now to have no manner of doubt.

The affair that happened at the gaming-table was likewise a scheme of Trent's, on a hint given by my lord to him to endeavour to lead Booth into some scrape or distress; his lordship promising to pay whatever expense Trent might be led into by such means. Upon his lordship's credit, therefore, the money lent to Booth was really advanced. And hence arose all that seeming generosity and indifference as to the payment; Trent being satisfied with the obligation conferred on Booth, by means of which he hoped to effect his purpose.

But now the scene was totally changed; for Mrs. Atkinson, the morning after the quarrel, beginning seriously to recollect that she had carried the matter rather too far, and might really injure Amelia's reputation, a thought to which the warm pursuit of her own interest had a good deal blinded her at the time, resolved to visit my lord himself, and to let him into the whole story; for, as she had succeeded already in her favourite point, she thought she had not reason to fear any consequence of the discovery. This resolution she immediately executed.

Trent came to attend his lordship, just after Mrs. Atkinson had left him. He found the peer in a very ill humour, and brought no news to comfort or recruit his spirits; for he had himself just received a billet from Booth, with an excuse for himself and his wife, from accepting the invitation at Trent's house that evening, where matters had been previously concerted for their entertainment, and when his lordship was by accident to drop into the room where Amelia was, while Booth was to be engaged at play in another.

And now after much debate, and after Trent had acquainted my lord with the wretched situation of Booth's circumstances, it was resolved that Trent should immediately demand his money of Booth, and upon his not paying it, for they both concluded it impossible he should pay it, to put the note which Trent had for the money in suit against him, by the genteel means of paying it away to a nominal third person; and this they both conceived must end immediately in the ruin of Booth, and, consequently, in the conquest of Amelia.

In this project, and with this hope, both my lord and his setter, or (if the sportsmen please) setting-dog, both greatly exulted; and it was next morning executed, as we have already seen.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing some distress.

TRENT'S letter drove Booth almost to madness. To be indebted to such a fellow at any rate had stuck much in his stomach, and had given him very great uneasiness; but to answer this demand in any other manner than by paying the money, was absolutely what he could not bear. Again, to pay this money, he very plainly saw there was but one way; and this was, by stripping his wife, not only of every farthing, but almost of every rag she had in the world; a thought so dreadful that it chilled his very soul with horror: and yet pride, at last, seemed to represent this as the lesser evil of the two.

But how to do this was still a question. It was not sure, at least he feared it was not, that Amelia herself would readily consent to this; and so far from persuading her to such a measure, he could not bear even to propose it. At length his determination was to acquaint his wife with the whole affair, and to ask her consent, by way of asking her advice; for he was well assured she could find no other means of extricating him out of his dilemma. This he accordingly did, representing the affair as bad as he could; though, indeed, it was impossible for him to aggravate the real truth.

Amelia heard him patiently, without once interrupting him. When he had finished she remained silent some time: indeed, the shock she received from this story almost deprived her of the power of speaking. At last she answered, "Well, my dear, you ask my advice; I certainly can give you no other than that the money must be paid."

"But how must it be paid!" cries he. "O heavens! thou sweetest creature! what, not once upbraid me for bringing this ruin on thee!"

"Upbraid you, my dear!" says she—"Would to Heaven I could prevent your upbraiding yourself. But do not despair. I will endeavour by some means or other to get you the money.

"Alas! my dear love," cries Booth, "I know the only way by which you can raise it. How can

I consent to that? do you forget the fears you so lately expressed of what would be our wretched condition when our little all was mouldered away? O my Amelia! they cut my very heart-strings when you spoke then; for I had then lost this little all. Indeed, I assure you, I have not played since, nor ever will more."

"Keep that resolution," said she, "my dear, and I hope we shall yet recover the past."—At which words, casting her eyes on the children, the tears burst from her eyes, and she cried,—"Heaven will, I hope, provide for us."

A pathetic scene now ensued between the husband and wife, which would not, perhaps, please many readers to see drawn at too full a length. It is sufficient to say that this excellent woman not only used her utmost endeavours to stifle and conceal her own concern, but said and did everything in her power to allay that of her husband.

Booth was, at this time, to meet a person whom we have formerly mentioned in the course of our history. This gentleman had a place in the war-office, and pretended to be a man of great interest and consequence; by which means he did not only receive great respect and court from the inferior officers, but actually bubbled several of their money, by undertaking to do them services which, in reality, were not within his power. In truth, I have known few great men who have not been beset with one or more of such fellows as these, through whom the inferior part of mankind are obliged to make their court to the great men themselves; by which means, I believe, principally, persons of real merit have been often deterred from the attempt; for these subaltern coxcombs ever assume an equal state with their masters, and look for an equal degree of respect to be paid to them; to which men of spirit, who are in every light their betters, are not easily brought to submit. These fellows, indeed, themselves have a jealous eye towards all great abilities, and are sure, to the utmost of their power, to keep all who are so endowed from the presence of their masters. They use their masters as bad ministers have sometimes used a prince—they keep all men of merit from his ears, and daily sacrifice his true honour and interest to their own profit and their own vanity.

As soon as Booth was gone to his appointment with this man, Amelia immediately betook herself to her business with the highest resolution. She packed up, not only her own little trinkets, and those of the children, but the greatest part of her own poor clothes (for she was but barely provided), and then drove in a hackney-coach to the same pawnbroker's who had before been recommended to her by Mrs. Atkinson, who advanced her the money she desired.

Being now provided with her sum, she returned well pleased home, and her husband coming in soon after, she with much cheerfulness delivered him all the money.

Booth was so overjoyed with the prospect of discharging his debt to Trent, that he did not perfectly reflect on the distress to which his family was now reduced. The good-humour which appeared in the countenance of Amelia was, perhaps, another help to stifle those reflections; but, above all, were the assurances he had received from the great man, whom he had met at a coffee-house, and who had promised to do him all the service in his power; which several half-pay subaltern officers assured him was very considerable.

With this comfortable news he acquainted his wife, who either was, or seemed to be, extremely well pleased with it. And now he set out with the money in his pocket to pay his friend Trent, who unluckily for him happened not to be at home.

On his return home he met his old friend the lieutenant, who thankfully paid him his crown, and insisted on his going with him and taking part of a bottle. This invitation was so eager and pressing, that poor Booth, who could not resist much importunity, complied.

While they were over this bottle Booth acquainted his friend with the promises he had received that afternoon at the coffee-house, with which the old gentleman was very well pleased: "For I have heard," says he, "that gentleman hath very powerful interest;" but he informed him likewise that he had heard that the great man must be touched, for that he never did anything without touching. Of this, indeed, the great man himself had given some oblique hints, by saying, with great sagacity and slyness, that he knew where fifty pounds might be deposited to much advantage.

Booth answered that he would very readily advance a small sum if he had it in his power, but that at present it was not so, for that he had no more in the world than the sum of fifty pounds, which he owed Trent, and which he intended to pay him the next morning.

"It is very right, undoubtedly, to pay your debts," says the old gentleman; "but sure, on such an occasion, any man but the rankest usurer would be contented to stay a little while for his money; and it will be only a little while I am convinced; for, if you deposit this sum in the great man's hands, I make no doubt but you will succeed immediately in getting your commission; and then I will help you to a method of taking up such a sum as this." The old gentleman persisted in this advice, and backed it with every argument he could invent, declaring, as was indeed true, that he gave the same advice which he would pursue was the case his own.

Booth long rejected the opinion of his friend, till, as they had not argued with dry lips, he became heated with wine, and then at last the old gentleman succeeded. Indeed, such was his love, either for Booth or for his own opinion, and perhaps for both, that he omitted nothing in his power. He even endeavoured to palliate the character of Trent, and unsaid half what he had before said of that gentleman. In the end, he undertook to make Trent easy, and to go to him the very next morning for that purpose.

Poor Booth at last yielded, though with the utmost difficulty. Indeed, had he known quite as much of Trent as the reader doth, no motive whatsoever would have prevailed on him to have taken the old gentleman's advice.

CHAPTER V.

Containing more wormwood and other ingredients.

In the morning Booth communicated the matter to Amelia, who told him she would not presume to advise him in an affair of which he was so much the better judge.

While Booth remained in a doubtful state what conduct to pursue Bound came to make him a visit, and informed him that he had been at Trent's house, but found him not at home, adding that he would pay him a second visit that very day, and would not rest till he found him.

Booth was ashamed to confess his wavering resolution in an affair in which he had been so troublesome to his friend; he therefore dressed himself immediately, and together they both went to wait on the little great man, to whom Booth now hoped to pay his court in the most effectual manner.

Bound had been longer acquainted with the modern methods of business than Booth; he advised his friend, therefore, to begin with tipping (as it is called) the great man's servant. He did so, and by that means got speedy access to the master.

The great man received the money, not as a gudgeon doth a bait, but as a pike receives a poor gudgeon into his maw. To say the truth, such fellows as these may well be likened to that voracious fish, who fattens himself by devouring all the little inhabitants of the river. As soon as the great man had pocketed the cash he shook Booth by the hand, and told him he would be sure to slip no opportunity of serving him, and would send him word as soon as any offered.

Here I shall stop one moment, and so, perhaps, will my good-natured reader; for surely it must be a hard heart which is not affected with reflecting on the manner in which this poor little sum was raised, and on the manner in which it was bestowed. A worthy family, the wife and children of a man who had lost his blood abroad in the service of his country, parting with their little all, and exposed to cold and hunger, to pamper such a fellow as this!

And if any such reader as I mention should happen to be in reality a great man, and in power, perhaps the horror of this picture may induce him to put a final end to this abominable practice of touching, as it is called; by which, indeed, a set of leeches are permitted to suck the blood of the brave and the indigent, of the widow and the orphan.

Booth now returned home, where he found his wife with Mrs. James. Amelia had, before the arrival of her husband, absolutely refused Mrs. James's invitation to dinner the next day; but when Booth came in the lady renewed her application, and that in so pressing a manner, that Booth seconded her; for, though he had enough of jealousy in his temper, yet such was his friendship to the colonel, and such his gratitude to the obligations which he had received from him, that his own unwillingness to believe anything of him, co-operating with Amelia's endeavours to put everything in the fairest light, had brought him to acquit his friend of any ill design. To this, perhaps, the late affair concerning my lord had moreover contributed; for it seems to me that the same passion cannot much energise on two different objects at one and the same time: an observation which, I believe, will hold as true with regard to the cruel passions of jealousy and anger as to the gentle passion of love, in which one great and mighty object is sure to engage the whole passion.

When Booth grew importunate, Amelia answered, "My dear, I should not refuse you whatever was in my power; but this is absolutely out of my power; for since I must declare the truth, I cannot dress myself."

"Why so?" said Mrs. James. "I am sure you are in good health."

"Is there no other impediment to dressing but want of health, madam?" answered Amelia.

"Upon my word, none that I know of," replied Mrs. James.

"What do you think of want of clothes, madam?" said Amelia.

"Ridiculous!" cries Mrs. James, "What need have you to dress yourself out? You will see nobody but our own family, and I promise you I don't expect it. A plain night-gown will do very well."

"But if I must be plain with you, madam," said Amelia, "I have no other clothes but what I have now on my back. I have not even a clean shift in the world; for you must know, my dear," said she to Booth, "that little Betty is walked off this morning, and hath carried all my linen with her."

"How, my dear?" cries Booth; "little Betty robbed you?"

"It is even so," answered Amelia. Indeed, she spoke truth; for little Betty, having perceived the evening before that her mistress was moving her goods, was willing to lend all the assistance in her power, and had accordingly moved off early that morning, taking with her whatever she could lay her hands on.

Booth expressed himself with some passion on the occasion, and swore he would make an example of the girl. "If the little slut be above ground," cried he, "I will find her out, and bring her to justice."

"I am really sorry for this accident," said Mrs. James, "and (though I know not how to mention it) I beg you'll give me leave to offer you any linen of mine till you can make new of your own."

Amelia thanked Mrs. James, but declined the favour, saying, she should do well enough at home; and that, as she had no servant now to take care of her children, she could not, nor would not, leave them on any account.

"Then bring master and miss with you," said Mrs. James. "You shall positively dine with us to-morrow."

"I beg, madam, you will mention it no more," said Amelia; "for, besides the substantial reasons I have already given, I have some things on my mind at present which make me unfit for company; and I am resolved nothing shall prevail on me to stir from home."

Mrs. James had carried her invitation already to the very utmost limits of good breeding, if not beyond them. She desisted therefore from going any farther, and, after some short stay longer, took her leave, with many expressions of concern, which, however, great as it was, left her heart and her mouth together before she was out of the house.

Booth now declared that he would go in pursuit of little Betty, against whom he vowed so much vengeance, that Amelia endeavoured to moderate his anger by representing to him the girl's youth, and that this was the first fault she had ever been guilty of. "Indeed," says she, "I would be very glad to have my things again, and I should have the girl too punished in some degree, which might possibly be for her own good; but I tremble to think of taking away her life;" for Booth in his rage had swore he would hang her.

"I know the tenderness of your heart, my dear," said Booth, "and I love you for it; but I must beg leave to dissent from your opinion. I do not think the girl in any light an object of mercy. She is not only guilty of dishonesty but of cruelty; for she must know our situation, and the very little we had left. She is besides guilty of ingratitude to you, who have treated her with so much kindness, that you have rather acted the part of a mother than of a mistress. And, so far from thinking her youth an excuse, I think it rather an aggravation. It is true, indeed, there are faults which the youth of the party very strongly recommends to our pardon. Such are all those which proceed from carelessness and want of thought; but crimes of this black die, which are committed with deliberation, and imply a bad mind, deserve a more severe punishment in a young person than in one of riper years; for what must the mind be in old age which hath acquired such a degree of perfection in villany so very early? Such persons as these it is really a charity to the public to put out of society; and, indeed, a religious man would put them out of the world for the sake of themselves; for whoever understands anything of human nature must know

that such people, the longer they live, the more they will accumulate vice and wickedness."

"Well, my dear," cries Amelia, "I cannot argue with you on these subjects. I shall always submit to your superior judgment, and I know you too well to think that you will ever do anything cruel."

Booth then left Amelia to take care of her children, and went in pursuit of the thief.

CHAPTER VI.

A scene of the tragic kind.

He had not been long gone before a thundering knock was heard at the door of the house where Amelia lodged, and presently after a figure all pale, ghastly, and almost breathless, rushed into the room where she then was with her children.

This figure Amelia soon recognised to be Mrs. Atkinson, though indeed she was so disguised that at her first entrance Amelia scarce knew her. Her eyes were sunk in her head, her hair dishevelled, and not only her dress but every feature in her face was in the utmost disorder.

Amelia was greatly shocked at this sight, and the little girl was much frightened; as for the boy, he immediately knew her, and, running to Amelia, he cried, "La! mamma, what is the matter with poor Mrs. Atkinson?"

As soon as Mrs. Atkinson recovered her breath she cried out, "O, Mrs. Booth! I am the most miserable of women—I have lost the best of husbands."

Amelia, looking at her with all the tenderness imaginable, forgetting, I believe, that there had ever been any quarrel between them, said—"Good Heavens, madam, what's the matter?"

"O, Mrs. Booth!" answered she, "I fear I have lost my husband: the doctor says there is but little hope of his life. O, madam! however I have been in the wrong, I am sure you will forgive me and pity me. I am sure I am severely punished; for to that cursed affair I owe all my misery."

"Indeed, madam," cries Amelia, "I am extremely concerned for your misfortune. But pray tell me, hath anything happened to the serjeant?"

"O, madam!" cries she," I have the greatest reason to fear I shall lose him. The doctor hath almost given him over—he says he hath scarce any hopes. O, madam! that evening that the fatal quarrel happened between us my dear captain took it so to heart that he sat up all night and drank a whole bottle of brandy. Indeed, he said he wished to kill himself; for nothing could have hurt him so much in the world, he said, as to have any quarrel between you and me. His concern, and what he drank together, threw him into a high fever. So that, when I came home from my lord's—(for indeed, madam, I have been, and set all to rights—your reputation is now in no danger)—when I came home, I say, I found the poor man in a raving delirious fit, and in that he hath continued ever since till about an hour ago, when he came perfectly to his senses; but now he says he is sure he shall die, and begs for Heaven's sake to see you first. Would you, madam, would you have the goodness to grant my poor captain's desire? consider he is a dying man, and neither he nor I shall ever ask you a second favour. He says he hath something to say to you that he can mention to no other person, and that he cannot die in peace unless he sees you."

"Upon my word, madam," cries Amelia, "I am extremely concerned at what you tell me. I knew the poor serjeant from his infancy, and always had an affection for him, as I think him to be one of the best-natured and honestest creatures upon earth. I am sure if I could do him any service—but of what use can my going be?"

"Of the highest in the world," answered Mrs. Atkinson. "If you knew how earnestly he entreated it, how his poor breaking heart begged to see you, you would not refuse."

"Nay, I do not absolutely refuse," cries Amelia. "Something to say to me of consequence, and that he could not die in peace unless he said it! did he say that, Mrs. Atkinson?"

"Upon my honour he did," answered she, "and much more than I have related."

"Well, I will go with you," cries Amelia. "I cannot guess what this should be; but I will go."

Mrs. Atkinson then poured out a thousand blessings and thanksgivings; and, taking hold of Amelia's hand, and eagerly kissing it, cried out, "How could that fury passion drive me to quarrel with such a creature?"

Amelia told her she had forgiven and forgot it; and then, calling up the mistress of the house, and committing to her the care of the children, she cloked herself up as well as she could and set out with Mrs. Atkinson.

When they arrived at the house, Mrs. Atkinson said she would go first and give the captain some notice; for that, if Amelia entered the room unexpectedly, the surprise might have an ill effect. She left therefore Amelia in the parlour, and proceeded directly up stairs.

Poor Atkinson, weak and bad as was his condition, no sooner heard that Amelia was come than he discovered great joy in his countenance, and presently afterwards she was introduced to him.

Atkinson exerted his utmost strength to thank her for this goodness to a dying man (for so he called himself). He said he should not have presumed to give her this trouble, had he not had something which he thought of consequence to say to her, and which he could not mention to any other person. He then desired his wife to give him a little box, of which he always kept the key himself, and afterwards begged her to leave the room for a few minutes; at which neither she nor Amelia expressed any dissatisfaction.

When he was alone with Amelia he spoke as follows: "This, madam, is the last time my eyes will ever behold what—do pardon me, madam, I will never offend you more." Here he sunk down in his bed, and the tears gushed from his eyes.

"Why should you fear to offend me, Joe?" said Amelia. "I am sure you never did anything willingly to offend me."

"No, madam," answered he, "I would die a thousand times before I would have ventured it in the smallest matter. But—I cannot speak—and yet I must. You cannot pardon me, and yet, perhaps, as I am a dying man, and never shall see you more—indeed, if I was to live after this discovery, I should never dare to look you in the face again; and yet, madam, to think I shall never see you more is worse than ten thousand deaths."

"Indeed, Mr. Atkinson," cries Amelia, blushing, and looking down on the floor, "I must not hear you talk in this manner. If you have anything to say, tell it me, and do not be afraid of my anger; for I think I may promise to forgive whatever it was possible you should do."

"Here then, madam," said he, "is your picture; I stole it when I was eighteen years of age, and have kept it ever since. It is set in gold, with three little diamonds; and yet I can truly say it was not the gold nor the diamonds which I stole—it was that face; which, if I had been the emperor of the world—"

"I must not hear any more of this," said she. "Comfort yourself, Joe, and think no more of this matter. Be assured, I freely and heartily forgive you—But pray compose yourself; come, let me call in your wife."

"First, madam, let me beg one favour," cried he: "consider it is the last, and then I shall die in peace—let me kiss that hand before I die."

"Well, nay," says she. "I don't know what I am doing—well—there." She then carelessly gave him her hand, which he put gently to his lips, and then presently let it drop, and fell back in the bed.

Amelia now summoned Mrs. Atkinson, who was indeed no farther off than just without the door. She then hastened down stairs, and called for a great glass of water, which having drank off, she threw herself into a chair, and the tears ran plentifully from her eyes with compassion for the poor wretch she had just left in his bed.

To say the truth, without any injury to her chastity, that heart, which had stood firm as a rock to all the attacks of title and equipage, of finery and flattery, and which all the treasures of the universe could not have purchased, was yet a little softened by the plain, honest, modest, involuntary, delicate, heroic passion of this poor and humble swain; for whom, in spite of herself, she felt a momentary tenderness and complacence, at which Booth, if he had known it, would perhaps have been displeased.

Having staid some time in the parlour, and not finding Mrs. Atkinson come down, (for indeed her husband was then so bad she could not quit him,) Amelia left a message with the maid of the house for her mistress, purporting that she should be ready to do anything in her power to serve her, and then left the house with a confusion on her mind that she had never felt before, and which any chastity that is not hewn out of marble must feel on so tender and delicate an occasion.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Mr. Booth meets with more than one adventure.

Booth, having hunted about for two hours, at last saw a young lady in a tattered silk gown stepping out of a shop in Monmouth-street into a hackney-coach. This lady, notwithstanding the disguise of her dress, he presently discovered to be no other than little Betty.

He instantly gave the alarm of stop thief, stop coach! upon which Mrs. Betty was immediately stopped in her vehicle, and Booth and his myrmidons laid hold of her.

The girl no sooner found that she was seized by her master than the consciousness of her guilt overpowered her; for she was not yet an experienced offender, and she immediately confessed her crime.

She was then carried before a justice of peace, where she was searched, and there was found in her possession four shillings and sixpence in money, besides the silk gown, which was indeed proper furniture for rag-fair, and scarce worth a single farthing, though the honest shopkeeper in Monmouth-street had sold it for a crown to this simple girl.

The girl, being examined by the magistrate, spoke as follows:—"Indeed, sir, an't please your worship, I am very sorry for what I have done; and to be sure, an't please your honour, my lord, it must have been the devil that put me upon it; for to be sure, please your majesty, I never thought upon such a thing in my whole life before, any more than I did of my dying-day; but, indeed, sir, an't please your worship—"

She was running on in this manner when the justice interrupted her, and desired her to give an account of what she had taken from her master, and what she had done with it.

'Indeed, an't please your majesty," said she, "I took no more than two shifts of madam's, and I pawned them for five shillings, which i gave for the gown that's upon my back; and as for the money in my pocket, it is every farthing of it my own. I am sure I intended to carry back the shifts too as soon as ever I could get money to take them out."

The girl having told them where the pawnbroker lived, the justice sent to him, to produce the shifts, which he presently did; for he expected that a warrant to search his house would be the consequence of his refusal.

The shifts being produced, on which the honest pawnbroker had lent five shillings, appeared plainly to be worth above thirty; indeed, when new they had cost much more: so that, by their goodness as well as by their size, it was certain they could not have belonged to the girl. Booth grew very warm against the pawnbroker. "I hope, sir," said he to the justice, "there is some punishment for this fellow likewise, who so plainly appears to have known that these goods were stolen. The shops of these fellows may indeed be called the fountains of theft; for it is in reality the encouragement which they meet with from these receivers of their goods that induces men very often, to become thieves, so that these deserve equal if not severer punishment than the thieves themselves."

The pawnbroker protested his innocence, and denied the taking in the shifts. Indeed, in this he spoke truth, for he had slipped into an inner room, as was always his custom on these occasions, and left a little boy to do the business; by which means he had carried on the trade of receiving stolen goods for many years with impunity, and had been twice acquitted at the Old Bailey, though the juggle appeared upon the most manifest evidence.

As the justice was going to speak he was interrupted by the girl, who, falling upon her knees to Booth, with many tears begged his forgiveness.

"Indeed, Betty," cries Booth, "you do not deserve forgiveness; for you know very good reasons why you should not have thought of robbing your mistress, particularly at this time. And what farther aggravates your crime is, that you have robbed the best and kindest mistress in the world. Nay, you are not only guilty of felony, but of a felonious breach of trust, for you know very well everything your mistress had was intrusted to your care."

Now it happened, by very great accident, that the justice before whom the girl was brought understood the law. Turning therefore to Booth, he said, "Do you say, sir, that this girl was intrusted with the shifts?"

"Yes, sir," said Booth, "she was intrusted with everything."

"And will you swear that the goods stolen," said the justice, "are worth forty shillings?"

"No, indeed, sir," answered Booth, "nor that they are worthy thirty either."

"Then, sir," cries the justice, "the girl cannot be guilty of felony."

"How, sir," said Booth, "is it not a breach of trust? and is not a breach of trust felony, and the worst felony too?"

"No, sir," answered the justice; "a breach of trust is no crime in our law, unless it be in a servant; and then the act of parliament requires the goods taken to be of the value of forty shillings."

"So then a servant," cries Booth, "may rob his master of thirty-nine shillings whenever he pleases, and he can't be punished."

"If the goods are under his care, he can't," cries the justice.

"I ask your pardun, sir," says Booth. "I do not douht what you say; hut sure this is a very extraordinary law."

"Perhaps I think so too," said the justice; "hut it helongs not to my office to make or to meud laws. My husiness is only to execute them. If thereforo the case he as you say, I must discharge the girl."

"I hope, however, you will punish the pawnhroker," cries Booth.

"If the girl is discharged," cries the justice, "so must he the pawnhroker; for, if the goods are not stolen, he cannot be guilty of receiving them knowing them to be stolen. And, hesides, as to his offence, to say the truth, I am almost weary of prosecuting it; for such are the difficulties laid in the way of this prosecution, that it is almost impossihle to convict any one on it. And, to speak my opinion plainly, such are the laws, and such the method of proceeding, that one would almost think our laws were rather made for the protectiou of rogues than for the punishment of them."

Thus euded this examination: the thief and the receiver went about their husiness, and Booth departed iu order to go home to his wife.

In his way home Booth was met hy a lady in a chair, who, immediately upon seeing him, stopped her chair, bolted out of it, and, going directly up to him, said, "So, Mr. Booth, you have kept your word with me."

This lady was no other than Miss Matthews, and the speech she meant was of a promise made to her at the masquerade of visiting her within a day or two; which, whether he ever intended to keep I cannot say, hut, in truth, the several accidents that had since happened to him had so discomposed his mind that he had absolutely forgot it.

Booth, however, was too sensible and too well-hred to make the excuse of forgetfulness to a lady; nor could he readily find any other. While he stood therefore hesitating, and looking not over-wise, Miss Matthews said, "Well, sir, since hy your confusion I see you have some grace left, I will pardon you on one condition, and that is that you will sup with me this night. But, if you fail me now, expect all the revenge of an injured woman." She then hound herself hy a most outrageous oath that she would complain to his wife—"And I am sure," says she, "she is so much a woman of honour as to do me justice. And, though I miscarried in my first attempt, be assured I will take care of my second."

Booth asked what she meant hy her first attempt; to which she answered that she had already writ his wife an account of his ill-usage of her, hut that she was pleased it had miscarried. She then repeated her asseveration that she would now do it effectually if he disappointed her.

This threat she reckoned wonld most certainly terrify poor Booth; and, indeed, she was not mistaken; for I believe it would have been impossible, hy any other menace or by any other means, to have brought him once even to balance in his mind on this question. But hy this threat she prevailed; and Booth promised, upon his word and honour, to come to her at the hour she appointed. After which she took leave of him with a squeeze of the hand, and a smiling countenance, and walked back to her chair.

But, however she might be pleased with having ohtained this promise, Booth was far from heing delighted with the thoughts of having given it. He looked, indeed, upon the consequences of this meeting with horror; but, as to the consequence which was so apparently intended hy the lady, he resolved against it. At length he came to this determination, to go according to his appointment, to argue the matter with the lady, and to convince her, if possible, that, from a regard to his honour only he must discontinue her acquaintance. If this failed to satisfy her, and she still persisted in her threats to acquaint his wife with the affair, he then resolved, whatever pain it cost him, to communicate the whole truth himself to Amelia, from whose goodness he doubted not hut to obtain an absolute remission.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Amelia appears in a light more amiable than gay.

We will now return to Amelia, whom we left in some perturhation of mind departing from Mrs. Atkinsou.

Though she had before walked through the streets in a very improper dress with Mrs. Atkiuson, sha was unwilling, especially as she was alone, to return in the same manner. Indeed, she was scarce ahle to walk in her present condition; for the case of poor Atkinson had much affected her tender heart, and her eyes had overflown with many tears.

It occurred likewise to her at preseut that she had not a single shilling in her pocket or at home to provide food for herself and her family. In this situation she resolved to go immediately to the pawnhroker whither she had gone hefore, and to deposit her picture for what she could raise upon it. She then immediately took a chair and put her design in execution.

The intrinsic value of the gold in which this picture was set, and of the little diamonds which surrounded it, amounted to nine guineas. This therefore was advanced to her, and the prettiest face in the world (such is often the fate of heauty) was deposited, as of no value, into the hargain.

When she came home she found the following letter from Mrs. Atkinson:—

"My dearest Madam,—As I know your goodness, I could not delay a moment acquainting you with the happy turn of my affairs since you went. The doctor, on his return to visit my husband, has assured me that the captain was on the recovery, and in very little danger; and I really think he is since mended. I hope to wait on you soon with better news. Heaven bless you, dear madam! and believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, your most obliged, obedient, humble servant,

"Atkinson."

Amelia was really pleased with this letter; and now, it being past four o'clock, she despaired of seeing her husband till the evening. She thereforo provided some tarts for her children, and then, eating nothing hut a slice of hread and butter herself, she hegan to prepare for the captain's supper.

There were two things of which her husband was particularly fond, which, though it may hring the simplicity of his taste into great contempt with some of my readers, I will venture to name. These were a fowl and egg sauce and mutton hroth; both which Amelia immediately purchased.

As soon as the clock struck seven the good creature went dowu into the kitchen, and began to exercise her talents in cookery, of which she was a great mistress, as she was of every economical office from the highest to the lowest; and, as no woman could outshine her in a drawing-room, so none could make the drawing-room itself shine hrighter than Amelia. And, if I may speak a bold truth, I question whether it he possihle to view this fine creature in a more amiahle light than while she was dressing her husband's supper, with her little children playing round her.

It was now half an hour past eight, and the meat almost ready, the tahle likewise neatly spread with materials borrowed from her landlady, and she hegan to grow a little uneasy at Booth's not returning;

when a sudden knock at the door roused her spirits, and she cried, "There, my dear, there is your good papa;" at which words she darted swiftly up stairs and opened the door to her husband.

She desired her husband to walk up to the dining-room, and she would come to him in an instant; for she was desirous to increase his pleasure by surprising him with his two favourite dishes. She then went down again to the kitchen, where the maid of the house undertook to send up the supper, and she with her children returned to Booth.

He then told her concisely what had happened with relation to the girl—to which she scarce made any answer, but asked him if he had not dined? He assured her he had not ate a morsel the whole day. "Well," says she, "my dear, I am a fellow-sufferer; but we shall both enjoy our supper the more; for I have made a little provision for you, as I guessed what might be the case. I have got you a bottle of wine too. And here is a clean cloth and a smiling countenance, my dear Will. Indeed, I am in unusual good spirits to-night, and I have made a promise to the children, which you must confirm; I have promised to let them sit up this one night to supper with us.—Nay, don't look so serious: cast off all uneasy thoughts, I have a present for you here—no matter how I came by it."—At which words she put eight guineas into his hand, crying, "Come, my dear Bill, be gay—Fortune will yet be kind to us—at least let us be happy this night. Indeed, the pleasures of many women during their whole lives will not amount to my happiness this night if you will be in good humour."

Booth fetched a deep sigh, and cried, "How unhappy am I, my dear, that I can't sup with you to-night!"

As in the delightful month of June, when the sky is all serene, and the whole face of nature looks with a pleasing and smiling aspect, suddenly a dark cloud spreads itself over the hemisphere, the sun vanishes from our sight, and every object is obscured by a dark and horrid gloom; so happened it to Amelia: the joy that had enlightened every feature disappeared in a moment; the lustre forsook her shining eyes, and all the little loves that played and wantoned in her cheeks hung their drooping heads, and with a faint trembling voice she repeated her husband's words, "Not sup with me to-night, my dear!"

"Indeed, my dear," answered he, "I cannot. I need not tell you how uneasy it makes me, or that I am as much disappointed as yourself; but I am engaged to sup abroad. I have absolutely given my honour; and besides, it is on business of importance."

"My dear," said she, "I say no more. I am convinced you would not willingly sup from me. I own it is a very particular disappointment to me to-night, when I had proposed unusual pleasure; but the same reason which is sufficient to you ought to be so to me."

Booth made his wife a compliment on her ready compliance, and then asked her what she intended by giving him that money, or how she came by it?

"I intend, my dear," said she, "to give it you; that is all. As to the manner in which I came by it, you know, Billy, that is not very material. You are well assured I got it by no means which would displease you; and, perhaps, another time I may tell you."

Booth asked no farther questions; but he returned it her, and insisted on her taking all but one guinea, saying she was the safest treasurer. He then promised her to make all the haste home in his power, and he hoped, he said, to be with her in an hour and half at farthest, and then took his leave.

When he was gone the poor disappointed Amelia sat down to supper with her children, with whose company she was forced to console herself for the absence of her husband.

CHAPTER IX.

A very tragic scene.

The clock had struck eleven, and Amelia was just proceeding to put her children to bed, when she heard a knock at the street-door; upon which the boy cried out, "There's papa, mamma; pray let me stay and see him before I go to bed." This was a favour very easily obtained; for Amelia instantly ran down stairs, exulting in the goodness of her husband for returning so soon, though half an hour was already elapsed beyond the time in which he promised to return.

Poor Amelia was now again disappointed; for it was not her husband at the door, but a servant with a letter for him, which he delivered into her hands. She immediately returned up stairs, and said—"It was not your papa, my dear; but I hope it is one who hath brought us some good news." For Booth had told her that he hourly expected to receive such from the great man, and had desired her to open any letter which came to him in his absence.

Amelia therefore broke open the letter, and read as follows:

"Sir,—After what hath passed between us, I need only tell you that I know you supped this very night alone with Miss Matthews: a fact which will upbraid you sufficiently, without putting me to that trouble, and will very well account for my desiring the favour of seeing you to-morrow in Hyde-park at six in the morning. You will forgive me reminding you once more how inexcusable this behaviour is to you, who are possessed in your own wife of the most inestimable jewel. Yours, &c. "T. James.

"I shall bring pistols with me."

It is not easy to describe the agitation of Amelia's mind when she read this letter. She threw herself into her chair, turned as pale as death, began to tremble all over, and had just power enough left to tap the bottle of wine, which she had hitherto preserved entire for her husband, and to drink off a large bumper.

The little boy perceived the strange symptoms which appeared in his mother; and running to her, he cried, "What's the matter, my dear mamma? you don't look well!—No harm hath happened to poor papa, I hope—Sure that bad man hath not carried him away again?"

Amelia answered, "No, child, nothing—nothing at all." And then a large shower of tears came to her assistance, which presently after produced the same in the eyes of both the children.

Amelia, after a short silence, looking tenderly at her children, cried out, "It is too much, too much to bear. Why did I bring these little wretches into the world? why were these innocents born to such a fate?" She then threw her arms round them both (for they were before embracing her knees), and cried, "O my children! my children! forgive me, my babes! Forgive me that I have brought you into such a world as this! You are undone—my children are undone!"

The little boy answered with great spirit, "How undone, mammy? my sister and I don't care a farthing for being undone. Don't cry so upon our accounts—we are both very well; indeed we are. But do pray tell us. I am sure some accident hath happened to poor papa."

"Mention him no more," cries Amelia: "your

papa is—Indeed he is a wicked man—he cares not for any of us. O Heavens! is this the happiness I promised myself this evening?" At which words she fell into an agony, holding both her children in her arms.

The maid of the house now entered the room, with a letter in her hand which she had received from a porter, whose arrival the reader will not wonder to have been unheard by Amelia in her present condition.

The maid, upon her entrance into the room, perceiving the situation of Amelia, cried out, "Good Heavens! madam, what's the matter?" Upon which Amelia, who had a little recovered herself after the last violent vent of her passion, started up and cried, "Nothing, Mrs. Susan—nothing extraordinary. I am subject to these fits sometimes; but I am very well now. Come, my dear children, I am very well again; indeed I am. You must now go to bed; Mrs. Susan will be so good as to put you to bed."

"But why doth not papa love us?" cries the little boy. "I am sure we have none of us done anything to disoblige him."

This innocent question of the child so stung Amelia that she had the utmost difficulty to prevent a relapse. However, she took another dram of wine; for so it might be called to her, who was the most temperate of women, and never exceeded three glasses on any occasion. In this glass she drank her children's health, and soon after so well soothed and composed them that they went quietly away with Mrs. Susan.

The maid, in the shock she had conceived at the melancholy, indeed frightful scene, which had presented itself to her at her first coming into the room, had quite forgot the letter which she held in her hand. However, just at her departure she recollected it, and delivered it to Amelia, who was no sooner alone than she opened it, and read as follows:

"My dearest, sweetest Love,—I write this from the bailiff's house where I was formerly, and to which I am again brought at the suit of that villain Trent. I have the misfortune to think I owe this accident (I mean that it happened to-night) to my own folly in endeavouring to keep a secret from you—O my dear! had I had resolution to confess my crime to you, your forgiveness would, I am convinced, have cost me only a few blushes, and I had now been happy in your arms. Fool that I was, to leave you on such an account, and to add to a former transgression a new one!—Yet, by Heavens! I mean not a transgression of the like kind; for of that I am not nor ever will be guilty; and when you know the true reason of my leaving you to-night I think you will pity rather than upbraid me. I am sure you would if you knew the compunction with which I left you to go to the most worthless, the most infamous. Do guess the rest—guess that crime with which I cannot stain my paper——but still believe me no more guilty than I am, or, if it will lessen your vexation at what hath befallen me, believe me as guilty as you please, and think me, for a while at least, as undeserving of you as I think myself. This paper and pen are so bad, I question whether you can read what I write; I almost doubt whether I wish you should. Yet this I will endeavour to make as legible as I can. Be comforted, my dear love, and still keep up your spirits with the hopes of better days. The doctor will be in town to-morrow, and I trust on his goodness for my delivery once more from this place, and that I shall soon be able to repay him. That Heaven may bless and preserve you is the prayer of, my dearest love, your ever fond, affectionate, and hereafter faithful husband, "W. Booth."

Amelia pretty well guessed the obscure meaning of this letter, which, though at another time it might have given her unspeakable torment, was at present rather of the medicinal kind, and served to allay her anguish. Her anger to Booth too began a little to abate, and was softened by her concern for his misfortune. Upon the whole, however, she passed a miserable and sleepless night, her gentle mind torn and distracted with various and contending passions, distressed with doubts, and wandering in a kind of twilight which presented her only objects of different degrees of horror, and where black despair closed at a small distance the gloomy prospect.

BOOK XII.—CHAPTER I.

The book begins with polite history.

Before we return to the miserable couple whom we left at the end of the last book we will give our reader the more cheerful view of the gay and happy family of colonel James.

Mrs. James, when she could not, as we have seen, prevail with Amelia to accept that invitation which, at the desire of the colonel, she had so kindly and obediently carried her, returned to her husband and acquainted him with the ill success of her embassy; at which, to say the truth, she was almost as much disappointed as the colonel himself; for he had not taken a much stronger liking to Amelia than she herself had conceived for Booth. This will account for some passages which may have a little surprised the reader in the former chapters of this history, as we were not then at leisure to communicate to them a hint of this kind; it was, indeed, on Mr. Booth's account that she had been at the trouble of changing her dress at the masquerade.

But her passions of this sort, happily for her, were not extremely strong; she was therefore easily balked; and, as she met with no encouragement from Booth, she soon gave way to the impetuosity of Miss Matthews, and from that time scarce thought more of the affair till her husband's design against the wife revived her's likewise; insomuch that her passion was at this time certainly strong enough for Booth to produce a good hearty hatred for Amelia, whom she now abused to the colonel in, very gross terms, both on the account of her poverty and her insolence, for so she termed the refusal of all her offers.

The colonel, seeing no hopes of soon possessing his new mistress, began, like a prudent and wise man, to turn his thoughts towards the securing his old one. From what his wife had mentioned concerning the behaviour of the shepherdess, and particularly her preference of Booth, he had little doubt but that this was the identical Miss Matthews. He resolved therefore to watch her closely, in hopes of discovering Booth's intrigue with her. In this, besides the remainder of affection which he yet preserved for that lady, he had another view, as it would give him a fair pretence to quarrel with Booth; who, by carrying on this intrigue, would have broke his word and honour given to him. And he began now to hate poor Booth heartily, from the same reason from which Mrs. James had contracted her aversion to Amelia.

The colonel therefore employed an inferior kind of pimp to watch the lodgings of Miss Matthews, and to acquaint him if Booth, whose person was known to the pimp, made any visit there.

The pimp faithfully performed his office, and, having last night made the wished-for discovery, immediately acquainted his master with it.

Upon this news the colonel presently despatched to Booth the short note which we have before seen. He sent it to his own house instead of Miss Matthews's, with hopes of that very accident which actually did happen. Not that he had any ingredient of the bully in him, and desired to be prevented from fighting, but with a prospect of injuring Booth in the affection and esteem of Amelia, and of recommending himself somewhat to her by appearing in the light of her champion; for which purpose he added that compliment to Amelia in his letter. He concluded upon the whole that, if Booth himself opened the letter, he would certainly meet him

the next morning; but if his wife should open it before he came home it might have the effect before mentioned; and, for his future expostulation with Booth, it would not be in Amelia's power to prevent it.

Now it happened that this pimp had more masters than one. Amongst these was the worthy Mr. Trent, for whom he had often done business of the pimping vocation. He had been employed indeed in the service of the great peer himself, under the direction of the said Trent, and was the very person who had assisted the said Trent in dogging Booth and his wife to the opera-house on the masquerade night.

This subaltern pimp was with his superior Trent yesterday morning, when he found a bailiff with him in order to receive his instructions for the arresting Booth, when the bailiff said it would be a very difficult matter to take him, for that to his knowledge he was as shy a cock as any in England. The subaltern immediately acquainted Trent with the business in which he was employed by the colonel; upon which Trent enjoined him the moment he had set him to give immediate notice to the bailiff, which he agreed to, and performed accordingly.

The bailiff, on receiving this notice, immediately set out for his stand at an alehouse within three doors of Miss Matthews's lodgings; at which, unfortunately for poor Booth, he arrived a very few minutes before Booth left that lady in order to return to Amelia.

These were several matters of which we thought necessary our reader should be informed; for, besides that it conduces greatly to a perfect understanding of all history, there is no exercise of the mind of a sensible reader more pleasant than the tracing the several small and almost imperceptible links in every chain of events by which all the great actions of the world are produced. We will now in the next chapter proceed with our history.

CHAPTER II.

In which Amelia visits her husband.

Amelia, after much anxious thinking, in which she sometimes flattered herself that her husband was less guilty than she had at first imagined him, and that he had some good excuse to make for himself (for, indeed, she was not so able as willing to make one for him), at length resolved to set out for the bailiff's castle. Having therefore strictly recommended the care of her children to her good landlady, she sent for a hackney-coach, and ordered the coachman to drive to Gray's-inn-lane.

When she came to the house, and asked for the captain, the bailiff's wife, who came to the door, guessing, by the greatness of her beauty and the disorder of her dress, that she was a young lady of pleasure, answered surlily, "Captain! I do not know of any captain that is here, not I!" For this good woman was, as well as dame Purgante in Prior, a bitter enemy to all whores, especially to those of the handsome kind; for some such she suspected to go shares with her in a certain property to which the law gave her the sole right.

Amelia replied she was certain that captain Booth was there. "Well, if he is so," cries the bailiff's wife, "you may come into the kitchen if you will, and he shall be called down to you if you have any business with him." At the same time she muttered something to herself, and concluded a little more intelligibly, though still in a muttering voice, that she kept no such house.

Amelia, whose innocence gave her no suspicion of the true cause of this good woman's sullenness, was frightened, and began to fear she knew not what. At last she made a shift to totter into the kitchen, when the mistress of the house asked her, "Well, madam, who shall I tell the captain wants to speak with him?"

"I ask your pardon, madam," cries Amelia; "in my confusion I really forgot you did not know me—tell him, if you please, that I am his wife."

"And are you indeed his wife, madam?" cries Mrs. Bailiff, a little softened.

"Yes, indeed, and upon my honour," answers Amelia.

"If this be the case," cries the other, "you may walk up stairs if you please. Heaven forbid I should part man and wife! Indeed, I think they can never be too much together. But I never will suffer any bad doings in my house, nor any of the town ladies to come to gentlemen here."

Amelia answered that she liked her the better: for, indeed, in her present disposition, Amelia was as much exasperated against wicked women as the virtuous mistress of the house, or any other virtuous woman could be.

The bailiff's wife then ushered Amelia up stairs, and, having unlocked the prisoner's doors, cried, "Captain, here is your lady, sir, come to see you." At which words Booth started up from his chair, and caught Amelia in his arms, embracing her for a considerable time with so much rapture, that the bailiff's wife, who was an eye-witness of this violent fondness, began to suspect whether Amelia had really told her truth. However, she had some little awe of the captain; and, for fear of being in the wrong, did not interfere, but shut the door and turned the key.

When Booth found himself alone with his wife, and had vented the first violence of his rapture in kisses and embraces, he looked tenderly at her, and cried, "Is it possible, Amelia, is it possible you can have this goodness to follow such a wretch as me to such a place as this—or do you come to upbraid me with my guilt, and to sink me down to that perdition I so justly deserve?"

"Am I so given to upbraiding then?" says she, in a gentle voice; "have I ever given you occasion to think I would sink you to perdition?"

"Far be it from me, my love, to think so," answered he. "And yet you may forgive the utmost fears of an offending, penitent sinner. I know, indeed, the extent of your goodness, and yet I know my guilt so great—"

"Alas! Mr. Booth," said she, "what guilt is this which you mention, and which you writ to me of last night?—Sure, by your mentioning to me so much, you intend to tell me more,—nay, indeed, to tell me all; and not leave my mind open to suspicions perhaps ten times worse than the truth."

"Will you give me a patient hearing?" said he.

"I will indeed," answered she; "nay, I am prepared to hear the worst you can unfold; nay, perhaps, the worst is short of my apprehensions."

Booth then, after a little further apology, began and related to her the whole that had passed between him and Miss Matthews, from their first meeting in the prison to their separation the preceding evening. All which, as the reader knows it already, it would be tedious and unpardonable to transcribe from his mouth. He told her likewise all that he had done and suffered to conceal his transgression from her knowledge. This he assured her was the business of his visit last night, the consequence of which was, he declared in the most solemn manner, no other than an absolute quarrel with Miss Matthews, of whom he had taken a final leave.

When he had ended his narration, Amelia, after a short silence, answered, "Indeed, I firmly believe every word you have said, but I cannot now forgive you the fault you have confessed; and my reason is—because I have forgiven it long ago. Here, my dear," said she, "is an instance that I am likewise capable of keeping a secret."—She then delivered her husband a letter which she had some time ago received from Miss Matthews, and which was the same which that lady had mentioned, and supposed, as Booth had never heard of it, that it had miscarried; for she sent it by the penny-post. In this letter, which was signed by a feigned name, she had acquainted Amelia with the infidelity of her husband, and had besides very greatly abused him; taxing him with many falsehoods, and, among the rest, with having spoken very slightingly and disrespectfully of his wife.

Amelia never shined forth to Booth in so amiable and great a light; nor did his own unworthiness ever appear to him so mean and contemptible as at this instant. However, when he had read the letter, he uttered many violent protestations to her, that all which related to herself was absolutely false.

"I am convinced it is," said she. "I would not have a suspicion of the contrary for the world. I assure you I had, till last night revived it in my memory, almost forgot the letter; for, as I well knew from whom it came, by her mentioning obligations which she had conferred on you, and which you had more than once spoken to me of, I made large allowances for the situation you was then in; and I was the more satisfied, as the letter itself, as well as many other circumstances, convinced me the affair was at an end."

Booth now uttered the most extravagant expressions of admiration and fondness that his heart could dictate, and accompanied them with the warmest embraces. All which warmth and tenderness she returned; and tears of love and joy gushed from both their eyes. So ravished indeed were their hearts, that for some time they both forgot the dreadful situation of their affairs.

This, however, was but a short reverie. It soon recurred to Amelia, that, though she had the liberty of leaving that house when she pleased, she could not take her beloved husband with her. This thought stung her tender bosom to the quick, and she could not so far command herself as to refrain from many sorrowful exclamations against the hardship of their destiny; but when she saw the effect they had upon Booth she stifled her rising grief, forced a little cheerfulness into her countenance, and, exerting all the spirits she could raise within herself, expressed her hopes of seeing a speedy end to their sufferings. She then asked her husband what she should do for him, and to whom she should apply for his deliverance?

"You know, my dear," cries Booth, "that the doctor is to be in town some time to-day. My hopes of immediate redemption are only in him; and, if that can be obtained, I make no doubt of the success of that affair which is in the hands of a gentleman who had faithfully promised, and in whose power I am so well assured it is to serve me."

Thus did this poor man support his hopes by a dependence on that ticket which he had so dearly purchased of one who pretended to manage the wheels in the great state lottery of preferment. A lottery, indeed, which hath this to recommend it—that many poor wretches feed their imaginations with the prospect of a prize during their whole lives, and never discover they have drawn a blank.

Amelia, who was of a pretty sanguine temper, and was entirely ignorant of these matters, was full as easy to be deceived into hopes as her husband; but in reality at present she turned her eyes to no distant prospect; the desire of regaining her husband's liberty having engrossed her whole mind.

While they were discoursing on these matters they heard a violent noise in the house, and immediately after several persons passed by their door upstairs to the apartment over their head. This greatly terrified the gentle spirit of Amelia, and she cried—"Good Heavens, my dear, must I leave you in this horrid place? I am terrified with a thousand fears concerning you."

Booth endeavoured to comfort her, saying that he was in no manner of danger, and that he doubted not but that the doctor would soon be with him—"And stay, my dear," cries he; "now I recollect, suppose you should apply to my old friend James; for I believe you are pretty well satisfied that your apprehensions of him were groundless. I have no reason to think but that he would be as ready to serve me as formerly."

Amelia turned pale as ashes at the name of James, and, instead of making a direct answer to her husband, she laid hold of him, and cried, "My dear, I have one favour to beg of you, and I insist on your granting it me."

Booth readily swore he would deny her nothing.

"It is only this, my dear," said she, "that, if that detested colonel comes, you will not see him. Let the people of the house tell him you are not here."

"He knows nothing of my being here," answered Booth; "but why should I refuse to see him if he should be kind enough to come hither to me? Indeed, my Amelia, you have taken a dislike to that man without sufficient reason."

"I speak not upon that account," cries Amelia; "but I have had dreams last night about you two. Perhaps you will laugh at my folly, but pray indulge it. Nay, I insist on your promise of not denying me."

"Dreams! my dear creature," answered he. "What dream can you have had of us?"

"One too horrible to be mentioned," replied she. —"I cannot think of it without horror; and, unless you will promise me not to see the colonel till I return, I positively will never leave you."

"Indeed, my Amelia," said Booth, "I never knew you unreasonable before. How can a woman of your sense talk of dreams?"

"Suffer me to be once at least unreasonable," said Amelia, "as you are so good-natured to say I am not often so. Consider what I have lately suffered, and how weak my spirits must be at this time."

As Booth was going to speak, the bailiff, without any ceremony, entered the room, and cried, "No offence, I hope, madam; my wife, it seems, did not know you. She thought the captain had a mind for a bit of flesh by the bye. But I have quieted all matters; for I know you very well; I have seen that handsome face many a time when I have been waiting upon the captain formerly. No offence, I hope, madam; but if my wife was as handsome as you are I should not look for worse goods abroad."

Booth conceived some displeasure at this speech, but he did not think proper to express more than a pish; and then asked the bailiff what was the meaning of the noise they heard just now?

"I know of no noise," answered the bailiff

"Some of my men have been carrying a piece of hand luggage up stairs; a poor rascal that resisted the law and justice; so I gave him a cut or two with a hanger. If they should prove mortal, he must thank himself for it. If a man will not behave like a gentleman to an officer, he must take the consequence; but I must say that for you, captain, you behave yourself like a gentleman, and therefore I shall always use you as such; and I hope you will find bail soon with all my heart. This is but a paltry sum to what the last was; and I do assure you there is nothing else against you in the office."

The latter part of the bailiff's speech somewhat comforted Amelia, who had been a little frightened by the former; and she soon after took leave of her husband to go in quest of the doctor, who, as Amelia had heard that morning, was expected in town that very day, which was somewhat sooner than he had intended at his departure.

Before she went, however, she left a strict charge with the bailiff, who ushered her very civilly down stairs, that if one colonel James came there to inquire for her husband he should deny that he was there.

She then departed; and the bailiff immediately gave a very strict charge to his wife, his maid, and his followers, that if one colonel James, or any one from him, should inquire after the captain, that they should let him know he had the captain above stairs; for he doubted not but that the colonel was one of Booth's creditors, and he hoped for a second bail-bond by his means.

CHAPTER III.

Containing matter pertinent to the history.

Amelia, in her way to the doctor's, determined just to stop at her own lodgings, which lay a little out of the road, and to pay a momentary visit to her children.

This was fortunate enough; for, had she called at the doctor's house, she would have heard nothing of him, which would have caused in her some alarm and disappointment; for the doctor was set down at Mrs. Atkinson's, where he was directed to Amelia's lodgings, to which he went before he called at his own; and here Amelia now found him playing with her two children.

The doctor had been a little surprised at not finding Amelia at home, or any one that could give an account of her. He was now more surprised to see her come in such a dress, and at the disorder which he very plainly perceived in her pale and melancholy countenance. He addressed her first (for indeed she was in no great haste to speak), and cried, "My dear child, what is the matter? where is your husband? some mischief I am afraid hath happened to him in my absence."

"O my dear doctor!" answered Amelia, "sure some good angel hath sent you hither. My poor Will is arrested again. I left him in the most miserable condition in the very house whence your goodness formerly redeemed him."

"Arrested!" cries the doctor. "Then it must be for some very inconsiderable trifle."

"I wish it was," said Amelia; "but it is for no less than fifty pounds."

"Then," cries the doctor, "he hath been disingenuous with me. He told me he did not owe ten pounds in the world for which he was liable to be sued."

"I know not what to say," cries Amelia. "Indeed, I am afraid to tell you the truth."

"How, child?" said the doctor—"I hope you will never disguise it to any one, especially to me. Any prevarication, I promise you, will forfeit my friendship for ever."

"I will tell you the whole," cries Amelia, "and rely entirely on your goodness." She then related the gaming story, not forgetting to set in the fullest light, and to lay the strongest emphasis on, his promise never to play again.

The doctor fetched a deep sigh when he had heard Amelia's relation, and cried, "I am sorry, child, for the share you are to partake in your husband's sufferings; but as for him, I really think he deserves no compassion. You say he hath promised never to play again, but I must tell you he hath broke his promise to me already; for I had heard he was formerly addicted to this vice, and had given him sufficient caution against it. You will consider, child, I am already pretty largely engaged for him, every farthing of which I am sensible I must pay. You know I would go to the utmost verge of prudence to serve you; but I must not exceed my ability, which is not very great; and I have several families on my hands who are by misfortune alone brought to want. I do assure you I cannot at present answer for such a sum as this without distressing my own circumstances."

"Then Heaven have mercy upon us all!" cries Amelia, "for we have no other friend on earth: my husband is undone, and these poor little wretches must be starved."

The doctor cast his eyes on the children, and then cried, "I hope not so. I told you I must distress my circumstances, and I will distress them this once on your account, and on the account of these poor little babes. But things must not go on any longer in this way. You must take an heroic resolution. I will hire a coach for you to-morrow morning which shall carry you all down to my parsonage-house. There you shall have my protection till something can be done for your husband; of which, to be plain with you, I at present see no likelihood."

Amelia fell upon her knees in an ecstasy of thanksgiving to the doctor, who immediately raised her up, and placed her in her chair. She then recollected herself, and said, "O my worthy friend, I have still another matter to mention to you, in which I must have both your advice and assistance. My soul blushes to give you all this trouble; but what other friend have I?—indeed, what other friend could I apply to so properly on such an occasion?"

The doctor, with a very kind voice and countenance, desired her to speak. She then said, "O sir! that wicked colonel whom I have mentioned to you formerly hath picked some quarrel with my husband, (for she did not think proper to mention the cause,) and hath sent him a challenge. It came to my hand last night after he was arrested: I opened and read it."

"Give it me, child," said the doctor.

She answered she had burnt it, as was indeed true. "But I remember it was an appointment to meet with sword and pistol this morning at Hyde-park."

"Make yourself easy, my dear child," cries the doctor; "I will take care to prevent any mischief."

"But consider, my dear sir," said she, "this is a tender matter. My husband's honour is to be preserved as well as his life."

"And so is his soul, which ought to be the dearest of all things," cries the doctor. "Honour! nonsense! Can honour dictate to him to disobey the express commands of his Maker, in compliance with a custom established by a set of blockheads, founded on false principles of virtue, in direct opposition to

the plain and positive precepts of religion, and tending manifestly to give a sanction to ruffians, and to protect them in all the ways of impudence and villany!"

"All this, I believe, is very true," cries Amelia; "but yet you know, doctor, the opinion of the world."

"You talk simply, child," cries the doctor. "What is the opinion of the world opposed to religion and virtue? but you are in the wrong. It is not the opinion of the world; it is the opinion of the idle, ignorant, and profligate. It is impossible it should be the opinion of one man of sense, who is in earnest in his belief of our religion. Chiefly, indeed, it hath been upheld by the nonsense of women, who, either from their extreme cowardice and desire of protection, or, as Mr. Bayle thinks, from their excessive vanity, have been always forward to countenance a set of hectors and bravoes, and to despise all men of modesty and sobriety; though these are often at the bottom, not only the better, but the braver men."

"You know, doctor," cries Amelia, "I have never presumed to argue with you; your opinion is to me always instruction, and your word a law."

"Indeed, child," cries the doctor, "I know you are a good woman; and yet I must observe to you, that this very desire of feeding the passion of female vanity with the heroism of her man, old Homer seems to make the characteristic of a bad and loose woman. He introduces Helen upbraiding her gallant with having quitted the fight, and left the victory to Menelaus, and seeming to be sorry that she had left her husband only because he was the better duellist of the two: but in how different a light doth he represent the tender and chaste love of Andromache to her worthy Hector! she dissuades him from exposing himself to danger, even in a just cause. This is indeed a weakness, but it is an amiable one, and becoming the true feminine character; but a woman who, out of heroic vanity (for so it is), would hazard not only the life but the soul too of her husband in a duel, is a monster, and ought to be painted in no other character but that of a Fury."

"I assure you, doctor," cries Amelia, "I never saw this matter in the odious light in which you have truly represented it before. I am ashamed to recollect what I have formerly said on this subject. And yet, whilst the opinion of the world is as it is, one would wish to comply as far as possible, especially as my husband is an officer of the army. If it can be done, therefore, with safety to his honour—"

"Again honour!" cries the doctor; "indeed I will not suffer that noble word to be so basely and barbarously prostituted. I have known some of these men of honour, as they call themselves, to be the most arrant rascals in the universe."

"Well, I ask your pardon," said she; "reputation then, if you please, or any word you like better; you know my meaning very well."

"I do know your meaning," cries the doctor, "and Virgil knew it a great while ago. The next time you see your friend Mrs. Atkinson, ask her what it was made Dido fall in love with Æneas?"

"Nay, dear sir," said Amelia, "do not rally me so unmercifully; think where my poor husband is now."

"He is," answered the doctor, "where I will presently be with him. In the mean time, do you pack up everything in order for your journey to-morrow; for, if you are wise, you will not trust your husband a day longer in this town—therefore to packing."

Amelia promised she would, though indeed she wanted not any warning for her journey on this account; for when she had packed up herself in the coach, she packed up her all. However, she did not think proper to mention this to the doctor; for, as he was now in pretty good humour, she did not care to venture again discomposing his temper.

The doctor then set out for Gray's-inn-lane, and, as soon as he was gone, Amelia began to consider of her incapacity to take a journey in her present situation without even a clean shift. At last she resolved, as she was possessed of seven guineas and a half, to go to her friend and redeem some of her own and her husband's linen out of captivity; indeed just so much as would render it barely possible for them to go out of town with any kind of decency. And this resolution she immediately executed.

As soon as she had finished her business with the pawnbroker, (if a man who lends under thirty *per cent.* deserves that name,) he said to her, "Pray, madam, did you know that man who was here yesterday when you brought the picture?" Amelia answered in the negative. "Indeed, madam," said the broker, "he knows you, though he did not recollect you while you was here, as your hood was drawn over your face; but the moment you was gone he begged to look at the picture, which I, thinking no harm, permitted. He had scarce looked upon it when he cried out, 'By heaven and earth it is her picture! He then asked me if I knew you. 'Indeed,' says I, 'I never saw the lady before.'"

In this last particular, however, the pawnbroker a little savoured of his profession, and made a small deviation from the truth, for, when the man had asked him if he knew the lady, he answered she was some poor undone woman who had pawned all her clothes to him the day before; and I suppose, says he, this picture is the last of her goods and chattels. This hint we thought proper to give the reader, as it may chance to be material.

Amelia answered coldly that she had taken so very little notice of the man that she scarce remembered he was there.

"I assure you, madam," says the pawnbroker, "he hath taken very great notice of you; for the man changed countenance upon what I said, and presently after begged me to give him a dram. Oho! thinks I to myself, are you thereabouts? I would not be so much in love with some folks as some people are for more interest than I shall ever make of a thousand pounds."

Amelia blushed, and said, with some peevishness, "That she knew nothing of the man, but supposed he was some impertinent fellow or other."

"Nay, madam," answered the pawnbroker, "I assure you he is not worthy your regard. He is a poor wretch, and I believe I am possessed of most of his movables. However, I hope you are not offended, for indeed he said no harm; but he was very strangely disordered, that is the truth of it."

Amelia was very desirous of putting an end to this conversation, and altogether as eager to return to her children; she therefore bundled up her things as fast as she could, and, calling for a hackney-coach, directed the coachman to her lodgings, and bid him drive her home with all the haste he could.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Dr. Harrison visits colonel James

THE doctor, when he left Amelia, intended to go directly to Booth, but he presently changed his mind, and determined first to call on the colonel, as

ne thought it was proper to put an end to that matter before he gave Booth his iiherty.

The doctor found the two colonels, James and Bath, together. They both received him very eivilly, for James was a very well-hred man, and Bath always showed a particular respect to the eiergy, he heing indeed a perfect good Christian, except in the articles of fighting and swearing.

Our divine sat some time without mentioning the suhject of his errand, in hopes that Bath would go away, hut when he found no likelihood of that (for indeed Bath was of the two much the most pleased with his company), he told James that he had something to say to him relating to Mr. Booth, which he helieved he might speak before his hrother.

"Undoubtediy, sir," said James; "for there can he no secrets hetween us which my hrother may not hear."

"I come then to yon, sir," said the doctor, "from the most unhappy woman in the world, to whose afflictions you have very greatly and very eruelly added hy sending a challenge to her husband, whieh hath very luckily fallen into her hands; for, had the man for whom you designed it received it, I am afraid you would not have seen me upon this oecasion."

"If I writ such a letter to Mr. Booth, sir," said James, "yon may be assured I did not expect this visit in answer to it."

"I do not think you did," cries the doctor; "hut yon have great reason to thank Heaven for ordering this matter contrary to your expectations. I know not what trifle may have drawn this challenge from you, hut, after wiiat I have some reason to know of yon, sir, I must pialniy tell you that, if you had added to your guilt already eommitted against this man that of having his hlood upon yonr hands, your soul would have hecome as hlack as hell itself."

"Glve me ieave to say," cries the colonel, "thls is a language which I am not used to hear; and if your eloth was not your protection you should not give it me with impunity. After what you know of me, sir! What do you presume to know of me to my disadvantage?"

"You say my cloth is my protection, colonel," answered the doctor; "therefore pray lay aside your anger: I do not come with any design of affronting or offendlng yon."

"Very weli," cries Bath; "that declaration is sufcient from a clergyman, iet him say what he pleases."

"Indeed, sir," says the doctor very mildly, "I eonsult equally the good of you hoth, and, in a spiritual sense, more especially yours; for you know you have injured this poor man."

"So far, on the contrary," cries James, "that I have been his greatest benefactor. I scorn to upbraid him, hut yon force me to it. Nor have I ever done him the least injury."

"Perhaps not," said the doctor; "I will alter what I have said. But for this I apply to yonr honour—Have you not intended him an injnry, the very intention of which eancels every ohligation?"

"How, sir?" answered the colonel; "what do yon mean?"

"My meanlng," replied the doctor, "is almost too tender to mention. Come, colonel, examine your own heart, and then answer me, on your honour, if you have not intended to do him the highest wrong whieh one man can do another?"

"I do not know what you mean hy the question," answered the eolonel.

"D—n me, the question is very transparent!" cries Bath. "From any other man it would be an affront with the strongest emphasis, hnt from one of the doctor's eloth it demands a categorical answer."

"I am not a papist, sir," answered colonel James, "nor am I ohliged to eonfess to my priest. Bnt if you have anything to say speak openly, for I do not understand your meaning."

"I have explained my meaning to you already," said the doctor, "in a letter I wrote to you on the suhjeet—a suhject whieh I am sorry I should have any occasion to write upon to a ehristian."

"I do rememher now," cries the colonel, "that I received a very impertinent letter, something like a sermon, against adultery; hut I did not expect to hear the author own it to my face."

"That hrave man then, sir," answered the doctor, "stands hefore you who dares own he wrote that letter, and dares affirm too that it was writ on a just and strong foundation. But if the hardness of your heart could prevail on you to treat my good intention with contempt and scorn, what, pray, could induce you to show it, nay, to give it Mr. Booth? What motive could you have for that, unless you meant to insult him, and to provoke your rival to give yon that opportunity of putting him out of the world which you have since wickedly sought hy your ehallenge?"

"I give him the letter!" said the eolonel.

"Yes, sir," answered the doctor, "he showed me the letter, and affirmed that you gave it him at the masquerade."

He is a lying rascal then!" said the colonel very passionately. "I scarce took the trouhle of reading the letter, and lost it out of my pocket."

Here Bath interfered, and explained this affair in the manner in which it happened, and with which the reader is already acquainted. He conciuded hy great eulogiums on the performance, and declared it was one of the most enthusiastic (meaning, perhaps, ecclesiastic) letters that ever was written. "And d—n me," says he, "if I do not respect the author with the utmost emphasis of thinking."

The doctor now recollected what had passed with Booth, and perceived he had made a mistake of one eolonel for another. This he presently acknowledged to colonel James, and said that the mistake had been his, and not Booth's.

Bath now collected all his gravity and dignity, as he called it, into his countenance, and, addressing himself to James, said, "And was that letter writ to you, hrother?—I hope you never deserved any suspicion of this kind."

"Brother," cries James, "I am accountahle to myself for my actions, and shall not render an account either to yon or to that gentleman."

"As to me, brother," answered Bath, "you say right; hut I think this gentleman may call you to an account; nay, I think it is his duty so to do. And iet me tell you, hrother, there is one much greater than he to whom you must give an account Mrs. Booth is really a fine woman, a lady of most imperious and majestic presence. I have heard you often say that you liked her; and, if you have quarrelled with her husband upon this account, hy all the dignity of man I think you ought to ask his pardon."

"Indeed, hrother," cries James, "I can hear this no longer—you will make me angry presently."

"Angry! hrother James," cries Bath; "angry!—I love you, hrother, and have obligations to you. I will say no more, hut I hope you know I do not fear making any man angry."

James answered he knew it well; and then the doctor, apprehending that while he was stopping up one hreach he should make another, presently inter-

fered, and turned the discourse back to Booth. "You tell me, sir," said he to James, "that my gown is my protection; let it then at least protect me where I have had no design in offending—where I have consulted your highest welfare, as in truth I did in writing this letter. And if you did not in the least deserve any such suspicion, still you have no cause for resentment. Caution against sin, even to the innocent, can never be unwholesome. But this I assure you, whatever anger you have to me, you can have none to poor Booth, who was entirely ignorant of my writing to you, and who, I am certain, never entertained the least suspicion of you; on the contrary, reveres you with the highest esteem, and love and gratitude. Let me therefore reconcile all matters between you, and bring you together before he hath even heard of this challenge."

"Brother," cries Bath, "I hope I shall not make you angry—I lie when I say so; for I am indifferent to any man's anger. Let me be an accessory to what the doctor hath said. I think I may be trusted with matters of this nature, and it is a little unkind that, if you intended to send a challenge, you did not make me the bearer. But, indeed, as to what appears to me, this matter may be very well made up; and, as Mr. Booth doth not know of the challenge, I don't see why he ever should, any more than your giving him the lie just now; but that he shall never have from me, nor, I believe, from this gentleman; for, indeed, if he should, it would be incumbent upon him to cut your throat."

"Lookee, doctor," said James, "I do not deserve the unkind suspicion you just now threw out against me. I never thirsted after any man's blood; and, as for what hath passed since this discovery hath happened, I may, perhaps, not think it worth my while to trouble myself any more about it."

The doctor was not contented with perhaps, he insisted on a firm promise, to be bound with the colonel's honour. This at length he obtained, and then departed well satisfied.

In fact, the colonel was ashamed to avow the real cause of the quarrel to this good man, or, indeed, to his brother Bath, who would not only have condemned him equally with the doctor, but would possibly have quarrelled with him on his sister's account, whom, as the reader must have observed, he loved above all things; and, in plain truth, though the colonel was a brave man, and dared to fight, yet he was altogether as willing to let it alone; and this made him now and then give a little way to the wrongheadedness of colonel Bath, who, with all the other principles of honour and humanity, made no more of cutting the throat of a man upon any of his punctilios than a butcher doth of killing sheep.

CHAPTER V.

What passed at the bailiff's house.

The doctor now set forwards to his friend Booth, and, as he passed by the door of his attorney in the way, he called upon him and took him with him.

The meeting between him and Booth need not be expatiated on. The doctor was really angry, and, though he deferred his lecture to a more proper opportunity, yet, as he was no dissembler (indeed, he was incapable of any disguise), he could not put on a show of that heartiness with which he had formerly used to receive his friend.

Booth at last began himself in the following manner: "Doctor, I am really ashamed to see you; and, if you knew the confusion of my soul on this occasion, I am sure you would pity rather than upbraid me; and yet I can say with great sincerity I rejoice in this last instance of my shame, since I am like to reap the most solid advantage from it." The doctor stared at this, and Booth thus proceeded "Since I have been in this wretched place I have employed my time almost entirely in reading over a series of sermons which are contained in that book (meaning Dr. Barrow's works, which then lay on the table before him) in proof of the Christian religion; and so good an effect have they had upon me, that I shall, I believe, be the better man for them as long as I live. I have not a doubt (for I own I have had such) which remains now unsatisfied. If ever an angel might be thought to guide the pen of a writer, surely the pen of that great and good man had such an assistant." The doctor readily concurred in the praises of Dr. Barrow, and added, "You say you have had your doubts, young gentleman; indeed, I did not know that—and, pray, what were your doubts?" "Whatever they were, sir," said Booth, "they are now satisfied, as I believe those of every impartial and sensible reader will be if he will, with due attention, read over these excellent sermons." "Very well," answered the doctor, "though I have conversed, I find, with a false brother hitherto, I am glad you are reconciled to truth at last, and I hope your future faith will have some influence on your future life." "I need not tell you, sir," replied Booth, "that will always be the case where faith is sincere, as I assure you mine is. Indeed, I never was a rash disbeliever; my chief doubt was founded on this—that, as men appeared to me to act entirely from their passions, their actions could have neither merit nor demerit." "A very worthy conclusion truly!" cries the doctor; "but if men act, as I believe they do, from their passions, it would be fair to conclude that religion to be true which applies immediately to the strongest of these passions, hope and fear; choosing rather to rely on its rewards and punishments than on that native beauty of virtue which some of the ancient philosophers thought proper to recommend to their disciples. But we will defer this discourse till another opportunity; at present, as the devil hath thought proper to set you free, I will try if I can prevail on the bailiff to do the same."

The doctor had not really so much money in town as Booth's debt amounted to, and therefore, though he would otherwise very willingly have paid it, he was forced to give bail to the action. For which purpose, as the bailiff was a man of great form, he was obliged to get another person to be bound with him. This person, however, the attorney undertook to procure, and immediately set out in quest of him.

During his absence the bailiff came into the room, and, addressing himself to the doctor, said, "I think, sir, your name is doctor Harrison?" The doctor immediately acknowledged his name. Indeed, the bailiff had seen it to a bail-bond before. "Why then, sir," said the bailiff, "there is a man above in a dying condition that desires the favour of speaking to you; I believe he wants you to pray by him."

The bailiff himself was not more ready to execute his office on all occasions for his fee than the doctor was to execute his for nothing. Without making any farther inquiry therefore into the condition of the man, he immediately went up stairs.

As soon as the bailiff returned down stairs, which was immediately after he had lodged the doctor in the room, Booth had the curiosity to ask him who this man was. "Why, I don't know much of him," said the bailiff; "I had him once in custody before now: I remember it was when your honour

was here last; and now I remember, too, he said that he knew your honour very well. Indeed, I had some opinion of him at that time, for he spent his money very much like a gentleman; but I have discovered since that he is a poor fellow, and worth nothing. He is a mere shy cock; I have had the stuff about me this week, and could never get at him till this morning; nay, I don't believe we should ever have found out his lodgings had it not been for the attorney that was here just now, who gave us information. And so we took him this morning by a comical way enough; for we dressed up one of my men in women's clothes, who told the people of the house that she was his sister, just come to town—for we were told by the attorney that he had such a sister, upon which he was led up stairs—and so kept the door a-jar till I and another rushed in. Let me tell you, captain, there are as good stratagems made use of in our business as any in the army."

"But pray, sir," said Booth, "did not you tell me this morning that the poor fellow was desperately wounded; nay, I think you told the doctor that he was a dying man?"

"I had like to have forgot that," cries the bailiff. "Nothing would serve the gentleman but that he must make resistance, and he gave my man a blow with a stick; but I soon quieted him by giving him a wipe or two with a hanger. Not that, I believe, I have done his business neither; but the fellow is faint-hearted, and the surgeon, I fancy, frightens him more than he need. But, however, let the worst come to the worst, the law is all on my side, and it is only *se fendendo*. The attorney that was here just now told me so, and bid me fear nothing; for that he would stand my friend, and undertake the cause; and he is a devilish good one at a defence at the Old Bailey, I promise you. I have known him bring off several that every body thought would have been hanged."

"But suppose you should be acquitted," said Booth, "would not the blood of this poor wretch lie a little heavy at your heart?"

"Why should it, captain?" said the bailiff. "Is not all done in a lawful way? Why will people resist the law when they know the consequence? To be sure, if a man was to kill another in an unlawful manner as it were, and what the law calls murder, that is quite and clear another thing. I should not care to be convicted of murder any more than another man. Why now, captain, you have been abroad in the wars, they tell me, and, to be sure, must have killed men in your time. Pray, was you ever afraid afterwards of seeing their ghosts?"

"That is a different affair," cries Booth; "but I would not kill a man in cold blood for all the world."

"There is no difference at all, as I can see," cries the bailiff. "One is as much in the way of business as the other. When gentlemen behave themselves like unto gentlemen, I know how to treat them as such, as well as any officer the king hath; and when they do not, why they must take what follows, and the law doth not call it murder."

Booth very plainly saw that the bailiff had squared his conscience exactly according to law, and that he could not easily subvert his way of thinking. He therefore gave up the cause, and desired the bailiff to expedite the bonds, which he promised to do, saying, he hoped he had used him with proper civility this time, if he had not the last, and that he should be remembered for it.

But before we close this chapter we shall endeavour to satisfy an inquiry, which may arise in our most favourite readers (for so are the most curious), how it came to pass that such a person as was doctor Harrison should employ such a fellow as this Murphy?

The case then was thus: this Murphy had been clerk to an attorney in the very same town in which the doctor lived, and, when he was out of his time, had set up with a character fair enough, and had married a maid-servant of Mrs. Harris, by which means he had all the business to which that lady and her friends, in which number was the doctor, could recommend him.

Murphy went on with his business, and thrived very well, till he happened to make an unfortunate slip, in which he was detected by a brother of the same calling. But, though we call this by the gentle name of a slip, in respect to its being so extremely common, it was a matter in which the law, if it had ever come to its ears, would have passed a very severe censure, being, indeed, no less than perjury and subornation of perjury.

This brother attorney, being a very good-natured man, and unwilling to bespatter his own profession, and considering, perhaps, that the consequence did in no wise affect the public, who had no manner of interest in the alternative whether A., in whom the right was, or B., to whom Mr. Murphy, by the means aforesaid, had transferred it, succeeded in an action; we mention this particular, because, as this brother attorney was a very violent party-man, and a professed stickler for the public, to suffer any injury to have been done to that, would have been highly inconsistent with his principles.

This gentleman, therefore, came to Mr. Murphy, and, after showing him that he had it in his power to convict him of the aforesaid crime, very generously told him that he had not the least delight in bringing any man to destruction, nor the least animosity against him. All that he insisted upon was, that he would not live in the same town or county with one who had been guilty of such an action. He then told Mr. Murphy that he would keep the secret on two conditions; the one was, that he immediately quitted that country; the other was, that he should convince him he deserved this kindness by his gratitude, and that Murphy should transfer to the other all the business which he then had in those parts, and to which he could possibly recommend him.

It is the observation of a very wise man that it is a very common exercise of wisdom in this world, of two evils to choose the least. The reader, therefore, cannot doubt but that Mr. Murphy complied with the alternative proposed by this kind brother, and accepted the terms on which secrecy was to be obtained.

This happened while the doctor was abroad, and with all this, except the departure of Murphy, not only the doctor, but the whole town (save his aforesaid brother alone), were to this day unacquainted.

The doctor, at his return, hearing that Mr. Murphy was gone, applied to the other attorney in his affairs, who still employed this Murphy as his agent in town, partly, perhaps, out of good will to him, and partly from the recommendation of Miss Harris; for, as he had married a servant of the family, and a particular favourite of hers, there can be no wonder that she, who was entirely ignorant of the affair above related, as well as of his conduct in town, should continue her favour to him. It will appear, therefore, I apprehend, no longer strange that the doctor, who had seen this man but three times since his removal to town, and then conversed with him only on business, should remain as ignorant of his life and character, as a man generally is of the cha-

racter of the hackney-coachman who drives him. Nor doth it reflect more on the honour or understanding of the doctor, under these circumstances, to employ Murphy, than it would if he had been driven about the town by a thief or a murderer.

CHAPTER VI.

What passed between the doctor and the sick man.

We left the doctor in the last chapter with the wounded man, to whom the doctor, in a very gentle voice, spoke as follows:—

"I am sorry, friend, to see you in this situation, and am very ready to give you any comfort or assistance within my power."

"I thank you kindly, doctor," said the man. "Indeed I should not have presumed to have sent to you had I not known your character; for, though I believe I am not at all known to you, I have lived many years in that town where you yourself had a house; my name is Robinson. I used to write for the attorneys in those parts, and I have been employed on your business in my time."

"I do not recollect you nor your name," said the doctor; "but consider, friend, your moments are precious, and your business, as I am informed, is to offer up your prayers to that great Being before whom you are shortly to appear. But first let me exhort you earnestly to a most serious repentance of all your sins."

"O doctor!" said the man; "pray, what is your opinion of a death-bed repentance?"

"If repentance is sincere," cries the doctor, "I hope, through the mercies and merits of our most powerful and benign Intercessor, it will never come too late."

"But do not you think, sir," cries the man, "that, in order to obtain forgiveness of any great sin we have committed, by an injury done to our neighbours, it is necessary, as far as in us lies, to make all the amends we can to the party injured, and to undo, if possible, the injury we have done?"

"Most undoubtedly," cries the doctor; "our pretence to repentance would otherwise be gross hypocrisy, and an impudent attempt to deceive and impose upon our Creator himself."

"Indeed, I am of the same opinion," cries the penitent; "and I think farther, that this is thrown in my way, and hinted to me by that great Being; for an accident happened to me yesterday, by which, as things have fallen out since, I think I plainly discern the hand of Providence. I went yesterday, sir, you must know, to a pawnbroker's, to pawn the last moveable, which, except the poor clothes you see on my back, I am worth in the world. While I was there a young lady came in to pawn her picture. She had disguised herself so much, and pulled her hood so over her face, that I did not know her while she staid, which was scarce three minutes. As soon as she was gone the pawnbroker, taking the picture in his hand, cried out, *Upon my word, this is the handsomest face I ever saw in my life!* I desired him to let me look on the picture, which he readily did—and I no sooner cast my eyes upon it, than the strong resemblance struck me, and I knew it to be Mrs. Booth."

"Mrs. Booth! what Mrs. Booth?" cries the doctor.

"Captain Booth's lady, the captain who is now below," said the other.

"How?" cries the doctor with great impetuosity.

"Have patience," said the man, "and you shall hear all." He expressed some surprise to the pawnbroker, and asked the lady's name. He answered, that he knew not her name; but that she was some undone wretch, who had the day before left all her clothes with him in pawn. My guilt immediately flew in my face, and told me I had been accessary to this lady's undoing. The sudden shock so affected me, that, had it not been for a dram which the pawnbroker gave me, I believe I should have sunk on the spot."

"Accessary to her undoing! how accessary?" said the doctor. "Pray tell me, for I am impatient to hear."

"I will tell you all as fast as I can," cries the sick man. "You know, good doctor, that Mrs. Harris of our town had two daughters, this Mrs. Booth and another. Now, sir, it seems the other daughter had, some way or other, disobliged her mother a little before the old lady died; therefore she made a will, and left all her fortune, except one thousand pounds, to Mrs. Booth; to which will Mr. Murphy, myself, and another who is now dead, were the witnesses. Mrs. Harris afterwards died suddenly; upon which it was contrived by her other daughter and Mr. Murphy to make a new will, in which Mrs. Booth had a legacy of ten pounds, and all the rest was given to the other. To this will, Murphy, myself, and the same third person, again set our hands."

"Good Heaven! how wonderful is thy providence!" cries the doctor—"Murphy, say you?"

"He himself, sir," answered Robinson; "Murphy, who is the greatest rogue, I believe, now in the world."

"Pray, sir, proceed," cries the doctor.

"For this service, sir," said Robinson, "myself and the third person, one Carter, received two hundred pounds each. What reward Murphy himself had I know not. Carter died soon afterwards; and from that time, at several payments, I have by threats extorted above a hundred pounds more. And this, sir, is the whole truth, which I am ready to testify if it would please Heaven to prolong my life."

"I hope it will," cries the doctor; "but something must be done for fear of accidents. I will send to counsel immediately to know how to secure your testimony.—Whom can I get to send?—Stay, ay—he will do—but I know not where his house or his chambers are. I will go myself—but I may be wanted here."

While the doctor was in this violent agitation the surgeon made his appearance. The doctor stood still in a meditating posture, while the surgeon examined his patient. After which the doctor begged him to declare his opinion, and whether he thought the wounded man in any immediate danger of death. "I do not know," answered the surgeon, "what you call immediate. He may live several days—nay, he may recover. It is impossible to give any certain opinion in these cases." He then launched forth into a set of terms which the doctor, with all his scholarship, could not understand. To say the truth, many of them were not to be found in any dictionary or lexicon.

One discovery, however, the doctor made, and that was, that the surgeon was a very ignorant, conceited fellow, and knew nothing of his profession. He resolved, therefore, to get better advice for the sick; but this he postponed at present, and, applying himself to the surgeon, said, "He should be very much obliged to him, if he knew where to find such a counsellor, and would fetch him thither. I should not ask such a favour of you, sir," says the doctor, "if it was not on business of the last importance, or if I could find any other messenger."

"I fetch, sir!" said the surgeon very angrily "Do you take me for a footman or a porter? I

20.

Father Buying Lawyer Knight

don't know who you are; but I believe you are full as proper to go on such an errand as I am." (For as the doctor, who was just come off his journey, was very roughly dressed, the surgeon held him in no great respect.) The surgeon then called aloud from the top of the stairs, "Let my coachman draw up," and strutted off without any ceremony, telling his patient he would call again the next day.

At this very instant arrived Murphy with the other bail, and, finding Booth alone, he asked the bailiff at the door what was become of the doctor? "Why the doctor," answered he, "is above stairs, praying with————." "How!" cries Murphy. "How came you not to carry him directly to Newgate, as you promised me?" "Why, because he was wounded," cries the bailiff. "I thought it was charity to take care of him; and, besides, why should one make more noise about the matter than is necessary?" "And doctor Harrison with him?" said Murphy. "Yes, he is," said the bailiff; "he desired to speak with the doctor very much, and they have been praying together almost this hour." "All is up and undone!" cries Murphy. "Let me come by, I have thought of something which I must do immediately."

Now, as by means of the surgeon's leaving the door open the doctor heard Murphy's voice naming Robinson peevishly, he drew softly to the top of the stairs, where he heard the foregoing dialogue; and as soon as Murphy had uttered his last words, and was moving downwards, the doctor immediately sallied from his post, running as fast as he could, and crying, Stop the villain! stop the thief!

The attorney wanted no better hint to accelerate his pace; and, having the start of the doctor, got down stairs, and out into the street; but the doctor was so close at his heels, and being in foot the nimbler of the two, he soon overtook him, and laid hold of him, as he would have done on either Broughton or Slack in the same cause.

This action in the street, accompanied with the frequent cry of Stop thief by the doctor during the chase, presently drew together a large mob, who began, as is usual, to enter immediately upon business, and to make strict inquiry into the matter, in order to proceed to do justice in their summary way.

Murphy, who knew well the temper of the mob, cried out, "If you are a bailiff, show me your writ. Gentlemen, he pretends to arrest me here without a writ."

Upon this, one of the sturdiest and forwardest of the mob, and who by a superior strength of body and of lungs presided in this assembly, declared he would suffer no such thing. "D—n me," says he, "away to the pump with the catchpole directly—show me your writ, or let the gentleman go—you shall not arrest a man contrary to law."

He then laid his hands on the doctor, who, still fast griping the attorney, cried out, "He is a villain—I am no bailiff, but a clergyman, and this lawyer is guilty of forgery, and hath ruined a poor family."

"How!" cries the spokesman—"a lawyer!—that alters the case."

"Yes, faith," cries another of the mob, "it is lawyer Murphy. I know him very well."

"And hath he ruined a poor family?—like enough, faith, if he's a lawyer. Away with him to the justice immediately."

The bailiff now came up, desiring to know what was the matter; to whom doctor Harrison answered that he had arrested that villain for a forgery. "How can you arrest him?" cries the bailiff; "you are no officer, nor have any warrant. Mr. Murphy is a gentleman, and he shall be used as such."

"Nay, to be sure," cries the spokesman, "there ought to be a warrant; that's the truth on't."

"There needs no warrant," cries the doctor. "I accuse him of felony; and I know so much of the law of England, that any man may arrest a felon without any warrant whatever. This villain hath undone a poor family; and I will die on the spot before I part with him."

"If the law be so," cries the orator, "that is another matter. And to be sure, to ruin a poor man is the greatest of sins. And being a lawyer too makes it so much the worse. He shall go before the justice, d—n me if he shan't go before the justice! I says the word, he shall."

"I say he is a gentleman, and shall be used according to law," cries the bailiff; "and, though you are a clergyman," said he to Harrison, "you don't show yourself as one by your actions."

"That's a bailiff," cries one of the mob: "one lawyer will always stand by another; but I think the clergyman is a very good man, and acts becoming a clergyman, to stand by the poor."

At which words the mob all gave a great shout, and several cried out, "Bring him along, away with him to the justice!"

And now a constable appeared, and with an authoritative voice declared what he was, produced his staff, and demanded the peace.

The doctor then delivered his prisoner over to the officer, and charged him with felony; the constable received him, the attorney submitted, the bailiff was hushed, and the waves of the mob immediately subsided.

The doctor now balanced with himself how he should proceed: at last he determined to leave Booth a little longer in captivity, and not quit sight of Murphy before he had lodged him safe with a magistrate. They then all moved forwards to the justice; the constable and his prisoner marching first, the doctor and the bailiff following next, and about five thousand mob (for no less number were assembled in a very few minutes) following in the procession.

They found the magistrate just sitting down to his dinner; however, when he was acquainted with the doctor's profession, he immediately admitted him, and heard his business; which he no sooner perfectly understood, with all its circumstances, than he resolved, though it was then very late, and he had been fatigued all the morning with public business, to postpone all refreshment till he had discharged his duty. He accordingly adjourned the prisoner and his cause to the bailiff's house, whither he himself, with the doctor, immediately repaired, and whither the attorney was followed by a much larger number of attendants than he had been honoured with before.

CHAPTER VII.

In which the history draws towards a conclusion.

NOTHING could exceed the astonishment of Booth at the behaviour of the doctor at the time when he sallied forth in pursuit of the attorney; for which it was so impossible for him to account in any manner whatever. He remained a long time in the utmost torture of mind, till at last the bailiff's wife came to him, and asked him if the doctor was not a madman? and, in truth, he could hardly defend him from that imputation.

While he was in this perplexity the maid of the house brought him a message from Robinson, desiring the favour of seeing him above stairs. With this he immediately complied.

When these two were alone together, and the key turned on them (for the bailiff's wife was a most careful person, and never omitted that ceremony in the absence of her husband, having always at her tongue's end that excellent proverb of Safe bind,

safe find), Robinson, looking stedfastly upon Booth, said, "I believe, sir, you scarce remember me."

Booth answered that he thought he had seen his face somewhere before, but could not then recollect when or where.

"Indeed, sir," answered the man, "it was a place which no man can remember with pleasure. But do you not remember, a few weeks ago, that you had the misfortune to be in a certain prison in this town, where you lost a trifling sum at cards to a fellow-prisoner?"

This hint sufficiently awakened Booth's memory, and he now recollected the features of his old friend Robinson. He answered him a little surlily, "I know you now very well, but I did not imagine you would ever have reminded me of that transaction."

"Alas, sir!" answered Robinson, "whatever happened then was very trifling compared to the injuries I have done you; but if my life be spared long enough I will now undo it all: and, as I have been one of your worst enemies, I will now be one of your best friends."

He was just entering upon his story when a noise was heard below which might be almost compared to what have been heard in Holland when the dykes have given way, and the ocean in an inundation breaks in upon the land. It seemed, indeed, as if the whole world was bursting into the house at once.

Booth was a man of great firmness of mind, and he had need of it all at this instant. As for poor Robinson, the usual concomitants of guilt attended him, and he began to tremble in a violent manner.

The first person who ascended the stairs was the doctor, who no sooner saw Booth than he ran to him and embraced him, crying, "My child, I wish you joy with all my heart. Your sufferings are all at an end, and Providence hath done you the justice at last which it will, one day or other, render to all men. You will hear all presently; but I can now only tell you that your sister is discovered and the estate is your own."

Booth was in such confusion that he scarce made any answer, and now appeared the justice and his clerk, and immediately afterwards the constable with his prisoner, the bailiff, and as many more as could possibly crowd up stairs.

The doctor now addressed himself to the sick man, and desired him to repeat the same information before the justice which he had made already; to which Robinson readily consented.

While the clerk was taking down the information the attorney expressed a very impatient desire to send instantly for his clerk, and expressed so much uneasiness at the confusion in which he had left his papers at home, that a thought suggested itself to the doctor that, if his house was searched some lights and evidence relating to this affair would certainly be found; he therefore desired the justice to grant a search-warrant immediately to search his house.

The justice answered that he had no such power; that, if there was any suspicion of stolen goods, he could grant a warrant to search for them.

"How, sir!" said the doctor, "can you grant a warrant to search a man's house for a silver tea-spoon, and not in a case like this, where a man is robbed of his whole estate?"

"Hold, sir," says the sick man; "I believe I can answer that point; for I can swear he hath several title-deeds of the estate now in his possession, which I am sure were stolen from the right owner."

The justice still hesitated. He said title-deeds savoured of the reality, and it was not felony to steal them. If, indeed, they were taken away in a box, then it would be felony to steal the box.

"Savour of the reality! Savour of the fartality," said the doctor. "I never heard such incomprehensible nonsense. This is impudent, as well as childish, trifling with the lives and properties of men."

"Well, sir," said Robinson, "I now am sure I can do his business; for I know he hath a silver cup in his possession which is the property of this gentleman (meaning Booth), and how he got it but by stealth let him account if he can."

"That will do," cries the justice, with great pleasure. "That will do; and if you will charge him on oath with that I will instantly grant my warrant to search his house for it." "And I will go and see it executed," cries the doctor; for it was a maxim of his that no man could descend below himself in doing any act which may contribute to protect an innocent person or to bring a rogue to the gallows.

The oath was instantly taken, the warrant signed, and the doctor attended the constable in the execution of it.

The clerk then proceeded in taking the information of Robinson, and had just finished it, when the doctor returned with the utmost joy in his countenance, and declared that he had sufficient evidence of the fact in his possession. He had, indeed, two or three letters from Miss Harris in answer to the attorney's frequent demands of money for secrecy, that fully explained the whole villany.

The justice now asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself, or whether he chose to say any thing in his own defence.

"Sir," said the attorney, with great confidence, "I am not to defend myself here. It will be of no service to me; for I know you neither can nor will discharge me. But I am extremely innocent of all this matter, as I doubt not but to make appear to the satisfaction of a court of justice."

The legal previous ceremonies were then gone through of binding over the prosecutor, &c., and then the attorney was committed to Newgate, whither he was escorted amidst the acclamations of the populace.

When Murphy was departed, and a little calm restored in the house, the justice made his compliments of congratulation to Booth, who, as well as he could in his present tumult of joy, returned his thanks to both the magistrate and the doctor. They were now all preparing to depart, when Mr. Bondum stepped up to Booth, and said, "Hold, sir, you have forgot one thing—you have not given bail yet."

This occasioned some distress at this time, for the attorney's friend was departed; but when the justice heard this, he immediately offered himself as the other bondsman, and thus ended the affair.

It was now past six o'clock, and none of the gentlemen had yet dined. They very readily, therefore, accepted the magistrate's invitation, and went all together to his house.

And now the very first thing that was done, even before they sat down to dinner, was to despatch a messenger to one of the best surgeons in town to take care of Robinson, and another messenger to Booth's lodgings to prevent Amelia's concern at their staying so long.

The latter, however, was to little purpose; for Amelia's patience had been worn out before, and she had taken a hackney-coach and driven to the bailiff's, where she arrived a little after the departure of her husband, and was thence directed to the justice's.

Though there was no kind of reason for Amelia's fright at hearing that her husband and doctor Harrison were gone before the justice, and though she indeed imagined that they were there in the light of complainants, not of offenders, yet so tender were her fears for her husband, and so much had her cutle spirits been lately agitated, that she had a

thousand apprehensions of she knew not what. When she arrived, therefore, at the house, she ran directly into the room where all the company were at dinner, scarce knowing what she did or whither she was going.

She found her husband in such a situation, and discovered such cheerfulness in his countenance, that so violent a turn was given to her spirits that she was just able, with the assistance of a glass of water, to support herself. She soon, however, recovered her calmness, and in a little time began to eat what might indeed be almost called her breakfast.

The justice now wished her joy of what had happened that day, for which she kindly thanked him, apprehending he meant the liberty of her husband. His worship might perhaps have explained himself more largely had not the doctor given him a timely wink; for this wise and good man was fearful of making such a discovery all at once to Amelia, lest it should overpower her, and luckily the justice's wife was not well enough acquainted with the matter to say anything more on it than barely to assure the lady that she joined in her husband's congratulation.

Amelia was then in a clean white gown, which she had that day redeemed, and was, indeed, dressed all over with great neatness and exactness; with the glow therefore which arose in her features from finding her husband released from his captivity, she made so charming a figure, that she attracted the eyes of the magistrate and of his wife, and they both agreed when they were alone that they had never seen so charming a creature; nay, Booth himself afterwards told her that he scarce ever remembered her to look so extremely beautiful as she did that evening.

Whether Amelia's beauty, or the reflection on the remarkable acts of justice he had performed, or whatever motive filled the magistrate with extraordinary good humour, and opened his heart and cellars, I will not determine; but he gave them so hearty a welcome, and they were all so pleased with each other, that Amelia, for that one night, trusted the care of her children to the woman where they lodged, nor did the company rise from table till the clock struck eleven.

They then separated. Amelia and Booth, having been set down at their lodgings, retired into each other's arms; nor did Booth that evening, by the doctor's advice, mention one word of the grand affair to his wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

Thus this history draws nearer to a conclusion.

In the morning early Amelia received the following letter from Mrs. Atkinson:

"The surgeon of the regiment, to which the captain my husband lately belonged, and who came this evening to see the captain, had almost frightened me out of my wits by a strange story of your husband being commited to prison by a justice of peace for forgery. For Heaven's sake send me the truth. If my husband can be of any service, weak as he is, he will be carried in a chair to serve a brother officer for whom he hath a regard, which I need not mention. Or if the sum of twenty pounds will be of any service to you, I will wait upon you with it the moment I can get my clothes on, the morning you receive this; for it is too late to send to-night. The captain begs his hearty service and respects, and believe me, dear madam, your ever affectionate friend, and humble servant. "F. Atkinson."

When Amelia read this letter to Booth they were both equally surprised, she at the commitment for forgery, and he at seeing such a letter from Mrs. Atkinson; for he was a stranger yet to the reconciliation that had happened.

Booth's doubts were first satisfied by Amelia, from which he received great pleasure; for he really had a very great affection and fondness for Mr. Atkinson, who, indeed, so well deserved it. "Well, my dear," said he to Amelia, smiling, "shall we accept this generous offer?"

"O fie! no certainly," answered she.

"Why not?" cries Booth; "it is but a trifle; and yet it will be of great service to us."

"But consider, my dear," said she, "how ill these poor people can spare it."

"They can spare it for a little while," said Booth, "and we shall soon pay it them again."

"When, my dear?" said Amelia. "Do, my dear Will, consider our wretched circumstances. I beg you let us go into the country immediately, and live upon bread and water till Fortune pleases to smile upon us."

"I am convinced that day is not far off," said Booth. "However, give me leave to send an answer to Mrs. Atkinson, that we shall be glad of her company immediately to breakfast."

"You know I never contradict you," said she, "but I assure you it is contrary to my inclinations to take this money."

"Well, suffer me," cries he, "to act this once contrary to your inclinations." He then writ a short note to Mrs. Atkinson, and despatched it away immediately; which when he had done, Amelia said, "I shall be glad of Mrs. Atkinson's company to breakfast; but yet I wish you would oblige me in refusing this money. Take five guineas only. That is indeed such a sum as, if we never should pay it, would sit light on our mind. The last persons in the world from whom I would receive favours of that sort are the poor and generous."

"You can receive favours only from the generous," cries Booth; "and, to be plain with you, there are very few who are generous that are not poor."

"What think you," said she, "of Dr. Harrison?"

"I do assure you," said Booth, "he is far from being rich. The doctor hath an income of little more than six hundred pounds a-year, and I am convinced he gives away four of it. Indeed, he is one of the best economists in the world; but yet I am positive he never was at any time possessed of five hundred pounds, since he hath been a man. Consider, dear Emily, the late obligations we have to this gentleman; it would be unreasonable to expect more, at least at present; my half-pay is mortgaged for a year to come. How then shall we live?"

"By our labour," answered she; "I am able to labour, and I am sure I am not ashamed of it."

"And you do really think you can support such a life?"

"I am sure I could be happy in it," answered Amelia. "And why not I as well as a thousand others, who have not the happiness of such a husband to make life delicious? why should I complain of my hard fate while so many who are much poorer than I enjoy theirs? Am I of a superior rank of being to the wife of the honest labourer? am I not partaker of one common nature with her?"

"My angel," cries Booth, "it delights me to hear you talk thus, and for a reason you little guess; for I am assured that one who can so heroically endure adversity, will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former, is not likely to be transported with the latter."

"If it had pleased Heaven," cried she, "to have tried me, I think, at least I hope, I should have preserved my humility."

"Then, my dear," said he, "I will relate you a dream I had last night. You know you lately mentioned a dream of yours."

"Do so," said she; "I am attentive."

"I dreamt," said he, "this night, that we were in the most miserable situation imaginable; indeed,

in the situation we were yesterday morning, or rather worse; that I was laid in a prison for debt, and that you wanted a morsel of bread to feed the mouths of your hungry children. At length (for nothing you know is quicker than the transition in dreams) Dr. Harrison methought came to me, with cheerfulness and joy in his countenance. The prison-doors immediately flew open, and Dr. Harrison introduced you, gaily though not richly dressed. That you gently chid me for staying so long. All on a sudden appeared a coach with four horses to it, in which was a maid-servant with our two children. We both immediately went into the coach, and, taking our leave of the doctor, set out towards your country house; for yours I dreamt it was. I only ask you now, if this was real, and the transition almost as sudden, could you support it?"

Amelia was going to answer, when Mrs. Atkinson came into the room, and after very little previous ceremony, presented Booth with a bank-note, which he received of her, saying he would very soon repay it; a promise that a little offended Amelia, as she thought he had no chance of keeping it.

The doctor presently arrived, and the company sat down to breakfast, during which Mrs. Atkinson entertained them with the history of the doctors that had attended her husband, by whose advice Atkinson was recovered from everything but the weakness which his distemper had occasioned.

When the tea-table was removed Booth told the doctor that he had acquainted his wife with a dream he had last night. "I dreamt, doctor," said he, "that she was restored to her estate."

"Very well," said the doctor; "and if I am to be the Oniropolis, I believe the dream will come to pass. To say the truth, I have rather a better opinion of dreams than Horace had. Old Homer says they come from Jupiter; and as to your dream, I have often had it in my waking thoughts, that some time or other that roguery (for so I was always convinced it was) would be brought to light; for the same Homer says, as you, madam (meaning Mrs. Atkinson), very well know,

Εἴπερ γάρ τε καὶ αὐτὸς' Ὀλύμπιος ὑψιβρεμέτης,
Ἐκ τε καὶ ὀψὲ τιλεῖ· σύν τε μεγάλῳ ἀπέτισαν
*Σὺν σφῇσιν κεφαλῇσι, γυναιξί τε καὶ τεκέεσσιν.**

"I have no Greek ears, sir," said Mrs. Atkinson. "I believe I could understand it in the Delphin Homer."

"I wish," cries he, "my dear child (to Amelia), you would read a little in the Delphin Aristotle, or else in some christian divine, to learn a doctrine which you will one day have a use for. I mean to bear the hardest of all human conflicts, and support with an even temper, and without any violent transports of mind, a sudden gust of prosperity."

"Indeed," cries Amelia, "I should almost think my husband and you, doctor, had some very good news to tell me, by your using, both of you, the same introduction. As far as I know myself, I think I can answer I can support any degree of prosperity, and I think I yesterday showed I could; for I do assure you it is not in the power of fortune to try me with such another transition from grief to joy as I conceived from seeing my husband in prison and at liberty."

"Well, you are a good girl," cries the doctor, "and after I have put on my spectacles I will try you."

The doctor then took out a newspaper, and read as follows:

"'Yesterday one Murphy, an eminent attorney-at-law, was committed to Newgate for the forgery of a will under which an estate had been for many years detained from the right owner.'

"Now in this paragraph there is something very remarkable, and that is—that it is true; but *opus est explanatum*. In the Delphin edition of this newspaper there is the following note upon the words right owner:—'The right owner of this estate is a young lady of the highest merit, whose maiden name was Harris, and who some time since was married to an idle fellow, one lieutenant Booth. And the best historians assure us that letters from the elder sister of this lady, which manifestly prove the forgery and clear up the whole affair, are in the hands of an old person called Dr. Harrison.'"

"And is this really true?" cries Amelia.

"Yes, really and sincerely," cries the doctor. "The whole estate; for your mother left it you all, and is as surely yours as if you was already in possession."

"Gracious Heaven!" cries she, falling on her knees, "I thank you!" And then starting up, she ran to her husband, and, embracing him, cried, "My dear love, I wish you joy; and I ought in gratitude to wish it you; for you are the cause of mine. It is upon yours and my children's account that I principally rejoice."

Mrs. Atkinson rose from her chair, and jumped about the room for joy, repeating,

Turne, quod optanti divûm promittere nemo
*Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro**.

Amelia now threw herself into a chair, complained she was a little faint, and begged a glass of water. The doctor advised her to be bloodled; but she refused, saying she required a vent of another kind. She then desired her children to be brought to her, whom she immediately caught in her arms, and, having profusely cried over them for several minutes, declared she was easy. After which she soon regained her usual temper and complexion.

That day they dined together, and in the afternoon they all, except the doctor, visited captain Atkinson; he repaired to the bailiff's house to visit the sick man, whom he found very cheerful, the surgeon having assured him that he was in no danger.

The doctor had a long spiritual discourse with Robinson, who assured him that he sincerely repented of his past life, that he was resolved to lead his future days in a different manner, and to make what amends he could for his sins to society, by bringing one of the greatest rogues in it to justice. There was a circumstance which much pleased the doctor, and made him conclude that, however Robinson had been corrupted by his old master, he had naturally a good disposition. This was, that Robinson declared he was chiefly induced to the discovery by what had happened at the pawnbroker's, and by the miseries which he there perceived he had been instrumental in bringing on Booth and his family.

The next day Booth and his wife, at the doctor's instance, dined with colonel James and his lady, where they were received with great civility, and all matters were accommodated, without Booth ever knowing a syllable of the challenge even to this day.

The doctor insisted very strongly on having Miss Harris taken into custody, and said, if she was his sister, he would deliver her to justice. He added besides, that it was impossible to screen her and carry on the prosecution, or, indeed, recover the estate. Amelia at last begged the delay of one day only, in which time she wrote a letter to her sister, informing her of the discovery, and the danger in

* "If Jupiter doth not immediately execute his vengeance, he will however execute it at last; and their transgressions shall fall heavily on their own heads, and on their wives and children."

* "What none of all the Gods could grant thy vows,
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows."

which she stood, and begged her earnestly to make her escape, with many assurances that she would never suffer her to know any distress. This letter she sent away express, and it had the desired effect; for Miss Harris, having received sufficient information from the attorney to the same purpose, immediately set out for Pool, and from thence to France, carrying with her all her money, most of her clothes, and some few jewels. She had, indeed, packed up plate and jewels to the value of two thousand pounds and upwards. But Booth, to whom Amelia communicated the letter, prevented her by ordering the man that went with the express (who had been a serjeant of the foot-guards recommended to him by Atkinson) to suffer the lady to go whither she pleased, but not to take any thing with her except her clothes, which he was carefully to search. These orders were obeyed punctually, and with these she was obliged to comply.

Two days after the bird was flown a warrant from the lord chief justice arrived to take her up, the messenger of which returned with the news of her flight, highly to the satisfaction of Amelia, and consequently of Booth, and, indeed, not greatly to the grief of the doctor.

About a week afterwards Booth and Amelia, with their children and captain Atkinson and his lady, all set forward together for Amelia's house, where they arrived amidst the acclamations of all the neighbours and every public demonstration of joy.

They found the house ready prepared to receive them by Atkinson's friend the old serjeant, and a good dinner prepared for them by Amelia's old nurse, who was addressed with the utmost duty by her son and daughter, most affectionately caressed by Booth and his wife, and by Amelia's absolute command seated next to herself at the table. At which, perhaps, were assembled some of the best and happiest people then in the world.

CHAPTER IX.

In which the history is concluded.

HAVING brought our history to a conclusion, as to those points in which we presume our reader was chiefly interested, in the foregoing chapter, we shall in this, by way of epilogue, endeavour to satisfy his curiosity as to what hath since happened to the principal personages of whom we have treated in the foregoing pages.

Colonel James and his lady, after living in a polite manner for many years together, at last agreed to live in as polite a manner asunder. The colonel hath kept Miss Matthews ever since, and is at length grown to dote on her (though now very disagreeable in her person, and immensely fat) to such a degree that he submits to be treated by her in the most tyrannical manner.

He allows his lady eight hundred pounds a-year, with which she divides her time between Tunbridge, Bath, and London, and passes about nine hours in the twenty-four at cards. Her income is lately increased by three thousand pounds left her by her brother colonel Bath, who was killed in a duel about six years ago by a gentleman who told the colonel he differed from him in opinion.

The noble peer and Mrs. Ellison have been both dead several years, and both of the consequences of their favourite vices; Mrs. Ellison having fallen a martyr to her liquor, and the other to his amours, by which he was at last become so rotten that he stunk above ground.

The attorney, Murphy, was brought to his trial at the Old Bailey, where, after much quibbling about the meaning of a very plain act of parliament, he was at length convicted of forgery, and was soon afterwards hanged at Tyburn.

The witness for some time seemed to reform his life, and received a small pension from Booth; after which he returned to vicious courses, took a purse on the highway, was detected and taken, and followed the last steps of his old master. So apt are men whose manners have been once thoroughly corrupted, to return, from any dawn of an amendment, into the dark paths of vice.

As to Miss Harris, she lived three years with a broken heart at Boulogne, where she received annually fifty pounds from her sister, who was hardly prevailed on by Dr. Harrison not to send her a hundred, and then died in a most miserable manner.

Mr. Atkinson upon the whole hath led a very happy life with his wife, though he hath been sometimes obliged to pay proper homage to her superior understanding and knowledge. This, however, he cheerfully submits to, and she makes him proper returns of fondness. They have two fine boys, of whom they are equally fond. He is lately advanced to the rank of captain, and last summer both he and his wife paid a visit of three months to Booth and his wife.

Dr. Harrison is grown old in years and in honour, beloved and respected by all his parishioners and by all his neighbours. He divides his time between his parish, his old town, and Booth's—at which last place he had, two years ago, a gentle fit of the gout, being the first attack of that distemper. During this fit Amelia was his nurse, and her two eldest daughters sat up alternately with him for a whole week. The eldest of those girls, whose name is Amelia, is his favourite; she is the picture of her mother, and it is thought the doctor hath distinguished her in his will, for he hath declared that he will leave his whole fortune, except some few charities, among Amelia's children.

As to Booth and Amelia, Fortune seems to have made them large amends for the tricks she played them in their youth. They have, ever since the above period of this history, enjoyed an uninterrupted course of health and happiness. In about six weeks after Booth's first coming into the country he went to London and paid all his debts of honour; after which, and a stay of two days only, he returned into the country, and hath never since been thirty miles from home. He hath two boys and four girls; the eldest of the boys, he who hath made his appearance in this history, is just come from the university, and is one of the finest gentlemen and best scholars of his age. The second is just going from school, and is intended for the church, that being his own choice. His eldest daughter is a woman grown, but we must not mention her age. A marriage was proposed to her the other day with a young fellow of a good estate, but she never would see him more than once; "For doctor Harrison," says she, "told me he was illiterate, and I am sure he is ill-natured." The second girl is three years younger than her sister, and the others are yet children.

Amelia is still the finest woman in England of her age. Booth himself often avers she is as handsome as ever. Nothing can equal the serenity of their lives. Amelia declared to me the other day, that she did not remember to have seen her husband out of humour these ten years; and, upon my insinuating to her that he had the best of wives, she answered with a smile that she ought to be so, for that he had made her the happiest of women.

THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE
OF THE LATE
MR. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

BOOK I. CHAPTER I.

Showing the wholesome uses drawn from recording the achievements of those wonderful productions of nature called GREAT MEN.

As it is necessary that all great and surprising events, the designs of which are laid, conducted, and brought to perfection by the utmost force of human invention and art, should be produced by great and eminent men, so the lives of such may be justly and properly styled the quintessence of history. In these, when delivered to us by sensible writers, we are not only most agreeably entertained, but most usefully instructed; for, besides the attaining hence a consummate knowledge of human nature in general; of its secret springs, various windings, and perplexed mazes; we have here before our eyes lively examples of whatever is amiable or detestable, worthy of admiration or abhorrence, and are consequently taught, in a manner infinitely more effectual than by precept, what we are eagerly to imitate or carefully to avoid.

But besides the two obvious advantages of surveying, as it were in a picture, the true beauty of virtue and deformity of vice, we may moreover learn from Plutarch, Nepos, Suetonius, and other biographers, this useful lesson, not too hastily, nor in the gross, to bestow either our praise or censure; since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character that it may require a very accurate judgment and a very elaborate inquiry to determine on which side the balance turns, for though we sometimes meet with an Aristides or a Brutus, a Lysander or a Nero, yet far the greater number are of the mixed kind, neither totally good nor bad; their greatest virtues being obscured and allayed by their vices, and those again softened and coloured over by their virtues.

Of this kind was the illustrious person whose history we now undertake; to whom, though Nature had given the greatest and most shining endowments, she had not given them absolutely pure and without allay. Though he had much of the admirable in his character, as much perhaps as is usually to be found in a hero, I will not yet venture to affirm that he was entirely free from all defects, or that the sharp eyes of censure could not spy out some little blemishes lurking amongst his many great perfections.

We would not therefore be understood to affect giving the reader a perfect or consummate pattern of human excellence, but rather, by faithfully recording some little imperfections which shadowed over the lustre of those great qualities which we shall here record, to teach the lesson we have above mentioned, to induce our reader with us to lament the frailty of human nature, and to convince him that no mortal, after a thorough scrutiny, can be a proper object of our adoration.

But before we enter on this great work we must endeavour to remove some errors of opinion which mankind have, by the disingenuity of writers, contracted: for these, from their fear of contradicting the obsolete and absurd doctrines of a set of simple fellows, called, in derision, sages or philosophers, have endeavoured, as much as possible, to confound the ideas of greatness and goodness; whereas no two things can possibly be more distinct from each other, for greatness consists in bringing all manner of mischief on mankind, and goodness in removing it from them. It seems therefore very unlikely that the same person should possess them both; and yet nothing is more usual with writers, who find many instances of greatness in their favourite hero, than to make him a compliment of goodness into the bargain; and this, without considering that by such means they destroy the great perfection called uniformity of character. In the histories of Alexander and Cæsar we are frequently, and indeed impertinently, reminded of their benevolence and generosity, of their clemency and kindness. When the former had with fire and sword overrun a vast empire, had destroyed the lives of an immense number of innocent wretches, had scattered ruin and desolation like a whirlwind, we are told, as an example of his clemency, that he did not cut the throat of an old woman, and ravish her daughters, but was content with only undoing them. And when the mighty Cæsar, with wonderful greatness of mind, had destroyed the liberties of his country, and with all the means of fraud and force had placed himself at the head of his equals, had corrupted and enslaved the greatest people whom the sun ever saw, we are reminded, as an evidence of his generosity, of his largesses to his followers and tools, by whose means he had accomplished his purpose, and by whose assistance he was to establish it.

Now, who doth not see that such sneaking qualities as these are rather to be bewailed as imperfections than admired as ornaments in these great men; rather obscuring their glory, and holding them back in their race to greatness, indeed unworthy the end for which they seem to have come into the world, viz. of perpetrating vast and mighty mischief?

We hope our reader will have reason justly to acquit us of any such confounding ideas in the following pages; in which, as we are to record the actions of a great man, so we have nowhere mentioned any spark of goodness which had discovered itself either faintly in him, or more glaringly in any other person, but as a meanness and imperfection, disqualifying them for undertakings which lead to honour and esteem among men.

As our hero had as little as perhaps is to be found of that meanness, indeed only enough to make him partaker of the imperfection of humanity, instead of the perfection of diabolism, we have ventured to call him *The Great*; nor do we doubt but our reader, when he hath perused his story, will concur with us in allowing him that title.

CHAPTER II.

Giving an account of as many of our hero's ancestors as can be gathered out of the rubbish of antiquity, which hath been carefully sifted for that purpose.

IT is the custom of all biographers, at their entrance into their work, to step a little backwards (as far, indeed, generally as they are able) and to trace up their hero, as the ancients did the river Nile, till an incapacity of proceeding higher puts an end to their search.

What first gave rise to this method is somewhat difficult to determine. Sometimes I have thought that the hero's ancestors have been introduced as

fools to himself. Again, I have imagined it might be to obviate a suspicion that such extraordinary personages were not produced in the ordinary course of nature, and may have proceeded from the author's fear that, if we were not told who their fathers were, they might be in danger, like prince Prettyman, of being supposed to have had none. Lastly, and perhaps more truly, I have conjectured that the design of the biographer hath been no more than to show his great learning and knowledge of antiquity. A design to which the world hath probably owed many notable discoveries, and indeed most of the labours of our antiquarians.

But whatever original this custom had, it is now too well established to be disputed. I shall therefore conform to it in the strictest manner.

Mr. Jonathan Wild, or Wyld, then (for he himself did not always agree in one method of spelling his name), was descended from the great Wolfstan Wild, who came over with Hengist, and distinguished himself very eminently at that famous festival, where the Britons were so treacherously murdered by the Saxons; for when the word was given, *i. e. Nemet eour Saxes, take out your swords*, this gentleman, being a little hard of hearing, mistook the sound for *Nemet her sacs, take out their purses*; instead therefore of applying to the throat, he immediately applied to the pocket of his guest, and contented himself with taking all that he had, without attempting his life.

The next ancestor of our hero who was remarkably eminent was Wild, surnamed Langfanger, or Longfinger. He flourished in the reign of Henry III., and was strictly attached to Hubert de Burgh, whose friendship he was recommended to by his great excellence in an art of which Hubert was himself the inventor; he could, without the knowledge of the proprietor, with great ease and dexterity, draw forth a man's purse from any part of his garment where it was deposited, and hence he derived his surname. This gentleman was the first of his family who had the honour to suffer for the good of his country: on whom a wit of that time made the following epitaph:

O shame o' justice! Wild is haog'd,
For thatten he a pocket fang'd,
While safe old Hubert, and his gang,
Doth pocket o' the nation fang.

Langfanger left a son named Edward, whom he had carefully instructed in the art for which he himself was so famous. This Edward had a grandson, who served as a volunteer under the famous Sir John Falstaff, and by his gallant demeanour so recommended himself to his captain, that he would have certainly been promoted by him, had Harry the fifth kept his word with his old companion.

After the death of Edward the family remained in some obscurity down to the reign of Charles the first, when James Wild distinguished himself on both sides the question in the civil wars, passing from one to t'other, as Heaven seemed to declare itself in favour of either party. At the end of the war, James not being rewarded according to his merits, as is usually the case of such impartial persons, he associated himself with a brave man of those times, whose name was Hind, and declared open war with both parties. He was successful in several actions, and spoiled many of the enemy: till at length, being overpowered and taken, he was, contrary to the law of arms, put basely and cowardly to death by a combination between twelve men of the enemy's party, who, after some consultation, unanimously agreed on the said murder.

This Edward took to wife Rebecca, the daughter of the above-mentioned John Hind, esq., by whom he had issue John, Edward, Thomas, and Jonathan, and three daughters, namely, Grace, Charity, and Honour. John followed the fortunes of his father, and, suffering with him, left no issue. Edward was so remarkable for his compassionate temper that he spent his life in soliciting the causes of the distressed captives in Newgate, and is reported to have held a strict friendship with an eminent divine who solicited the spiritual causes of the said captives. He married Editha, daughter and co-heiress of Geoffry Snap, gent., who long enjoyed an office under the high sheriff of London and Middlesex, by which, with great reputation, he acquired a handsome fortune: by her he had no issue. Thomas went very young abroad to one of our American colonies, and hath not been since heard of. As for the daughters, Grace was married to a merchant of Yorkshire who dealt in horses. Charity took to husband an eminent gentleman, whose name I cannot learn, but who was famous for so friendly a disposition that he was bail for above a hundred persons in one year. He had likewise the remarkable humour of walking in Westminster-hall with a straw in his shoe. Honour, the youngest, died unmarried: she lived many years in this town, was a great frequenter of plays, and used to be remarkable for distributing oranges to all who would accept of them.

Jonathan married Elizabeth, daughter of Scragg Hollow, of Hockley-in-the-Hole, esq.; and by her had Jonathan, who is the illustrious subject of these memoirs.

CHAPTER III.

The birth, parentage, and education of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.

It is observable that Nature seldom produces any one who is afterwards to act a notable part on the stage of life, but she gives some warning of her intention; and, as the dramatic poet generally prepares the entry of every considerable character with a solemn narrative, or at least a great flourish of drums and trumpets, so doth this our *Alma Mater* by some shrewd hints pre-admonish us of her intention, giving us warning, as it were, and crying—

——*Venienti occurrite morbo.*

Thus Astyages, who was the grandfather of Cyrus, dreamt that his daughter was brought to bed of a vine, whose branches overspread all Asia; and Hecuba, while big with Paris, dreamt that she was delivered of a firebrand that set all Troy in flames; so did the mother of our great man, while she was with child of him, dream that she was enjoyed in the night by the gods Mercury and Priapus. This dream puzzled all the learned astrologers of her time, seeming to imply in it a contradiction; Mercury being the god of ingenuity, and Priapus the terror of those who practised it. What made this dream the more wonderful, and perhaps the true cause of its being remembered, was a very extraordinary circumstance, sufficiently denoting something preternatural in it; for though she had never heard even the name of either of these gods, she repeated these very words in the morning, with only a small mistake of the quantity of the latter, which she chose to call *Priāpus* instead of *Priăpus*; and her husband swore that, though he might possibly have named Mercury to her (for he had heard of such an heathen god), he never in his life could anywise have put her in mind of that other deity, with whom he had no acquaintance.

Another remarkable incident was, that during her whole pregnancy she constantly longed for every-

thing she saw; nor could be satisfied with her wish unless she enjoyed it clandestinely; and as nature, hy true and accurate obscrvers, is remarked to give us no appetites without furnishing us with the means of gratifying them; so had she at this time a most marvellous glutinous quality attending her fingers, to which, as to birdlime, everything closely adhered tbat she handled.

To omit other stories, some of which may be perhaps tbe growth of superstition, we proceed to the birth of our hero, who made his first appearance on this great theatre the very day wben the plague first broke out in 1665. Some say his mother was delivered of him in an house of an orbicular or round form in Covent-garden; but of this we are not certain. He was some years afterwards baptised by the famous Mr. Titus Oates.

Nothing very remarkable passed in his years of infancy, save that, as the letters *th* are the most difficult of pronunciation, and the last which a child attains to the utterance of, so they were the first that came with any readiness from young master Wild. Nor must we omit the early indications whieb he gave of the sweetness of his temper; for though he was by no means to be terrified into compliance, yet might he, by a sugar-plum, be brougbt to your purpose: indeed, to say the truth, he was to be bribed to anything, whieh made many say he was certainly born to be a great man.

He was scarce settled at school before he gave marks of his lofty and aspiring temper; and was regarded by all his schoolfellows with that deference which men generally pay to those superior geniuses who will exact it of them. If an orchard was to be robbed Wild was consulted, and, though he was himself seldom concerned in the execution of the design, yet was he always concerter of it, and treasurer of the booty, some little part of whieh he would now and then, with wonderful generosity, bestow on those who took it. He was generally very secret on these occasions; but if any offered to plunder of his own head, without acquainting master Wild, and making a deposit of the booty, he was sure to have an information against him lodged with the schoolmaster, and to be severely punished for his pains.

He discovered so little attention to school-learning that his master, who was a very wise and worthy man, soon gave over all care and trouble on that account, and, acquainting his parents that their son proceeded extremely well in his studies, he permitted his pupil to follow his own inclinations, perceiving they led him to nohler pursuits than the sciences, which are generally acknowledged to be a very unprofitable study, and indeed greatly to hinder the advancement of men in the world: but though master Wild was not esteemed the readiest at making his exercise, he was universally allowed to be the most dexterous at stealing it of all his schoolfellows, being never detected in such furtive compositions, nor indeed in any other exereitations of his great talents, which all inclined the same way, but once, when he had laid violent hands on a book called *Gradus ad Parnassum*, i. e. *A step towards Parnassus;* on which account his master, who was a man of most wonderful wit and sagacity, is said to have told him he wished it might not prove in the event *Gradus ad Patibulum*, i. e. *A step towards the gallows.*

But, though he would not give himself the pains requisite to acquire a competent sufficiency in the learned languages, yet did he readily listen with attention to others, especially when they translated the classical authors to bim; nor was he in the least backward, at all such times, to express his approbation. He was wonderfully pleased with that passage in the eleventh Iliad where Achilles is said to have bound two sons of Priam upon a mountain, and afterwards to have released them for a sum of money. This was, he said, alone sufficient to refute those who affected a contempt for the wisdom of the ancients, and an undeniable testimony of the great antiquity of priggism.* He was ravished with the account whlch Nestor gives in the same book of the rich booty which he bore off (*i. e.* stole) from the Eleans. He was desirous of having this often repeated to him, and at the end of every repetition he constantly fetched a deep sigh, and said *it was a glorious booty.*

When the story of Cacus was read to him out of the eighth Æneid he generously pitied the unhappy fate of that great man, to whom he thought Hercules much too severe: one of his schoolfellows commending the dexterity of drawing the oxen backward by their tails into his den, he smiled, and with some disdain said, *He could have taught him a better way.*

He was a passionate admirer of heroes, particularly of Alexander the Great, between whom and the late king of Sweden he would freqnently draw parallels. He was much delighted with the accounts of the Czar's retreat from the latter, who carried off the inhabitants of great cities to people his own country. *This*, he said, *was not once thought of by* Alexander; *but* added, *perhaps he did not want them.*

Happy had it been for him if he had confined himself to this sphere; hut his chief, if not only blemish, was, that he would sometimes, from an humility in his nature too pernicious to true greatness, condescend to an intimacy with inferior things and persons. Thus the Spanish rogue was his favourite book, and the Cheats of Scapin his favourite play.

The young gentleman being now at the age of seventeen, his father, from a foolish prejudice to our universities, and out of a false as well as excessive regard to his morals, brought his son to town, where he resided with him till he was of an age to travel. Whilst he was here, all lmaginable care was taken of his instruction, his father endeavouring his utmost to inculate prineiples of honour and gentility into his son.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Wild's first entrance into the world. His acquaintance with count La Ruse.

An accident happened soon after his arrival ln town which almost saved the father his whole labour on this head, and provided master Wild a better tutor than any after-care or expense could have furnished him with. Tbe old gentleman, it seems, was a follower of the fortunes of Mr. Snap, son of Mr. Geoffry Snap, whom we have before mentioned to have enjoyed a reputable offiee under the sheriff of London and Middlesex, the daughter of which Geoffry had intermarried with the Wilds. Mr. Snap the younger, being thereto well warranted, had laid violent hands on, or, as the vulgar express it, arrested one count La Ruse, a man of considerable figure in those days, and had confined him to his own house tili he could find two seconds wbo would in a formal manner give their words that the count should, at a certain day and place appointed, answer all that one Tbomas Thimble, a tailor, had to say to him; which Tbomas Thimble, it seems, alleged that the count had, according to the law of the realm, made over

* This word, in the cant language, signifies thievery.

his body to him as a security for some suits of clothes to him delivered by the said Thomas Thimble. Now as the count, though perfectly a man of honour, could not immediately find these seconds, he was obliged for some time to reside at Mr. Snap's house: for it seems the law of the land is, that whoever owes another 10*l.*, or indeed 2*l.*, may be, on the oath of that person, immediately taken up and carried away from his own house and family, and kept abroad till he is made to owe 50*l.*, whether he will or no; for which he is perhaps afterwards obliged to lie in gaol; and all these without any trial had, or any other evidence of the debt than the abovesaid oath, which if untrue, as it often happens, you have no remedy against the perjurer; he was, forsooth, mistaken.

But though Mr. Snap would not (as perhaps by the nice rules of honour he was obliged) discharge the count on his parole, yet did he not (as by the strict rules of law he was enabled) confine him to his chamber. The count had his liberty of the whole house, and Mr. Snap, using only the precaution of keeping his doors well locked and barred, took his prisoner's word that he would not go forth.

Mr. Snap had by his second lady two daughters, who were now in the bloom of their youth and beauty. These young ladies, like damsels in romance, compassionated the captive count, and endeavoured by all means to make his confinement less irksome to him; which, though they were both very beautiful, they could not attain by any other way so effectually as by engaging with him at cards, in which contentions, as will appear hereafter, the count was greatly skilful.

As whisk and swabbers was the game then in the chief vogue, they were obliged to look for a fourth person in order to make up their parties. Mr. Snap himself would sometimes relax his mind from the violent fatigues of his employment by these recreations; and sometimes a neighbouring young gentleman or lady came in to their assistance: but the most frequent guest was young master Wild, who had been educated from his infancy with the Miss Snaps, and was, by all the neighbours, allotted for the husband of Miss Tishy, or Lætitia, the younger of the two; for though, being his cousin-german, she was perhaps, in the eye of a strict conscience, somewhat too nearly related to him, yet the old people on both sides, though sufficiently scrupulous in nice matters, agreed to overlook this objection.

Men of great genius as easily discover one another as freemasons can. It was therefore no wonder that the count soon conceived an inclination to an intimacy with our young hero, whose vast abilities could not be concealed from one of the count's discernment; for though this latter was so expert at his cards that he was proverbially said to *play the whole game*, he was no match for master Wild, who, inexperienced as he was, notwithstanding all the art, the dexterity, and often the fortune of his adversary, never failed to send him away from the table with less in his pocket than he brought to it, for indeed Langfanger himself could not have extracted a purse with more ingenuity than our young hero.

His hands made frequent visits to the count's pocket before the latter had entertained any suspicion of him, imputing the several losses he sustained rather to the innocent and sprightly frolic of Miss Doshy, or Theodosia, with which, as she indulged him with little innocent freedoms about her person in return, he thought himself obliged to be contented; but one night, when Wild imagined the count asleep, he made so unguarded an attack upon him, that the other caught him in the fact: however, he did not think proper to acquaint him with the discovery he had made, but, preventing him from any booty at that time, he only took care for the future to button his pockets, and to pack the cards with double industry.

So far was this detection from causing any quarrel between these two prigs,* that in reality it recommended them to each other; for a wise man, that is to say a rogue, considers a trick in life as a gamester doth a trick at play. It sets him on his guard, but he admires the dexterity of him who plays it. These, therefore, and many other such instances of ingenuity, operated so violently on the count, that, notwithstanding the disparity which age, title, and above all, dress, had set between them, he resolved to enter into an acquaintance with Wild. This soon produced a perfect intimacy, and that a friendship, which had a longer duration than is common to that passion between persons who only propose to themselves the common advantages of eating, drinking, whoring, or borrowing money; which ends, as they soon fail, so doth the friendship founded upon them. Mutual interest, the greatest of all purposes, was the cement of this alliance, which nothing, of consequence, but superior interest, was capable of dissolving.

CHAPTER V.

A dialogue between young Master Wild and Count La Ruse, which, having extended to the rejoinder, had a very quiet, easy, and natural conclusion.

One evening, after the Miss Snaps were retired to rest, the count thus addressed himself to young Wild: "You cannot, I apprehend, Mr. Wild, be such a stranger to your own great capacity, as to be surprised when I tell you I have often viewed, with a mixture of astonishment and concern, your shining qualities confined to a sphere where they can never reach the eyes of those who would introduce them properly into the world, and raise you to an eminence where you may blaze out to the admiration of all men. I assure you I am pleased with my captivity, when I reflect I am likely to owe to it an acquaintance, and I hope friendship, with the greatest genius of my age; and, what is still more, when I indulge my vanity with a prospect of drawing from obscurity (pardon the expression) such talents as were, I believe, never before like to have been buried in it: for I make no question but, at my discharge from confinement, which will now soon happen, I shall be able to introduce you into company, where you may reap the advantage of your superior parts.

"I will bring you acquainted, sir, with those who, as they are capable of setting a true value on such qualifications, so they will have it both in their power and inclination to prefer you for them. Such an introduction is the only advantage you want, without which your merit might be your misfortune; for those abilities which would entitle you to honour and profit in a superior station may render you only obnoxious to danger and disgrace in a lower."

Mr. Wild answered, "Sir, I am not insensible of my obligations to you, as well for the over-value you have set on my small abilities, as for the kindness you express in offering to introduce me among my superiors. I must own my father hath often persuaded me to push myself into the company of my betters; but, to say the truth, I have an awkward pride in my nature, which is better pleased with being at the head of the lowest class than at the bottom of the highest. Permit me to say, though the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the summit of a dunghill than at the bottom of a

* Thieves.

hill in Paradise. I have always thought it signifies little into what rank of life I am thrown, provided I make a great figure therein, and should be as well satisfied with exerting my talents well at the head of a small party or gang, as in the command of a mighty army; for I am far from agreeing with you, that great parts are often lost in a low situation; on the contrary, I am conviuced it is impossible they should be lost. I have often persuaded myself that there were not fewer than a thousand in Alexander's troops capable of performing what Alexander himself did.

"But, because such spirits were not elected or destined to an imperial command, are we therefore to imagine they came off without a booty? or that they contented themselves with the share in common with their comrades? Surely, no. In civil life, doubtless, the same genius, the same endowments, have often composed the statesman and the prig, for so we call what the vulgar name a thief. The same parts, the same actions, often promote men to the head of superior societies, which raise them to the head of lower; and where is the essential difference if the one ends on Tower-hill and the other at Tyburn? Hath the block any preference to the gallows, or the ax to the halter, but was given them by the ill-guided judgment of men? You will pardon me, therefore, if I am not so hastily inflamed with the common outside of things, nor join the general opinion in preferring one state to another. A guinea is as valuable in a leathern as in an embroidered purse; and a cod's head is a cod's head still, whether in a pewter or a silver dish."

The count replied as follows: "What you have now said doth not lessen my idea of your capacity, but confirms my opinion of the ill effects of bad and low company. Can any man doubt whether it is better to be a great statesman or a common thief? I have often heard that the devil used to say, where or to whom I know not, that it was better to reign in Hell than to be a valet-de-chambre in Heaven, and perhaps he was in the right; but sure, if he had had the choice of reigning in either, he would have chosen better. The truth therefore is, that by low conversation we contract a greater awe for high things than they deserve. We decline great pursuits not from contempt but despair. The man who prefers the high road to a more reputable way of making his fortune doth it because he imagines the one easier than the other; but you yourself have asserted, and with undoubted truth, that the same abilities qualify you for undertaking, and the same means will bring you to your end in both journeys—as in music it is the same tune, whether you play it in a higher or a lower key. To instance in some particulars: is it not the same qualifications which enables this man to hire himself as a servant, and to get into the confidence and secrets of his master in order to rob him, and that to undertake trusts of the highest nature with a design to break and betray them? Is it less difficult by false tokens to deceive a shopkeeper into the delivery of his goods, which you afterwards run away with, than to impose upon him by outward splendour and the appearance of fortune into a credit by which you gain and he loses twenty times as much? Doth it not require more dexterity in the fingers to draw out a man's purse from his pocket, or to take a lady's watch from her side, without being perceived of any (an excellence in which, without flattery, I am persuaded you have no superior), than to cog a die or to shuffle a pack of cards? Is not as much art, as many excellent qualities, required to make a pimping porter at a common bawdy-house as would enable a man to prostitute his own or his friend's wife or child? Does it not ask as good a memory, as nimble an invention, as steady a countenance, to forswear yourself in Westminster-hall as would furnish out a complete fool of state, or perhaps a statesman himself? It is needless to particularise every instance; in all we shall find that there is a nearer connexion between high and low life than is generally imagined, and that a highwayman is entitled to more favour with the great than he usually meets with. If, therefore, as I think I have proved, the same parts which qualify a man for eminence in a low sphere, qualify him likewise for eminence in a higher, sure it can be no doubt in which he would choose to exert them. Ambition, without which no one can be a great man, will immediately instruct him, in your own phrase, to prefer a hill in Paradise to a dunghill; nay, even fear, a passion the most repugnant to greatness, will show him how much more safely he may indulge himself in the free and full exertion of his mighty abilities in the higher than in the lower rank; since experience teaches him that there is a crowd oftener in one year at Tyburn than on Tower-hill in a century." Mr. Wild with much solemnity rejoined, "That the same capacity which qualifies a mill-ken,* a bridle-cull,† or a huttock-and-filo,‡ to arrive at any degree of eminence in his profession, would likewise raise a man in what the world esteem a more honourable calling, I do not deny; nay, in many of your instances it is evident that more ingenuity, more art, is necessary to the lower than the higher proficients. If, therefore, you had only contended that every prig might be a statesman if he pleased, I had readily agreed to it; but when you conclude that it is his interest to be so, that ambition would bid him take that alternative, in a word, that a statesman is greater or happier than a prig, I must deny my assent. But, in comparing these two together, we must carefully avoid being misled by the vulgar erroneous estimation of things, for mankind err in disquisitions of this nature as physicians do who in considering the operations of a disease have not a due regard to the age and complexion of the patient. The same degree of heat which is common in this constitution may be a fever in that; in the same manner that which may be riches or honour to me may be poverty or disgrace to another: for all these things are to be estimated by relation to the person who possesses them. A booty of 10*l.* looks as great in the eye of a bridle-cull, and gives as much real happiness to his fancy, as that of as many thousands to the statesman; and doth not the former lay out his acquisitions in whores and fiddles with much greater joy and mirth than the latter in palaces and pictures? What are the flattery, the false compliments of his gang to the statesman, when he himself must condemn his own blunders, and is obliged against his will to give fortune the whole honour of success? What is the pride resulting from such sham applause, compared to the secret satisfaction which a prig enjoys in his mind in reflecting on a well-contrived and well-executed scheme? Perhaps, indeed, the greater danger is on the prig's side; but then you must remember that the greater honour is so too. When I mention honour, I mean that which is paid him by his gang; for that weak part of the world which is vulgarly called THE WISE see both in a disadvantageous and disgraceful light; and as the prig enjoys (and merits too) the greater degree of honour from his gang, so doth he suffer the less disgrace from the world, who think

* A housebreaker. † A highwayman.
‡ A shoplifter. Terms used in the Cant Dictionary.

his misdeeds, as they call them, sufficiently at last punished with a halter, which at once puts an end to his pain and infamy; whereas the other is not only hated in power, but detested and contemned at the scaffold; and future ages vent their malice on his fame, while the other sleeps quiet and forgotten. Besides, let us a little consider the secret quiet of their consciences: how easy is the reflection of having taken a few shillings or pounds from a stranger, without any breach of confidence, or perhaps any great harm to the person who loses it, compared to that of having betrayed a public trust, and ruined the fortunes of thousands, perhaps of a great nation! How much braver is an attack on the highway than at the gaming-table; and how much more innocent the character of a b—dy-house than a c—t pimp!" He was eagerly proceeding, when, casting his eyes on the count, he perceived him to be fast asleep; wherefore, having first picked his pocket of three shillings, then gently jogged him in order to take his leave, and promised to return to him the next morning to breakfast, they separated: the count retired to rest, and master Wild to a night-cellar.

CHAPTER VI.

Further conferences between the count and master Wild, with other matters of the great kind.

The count missed his money the next morning, and very well knew who had it; but, as he knew likewise how fruitless would be any complaint, he chose to pass it by without mentioning it. Indeed it may appear strange to some readers that these gentlemen, who knew each other to be thieves, should never once give the least hint of this knowledge in all their discourse together, but, on the contrary, should have the words honesty, honour, and friendship as often in their mouths as any other men. This, I say, may appear strange to some; but those who have lived long in cities, courts, gaols, or such places, will perhaps be able to solve the seeming absurdity.

When our two friends met the next morning the count (who, though he did not agree with the whole of his friend's doctrine, was, however, highly pleased with his argument) began to bewail the misfortune of his captivity, and the backwardness of friends to assist each other in their necessities; but what vexed him, he said, most, was the cruelty of the fair: for he intrusted Wild with the secret of his having had an intrigue with Miss Theodosia, the elder of the Miss Snaps, ever since his confinement, though he could not prevail with her to set him at liberty. Wild answered, with a smile, "It was no wonder a woman should wish to confine her lover where she might be sure of having him entirely to herself; but added, he believed he could tell him a method of certainly procuring his escape." The count eagerly besought him to acquaint him with it. Wild told him bribery was the surest means, and advised him to apply to the maid. The count thanked him, but returned, "That he had not a farthing left besides one guinea, which he had then given her to change." To which Wild said, "He must make it up with promises, which he supposed he was courtier enough to know how to put off." The count greatly applauded the advice, and said he hoped he should be able in time to persuade him to condescend to be a great man, for which he was so perfectly well qualified.

This method being concluded on, the two friends sat down to cards, a circumstance which I should not have mentioned but for the sake of observing the prodigious force of habit; for though the count knew if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild he should not receive a shilling, yet could he not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them.

When the maid came home the count began to put it to her; offered her all he had, and promised mountains *in futuro*; but all in vain—the maid's honesty was impregnable. She said, "She would not break her trust for the whole world; no, not if she could gain a hundred pound by it." Upon which Wild stepping up and telling her "She need not fear losing her place, for it would never be found out; that they could throw a pair of sheets into the street, by which it might appear he got out at a window; that he himself would swear he saw him descending; that the money would be so much gains in her pocket; that, besides his promises, which she might depend on being performed, she would receive from him twenty shillings and ninepence in ready money (for she had only laid out threepence in plain Spanish); and lastly, that, besides his honour, the count should leave a pair of gold buttons (which afterwards turned out to be brass) of great value in her hands, as a further pawn."

The maid still remained inflexible, till Wild offered to lend his friend a guinea more, and to deposit it immediately in her hands. This reinforcement bore down the poor girl's resolution, and she faithfully promised to open the door to the count that evening.

Thus did our young hero not only lend his rhetoric, which few people care to do without a fee, but his money too (a sum which many a good man would have made fifty excuses before he would have parted with), to his friend, and procured him his liberty.

But it would be highly derogatory from the great character of Wild, should the reader imagine he lent such a sum to a friend without the least view of serving himself. As, therefore, the reader may easily account for it in a manner more advantageous to our hero's reputation, by concluding that he had some interested view in the count's enlargement, we hope he will judge with charity, especially as the sequel makes it not only reasonable but necessary to suppose he had some such view.

A long intimacy and friendship subsisted between the count and Mr. Wild, who, being by the advice of the count dressed in good clothes, was by him introduced into the best company. They constantly frequented the assemblies, auctions, gaming-tables, and play-houses; at which last they saw two acts every night, and then retired without paying—this being, it seems, an immemorial privilege which the beaux of the town prescribe for to themselves. This, however, did not suit Wild's temper, who called it a cheat, and objected against it as requiring no dexterity, but what every blockhead might put in execution. He said it was a custom very much savouring of the sneaking-budge,* but neither so honourable nor so ingenious.

Wild now made a considerable figure, and passed for a gentleman of great fortune in the funds. Women of quality treated him with great familiarity, young ladies began to spread their charms for him, when an accident happened that put a stop to his continuance in a way of life too insipid and inactive to afford employment for those great talents which were designed to make a much more considerable figure in the world than attends the character of a beau or a pretty gentleman.

* Shoplifting.

CHAPTER VII.

Master Wild sets out on his travels, and returns home again. A very short chapter, containing infinitely more time and less matter than any other in the whole story.

We are sorry we cannot indulge our reader's curiosity with a full and perfect account of this accident; but as there are such various accounts, one of which only can be true, and possibly and indeed probably none; instead of following the general method of historians, who in such cases set down the various reports, and leave to your own conjecture which you will choose, we shall pass them all over.

Certain it is that, whatever this accident was, it determined our hero's father to send his son immediately abroad for seven years; and, which may seem somewhat remarkable, to his majesty's plantations in America—that part of the world being, as he said, freer from vices than the courts and cities of Europe, and consequently less dangerous to corrupt a young man's morals. And as for the advantages, the old gentleman thought they were equal there with those attained in the politer climates; for travelling, he said, was travelling in one part of the world as well as another; it consisted in being such a time from home, and in traversing so many leagues; and appealed to experience whether most of our travellers in France and Italy did not prove at their return that they might have been sent as profitably to Norway and Greenland.

According to these resolutions of his father, the young gentleman went aboard a ship, and with a great deal of good company set out for the American hemisphere. The exact time of his stay is somewhat uncertain; most probably longer than was intended. But howsoever long his abode there was, it must be a blank in this history, as the whole story contains not one adventure worthy the reader's notice; being indeed a continued scene of whoring, drinking, and removing from one place to another.

To confess a truth, we are so ashamed of the shortness of this chapter, that we should have done a violence to our history, and have inserted an adventure or two of some other traveller; to which purpose we borrowed the journals of several young gentlemen who have lately made the tour of Europe; but to our great sorrow, could not extract a single incident strong enough to justify the theft to our conscience.

When we consider the ridiculous figure this chapter must make, being the history of no less than eight years, our only comfort is, that the histories of some men's lives, and perhaps of some men who have made a noise in the world, are in reality as absolute blanks as the travels of our hero. As, therefore, we shall make sufficient amends in the sequel for this inanity, we shall hasten on to matters of true importance and immense greatness. At present we content ourselves with setting down our hero where we took him up, after acquainting our reader that he went abroad, staid seven years, and then came home again.

CHAPTER VIII.

An adventure where Wild, in the division of the booty, exhibits an astonishing instance of GREATNESS.

The count was one night very successful at the hazard-table, where Wild, who was just returned from his travels, was then present; as was likewise a young gentleman whose name was Bob Bagshot, an acquaintance of Mr. Wild's, and of whom he entertained a great opinion; taking, therefore, Mr. Bagshot aside, he advised him to prepare himself (if he had not them about him) with a pair of pistols, and to attack the count in his way home, promising to plant himself near with the same arms, as a *corps de reserve*, and to come up on occasion. This was accordingly executed, and the count obliged to surrender to savage force what he had in so genteel and civil a manner taken at play.

And as it is a wise and philosophical observation, that one misfortune never comes alone, the count had hardly passed the examination of Mr. Bagshot when he fell into the hands of Mr. Snap, who, in company with Mr. Wild the elder and one or two more gentlemen, being, it seems, thereto well warranted, laid hold of the unfortunate count, and conveyed him back to the same house from which, by the assistance of his good friend, he had formerly escaped.

Mr. Wild and Mr. Bagshot went together to the tavern, where Mr. Bagshot (generously, as he thought) offered to share the booty, and, having divided the money into two unequal heaps, and added a golden snuff-box to the lesser heap, he desired Mr. Wild to take his choice.

Mr. Wild immediately conveyed the larger share of the ready into his pocket, according to an excellent maxim of his, "First secure what share you can before you wrangle for the rest;" and then, turning to his companion, he asked with a stern countenance whether he intended to keep all that sum to himself? Mr. Bagshot answered, with some surprise, that he thought Mr. Wild had no reason to complain; for it was surely fair, at least on his part, to content himself with an equal share of the booty, who had taken the whole. "I grant you took it," replied Wild; "but, pray, who proposed or counselled the taking it? Can you say that you have done more than executed my scheme? and might not I, if I had pleased, have employed another, since you well know there was not a gentleman in the room but would have taken the money if he had known how conveniently and safely to do it?" "That is very true" returned Bagshot, "but did not I execute the scheme, did not I run the whole risk? Should not I have suffered the whole punishment if I had been taken, and is not the labourer worthy of his hire?" "Doubtless" says Jonathan, "he is so, and your hire I shall not refuse you, which is all that the labourer is entitled to or ever enjoys. I remember when I was at school to have heard some verses which for the excellence of their doctrine made an impression on me, purporting that the birds of the air and the beasts of the field work not for themselves. It is true, the farmer allows fodder to his oxen and pasture to his sheep; but it is for his own service, not theirs. In the same manner the ploughman, the shepherd, the weaver, the builder, and the soldier, work not for themselves but others; they are contented with a poor pittance (the labourer's hire), and permit us, the GREAT, to enjoy the fruits of their labours. Aristotle, as my master told us, hath plainly proved, in the first book of his politics, that the low, mean, useful part of mankind, are born slaves to the wills of their superiors, and are indeed as much their property as the cattle. It is well said of us, the higher order of mortals, that we are born only to devour the fruits of the earth; and it may be as well said of the lower class, that they are born only to produce them for us. Is not the battle gained by the sweat and danger of the common soldier? Are not the honour and fruits of the victory the general's who laid the scheme? Is not the house built by the labour of the carpenter and the bricklayer? Is it not built for the profit only of the architect and for the use of the inhabitant, who could not easily have placed one brick upon another? Is not the cloth or the silk wrought into its form and

variegated with all the beauty of colours by those who are forced to content themselves with the coarsest and vilest part of their work, while the profit and enjoyment of their labours fall to the share of others? Cast your eye abroad, and see who is it lives in the most magnificent buildings, feasts his palate with the most luxurious dainties, his eyes with the most beautiful sculptures and delicate paintings, and clothes himself in the finest and richest apparel; and tell me if all these do not fall to his lot who had not any the least share in producing all these conveniences, nor the least ability so to do? Why then should the state of a prig* differ from all others? Or why should you, who are the labourer only, the executor of my scheme, expect a share in the profit? Be advised, therefore; deliver the whole booty to me, and trust to my bounty for your reward." Mr. Bagshot was some time silent, and looked like a man thunderstruck, but at last, recovering himself from his surprise, he thus began: "If you think, Mr. Wild, by the force of your arguments, to get the money out of my pocket, you are greatly mistaken. What is all this stuff to me? D—n me, I am a man of honour, and, though I can't talk as well as you, by G— you shall not make a fool of me; and if you take me for one, I must tell you you are a rascal." At which words he laid his hand to his pistol. Wild, perceiving the little success the great strength of his arguments had met with, and the hasty temper of his friend, gave over his design for the present, and told Bagshot he was only in jest. But this coolness with which he treated the other's flame had rather the effect of oil than of water. Bagshot replied in a rage, "D—n me, I don't like such jests; I see you are a pitiful rascal and a scoundrel." Wild, with a philosophy worthy of great admiration, returned, "As for your abuse, I have no regard to it; but, to convince you I am not afraid of you, let us lay the whole booty on the table, and let the conqueror take it all." And having so said, he drew out his shining hanger, whose glittering so dazzled the eyes of Bagshot, that, in tone entirely altered, he said, "No! he was contented with what he had already; that it was mighty ridiculous in them to quarrel among themselves; that they had common enemies enough abroad, against whom they should unite their common force; that if he had mistaken Wild he was sorry for it; and as for a jest, he could take a jest as well as another." Wild, who had a wonderful knack of discovering and applying to the passions of men, beginning now to have a little insight into his friend, and to conceive what arguments would make the quickest impression on him, cried out in a loud voice, "That he had bullied him into drawing his hanger, and, since it was out, he would not put it up without satisfaction." "What satisfaction would you have?" answered the other. "Your money or your blood," said Wild. "Why, look ye, Mr. Wild," said Bagshot, "if you want to borrow a little of my part, since I know you to be a man of honour, I don't care if I lend you; for, though I am not afraid of any man living, yet rather than break with a friend, and as it may be necessary for your occasions—" Wild, who often declared that he looked upon borrowing to be as good a way of taking as any, and, as he called it, the genteelest kind of sneaking-budge, putting up his hanger, and shaking his friend by the hand, told him he had hit the nail on the head; it was really his present necessity only that prevailed with him against his will, for that his honour was concerned to pay a considerable sum the next morning. Upon which, contenting himself with one half of Bagshot's share, so that he had three parts in four of the whole, he took leave of his companion and retired to rest.

* A thief.

CHAPTER IX.

Wild pays a visit to Miss Lætitia Snap. A description of that lovely young creature, and the successless issue of Mr. Wild's addresses.

The next morning when our hero waked he began to think of paying a visit to Miss Tishy Snap, a woman of great merit and of as great generosity; yet Mr. Wild found a present was ever most welcome to her, as being a token of respect in her lover. He therefore went directly to a toy-shop, and there purchased a genteel snuff-box, with which he waited upon his mistress, whom he found in the most beautiful undress. Her lovely hair hung wantonly over her forehead, being neither white with, nor yet free from, powder; a neat double clout, which seemed to have been worn a few weeks only, was pinned under her chin; some remains of that art with which ladies improve nature shone on her cheeks; her body was loosely attired, without stays or jumps, so that her breasts had uncontrolled liberty to display their beauteous orbs, which they did as low as her girdle; a thin covering of a rumpled muslin handkerchief almost hid them from the eyes, save in a few parts, where a good-natured hole gave opportunity to the naked breast to appear. Her gown was a satin of a whitish colour, with about a dozen little silver spots upon it, so artificially interwoven at great distance, that they looked as if they had fallen there by chance. This, flying open, discovered a fine yellow petticoat, beautifully edged round the bottom with a narrow piece of half gold lace, which was now almost become fringe: beneath this appeared another petticoat stiffened with whalebone, vulgarly called a hoop, which hung six inches at least below the other; and under this again appeared an under-garment of that colour which Ovid intends when he says,

———*Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.*

She likewise displayed two pretty feet covered with silk and adorned with lace, and tied, the right with a handsome piece of blue ribbon; the left, as more unworthy, with a piece of yellow stuff, which seemed to have been a strip of her upper-petticoat. Such was the lovely creature whom Mr. Wild attended. She received him at first with some of that coldness which women of strict virtue, by a commendable though sometimes painful restraint, enjoin themselves to their lovers. The snuff-box, being produced, was at first civilly, and indeed gently, refused; but on a second application accepted. The tea-table was soon called for, at which a discourse passed between these young lovers, which, could we set it down with any accuracy, would be very edifying as well as entertaining to our reader; let it suffice then that the wit, together with the beauty, of this young creature, so inflamed the passion of Wild, which, though an honourable sort of a passion, was at the same time so extremely violent, that it transported him to freedoms too offensive to the nice chastity of Lætitia, who was, to confess the truth, more indebted to her own strength for the preservation of her virtue than to the awful respect or backwardness of her lover: he was indeed so very urgent in his addresses, that, had he not with many oaths promised her marriage, we could scarce have been strictly justified in calling his passion honourable; but he was so remarkably attached to decency, that he never offered any violence to a young lady without the most earnest promises of that kind, these being, he said, a ceremonial due to female modesty,

which cost so little, and were so easily pronounced, that the omission could arise from nothing but the mere wantonness of brutality. The lovely Lætitia, either out of prudence, or perhaps religion, of which she was a liberal professor, was deaf to all his promises, and luckily invincible to his force; for, though she had not yet learned the art of well clenching her fist, nature had not however left her defenceless, for at the ends of her fingers she wore arms, which she used with such admirable dexterity, that the hot blood of Mr. Wild soon began to appear in several little spots on his face, and his full-blown cheeks to resemble that part which modesty forbids a boy to turn up anywhere but in a public school, after some pedagogue, strong of arm, hath exercised his talents thereon. Wild now retreated from the conflict, and the victorious Lætitia, with becoming triumph and noble spirit, cried out, "D—n your eyes, if this be your way of showing your love, I'll warrant I gives you enough on't." She then proceeded to talk of her virtue, which Wild bid her carry to the devil with her, and thus our lovers parted.

CHAPTER X.

A discovery of some matters concerning the chaste Lætitia which must wonderfully surprise, and perhaps affect, our reader.

Mr. Wild was no sooner departed than the fair conqueress, opening the door of a closet, called forth a young gentleman whom she had there enclosed at the approach of the other. The name of this gallant was Tom Smirk. He was clerk to an attorney, and was indeed the greatest beau and the greatest favourite of the ladies at the end of the town where he lived. As we take dress to be the characteristic or efficient quality of a beau, we shall, instead of giving any character of this young gentleman, content ourselves with describing his dress only to our readers. He wore, then, a pair of white stockings on his legs, and pumps on his feet: his buckles were a large piece of pinchbeck plate, which almost covered his whole foot. His breeches were of red plush, which hardly reached his knees; his waistcoat was a white dimity, richly embroidered with yellow silk, over which he wore a blue plush coat with metal buttons, a smart sleeve, with a cape reaching half way down his back. His wig was of a brown colour, covering almost half his pate, on which was hung on one side a little laced hat, but cocked with great smartness. Such was the accomplished Smirk, who, at his issuing forth from the closet, was received with open arms by the amiable Lætitia. She addressed him by the tender name of dear Tommy, and told him she had dismissed the odious creature whom her father intended for her husband, and had now nothing to interrupt her happiness with him.

Here, reader, thou must pardon us if we stop a while to lament the capriciousness of Nature in forming this charming part of the creation designed to complete the happiness of man; with their soft innocence to allay his ferocity, with their sprightliness to soothe his cares, and with their constant friendship to relieve all the troubles and disappointments which can happen to him. Seeing then that these are the blessings chiefly sought after and generally found in every wife, how must we lament that disposition in these lovely creatures which leads them to prefer in their favour those individuals of the other sex who do not seem intended by nature as so great a masterpiece! For surely, however useful they may be in the creation, as we are taught that nothing, not even a louse, is made in vain, yet these beaux, even that most splendid and honoured part which in this our island nature loves to distinguish in red, are not, as some think, the noblest work of the Creator. For my own part, let any man choose to himself two beaux, let them be captains or colonels, as well-dressed men as ever lived, I would venture to oppose a single sir Isaac Newton, a Shakspeare, a Milton, or perhaps some few others, to both these beaux; nay, and I very much doubt whether it had not been better for the world in general that neither of these beaux had ever been born than that it should have wanted the benefit arising to it from the labour of any one of those persons.

If this be true, how melancholy must be the consideration that any single beau, especially if he have but half a yard of ribbon in his hat, shall weigh heavier in the scale of female affection than twenty sir Isaac Newtons! How must our reader, who perhaps had wisely accounted for the resistance which the chaste Lætitia had made to the violent addresses of the ravished (or rather ravishing) Wild from that lady's impregnable virtue—how must he blush, I say, to perceive her quit the strictness of her carriage, and abandon herself to those loose freedoms which she indulged to Smirk! But alas! when we discover all, as to preserve the fidelity of our history we must, when we relate that every familiarity had passed between them, and that the fair Lætitia (for we must, in this single instance, imitate Virgil when he drops the *pius* and the *pater*, and drop our favourite epithet of *chaste*), the fair Lætitia had, I say, made Smirk as happy as Wild desired to be, what must then be our reader's confusion! We will, therefore, draw a curtain over this scene, from that philogyny which is in us, and proceed to matters which, instead of dishonouring the human species, will greatly raise and ennoble it.

CHAPTER XI.

Containing as notable instances of human greatness as are to be met with in ancient or modern history. Concluding with some wholesome hints to the gay part of mankind.

Wild no sooner parted from the chaste Lætitia than, recollecting that his friend the count was returned to his lodgings in the same house, he resolved to visit him; for he was none of those half-bred fellows who are ashamed to see their friends when they have plundered and betrayed them; from which base and pitiful temper many monstrous cruelties have been transacted by men, who have sometimes carried their modesty so far as to the murder or utter ruin of those against whom their consciences have suggested to them that they have committed some small trespass, either by the debauching a friend's wife or daughter, belying or betraying the friend himself, or some other such trifling instance. In our hero there was nothing not truly great: he could, without the least shashment, drink a bottle with the man who knew he had the moment before picked his pocket; and, when he had stripped him of everything he had, never desired to do him any further mischief; for he carried good-nature to that wonderful and uncommon height that he never did a single injury to man or woman by which he himself did not expect to reap some advantage. He would often indeed say that by the contrary party men often made a bad bargain with the devil, and did his work for nothing.

Our hero found the captive count, not basely lamenting his fate nor abandoning himself to despair, but, with due resignation, employing himself in preparing several packs of cards for future exploits. The count, little suspecting that Wild had been the sole contriver of the misfortune which had befallen him, rose up and eagerly embraced him·

and Wild returned his embrace with equal warmth. They were no sooner seated than Wild took an occasion, from seeing the cards lying on the table, to inveigh against gaming, and, with an usual and highly commendeble freedom, after first exaggerating the distressed circumstences in which the count was then invulved, imputed all his misfortunes to that cursed itch of play which, he said, he coucluded had brought his present confinement upon him, ann must unavoidahly end in his destruction. The other, with great alacrity, defended his favourite amusemeut (or rather employment), and, having told his friend the great success he had after his unluckily quitting the room, acquainted him with the accidcut which followed, and which the reader, as well as Mr. Wild, heth had some intimation of hefore; adding, however, one circumstance not hitherto mentioned, viz. that he had defended his money with the utmust bravery, and had dangerously wounded at least two of the three men that had attacked him. This hchaviour Wild, who not unly knew the extreme readiness with which the hooty had been delivered, hut alsu the constant frigidity of the count's courage, highly applauded, and wished he had been present to assist him. The count then proceeded to animadvert on the carelessness of the watch, and the scandal it was to the laws that honest people could not walk the streets in safety; and, after expatiating some time on that subject, he asked Mr. Wild if he ever saw so prodigious a run of luck (for so he chose to call his wiuning, though he knew Wild was well acquainted with his having loaded dice in his pocket). The other answered it was indeed prodigious, and almost sufficient to justify any person who did not know him better in suspecting his fair play. "No man, I believe, dares call that in question," replied he. "No, surely," says Wild; "you are well known to he a man of more honuur; hut pray, sir," continued he, "did the rascals rob you of all?" "Every shilling," cries the other, with an oath; "they did not leavo me a single stake."

While they were thus discoursing, Mr. Snap, with a gentleman who followed him, introduced Mr. Bagshot into the cumpauy. It seems Mr. Bagshot, immediately after his separation from Mr. Wild, returned to the gaming-table, where, heving trusted to fortune that treasure which he had procured by his industry, the faithless goddess committed a hreach of trust, and sent Mr. Bagshot away with as empty pockets as are to he found in any laced coat in the kingdum. Now, as that gentleman was walking to a certain reputahle house or shed in Covent-garden market he fortuned to meet with Mr. Snap, who had just returned from conveying tha count to his lodgiogs, and was then walking to and fro before the gaming-house door; for you are to know, my good reader, if you have never been e man of wit and pleasure ehout town, that, as the voracious pike lieth snug under some weed before the mouth of any of those little streams which discharge themselves into a lerge river, waiting for the small fry which issue thereout, so hourly, before the door or mouth of these gaming-houses, doth Mr. Snap, or some other gentleman of bis occnpation, attend the issuing forth of the small fry of young gentlemen, to whom they deliver little slips of parchment, containing invitations uf the said gentlemen to their houses, together with one Mr. John Doe,* a person whose company is in great reqnest. Mr. Snap, among many others of these billets, happened to have one directed to Mr. Bagshot, being at the snit or solicitation of one Mrs. Anne Sample, spinster, at whose house the said Bagshot had lodged several months, and whence he had inadvertently departed without taking a formal leave, on wlich account Mrs. Anne had taken this method of *speaking with* him.

Mr. Snap's house being now very full of good company, he was obliged to introduce Mr. Bagsbot into the count's apartment, it being, as he said, the only chamber he had to *lock up* in. Mr. Wild no sooner saw his friend than he ran eagerly to embrace him, and immediately presented him to the count, who received him with great civility

* This is a fictitious name which is put into every writ; for what purpose the lawyers best know.

CHAPTER XII.

Further particulars relating to Miss Tishy, which perhaps may not greatly surprise after the former. The description of a very fine gentleman. And a dialogue between Wild and the count, in which public virtue is just hinted at, with, &c.

Mr. Snap had turned the key a very few minutes before a servant of the family called Mr. Bagshot out of the room, telling him there was a person below who desired to speak with him; and this was no other than Miss Lætitia Snep, whose edmirer Mr. Bagshot had long been, and in whose tender hreast his passion had raised a more ardent flame than that which any of his rivals had heen able to raise. Indeed she was so extremely fond of this youth, that she often confessed to her female confidents, if she conld ever have listened to the thought of living with any one men, Mr. Bagshot was he. Nor was she singular in this inclination, many other young ladies heing her rivals in this lover, who had all the great and noble qualifications necessary to form a true gallant, and which nature is seldom so extremely bountiful as to indulge to any one person. We will endeavour, however, to describe them all with as much exactness as possible. He was then six feet high, had large calves, hroad shoulders, a ruddy complexiun, with hrown curled hair, a modest assurance, and cleen linen. He had indeed, it must he confessed, some small deficiencies to counterhalance these heroic qualities; for he was the silliest fellow in the world, could neither write nor read, nor had he a single grain or spark of honour, honesty, or good-nature, in his whole composition.

As soon as Mr. Bagshot had quitted the room the count, taking Wild by the hand, told him he had something to communicate to him of very great importance. "I am very well conviuced," said he, "that Bagshot is the person who robbed me." Wild started with great amasement at this discovery, and answered, with a most serions countenance, "I advise you to take care how you cast any such reflections on a man of Mr. Bagshot's nice honour, for I am certain he will not bear it." "D—n his honour!" quoth the enraged count; "nor can I hear being robbed; I will apply to a justice of peace." Wild replied, with great indignation, "Since yon dare entertain such a suspicion against my friend, I will henceforth disclaim all acquaintance with you. Mr. Bagshot is a man of houour, and my friend, and consequeutly it is impossihle he should be guilty of a bad action." He added much more to the same purpose, which had not the expected weight with the count; for the latter seemed still certain as to the person, and resolute in applying for justice, which, he said, he thought he owed to the public as well as to himself. Wild then changed his counteuance into a kind of derision, and spoke as follows: "Suppose it should be possible that Mr. Bagshot had, in a frolic (for I will call it no other), taken this method of borrowing your money, what will you get hy prosecuting him? Not your money again, for

you hear he was stripped at the gaming-table (of which Bagshot had during their short confabulation informed them); you will get then an opportunity of being still more out of pocket by the prosecution. Another advantage you may promise yourself is the being blown up at every gaming-house in town, for that I will assure you of; and then much good may it do you to sit down with the satisfaction of having discharged what it seems you owe the public. I am ashamed of my own discernment when I mistook you for a great man. Would it not be better for you to receive part (perhaps all) of your money again by a wise concealment; for, however *seedy** Mr. Bagshot may be now, if he hath really played this frolic with you, you may believe he will play it with others, and when he is in cash you may depend on a restoration; the law will be always in your power, and that is the last remedy which a brave or a wise man would resort to. Leave the affair therefore to me; I will examine Bagshot, and, if I find he hath played you this trick, I will engage my own honour you shall in the end be no loser" The count answered, "If I was sure to be no loser, Mr. Wild, I apprehend you have a better opinion of my understanding than to imagine I would prosecute a gentleman for the sake of the public. These are foolish words of course, which we learn a ridiculous habit of speaking, and will often break from us without any design or meaning. I assure you, all I desire is a reimbursement; and if I can by your means obtain that, the public may ——;" concluding with a phrase too coarse to be inserted in a history of this kind.

They were now informed that dinner was ready, and the company assembled below stairs, whither the reader may, if he please, attend these gentlemen.

There sat down at the table Mr. Snap, and the two Miss Snaps his daughters, Mr. Wild the elder, Mr. Wild the younger, the count, Mr. Bagshot, and a grave gentleman who had formerly had the honour of carrying arms in a regiment of foot, and who was now engaged in the office (perhaps a more profitable one) of assisting or following Mr. Snap in the execution of the laws of his country.

Nothing very remarkable passed at dinner. The conversation (as is usual in polite company) rolled chiefly on what they were then eating and what they had lately eaten. In this the military gentleman, who had served in Ireland, gave them a very particular account of a new manner of roasting potatoes, and others gave an account of other dishes. In short, an indifferent by-stander would have concluded from their discourse that they had all come into this world for no other purpose than to fill their bellies; and indeed, if this was not the chief, it is probable it was the most innocent design Nature had in their formation.

As soon as *the dish* was removed, and the ladies retired, the count proposed a game at hazard, which was immediately assented to by the whole company, and, the dice being immediately brought in, the count took up the box and demanded who would set him: to which no one made any answer, imagining perhaps the count's pockets to be more empty than they were; for, in reality, that gentleman (notwithstanding what he had heartily swore to Mr. Wild) had, since his arrival at Mr. Snap's, conveyed a piece of plate to pawn, by which means he had furnished himself with ten guineas. The count, therefore, perceiving this backwardness in his friends, and probably somewhat guessing at the cause of it, took the said guineas out of his pocket, and threw them on the table; when lo! (such is the force of example) all the rest began to produce their funds, and immediately, a considerable sum glittering in their eyes, the game began.

* Poor.

CHAPTER XIII.

A chapter of which we are extremely vain, and which indeed we look on as our *chef-d œuvre*; containing a wonderful story concerning the devil, and as nice a scene of honour as ever happened.

My reader, I believe, even if he be a gamester, would not thank me for an exact relation of every man's success; let it suffice then that they played till the whole money vanished from the table. Whether the devil himself carried it away, as some suspected, I will not determine; but very surprising it was that every person protested he had lost, nor could any one guess who, unless *the devil*, had won.

But though very probable it is that this arch fiend had some share in the booty, it is likely he had not all; Mr. Bagshot being imagined to be a considerable winner, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary; for he was seen by several to convey money often into his pocket; and what is still a little stronger presumption is, that the grave gentleman whom we have mentioned to have served his country in two honourable capacities, not being willing to trust alone to the evidence of his eyes, had frequently dived into the said Bagshot's pocket, whence (as he tells us in the apology for his life, afterwards published*), though he might extract a few pieces, he was very sensible he had left many behind. The gentleman had long indulged his curiosity in this way before Mr. Bagshot, in the heat of gaming, had perceived him; but, as Bagshot was now leaving off play, he discovered this ingenious feat of dexterity; upon which, leaping up from his chair in violent passion, he cried out, "I thought I had been among gentlemen and men of honour, but, d—n me, I find we have a pickpocket in company." The scandalous sound of this word extremely alarmed the whole board, nor did they all show less surprise than the *Con——n* (whose not sitting of late is much lamented) would express at hearing there was an atheist in the room; but it more particularly affected the gentleman at whom it was levelled, though it was not addressed to him. He likewise started from his chair, and, with a fierce countenance and accent, said, "Do you mean me? D—n your eyes, you are a rascal and a scoundrel!" Those words would have been immediately succeeded by blows had not the company interposed, and with strong arm withheld the two antagonists from each other. It was, however, a long time before they could be prevailed on to sit down; which being at last happily brought about, Mr. Wild the elder, who was a well-disposed old man, advised them to shake hands and be friends; but the gentleman who had received the first affront absolutely refused it, and swore *he would have the villain's blood*. Mr. Snap highly applauded the resolution, and affirmed that the affront was by no means to be put up by any who bore the name of a gentleman, and that unless his friend resented it properly he would never execute another warrant in his company; that he had always looked upon him as a man of honour, and doubted not but he would prove himself so; and that, if it was his own case, nothing should persuade him to put up such an affront without proper satisfaction. The count likewise spoke on the same

* Not in a book by itself, in imitation of some other such persons, but in the ordinary's account, &c., where all the apologies for the lives of rogues and whores which have been published within these twenty years should have been inserted.

side, and the parties themselves muttered several short sentences purporting their intentions. At last Mr. Wild, our hero, rising slowly from his seat, and having fixed the attention of all present, began as follows: "I have heard with infinite pleasure everything which the two gentlemen who spoke last have said with relation to honour, nor can any man possibly entertain a higher and nobler sense of that word, nor a greater esteem of its inestimable value, than myself. If we have no name to express it by in our Cant Dictionary, it were well to be wished we had. It is indeed the essential quality of a gentleman, and which no man who ever was great in the field or on the road (as others express it) can possibly be without. But alas! gentlemen, what pity is it that a word of such sovereign use and virtue should have so uncertain and various an application that scarce two people mean the same thing by it? Do not some by honour mean good-nature and humanity, which weak minds call virtues? How then! Must we deny it to the great, the brave, the noble; to the sackers of towns, the plunderers of provinces, and the conquerors of kingdoms? Were not these men of honour? and yet they scorn those pitiful qualities I have mentioned. Again, some few (or I am mistaken) include the idea of honesty in their honour. And shall we then say that no man who withholds from another what law, or justice perhaps, calls his own, or who greatly and boldly deprives him of such property, is a man of honour? Heaven forbid I should say so in this, or, indeed, in any other good company! Is honour truth? No; it is not in the lie's going from us, but in its coming to us, our honour is injured. Doth it then consist in what the vulgar call cardinal virtues? It would be an affront to your understandings to suppose it, since we see every day so many men of honour without any. In what then doth the word honour consist? Why in itself alone. A man of honour is he that is called a man of honour; and while he is so called he so remains, and no longer. Think not anything a man commits can forfeit his honour. Look abroad into the world; the PRIG, while he flourishes, is a man of honour; when in gaol, at the bar, or the tree, he is so no longer. And why is this distinction? Not from his actions; for those are often as well known in his flourishing estate as they are afterwards, but because men, I mean those of his own party or gang, call him a man of honour in the former, and cease to call him so in the latter condition. Let us see then; how hath Mr. Bagshot injured the gentleman's honour? Why, he hath called him a pickpocket; and that, probably, by a severe construction and a long roundabout way of reasoning, may seem a little to derogate from his honour, if considered in a very nice sense. Admitting it, therefore, for argument's sake, to be some small imputation on his honour, let Mr. Bagshot give him satisfaction; let him doubly and triply repair this oblique injury by directly asserting that he believes he is a man of honour." The gentleman answered he was content to refer it to Mr. Wild, and whatever satisfaction he thought sufficient he would accept. "Let him give me my money again first," said Bagshot, "and then I will call him a man of honour with all my heart." The gentleman then protested he had not any, which Snap seconded, declaring he had his eyes on him all the while; but Bagshot remained still unsatisfied, till Wild, rapping out a hearty oath, swore he had not taken a single farthing, adding that whoever asserted the contrary gave him the lie, and he would resent it. And now, such was the ascendancy of this great man, that Bagshot immediately acquiesced, and performed the ceremonies required: and thus, by the exquisite address of our hero, this quarrel, which had so fatal an aspect, and which between two persons so extremely jealous of their honour would most certainly have produced very dreadful consequences, was happily concluded.

Mr. Wild was indeed a little interested in this affair, as he himself had set the gentleman to work, and had received the greatest part of the booty: and as to Mr. Snap's deposition in his favour, it was the usual height to which the ardour of that worthy person's friendship too frequently hurried him. It was his constant maxim that he was a pitiful fellow who would stick at a little *rapping** for his friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which the history of GREATNESS is continued.

MATTERS being thus reconciled, and the gaming over, from reasons before hinted, the company proceeded to drink about with the utmost cheerfulness and friendship; drinking healths, shaking hands, and professing the most perfect affection for each other. All which were not in the least interrupted by some designs which they then agitated in their minds, and which they intended to execute as soon as the liquor had prevailed over some of their understandings. Bagshot and the gentleman intending to rob each other; Mr. Snap and Mr. Wild the elder meditating what other creditors they could find out to charge the gentleman then in custody with; the count hoping to renew the play, and Wild, our hero, laying a design to put Bagshot out of the way, or, as the vulgar express it, to hang him with the first opportunity. But none of these great designs could at present be put in execution, for, Mr. Snap being soon after summoned abroad on business of great moment, which required likewise the assistance of Mr. Wild the elder and his other friend, and as he did not care to trust to the nimbleness of the count's heels, of which he had already had some experience, he declared he must *lock up* for that evening. Here, reader, if thou pleasest, as we are in no great haste, we will stop and make a simile. As when their lap is finished, the cautious huntsman to their kennel gathers the nimble-footed hounds, they with lank ears and tails slouch sullenly on, whilst he, with his whippers-in, follow close to their heels, regardless of their dogged humour, till, having seen them safe within the door, he turns the key, and then retires to whatever business or pleasure calls him thence; so with lowering countenance and reluctant steps mounted the count and Bagshot to their chamber, or rather kennel, whither they were attended by Snap and those who followed him, and where Snap, having seen them deposited, very contentedly locked the door and departed. And now, reader, we will, in imitation of the truly laudable custom of the world, leave these our good friends to deliver themselves as they can, and pursue the thriving fortunes of Wild, our hero, who, with that great aversion to satisfaction and content which is inseparably incident to great minds, began to enlarge his views with his prosperity: for this restless, amiable disposition, this noble avidity which increases with feeding, is the first principle or constituent quality of these our great men; to whom, in their passage on to greatness, it happens as to a traveller over the Alps, or, if this be a too far-fetched simile, to one who travels westward over the hills near Bath, where the simile was indeed made. He sees not the end of his journey at once; but, passing on from

* *Rapping* is a cant word for perjury.

scheme to scheme, and from hill to hill, with noble constancy, resolving still to attain the summit on which he hath fixed his eye, however dirty the roads may be through which he struggles, he at length arrives——at some vile inn, where he finds no kind of entertainment nor conveniency for repose. I fancy, reader, if thou hast ever travelled in these roads, one part of my simile is sufficiently apparent (and, indeed, in all these illustrations, one side is generally much more apparent than the other); but, believe me, if the other doth not so evidently appear to thy satisfaction, it is from no other reason than because thou art unacquainted with these great men, and hast not had sufficient instruction, leisure, or opportunity, to consider what happens to those who pursue what is generally understood by GREATNESS: for surely, if thou hadst animadverted, not only on the many perils to which great men are daily liable while they are in their progress, but hadst discerned, as it were through a microscope (for it is invisible to the naked eye), that diminutive speck of happiness which they attain even in the consummation of their wishes, thou wouldst lament with me the unhappy fate of these great men, on whom nature hath set so superior a mark, that the rest of mankind are born for their use and emolument only, and be apt to cry out, "It is pity that THOSE for whose pleasure and profit mankind are to labour and sweat, to be hacked and hewed, to be pillaged, plundered, and every way destroyed, should reap so LITTLE advantage from all the miseries they occasion to others." For my part, I own myself of that humble kind of mortals who consider themselves born for the behoof of some great man or other, and could I behold his happiness carved out of the labour and ruin of a thousand such reptiles as myself I might with satisfaction exclaim, *Sic, sic juvat:* but when I behold one great man starving with hunger and freezing with cold, in the midst of fifty thousand who are suffering the same evils for his diversion; when I see another, whose own mind is a more abject slave to his own greatness, and is more tortured and racked by it, than those of all his vassals; lastly, when I consider whole nations rooted out only to bring tears into the eyes of a great man, not indeed because he hath extirpated so many, but because he had no more nations to extirpate, then truly I am almost inclined to wish that Nature had spared us this her MASTERPIECE, and that no GREAT MAN had ever been born into the world.

But to proceed with our history, which will, we hope, produce much better lessons, and more instructive, than any we can preach: Wild was no sooner retired to a night-cellar than he began to reflect on the sweets he had that day enjoyed from the labours of others, *viz.*, first, from Mr. Bagshot, who had for his use robbed the count; and, secondly, from the gentleman, who, for the same good purpose, had picked the pocket of Bagshot. He then proceeded to reason thus with himself: "The art of policy is the art of multiplication, the degrees of greatness being constituted by those two little words *more* and *less*. Mankind are first properly to be considered under two grand divisions, those that use their own hands, and those who employ the hands of others. The former are the base and rabble; the latter, the genteel part of the creation. The mercantile part of the world, therefore, wisely use the term *employing hands*, and justly prefer each other as they employ more or fewer; for thus one merchant says he is greater than another because he employs more hands. And now indeed the merchant should seem to challenge some character of greatness, did we not necessarily come to a second division, *viz.*, of those who employ hands for the use of the community in which they live, and of those who employ hands merely for their own use, without any regard to the benefit of society. Of the former sort are the yeoman, the manufacturer, the merchant, and perhaps the gentleman. The first of these being to manure and cultivate his native soil, and to employ hands to produce the fruits of the earth. The second being to improve them by employing hands likewise, and to produce from them those useful commodities which serve as well for the conveniencies as necessaries of life. The third is to employ hands for the exportation of the redundance of our own commodities, and to exchange them with the redundances of foreign nations, that thus every soil and every climate may enjoy the fruits of the whole earth. The gentleman is, by employing hands, likewise to embellish his country with the improvement of arts and sciences, with the making and executing good and wholesome laws for the preservation of property and the distribution of justice, and in several other manners to be useful to society. Now we come to the second part of this division, *viz.*, of those who employ hands for their own use only: and this is that noble and great part who are generally distinguished into *conquerors*, *absolute princes*, *statesmen*, and *prigs*.* Now all these differ from each other in greatness only—they employ *more* or *fewer* hands. And Alexander the Great was only *greater* than a captain of one of the Tartarian or Arabian hordes, as he was at the head of a larger number. In what then is a single *prig* inferior to any other great man, but because he employs his own hands only; for he is not on that account to be levelled with the base and vulgar, because he employs his hands for his own use only. Now, suppose a *prig* had as many tools as any prime minister ever had, would he not be as great as any prime minister whatsoever? Undoubtedly he would. What then have I to do in the pursuit of greatness but to procure a gang, and to make the use of this gang centre in myself? This gang shall rob for me only, receiving very moderate rewards for their actions; out of this gang I will prefer to my favour the boldest and most iniquitous (as the vulgar express it); the rest I will, from time to time, as I see occasion, transport and hang at my pleasure; and thus (which I take to be the highest excellence of a *prig*) convert those laws which are made for the benefit and protection of society to my single use."

Having thus preconceived his scheme, he saw nothing wanting to put it in immediate execution but that which is indeed the beginning as well as the end of all human devices: I mean money. Of which commodity he was possessed of no more than sixty-five guineas, being all that remained from the double benefits he had made of Bagshot, and which did not seem sufficient to furnish his house, and every other convenience necessary for so grand an undertaking. He resolved, therefore, to go immediately to the gaming-house, which was then sitting, not so much with an intention of trusting to fortune as to play the surer card of attacking the winner in his way home. On his arrival, however, he thought he might as well try his success at the dice, and reserve the other resource as his last expedient. He accordingly sat down to play; and as Fortune, no more than others of her sex, is observed to distribute her favours with strict regard to great mental endowments, so our hero lost every farthing in his pocket. This loss however he bore with great con-

* Thieves.

staney of mind, and with as great composure of aspect. To say truth, he considered the money as only lent for a short time, or rather indeed as deposited with a banker. He then resolved to have immediate recourse to his surer stratagem; and, casting his eyes round the room, he soon perceived a gentleman sitting in a disconsolate posture, who seemed a proper instrument or tool for his purpose. In short (to be as concise as possible in these least shining parts of our history), Wild accosted this man, sounded him, found him fit to execute, proposed the matter, received a ready assent, and, having fixed on the person who seemed that evening the greatest favourite of Fortune, they posted themselves in the most proper place to surprise the enemy as he was retiring to his quarters, where he was soon attacked, subdued, and plundered; but indeed of no considerable booty; for it seems this gentleman played on a common stock, and had deposited his winnings at the scene of action, nor had he any more than two shillings in his pocket when he was attacked.

This was so cruel a disappointment to Wild, and so sensibly affects us, as no doubt it will the reader, that, as it must disqualify us both from proceeding any farther at present, we will now take a little breath, and therefore we shall here close this book.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

Characters of silly people, with the proper uses for which such are designed.

One reason why we chose to end our first book, as we did, with the last chapter, was, that we are now obliged to produce two characters of a stamp entirely different from what we have hitherto dealt in. These persons are of that pitiful order of mortals who are in contempt called good-natured; being indeed sent into the world by nature with the same design with which men put little fish into a pike-pond, in order to be devoured by that voracious water-hero.

But to proceed with our history: Wild, having shared the booty in much the same manner as before, *i. e.* taken three-fourths of it, amounting to eighteen-pence, was now retiring to rest, in no very happy mood, when by accident he met with a young fellow who had formerly been his companion, and indeed intimate friend, at school. It hath been thought that friendship is usually nursed by similitude of manners, but the contrary had been the case between these lads; for whereas Wild was rapacious and intrepid, the other had always more regard for his skin than his money; Wild therefore had very generously compassionated this defect in his schoolfellow, and had brought him off from many scrapes, into most of which he had first drawn him, by taking the fault and whipping to himself. He had always indeed been well paid on such occasions; but there are a sort of people who, together with the best of the bargain, will be sure to have the obligation too on their side; so it had happened here: for this poor lad had considered himself in the highest degree obliged to Mr. Wild, and had contracted a very great esteem and friendship for him; the traces of which an absence of many years had not in the least effaced in his mind. He no sooner knew Wild, therefore, than he accosted him in the most friendly manner, and invited him home with him to breakfast (it being now near nine in the morning), which invitation our hero with no great difficulty consented to. This young man, who was about Wild's age, had some time before set up in the trade of a jeweller, in the materials or stock for which he had laid out the greatest part of a little fortune, and had married a very agreeable woman for love, by whom he then had two children. As our reader is to be more acquainted with this person, it may not be improper to open somewhat of his character, especially as it will serve as a kind of foil to the noble and great disposition of our hero, and as the one seems sent into this world as a proper object on which the talents of the other were to be displayed with a proper and just success.

Mr. Thomas Heartfree then (for that was his name) was of an honest and open disposition. He was of that sort of men whom experience only, and not their own natures, must inform that there are such things as deceit and hypocrisy in the world, and who, consequently, are not at five-and-twenty so difficult to be imposed upon as the oldest and most subtle. He was possessed of several great weaknesses of mind, being good-natured, friendly, and generous to a great excess. He had, indeed, too little regard to common justice, for he had forgiven some debts to his acquaintance only because they could not pay him, and had intrusted a bankrupt, on his setting up a second time, from having been convinced that he had dealt in his bankruptcy with a fair and honest heart, and that he had broke through misfortune only, and not from neglect or imposture. He was withal so silly a fellow that he never took the least advantage of the ignorance of his customers, and contented himself with very moderate gains on his goods; which he was the better enabled to do, notwithstanding his generosity, because his life was extremely temperate, his expenses being solely confined to the cheerful entertainment of his friends at home, and now and then a moderate glass of wine, in which he indulged himself in the company of his wife, who, with an agreeable person, was a mean-spirited, poor, domestic, low-bred animal, who confined herself mostly to the care of her family, placed her happiness in her husband and her children, followed no expensive fashions or diversions, and indeed rarely went abroad, unless to return the visits of a few plain neighbours, and twice a-year afforded herself, in company with her husband, the diversion of a play, where she never sat in a higher place than the pit.

To this silly woman did this silly fellow introduce the Great Wild, informing her at the same time of their school acquaintance and the many obligations he had received from him. This simple woman no sooner heard her husband had been obliged to her guest than her eyes sparkled on him with a benevolence which is an emanation from the heart, and of which great and noble minds, whose hearts never swell but with an injury, can have no very adequate idea; it is therefore no wonder that our hero should misconstrue, as he did, the poor, innocent, and simple affection of Mrs. Heartfree towards her husband's friend for that great and generous passion which fires the eyes of a modern heroine when the colonel is so kind as to indulge his city creditor with partaking of his table to-day and of his bed to-morrow. Wild, therefore, instantly returned the compliment as he understood it, with his eyes, and presently after bestowed many encomiums on her beauty, with which, perhaps, she, who was a woman, though a good one, and misapprehended the design, was not displeased any more than the husband.

When breakfast was ended, and the wife retired to her household affairs, Wild, who had a quick discernment into the weaknesses of men, and who, besides the knowledge of his good (or foolish) disposition when a boy, had now discovered several sparks of goodness, friendship, and generosity in his friend, began to discourse over the accidents which

nad happened in their childhood, and took frequent occasions of reminding him of those favours which we have before montioned his having conferred on him; he then proceeded to the most vehement professions of friendship, and to the most ardent expressions of joy in this renewal of their acquaintance. He at last told him, with great seeming pleasnre, tbat he believed he had an opportunity of serving him hy the recommendation of a gentleman to his custom, who was then on the hrink of marriage. "And, if he be not already engaged, I will," says he, "endeavour to prevail on him to furnish his lady with jewels at your shop."

Heartfree was not hackward in thanks to our hero, and, after many earnest solicitations to dinner, which were refused, they parted for the first time.

But here, as it occurs to our memory that our readers may he surprised (an accident which sometimes happens in histories of this kind) how Mr. Wild the elder, in his present capacity, should have been able to maintain his son at a reputahle school, as this appears to have heen, it may he necessary to inform him that Mr. Wild himself was tben a tradesman in good husiness, but, by misfortunes in the wurld, to wit, extravagance and gaming, be had reduced bimself to that honourahle occupation which we have formerly mentioned.

Having cleared up this doubt, we will now pursue our hero, who fortbwith repaired to the count, and, having first settled preliminary articles concerning distributions, he acquainted him with the scheme which he had formed against Heartfree; and after consulting proper methods to put it in execntion, they hegan to concert measures for the enlargement of the count; on which the first, and indeed only point to he considered, was to raise money, not to pay his dehts, for that would have required an immense sum, and was contrary to his inclination or intention, hut to procure him bail; for as to his escape, Mr. Snap had taken such precautions that it appeared absolutely impossihle.

CHAPTER II.

Great examples of GREATNESS in Wild, shown as well by his behaviour to Bagshot as in a scheme laid, first, to impose on Heartfree by means of the count, and then to cheat the count of the booty.

WILD undertook therefore to extract some money from Bagsbot, who, notwithstanding the depredations made on him, had carried off a pretty considerahle booty from their engagement at dice the preceding day. He found Mr. Bagshot in expectation of his bail, and, with a countenance full of concern, which he could at any time, with wonderful art, put on, told him tbat all was discovered; that the count knew him, and intended to prosecute him for the robbery, "had not I exerted (said he) my utmost interest, and with great difficulty prevailed on him in case you refund the money—" "Refund the money!" cried Bagshot, "that is in your power: for you know what an inconsiderahle part of it fell to my share." "How!" replied Wild, "is this your gratitnde to me for saving your life? For your own conscience must convince you of your guilt, and with how mucb certainty the gentleman can give evidence against you." "Marry come up!" quoth Bagshot; "I believe my life alone will not be in danger. I know those who are as guilty as myself. Do you tell me of conscience?" "Yes, sirrah!" answered our hero, taking bim hy the collar; "and since you dare threaten me I will show you the difference between committing a robbery and conniving at it, which is all I can charge myself with. I own indeed I suspected, when you showed me a sum of money, that you had not come honestly by it." "How!" says Bagshot, frightened out of one half of his wits, and amazed out of the other, "can you deny?" "Yes, you rascal," answered Wild, "I do deny everything; and du you find a witness to prove it: and, to show you how little apprehension I have of your power to burt me, I will have you apprehended this momcot." —At which words he offered to hreak from him; hut Bagshot laid hold of his skirts, and, with an altered tone and manner, begged him not to he so impatient. "Refuud then, sirrah," cries Wild, "and perhaps I may take pity on you." "What must I refund?" answered Bagshot. "Every farthing in your pockct," replied Wild; "then I may have some compassion on you, and not only save your life, but, out of au excess of generosity, may return you something." At which words Bagshot seeming to hesitate, Wild pretended to make to the door, and rapt out an oath of vengeance with so violent an emphasis, that his friend no longer presumed to halance, hut suffered Wild to scarcb his pockcts and draw forth all he found, to tho amount of twenty-one guineas and a half, which last piece our gencrous hero returned him again, telling him he might now sleep secure, hut advised him for the future never to threaten bis frieuds.

Thus did our hero exeeute the greatest exploits with the utmost ease imaginahle, by means of thoso transcendent qualities which nature had indulged him with, viz., a hold heart, a thundering voice, and a steady countenance.

Wild now returned to the count, and informed him that he had got ten guineas of Bagshot; for, with great and commendahle prudence, he sunk the other eleven into his own pocket, and told him with that money he would procure him hail, which he after prevailed on his father, and another gentleman of the same occupation, to become, for two guineas each; so that he made lawful prize of six more, making Bagshot debtor for the whole ten; for such were his great ahilities, and so vast the compass of his understanding, that he never mado any bargain without overreaching (or, in the vulgar phrase, cheating) the person with whom he dealt.

The count being, hy tbese means, enlarged, the first tbing they did, in order to procure eredit from tradesmen, was the taking a handsome house ready furnished in one of the new streets; in which as soon as the count was settled, they proceeded to furnish him with servants and equipage, and all the *insignia* of a large estate proper to impose on poor Heartfree. These being all obtained, Wild mado a second visit to his friend, and witb much joy in his countenance acquainted bim that he had succeeded in his endeavours, and that the gentleman had promised to deal with him for the jewels which he intended to present his hride, and which were designed to be very splendid and costly; he therefore appointed him to go to the count the next morning, and carry with him a set of the richest and most beautiful jewels he had, giving him at the same time some hints of the count's ignorance of that commodity, and that he might extort what price of him he pleased; hut Heartfree told him, not without some disdain, that he scorned to take any such advantage; and, after expressing much gratitude to his friend for his recommendation, he promised to carry the jewels at the hour and to the place appointed.

I am sensihle that the reader, if he batb hnt the least notion of greatness, must have such a contempt for the extreme folly of this fellow, that he will be very little concerned at any misfortunes which may befall him in the sequel; for to have no suspiciou that an old schoolfellow, with whom he had, in

his tenderest years, contracted a friendship, and who, on the accidental renewing of their acquaintance, had professed the most passionate regard for him, should be very ready to impose on him; in short, to conceive that a friend should, of his own accord, without any view to his own interest, endeavour to do him a service, must argue such weakness of mind, such ignorance of the world, and such an artless, simple, undesigning heart, as must render the person possessed of it the lowest creature and the properest object of contempt imaginable in the eyes of every man of understanding and discernment.

Wild remembered that his friend Heartfree's faults were rather in his heart than in his head; that, though he was so mean a fellow that he was never capable of laying a design to injure any human creature, yet was he by no means a fool, nor liable to any gross imposition, unless where his heart betrayed him. He therefore instructed the count to take only one of his jewels at the first interview, and to reject the rest as not fine enough, and order him to provide some richer. He said this management would prevent Heartfree from expecting ready money for the jewel he brought with him, which the count was presently to dispose of, and by means of that money, and his great abilities at cards and dice, to get together as large a sum as possible, which he was to pay down to Heartfree at the delivery of the set of jewels, who would be thus void of all manner of suspicion, and would not fail to give him credit for the residue.

By this contrivance, it will appear in the sequel that Wild did not only propose to make the imposition on Heartfree, who was (hitherto) void of all suspicion, more certain; but to rob the count himself of this sum. This double method of cheating the very tools who are our instruments to cheat others is the superlative degree of greatness, and is probably, as far as any spirit crusted over with clay can carry it, falling very little short of diabolism itself.

This method was immediately put in execution, and the count the first day took only a single brilliant, worth about three hundred pounds, and ordered a necklace, earrings, and solitaire, of the value of three thousand more, to be prepared by that day sevennight.

This interval was employed by Wild in prosecuting his scheme of raising a gang, in which he met with such success, that within a few days he had levied several bold and resolute fellows, fit for any enterprise, how dangerous or great soever.

We have before remarked that the truest mark of greatness is insatiability. Wild had covenanted with the count to receive three-fourths of the booty, and had, at the same time, covenanted with himself to secure the other fourth part likewise, for which he had formed a very great and noble design; but he now saw with concern that sum which was to be received in hand by Heartfree in danger of being absolutely lost. In order therefore to possess himself of that likewise, he contrived that the jewels should be brought in the afternoon, and that Heartfree should be detained before the count could see him; so that the night should overtake him in his return, when two of his gang were ordered to attack and plunder him.

CHAPTER III.

Containing scenes of softness, love, and honour, all in the GRAND style.

The count had disposed of his jewel for its full value, and this he had by dexterity raised to a thousand pounds; this sum therefore he paid down to Heartfree, promising him the rest within a month. His house, his equipage, his appearance, but, above all, a certain plausibility in his voice and behaviour would have deceived any but one whose great and wise heart had dictated to him something within which would have secured him from any danger of imposition from without. Heartfree therefore did not in the least scruple giving him credit; but, as he had in reality procured those jewels of another, his own little stock not being able to furnish anything so valuable, he begged the Count would be so kind to give his note for the money, payable at the time he mentioned; which that gentleman did not in the least scruple; so he paid him the thousand pounds in specie, and gave his note for two thousand eight hundred pounds more to Heartfree, who burnt with gratitude to Wild for the noble customer he had recommended to him.

As soon as Heartfree was departed Wild, who waited in another room, came in and received the casket from the count, it having been agreed between them that this should be deposited in his hands, as he was the original contriver of the scheme, and was to have the largest share. Wild, having received the casket, offered to meet the count late that evening to come to a division, but such was the latter's confidence in the honour of our hero, that he said, if it was any inconvenience to him, the next morning would do altogether as well. This was more agreeable to Wild, and accordingly, an appointment being made for that purpose, he set out in haste to pursue Heartfree to the place where the two gentlemen were ordered to meet and attack him. Those gentlemen with noble resolution executed their purpose; they attacked and spoiled the enemy of the whole sum he had received from the count.

As soon as the engagement was over, and Heartfree left sprawling on the ground, our hero, who wisely declined trusting the booty in his friends' hands, though he had good experience of their honour, made off after the conquerors: at length, they being all at a place of safety, Wild, according to a previous agreement, received nine-tenths of the booty: the subordinate heroes did indeed profess some little unwillingness (perhaps more than was strictly consistent with honour) to perform their contract; but Wild, partly by argument, but more by oaths and threatenings, prevailed with them to fulfil their promise.

Our hero having thus, with wonderful address, brought this great and glorious action to a happy conclusion, resolved to relax his mind after his fatigue, in the conversation of the fair. He therefore set forwards to his lovely Lætitia; but in his way accidentally met with a young lady of his acquaintance, Miss Molly Straddle, who was taking the air in Bridges-street. Miss Molly, seeing Mr. Wild, stopped him, and with a familiarity peculiar to a genteel town education, tapped, or rather slapped him on the back, and asked him to treat her with a pint of wine at a neighbouring tavern. The hero, though he loved the chaste Lætitia with excessive tenderness, was not of that low sniveling breed of mortals who, as it is generally expressed, *tie themselves to a woman's apron-strings*; in a word, who are tainted with that mean, base, low vice, or virtue as it is called, of constancy; therefore he immediately consented, and attended her to a tavern famous for excellent wine, known by the name of the Rummer and Horseshoe, where they retired to a room by themselves. Wild was very vehement in his addresses, but to no purpose; the young lady declared she would grant no favour till he had made her a present; this was immediately complied with, and the lover made as happy as he could desire.

The immoderate fondness which Wild entertained for his dear Lætitia would not suffer him to waste any considerable time with Miss Straddle. Notwithstanding, therefore, all the endearments and caresses of that young lady, he soon made an excuse to go down stairs, and thence immediately set forward to Lætitia without taking any formal leave of Miss Straddle, or indeed of the drawer, with whom the lady was afterwards obliged to come to an account for the reckoning.

Mr. Wild, on his arrival at Mr. Snap's, found only Miss Doshy at home, that young lady being employed alone, in imitation of Penelope, with her thread or worsted, only with this difference, that whereas Penelope unravelled by night what she had knit or wove or spun by day, so what our young heroine unravelled by day she knit again by night. In short, she was mending a pair of blue stockings with red clocks; a circumstance which perhaps we might have omitted, had it not served to show that there are still some ladies of this age who imitate the simplicity of the ancients.

Wild immediately asked for his beloved, and was informed that she was not at home. He then inquired where she was to be found, and declared he would not depart till he had seen her, nay, not till he had married her; for, indeed, his passion for her was truly honourable; in other words, he had so ungovernable a desire for her person, that he would go any length to satisfy it. He then pulled out the casket, which he swore was full of the finest jewels, and that he would give them all to her, with other promises, which so prevailed on Miss Doshy, who had not the common failure of sisters in envying, and often endeavouring to disappoint, each other's happiness, that she desired Mr. Wild to sit down a few minutes, whilst she endeavoured to find her sister and to bring her to him. The lover thanked her, and promised to stay till her return; and Miss Doshy, leaving Mr. Wild to his meditations, fastened him in the kitchen by barring the door (for most of the doors in this mansion were made to be bolted on the outside), and then, slapping to the door of the house with great violence, without going out at it, she stole softly up stairs where Miss Lætitia was engaged in close conference with Mr. Bagshot. Miss Letty, being informed by her sister in a whisper of what Mr. Wild had said, and what he had produced, told Mr. Bagshot that a young lady was below to visit her whom she would despatch with all imaginable haste and return to him. She desired him therefore to stay with patience for her in the mean time, and that she would leave the door unlocked, though her papa would never forgive her if he should discover it. Bagshot promised on his honour not to step without his chamber; and the two young ladies went softly down stairs, when, pretending first to make their entry into the house, they repaired to the kitchen, where not even the presence of the chaste Lætitia could restore that harmony to the countenance of her lover which Miss Theodosia had left him possessed of; for, during her absence, he had discovered the absence of a purse containing bank-notes for 900*l*., which had been taken from Mr. Heartfree, and which, indeed, Miss Straddle had, in the warmth of his amorous caresses, unperceived drawn from him. However, as he had that perfect mastery of his temper, or rather of his muscles, which is as necessary to the forming a great character as to the personating it on the stage, he soon conveyed a smile into his countenance, and, concealing as well his misfortune as his chagrin at it, began to pay honourable addresses to Miss Letty. This young lady, among many other good ingredients, had three very predominant passions; to wit, vanity, wantonness, and avarice. To satisfy the first of these she employed Mr. Smirk and company; to the second, Mr. Bagshot and company; and our hero had the honour and happiness of solely engrossing the third. Now, these three sorts of lovers she had very different ways of entertaining. With the first she was all gay and coquette; with the second all fond and rampant; and with the last all cold and reserved. She therefore told Mr. Wild, with a most composed aspect, that she was glad he had repented of his manner of treating her at their last interview, where his behaviour was so monstrous that she had resolved never to see him any more; that she was afraid her own sex would hardly pardon her the weakness she was guilty of in receding from that resolution, which she was persuaded she never should have brought herself to, had not her sister, who was there to confirm what she said (as she did with many oaths), betrayed her into his company, by pretending it was another person to visit her: but, however, as he now thought proper to give her more convincing proofs of his affections (for he had now the casket in his hand), and since she perceived his designs were no longer against her virtue, but were such as a woman of honour might listen to, she must own——and then she feigned an hesitation, when Theodosia began: "Nay, sister, I am resolved you shall counterfeit no longer, I assure you, Mr. Wild, she hath the most violent passion for you in the world; and indeed, dear Tishy, if you offer to go back, since I plainly see Mr. Wild's designs are honourable, I will betray all you have ever said." "How, sister!" answered Lætitia; "I protest you will drive me out of the room: I did not expect this usage from you." Wild then fell on his knees, and, taking hold of her hand, repeated a speech, which, as the reader may easily suggest it to himself, I shall not here set down. He then offered her the casket, but she gently rejected it; and on a second offer, with a modest countenance and voice, desired to know what it contained. Wild then opened it, and took forth (with sorrow I write it, and with sorrow will it be read) one of those beautiful necklaces with which, at the fair of Bartholomew, they deck the well-bewhitened neck of Thalestris queen of Amazons, Anna Bullen, queen Elizabeth, or some other high princess in Drollic story. It was indeed composed of that paste which Derdæus Magnus, an ingenious toyman, doth at a very moderate price dispense of to the second-rate beaux of the metropolis. For, to open a truth, which we ask our reader's pardon for having concealed from him so long, the sagacious count, wisely fearing lest some accident might prevent Mr. Wild's return at the appointed time, had carefully conveyed the jewels which Mr. Heartfree had brought with him into his own pocket, and in their stead had placed in the casket these artificial stones, which, though of equal value to a philosopher, and perhaps of a much greater to a true admirer of the compositions of art, had not however the same charms in the eyes of Miss Letty, who had indeed some knowledge of jewels; for Mr. Snap, with great reason, considering how valuable a part of a lady's education it would be to be well instructed in these things, in an age when young ladies learn little more than how to dress themselves, had in her youth placed Miss Letty as the handmaid (or housemaid as the vulgar call it) of an eminent pawnbroker. The lightning, therefore, which should have flashed from the jewels, flashed from her eyes, and thunder immediately followed from her voice. She be-knaved, be-rascalled, be-

rogued the unhappy hero, who stood silent, confounded with astonishment, but more with shame and indignation, at being thus outwitted and overreached. At length he recovered his spirits, and, throwing down the casket in a rage, he snatched the key from the table, and, without making any answer to the ladies, who both very plentifully opened upon him, and without taking any leave of them, he flew out at the door, and repaired with the utmost expedition to the count's habitation.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Wild, after many fruitless endeavours to discover his friend, moralises on his misfortune in a speech, which may be of use (if rightly understood) to some other considerable speech-makers.

Not the highest-fed footman of the highest-bred woman of quality knocks with more impetuosity than Wild did at the count's door, which was immediately opened by a well-dressed liveryman, who answered that his master was not at home. Wild, not satisfied with this, searched the house, but to no purpose; he then ransacked all the gaming-houses in town, but found no count: indeed, that gentleman had taken leave of his house the same instant Mr. Wild had turned his back, and, equipping himself with boots and a post-horse, without taking with him either servant, clothes, or any necessaries for the journey of a great man, made such mighty expedition that he was now upwards of twenty miles on his way to Dover.

Wild, finding his search ineffectual, resolved to give it over for that night; he then retired to his seat of contemplation, a night-cellar, where, without a single farthing in his pocket, he called for a sneaker of punch, and, placing himself on a bench by himself, he softly vented the following soliloquy:—

"How vain is human GREATNESS! What avail superior abilities, and a noble defiance of those narrow rules and bounds which confine the vulgar, when our best-concerted schemes are liable to be defeated! How unhappy is the state of PRIGGISM! How impossible for human prudence to foresee and guard against every circumvention! It is even as a game of chess, where, while the rook, or knight, or bishop, is busied in forecasting some great enterprise, a worthless pawn interposes and disconcerts his scheme. Better had it been for me to have observed the simple laws of friendship and morality than thus to ruin my friend for the benefit of others. I might have commanded his purse to any degree of moderation: I have now disabled him from the power of serving me. Well! but that was not my design. If I cannot arraign my own conduct, why should I, like a woman or a child, sit down and lament the disappointment of chance? But can I acquit myself of all neglect? Did I not misbehave in putting it into the power of others to outwit me? But that is impossible to be avoided. In this a *prig* is more unhappy than any other: a cautious man may, in a crowd, preserve his own pockets by keeping his hands in them; but while the *prig* employs his hands in another's pocket, how shall he be able to defend his own? Indeed, in this light, what can be imagined more miserable than a *prig*? How dangerous are his acquisitions! how unsafe, how unquiet his possessions! Why then should any man wish to be a *prig*, or where is his greatness? I answer, in his mind: it is the inward glory, the secret consciousness of doing great and wonderful actions, which can alone support the truly GREAT man, whether he be a CONQUEROR, a TYRANT, a STATESMAN or a PAIO. These must bear him up against the private curse and public imprecation, and, while he is hated and detested by all mankind, must make him inwardly satisfied with himself. For what but some such inward satisfaction as this could inspire men possessed of power, of wealth, of every human blessing which pride, avarice, or luxury could desire, to forsake their homes, abandon ease and repose, and at the expense of riches and pleasures, at the price of labour and hardship, and at the hazard of all that fortune hath liberally given them, could send them at the head of a multitude of *prigs*, called an army, to molest their neighbours; to introduce rape, rapine, bloodshed, and every kind of misery among their own species? What but some such glorious appetite of mind could inflame princes, endowed with the greatest honours, and enriched with the most plentiful revenues, to desire maliciously to rob those subjects of their liberties who are content to sweat for the luxury, and to bow down their knees to the pride, of those very princes? What but this can inspire them to destroy one half of their subjects, in order to reduce the rest to an absolute dependance on their own wills, and on those of their brutal successors? What other motive could seduce a subject, possessed of great property in his community, to betray the interest of his fellow-subjects, of his brethren, and his posterity, to the wanton disposition of such princes? Lastly, what less inducement could persuade the *prig* to forsake the methods of acquiring a safe, an honest, and a plentiful livelihood, and, at the hazard of even life itself, and what is mistakingly called dishonour, to break openly and bravely through the laws of his country, for uncertain, unsteady, and unsafe gain? Let me then hold myself contented with this reflection, that I have been wise though unsuccessful, and am a GREAT though an unhappy man."

His soliloquy and his punch concluded together; for he had at every pause comforted himself with a sip. And now it came first into his head that it would be more difficult to pay for it than it was to swallow it; when, to his great pleasure, he beheld at another corner of the room one of the gentlemen whom he had employed in the attack on Heartfree, and who, he doubted not, would readily lend him a guinea or two; but he had the mortification, on applying to him, to hear that the gaming-table had stripped him of all the booty which his own generosity had left in his possession. He was therefore obliged to pursue his usual method on such occasions: so, cocking his hat fiercely, he marched out of the room without making any excuse, or any one daring to make the least demand.

CHAPTER

Containing many surprising adventures, which our hero with GREAT GREATNESS, achieved.

We will now leave our hero to take a short repose, and return to Mr. Snap's, where, at Wild's departure, the fair Theodosia had again betaken herself to her stocking, and Miss Letty had retired up stairs to Mr. Bagshot; but that gentleman had broken his parole, and, having conveyed himself below stairs behind a door, he took the opportunity of Wild's sally to make his escape. We shall only observe that Miss Letty's surprise was the greater, as she had, notwithstanding her promise to the contrary, taken the precaution to turn the key; but, in her hurry, she did it ineffectually. How wretched must have been the situation of this young creature, who had not only lost a lover on whom her tender heart perfectly doted, but was exposed to the rage of

an injured father, tenderly jealous of his honour, which was deeply engaged to the sheriff of London and Middlesex for the safe custody of the said Bagshot, and for which two very good responsible friends had given not only their words but their bonds.

But let us remove our eyes from this melancholy object, and survey our hero, who, after a successless search for Miss Straddle, with wonderful greatness of mind and steadiness of countenance went early in the morning to visit his friend Heartfree, at a time when the common herd of friends would have forsaken and avoided him. He entered the room with a cheerful air, which he presently changed into surprise on seeing his friend in a night-gown, with his wounded head bound about with linen, and looking extremely pale from a great effusion of blood. When Wild was informed by Heartfree what had happened he first expressed great sorrow, and afterwards suffered as violent agonies of rage against the robbers to burst from him. Heartfree, in compassion to the deep impression his misfortunes seemed to make on his friend, endeavoured to lessen it as much as possible, at the same time exaggerating the obligation he owed to Wild, in which his wife likewise seconded him, and they breakfasted with more comfort than was reasonably to be expected after such an accident; Heartfree expressing great satisfaction that he had put the count's note in another pocket-book; adding, that such a loss would have been fatal to him; "for, to confess the truth to you, my dear friend," said he, "I have had some losses lately which have greatly perplexed my affairs; and though I have many debts due to me from people of great fashion, I assure you I know not where to be certain of getting a shilling." Wild greatly felicitated him on the lucky accident of preserving his note, and then proceeded, with much acrimony, to inveigh against the barbarity of people of fashion, who kept tradesmen out of their money.

While they amused themselves with discourses of this kind, Wild meditating within himself whether he should borrow or steal from his friend, or indeed whether he could not effect both, the apprentice brought a bank-note of 500*l.* in to Heartfree, which he said a gentlewoman in the shop, who had been looking at some jewels, desired him to exchange. Heartfree, looking at the number, immediately recollected it to be one of those he had been robbed of. With this discovery he acquainted Wild, who, with the notable presence of mind and unchanged complexion so essential to a great character, advised him to proceed cautiously; and offered (as Mr. Heartfree himself was, he said, too much flustered to examine the woman with sufficient art) to take her into a room in his house alone. He would, he said, personate the master of the shop, would pretend to show her some jewels, and would undertake to get sufficient information out of her to secure the rogues, and most probably all their booty. This proposal was readily and thankfully accepted by Heartfree. Wild went immediately up stairs into the room appointed, whither the apprentice, according to appointment, conducted the lady.

The apprentice was ordered down stairs the moment the lady entered the room; and Wild, having shut the door, approached her with great ferocity in his looks, and began to expatiate on the complicated baseness of the crime she had been guilty of; but though he uttered many good lessons of morality, as we doubt whether from a particular reason they may work any very good effect on our reader, we shall omit his speech, and only mention his conclusion, which was by asking her what mercy she could now expect from him? Miss Straddle, for that was the young lady, who had had a good execution, and had been more than once present at the Old Bailey, very confidently denied the whole charge, and said she had received the note from a friend. Wild then, raising his voice, told her she should be immediately committed, and she might depend on being convicted; "but," added he, changing his tone, "as I have a violent affection for thee, my dear Straddle, if you will follow my advice, I promise you, on my honour, to forgive you, nor shall you be ever called in question on this account." "Why, what would you have me to do, Mr. Wild?" replied the young lady, with a pleasanter aspect. "You must know then," said Wild, "the money you picked out of my pocket (nay, by G—d you did, and if you offer to flinch you shall be convicted of it) I won at play of a fellow who it seems robbed my friend of it; you must, therefore, give an information on oath against one Thomas Fierce, and say that you received the note from him, and leave the rest to me. I am certain, Molly, you must be sensible of your obligations to me, who return good for evil to you in this manner." The lady readily consented, and advanced to embrace Mr. Wild, who stepped a little back and cried, "Hold, Molly; there are two other notes of 200*l.* each to be accounted for—where are they?" The lady protested with the most solemn asseverations that she knew of no more; with which, when Wild was not satisfied, she cried, "I will stand search." "That you shall," answered Wild, "and stand strip too." He then proceeded to tumble and search her, but to no purpose, till at last she burst into tears, and declared she would tell the truth (as indeed she did); she then confessed that she had disposed of the one to Jack Swagger, a great favourite of the ladies, being an Irish gentleman, who had been bred clerk to an attorney, afterwards whipped out of a regiment of dragoons, and was then a Newgate solicitor, and a bawdyhouse bully; and, as for the other, she had laid it all out that very morning in brocaded silks and Flanders lace. With this account Wild, who indeed knew it to be a very probable one, was forced to be contented; and now, abandoning all further thoughts of what he saw was irretrievably lost, he gave the lady some further instructions, and then, desiring her to stay a few minutes behind him, he returned to his friend, and acquainted him that he had discovered the whole roguery; that the woman had confessed from whom she had received the note, and promised to give an information before a justice of peace; adding, he was concerned he could not attend him thither, being obliged to go to the other end of the town to receive thirty pounds, which he was to pay that evening. Heartfree said that should not prevent him of his company, for he could easily lend him such a trifle. This was accordingly done and accepted, and Wild, Heartfree, and the lady went to the justice together.

The warrant being granted, and the constable being acquainted by the lady, who received her information from Wild, of Mr. Fierce's haunts, he was easily apprehended, and, being confronted with Miss Straddle, who swore positively to him, though she had never seen him before, he was committed to Newgate, where he immediately conveyed an information to Wild of what had happened, and in the evening received a visit from him.

Wild affected great concern for his friend's misfortune, and as great surprise at the means by which it was brought about. However, he told Fierce that he must certainly be mistaken in that point of his having had no acquaintance with Miss Straddle; but

added, that he would find her out, and endeavour to take off her evidence, which, he observed, did not come home enough to endanger him; besides, he would secure him witnesses of an *alibi*, and five or six to his character; so that he need he under no apprehension, for his confinement till the sessions would be his only punishment.

Fierce, who was greatly comforted by these assurances of his friend, returned him many thanks, and, both shaking each other very earnestly by the hand, with a very hearty embrace they separated.

The hero considered with himself that the single evidence of Miss Straddle would not be sufficient to convict Fierce, whom he resolved to hang, as he was the person who had principally refused to deliver him the stipulated share of the booty; he therefore went in quest of Mr. James Sly, the gentleman who had assisted in the exploit, and found and acquainted him with the apprehending of Fierce. Wild then, intimating his fear lest Fierce should impeach Sly, advised him to be beforehand, to surrender himself to a justice of peace and offer himself as an evidence. Sly approved Mr. Wild's opinion, went directly to a magistrate, and was by him committed to the Gatehouse, with a promise of being admitted evidence against his companion.

Fierce was in a few days brought to his trial at the Old Bailey, where, to his great confusion, his old friend Sly appeared against him, as did Miss Straddle. His only hopes were now in the assistances which our hero had promised him. These unhappily failed him: so that, the evidence being plain against him, and he making no defence, the jury convicted him, the court condemned him, and Mr. Ketch executed him.

With such infinite address did this truly great man know how to play with the passions of men, to set them at variance with each other, and to work his own purposes out of those jealousies and apprehensions which he was wonderfully ready at creating by means of those great arts which the vulgar call treachery, dissembling, promising, lying, falsehood, &c., but which are by great men summed up in the collective name of policy, or politics, or rather politrics; an art of which, as it is the highest excellence of human nature, perhaps our great man was the most eminent master.

CHAPTER VI.

Of hats.

Wild had now got together a very considerable gang, composed of undone gamesters, ruined bailiffs, broken tradesmen, idle apprentices, attorneys' clerks, and loose and disorderly youth, who, being born to no fortune, nor bred to any trade or profession, were willing to live luxuriously without labour. As these persons were different *principles*, i. e. *hats*, frequent dissensions grew among them. There were particularly two parties, *viz.*, those who wore hats *fiercely* cocked, and those who preferred the *nab* or trencher hat, with the brim flapping over their eyes. The former were called *cavaliers* and *tory rory ranter boys*, &c.; the latter went by the several names of *wags*, roundheads, shakebags, oldnolls, and several others. Between these continual jars arose, insomuch that they grew in time to think there was something essential in their differences, and that their interests were incompatible with each other, whereas, in truth, the difference lay only in the fashion of their hats. Wild, therefore, having assembled them all at an alehouse on the night after Fierce's execution, and perceiving evident marks of their misunderstanding, from their behaviour to each other, addressed them in the following gentle, but forcible manner:*—"Gentlemen, I am ashamed to see men embarked in so great and glorious an undertaking, as that of robbing the public, so foolishly and weakly dissenting among themselves. Do you think the first inventors of hats, or at least of the distinctions between them, really conceived that one form of hats should inspire a man with divinity, another with law, another with learning, or another with bravery? No, they meant no more by these outward signs than to impose on the vulgar, and, instead of putting great men to the trouble of acquiring or maintaining the substance, to make it sufficient that they condescend to wear the type or shadow of it. You do wisely, therefore, when in a crowd, to amuse the mob by quarrels on such accounts, that while they are listening to your jargon you may with the greater ease and safety pick their pockets: but surely to be in earnest, and privately to keep up such a ridiculous contention among yourselves, must argue the highest folly and absurdity. When you know you are all *prigs*, what difference can a broad or a narrow brim create? Is a *prig* less a *prig* in one hat than in another? If the public should be weak enough to interest themselves in your quarrels, and to prefer one pack to the other, while both are aiming at their purses, it is your business to laugh at, not imitate their folly. What can be more ridiculous than for gentlemen to quarrel about hats, when there is not one among you whose hat is worth a farthing? What is the use of a hat farther than to keep the head warm, or to hide a bald crown from the public? It is the mark of a gentleman to move his hat on every occasion; and in courts and noble assemblies no man ever wears one. Let me hear no more therefore of this childish disagreement, but all toss up your hats together with one accord, and consider that hat as the best, which will contain the largest booty." He thus ended his speech, which was followed by a murmuring applause, and immediately all present tossed their hats together as he had commanded them.

CHAPTER VII.

Showing the consequence which attended Heartfree's adventures with Wild: all natural and common enough to little wretches who deal with great men; together with some precedents of letters, being the different methods of answering a dun.

Let us now return to Heartfree, to whom the count's note, which he had paid away, was returned, with an account that the drawer was not to be found, and that, on inquiring after him, they had heard he

* There is something very mysterious in this speech, which probably that chapter written by Aristotle on this subject, which is mentioned by a French author, might have given some light into; but that is unhappily among the lost works of that philosopher. It is remarkable that *galerus*, which is Latin for a hat, signifies likewise a dog-fish, as the Greek word *xυνη* doth the skin of that animal; of which I suppose the hats or helmets of the ancients were composed, as nars at present are of the beaver or rabbit. Sophocles, in the latter end of his Ajax, alludes to a method of cheating in hats, and the scholiast on the place tells us of one Crephontes, who was a master of the art. It is observable likewise that Achilles, in the first Iliad of Homer, tells Agamemnon, in anger, that he had dog's eyes. Now, as the eyes of a dog are handsomer than those of almost any other animal, this could be no term of reproach. He must therefore mean that he had a hat on, which, perhaps, from the creature it was made of, or from some other reason, might have been a mark of infamy. This superstitious opinion may account for that custom, which hath descended through all nations, of showing respect by pulling off this covering, and that no man is esteemed fit to converse with his superiors with it on. I shall conclude this learned note with remarking that the term old hat is at present used by the vulgar in no very honourable sense.

was run away, and consequently the money was now demanded of the endorser. The apprehension of such a loss would have affected any man of business, but much more one whose unavoidable ruin it must prove. He expressed so much concern and confusion on this occasion, that the proprietor of the note was frightened, and resolved to lose no time in securing what he could. So that in the afternoon of the same day Mr. Snap was commissioned to pay Heartfree a visit, which he did with his usual formality, and conveyed him to his own house.

Mrs. Heartfree was no sooner informed of what had happened to her husband than she raved like one distracted; but after she had vented the first agonies of her passion in tears and lamentations she applied herself to all possible means to procure her husband's liberty. She hastened to beg her neighbours to secure bail for him. But, as the news had arrived at their houses before her, she found none of them at home, except an honest quaker, whose servants durst not tell a lie. However, she succeeded no better with him, for unluckily he had made an affirmation the day before that he would never be bail for any man. After many fruitless efforts of this kind she repaired to her husband, to comfort him at least with her presence. She found him sealing the last of several letters, which he was despatching to his friends and creditors. The moment he saw her a sudden joy sparkled in his eyes, which, however, had a very short duration; for despair soon closed them again; nor could he help bursting into some passionate expressions of concern for her and his little family, which she, on her part, did her utmost to lessen, by endeavouring to mitigate the loss, and to raise in him hopes from the count, who might, she said, be possibly only gone into the country. She comforted him likewise with the expectation of favour from his acquaintance, especially from those whom he had in a particular manner obliged and served. Lastly, she conjured him, by all the value and esteem he professed for her, not to endanger his health, on which alone depended her happiness, by too great an indulgence of grief; assuring him that no state of life could appear unhappy to her with him, unless his own sorrow or discontent made it so.

In this manner did this weak poor-spirited woman attempt to relieve her husband's pains, which it would have rather become her to aggravate, by not only painting out his misery in the liveliest colours imaginable, but by upbraiding him with that folly and confidence which had occasioned it, and by lamenting her own hard fate in being obliged to share his sufferings.

Heartfree returned this goodness (as it is called) of his wife with the warmest gratitude, and they passed an hour in a scene of tenderness too low and contemptible to be recounted to our great readers. We shall therefore omit all such relations, as they tend only to make human nature low and ridiculous.

Those messengers who had obtained any answers to his letters now returned. We shall here copy a few of them, as they may serve for precedents to others who have an occasion, which happens commonly enough in genteel life, to answer the impertinence of a dun.

LETTER I.

Mr. Heartfree,—My lord commands me to tell you he is very much surprised at your assurance in asking for money which you know hath been so little while due; however, as he intends to deal no longer at your shop, he hath ordered me to pay you as soon as I shall have cash in hand, which, considering many disbursements for bills long due, &c., can't possibly promise any time, &c., at present. And am your humble servant,

RogER Mosscraft.

LETTER II.

Dear Sir,—The money, as you truly say, hath been three years due, but upon my soul I am at present incapable of paying a farthing; but, as I doubt not, very shortly not only to content that small bill, but likewise to lay out very considerable further sums at your house, hope you will meet with no inconvenience by this short delay in, dear sir, your most sincere humble servant,

Chas. Courtly.

LETTER III.

Mr. Heartfree,—I beg you would not acquaint my husband of the trifling debt between us; for, as I know you to be a very good-natured man, I will trust you with a secret; he gave me the money long since to discharge it, which I had the ill luck to lose at play. You may be assured I will satisfy you the first opportunity, and am, sir, your very humble servant,

Cath. Rebarbs.

Please to present my compliments to Mrs. Heartfree.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Thomas Heartfree, Sir,—Yours received; but as to sum mentioned therein, doth not suit at present. Your humble servant,

Peter Pounce.

LETTER V.

Sir,—I am sincerely sorry it is not at present possible for me to comply with your request, especially after so many obligations received on my side, of which I shall always entertain the most grateful memory. I am very greatly concerned at your misfortunes, and would have waited upon you in person, but am not at present very well, and besides, am obliged to go this evening to Vauxhall. I am, sir, your most obliged humble servant.

Chas. East.

P. S.—I hope good Mrs. Heartfree and the dear little ones are well.

There were more letters to much the same purpose; but we proposed giving our reader a taste only. Of all these, the last was infinitely the most grating to poor Heartfree, as it came from one to whom, when in distress, he had himself lent a considerable sum, and of whose present flourishing circumstances he was well assured.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which our hero carries GREATNESS to an immoderate height.

Let us remove, therefore, as fast as we can, this detestable picture of ingratitude, and present the much more agreeable portrait of that assurance to which the French very properly annex the epithet of good. Heartfree had scarce done reading his letters when our hero appeared before his eyes; not with that aspect with which a pitiful parson meets his patron after having opposed him at an election, or which a doctor wears when sneaking away from a door where he is informed of his patient's death; not with that downcast countenance which betrays the man who, after a strong conflict between virtue and vice, hath surrendered his mind to the latter, and is discovered in his first treachery; but with that noble, bold, great confidence with which a prime minister assures his dependent that the place he promised him was disposed of before. And such concern and uneasiness as he expresses in his looks on those occasions did Wild testify on the first meeting of his friend. And as the said prime minister chides you for neglect of your interest in not having asked in time, so did our hero attack Heartfree for his giving credit to the count; and, without suffering him to make any answer, proceeded in a torrent of words to overwhelm him with abuse, which, however friendly its intention might be, was scarce to be outdone by an enemy. By these means Heartfree, who might perhaps otherwise have vented some little concern for that recommendation which Wild had given him to the count, was totally prevented from any such endeavour; and, like an invading prince, when attacked in his own dominions, forced to recall his whole strength to defend himself at home. This indeed he did so well, by insisting on the figure and outward appearance of the count and his equipage, that Wild at length grew a little more

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gentle, and with a sigh said, "I confess I have the least reason of all mankind to censure another for an imprudence of this nature, as I am myself the most easy to be imposed upon, and indeed have been so by this count, who, if he be insolvent, hath cheated me of five hundred pounds. But, for my own part," said he, "I will not yet despair, nor would I have you. Many men have found it convenient to retire or abscond for a while, and afterwards have paid their debts, or at least handsomely compounded them. This I am certain of, should a composition take place, which is the worst I think that can be apprehended, I shall be the only loser; for I shall think myself obliged in honour to repair your loss, even though you must confess it was principally owing to your own folly. Z—ds! had I imagined it necessary, I would have cautioned you, but I thought the part of the town where he lived sufficient caution not to trust him. And such a sum!—— The devil must have been in you certainly!"

This was a degree of impudence beyond poor Mrs. Heartfree's imagination. Though she had before vented the most violent execrations on Wild, she was now thoroughly satisfied of his innocence, and begged him not to insist any longer on what he perceived so deeply affected her husband. She said trade could not be carried on without credit, and surely he was sufficiently justified in giving it to such a person as the count appeared to be. Besides, she said, reflections on what was past and irretrievable would be of little service; that their present business was to consider how to prevent the evil consequences which threatened, and first to endeavour to procure her husband his liberty. "Why doth he not procure bail?" said Wild. "Alas! sir," said she, "we have applied to many of our acquaintance in vain; we have met with excuses even where we could least expect them." "Not bail!" answered Wild, in a passion; "he shall have bail, if there is any in the world. It is now very late, but trust me to procure him bail to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Heartfree received these professions with tears, and told Wild he was a friend indeed. She then proposed to stay that evening with her husband, but he would not permit her on account of his little family, whom he would not agree to trust to the care of servants in this time of confusion.

A hackney-coach was then sent for, but without success; for these, like hackney-friends, always offer themselves in the sunshine, but are never to be found when you want them. And as for a chair, Mr. Snap lived in a part of the town which chairmen very little frequent. The good woman was therefore obliged to walk home, whither the gallant Wild offered to attend her as a protector. This favour was thankfully accepted, and, the husband and wife having taken a tender leave of each other, the former was locked in and the latter locked out by the hands of Mr. Snap himself.

As this visit of Mr. Wild's to Heartfree may seem one of those passages in history which writers, Drawcansir-like, introduce only *because they dare;* indeed, as it may seem somewhat contradictory to the greatness of our hero, and may tend to blemish his character with an imputation of that kind of friendship which savours too much of weakness and imprudence, it may be necessary to account for this visit, especially to our more sagacious readers, whose satisfaction we shall always consult in the most especial manner. They are to know then that at the first interview with Mrs. Heartfree Mr. Wild had conceived that passion, or affection, or friendship, or desire, for that handsome creature, which the gentlemen of this our age agreed to call LOVE, and which is indeed no other than that kind of affection which, after the exercise of the dominical day is over, a lusty divine is apt to conceive for the well-dressed sirloin or handsome buttock which the well-edified squire in gratitude sets before him, and which, so violent is his love, he devours in imagination the moment he sees it. Not less ardent was the hungry passion of our hero, who, from the moment he had cast his eyes on that charming dish, had cast about in his mind by what method he might come at it. This, as he perceived, might most easily be effected after the ruin of Heartfree, which, for other considerations, he had intended. So he postponed all endeavours for this purpose till he had first effected what, by order of time, was regularly to precede this latter design; with such regularity did this our hero conduct all his schemes, and so truly superior was he to all the efforts of passion, which so often disconcert and disappoint the noblest views of others.

CHAPTER IX.

More GREATNESS in Wild. A low scene between Mrs. Heartfree and her children, and a scheme of our hero worthy the highest admiration, and even astonishment.

WHEN first Wild conducted his flame (or rather his dish, to continue our metaphor) from the proprietor, he had projected a design of conveying her to one of those eating-houses in Covent-garden, where female flesh is deliciously dressed and served up to the greedy appetites of young gentlemen; but, fearing lest she should not come readily enough into his wishes, and that, by too eager and hasty a pursuit, he should frustrate his future expectations, and luckily at the same time a noble hint suggesting itself to him by which he might almost inevitably secure his pleasure, together with his profit, he contented himself with waiting on Mrs. Heartfree home, and, after many protestations of friendship and service to her husband, took his leave, and promised to visit her early in the morning, and to conduct her back to Mr. Snap's.

Wild now retired to a night-cellar, where he found several of his acquaintance, with whom he spent the remaining part of the night in revelling; nor did the least compassion for Heartfree's misfortunes disturb the pleasure of his cups. So truly great was his soul, that it was absolutely composed, save that an apprehension of Miss Tishy's making some discovery (as she was then in no good temper towards him) a little ruffled and disquieted the perfect serenity he would otherwise have enjoyed. As he had, therefore, no opportunity of seeing her that evening, he wrote her a letter full of ten thousand protestations of honourable love, and (which he more depended on) containing as many promises, in order to bring the young lady into good humour, without acquainting her in the least with his suspicion, or giving her any caution; for it was his constant maxim never to put it into any one's head to do you a mischief by acquainting him that it is in his power.

We must now return to Mrs. Heartfree, who passed a sleepless night in as great agonies and horror for the absence of her husband as a fine well-bred woman would feel at the return of her's from a long voyage or journey. In the morning the children being brought to her, the eldest asked where dear papa was? At which she could not refrain from bursting into tears. The child, perceiving it, said, "Don't cry, mamma; I am sure papa would not stay abroad if he could help it." At these words she caught the child in her arms, and, throwing herself into the chair in an agony of passion, cried out, "No, my child; nor shall all the malice of hell keep us long asunder."

These are circumstances which we should not, for the amusement of six or seven readers only, have inserted, had they not served to show that there are weaknesses in vulgar life to which great minds are so entirely strangers that they have not even an idea of them; and, secondly, by exposing the folly of this low creature, to set off and elevate that greatness of which we endeavour to draw a true portrait in this history.

Wild, entering the room, found the mother with one child in her arms, and the other at her knee. After paying her his compliments, he desired her to dismiss the children and servant, for that he had something of the greatest moment to impart to her.

She immediately complied with his request, and, the door being shut, asked him with great eagerness if he had succeeded in his intentions of procuring the bail. He answered he had not endeavoured at it yet, for a scheme had entered into his head by which she might certainly preserve her husband, herself, and her family. In order to which he advised her instantly to remove with the most valuable jewels she had to Holland, before any statute of bankruptcy issued to prevent her; that he would himself attend her thither and place her in safety, and then return to deliver her husband, who would be then easily able to satisfy his creditors. He added that he was that instant come from Snap's, where he had communicated the scheme to Heartfree, who had greatly approved of it, and desired her to put it in execution without delay, concluding that a moment was not to be lost.

The mention of her husband's approbation left no doubt in this poor woman's breast; she only desired a moment's time to pay him a visit in order to take her leave. But Wild peremptorily refused; he said by every moment's delay she risked the ruin of her family; that she would be absent only a few days from him, for that the moment he had lodged her safe in Holland he would return, procure her husband his liberty, and bring him to her. I have been the unfortunate, the innocent cause of all my dear Tom's calamity, madam, said he, and I will perish with him or see him out of it. Mrs. Heartfree overflowed with acknowledgments of his goodness, but still begged for the shortest interview with her husband. Wild declared that a minute's delay might be fatal; and added, though with the voice of sorrow rather than of anger, that if she had not resolution enough to execute the commands he brought her from her husband, his ruin would lie at her door; and, for his own part, he must give up any farther meddling in his affairs.

She then proposed to take her children with her; but Wild would not permit it, saying they would only retard their flight, and that it would be proper for her husband to bring them. He at length absolutely prevailed on this poor woman, who immediately packed up the most valuable effects she could find, and, after taking a tender leave of her infants, earnestly recommended them to the care of a very faithful servant. Then they called a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to an inn, where they were furnished with a chariot and six, in which they set forward for Harwich.

Wild rode with an exulting heart, secure, as he now thought himself, of the possession of that lovely woman, together with a rich cargo. In short, he enjoyed in his mind all the happiness which unbridled lust and rapacious avarice could promise him. As to the poor creature who was to satisfy these passions, her whole soul was employed in reflecting on the condition of her husband and children. A single word scarce escaped her lips, though many a tear gushed from her brilliant eyes, which, if I may use a coarse expression, served only as delicious sauce to heighten the appetite of Wild.

CHAPTER X.

Sea-adventures very new and surprising.

When they arrived at Harwich they found a vessel, which had put in there, just ready to depart for Rotterdam. So they went immediately on board, and sailed with a fair wind; but they had hardly proceeded out of sight of land when a sudden and violent storm arose and drove them to the south-west; insomuch that the captain apprehended it impossible to avoid the Goodwin Sands, and he and all his crew gave themselves for lost. Mrs. Heartfree, who had no other apprehensions from death but those of leaving her dear husband and children, fell on her knees to beseech the Almighty's favour, when Wild, with a contempt of danger truly great, took a resolution as worthy to be admired perhaps as any recorded of the bravest hero, ancient or modern; a resolution which plainly proved him to have these two qualifications so necessary to a hero, to be superior to all the energies of fear or pity. He saw the tyrant death ready to rescue from him his intended prey, which he had yet devoured only in imagination. He therefore swore he would prevent him, and immediately attacked the poor wretch, who was in the utmost agonies of despair, first with solicitation, and afterwards with force.

Mrs. Heartfree, the moment she understood his meaning, which, in her present temper of mind, and in the opinion she held of him, she did not immediately, rejected him with all the repulses which indignation and horror could animate; but when he attempted violence she filled the cabin with her shrieks, which were so vehement that they reached the ears of the captain, the storm at this time luckily abating. This man, who was a brute rather from his education and the element he inhabited than from nature, ran hastily down to her assistance, and, finding her struggling on the ground with our hero, he presently rescued her from her intended ravisher, who was soon obliged to quit the woman, in order to engage with her lusty champion, who spared neither pains nor blows in the assistance of his fair passenger.

When the short battle was over, in which our hero, had he not been overpowered with numbers, who came down on their captain's side, would have been victorious, the captain rapped out a hearty oath, and asked Wild, if he had no more christianity in him than to ravish a woman in a storm? To which the other greatly and sullenly answered, "It was very well; but d—n him if he had not satisfaction the moment they came on shore." The captain with great scorn replied, "Kiss, ——" &c., and then, forcing Wild out of the cabin, he, at Mrs. Heartfree's request, locked her into it, and returned to the care of his ship.

The storm was now entirely ceased, and nothing remained but the usual ruffling of the sea after it, when one of the sailors spied a sail at a distance, which the captain wisely apprehended might be a privateer (for we were then engaged in a war with France), and immediately ordered all the sail possible to be crowded; but this caution was in vain, for the little wind which then blew was directly adverse, so that the ship bore down upon them, and soon appeared to be what the captain had feared, a French privateer. He was in no condition of resistance, and immediately struck on her firing the first gun. The captain of the Frenchman, with several

of his hands, came on board the English vessel, which they rifled of everything valuable, and, amongst the rest, of poor Mrs. Heartfree's whole cargo; and then taking the crew, together with the two passengers, aboard his own ship, he determined, as the other would be only a burthen to him, to sink her, she being very old and leaky, and not worth going back with to Dunkirk. He preserved, therefore, nothing but the boat, as his own was none of the best, and then, pouring a broadside into her, he sent her to the bottom.

The French captain, who was a very young fellow, and a man of gallantry, was presently enamoured to no small degree with his beautiful captive; and, imagining Wild, from some words he dropped, to be her husband, notwithstanding the ill affection towards him which appeared in her looks, he asked her if she understood French. She answered in the affirmative, for indeed she did perfectly well. He then asked her how long she and that gentleman (pointing to Wild) had been married. She answered, with a deep sigh and many tears, that she was married indeed, but not to that villain, who was the sole cause of all her misfortunes. The appellation raised a curiosity in the captain, and he importuned her in so pressing but gentle a manner to acquaint him with the injuries she complained of, that she was at last prevailed on to recount to him the whole history of her afflictions. This so moved the captain, who had too little notions of greatness, and so incensed him against our hero, that he resolved to punish him; and, without regard to the laws of war, he immediately ordered out his shattered boat, and, making Wild a present of half-a-dozen biscuits to prolong his misery, he put him therein, and then, committing him to the mercy of the sea, proceeded on his cruise.

CHAPTER XI.

The great and wonderful behaviour of our hero in the boat.

It is probable that a desire of ingratiating himself with his charming captive, or rather conqueror, had no little share in promoting this extraordinary act of illegal justice; for the Frenchman had conceived the same sort of passion or hunger which Wild himself had felt, and was almost as much resolved, by some means or other, to satisfy it. We will leave him however at present in the pursuit of his wishes, and attend our hero in his boat, since it is in circumstances of distress that true greatness appears most wonderful. For that a prince in the midst of his courtiers, all ready to compliment him with his favourite character or title, and indeed with everything else, or that a conqueror, at the head of a hundred thousand men, all prepared to execute his will, how ambitious, wanton, or cruel soever, should, in the giddiness of their pride, elevate themselves many degrees above those their tools, seems not difficult to be imagined, or indeed accounted for. But that a man in chains, in prison, nay, in the vilest dungeon, should, with persevering pride and obstinate dignity, discover that vast superiority in his own nature over the rest of mankind, who to a vulgar eye seem much happier than himself; nay, that he should discover heaven and providence (whose peculiar care, it seems, he is) at that very time at work for him; this is among the arcana of greatness, to be perfectly understood only by an adept in that science.

What could be imagined more miserable than the situation of our hero at this season, floating in a little boat on the open seas, without oar, without sail, and at the mercy of the first wave to overwhelm him? nay, this was indeed the fair side of his fortune, as it was a much more eligible fate than that alternative which threatened him with almost unavoidable certainty, viz. starving with hunger, the sure consequence of a continuance of the calm.

Our hero, finding himself in this condition, began to ejaculate a round of blasphemies, which the reader, without being over-pious, might be offended at seeing repeated. He then accused the whole female sex, and the passion of love (as he called it), particularly that which he bore to Mrs. Heartfree, as the unhappy occasion of his present sufferings. At length, finding himself descending too much into the language of meanness and complaint, he stopped short, and soon after broke forth as follows: "D—n it, a man can die but once! what signifies it? Every man must die, and when it is over it is over. I never was afraid of anything yet, nor I won't begin now; no, d—n me, won't I. What signifies fear? I shall die whether I am afraid or no: who's afraid then, d—n me?" At which words he looked extremely fierce, but, recollecting that no one was present to see him, he relaxed a little the terror of his countenance, and, pausing a while, repeated the word, d—n! "Suppose I should be d—ned at last," cries he, "when I never thought a syllable of the matter! I have often laughed and made a jest about it, and yet it may be so, for anything which I know to the contrary. If there should be another world it will go hard with me, that is certain. I shall never escape for what I have done to Heartfree. The devil must have me for that undoubtedly. The devil! Pshaw! I am not such a fool to be frightened at him neither. No, no; when a man's dead there's an end of him. I wish I was certainly satisfied of it though; for there are some men of learning, as I have heard, of a different opinion. It is but a bad chance, methinks, I stand. If there be no other world, why I shall be in no worse condition than a block or a stone: but if there should——d—n me I will think no longer about it.—Let a pack of cowardly rascals be afraid of death, I dare look him in the face. But shall I stay and be starved?—No, I will eat up the biscuits the French son of a whore bestowed on me, and then leap into the sea for drink, since the unconscionable dog hath not allowed me a single dram." Having thus said, he proceeded immediately to put his purpose in execution, and, as his resolution never failed him, he had no sooner despatched the small quantity of provision which his enemy had with no vast liberality presented him, than he cast himself headlong into the sea.

CHAPTER XII.

The strange and yet natural escape of our hero.

Our hero, having with wonderful resolution thrown himself into the sea, as we mentioned at the end of the last chapter, was miraculously within two minutes after replaced in his boat; and this without the assistance of a dolphin or a seahorse, or any other fish or animal, who are always as ready at hand when a poet or historian pleases to call for them to carry a hero through the sea, as any chairman at a coffee-house door near St. James's to convey a beau over a street, and preserve his white stockings. The truth is, we do not choose to have any recourse to miracles, from the strict observance we pay to that rule of Horace,

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

The meaning of which is, do not bring in a supernatural agent when you can do without him; and indeed we are much deeper read in natural than supernatural causes. We will therefore endeavour

to account for this extraordinary event from the former of these; and in doing this it will be necessary to disclose some profound secrets to our reader, extremely well worth his knowing, and which may serve him to account for many occurrences of the phenomenous kind which have formerly appeared in this our hemisphere.

Be it known then that the great Alma Mater, Nature, is of all other females the most obstinate, and tenacious of her purpose. So true is that observation,

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.

Which I need not render in English, it being to be found in a book which most fine gentlemen are forced to read. Whatever Nature, therefore, purposes to herself, she never suffers any reason, design, or accident to frustrate. Now, though it may seem to a shallow observer that some persons were designed by Nature for no use or purpose whatever, yet certain it is that no man is born into the world without his particular allotment; viz. some to be kings, some statesmen, some ambassadors, some bishops, some generals, and so on. Of these there be two kinds; those to whom Nature is so generous to give some endowment qualifying them for the parts she intends them afterwards to act on this stage, and those whom she uses as instances of her unlimited power, and for whose preferment to such and such stations Solomon himself could have invented no other reason than that Nature designed them so. These latter some great philosophers have, to show them to be the favourites of Nature, distinguished by the honourable appellation of NATURALS. Indeed, the true reason of the general ignorance of mankind on this head seems to be this; that, as Nature chooses to execute these her purposes by certain second causes, and as many of these second causes seem so totally foreign to her design, the wit of man, which, like his eye, sees best directly forward, and very little and imperfectly what is oblique, is not able to discern the end by the means. Thus, how a handsome wife or daughter should contribute to execute her original designation of a general, or how flattery or half a dozen houses in a borough-town should denote a judge, or a bishop, he is not capable of comprehending. And, indeed, we ourselves, wise as we are, are forced to reason *ab effectu;* and if we had been asked what Nature had intended such men for, before she herself had by the event demonstrated her purpose, it is possible we might sometimes have been puzzled to declare; for it must be confessed that at first sight, and to a mind uninspired, a man of vast natural capacity and much acquired knowledge may seem by Nature designed for power and honour, rather than one remarkable only for the want of these, and indeed all other qualifications; whereas daily experience convinces us of the contrary, and drives us as it were into the opinion I have here disclosed.

Now, Nature having originally intended our great man for that final exaltation which, as it is the most proper and becoming end of all great men, it were heartily to be wished they might all arrive at, would by no means be diverted from her purpose. She therefore no sooner spied him in the water than she softly whispered in his ear to attempt the recovery of his boat, which call he immediately obeyed, and, being a good swimmer, and it being a perfect calm, with great facility accomplished it.

Thus we think this passage in our history, at first so greatly surprising, is very naturally accounted for, and our relation rescued from the Prodigious, which, though it often occurs in biography, is not to be encouraged nor much commended on any occasion, unless when absolutely necessary to prevent the history's being at an end. Secondly, we hope our hero is justified from that imputation of want of resolution which must have been fatal to the greatness of his character.

CHAPTER XIII.

The conclusion of the boat adventure, and the end of the second book.

Our hero passed the remainder of the evening, the night, and the next day, in a condition not much to be envied by any passion of the human mind, unless by ambition; which, provided it can only entertain itself with the most distant music of fame's trumpet, can disdain all the pleasures of the sensualist, and those more solemn, though quieter comforts, which a good conscience suggests to a christian philosopher.

He spent his time in contemplation, that is to say, in blaspheming, cursing, and sometimes singing and whistling. At last, when cold and hunger had almost subdued his native fierceness, it being a good deal past midnight and extremely dark, he thought he beheld a light at a distance, which the cloudiness of the sky prevented his mistaking for a star: this light, however, did not seem to approach him, at least it approached by such imperceptible degrees that it gave him very little comfort, and at length totally forsook him. He then renewed his contemplation as before, in which he continued till the day began to break, when, to his inexpressible delight, he beheld a sail at a very little distance, and which luckily seemed to be making towards him. He was likewise soon espied by those in the vessel, who wanted no signals to inform them of his distress, and, as it was almost a calm, and their course lay within five hundred yards of him, they hoisted out their boat and fetched him aboard.

The captain of this ship was a Frenchman; she was laden with deal from Norway, and had been extremely shattered in the late storm. This captain was of that kind of men who are actuated by general humanity, and whose compassion can be raised by the distress of a fellow-creature, though of a nation whose king hath quarrelled with the monarch of their own. He therefore, commiserating the circumstances of Wild, who had dressed up a story proper to impose upon such a silly fellow, told him that, as himself well knew, he must be a prisoner on his arrival in France, but that he would endeavour to procure his redemption; for which our hero greatly thanked him. But, as they were making very slow sail (for they had lost their main-mast in the storm), Wild saw a little vessel at a distance, they being within a few leagues of the English shore, which, on inquiry, he was informed was probably an English fishing-boat. And, it being then perfectly calm, he proposed that, if they would accommodate him with a pair of scullers, he could get within reach of the boat, at least near enough to make signals to her; and he preferred any risk to the certain fate of being a prisoner. As his courage was somewhat restored by the provisions (especially brandy) with which the Frenchman had supplied him, he was so earnest in his entreaties, that the captain, after many persuasions, at length complied, and he was furnished with scullers, and with some bread, pork, and a bottle of brandy. Then, taking leave of his preservers, he again betook himself to his boat, and rowed so heartily that he soon came within the sight of the fisherman, who immediately made towards him and took him aboard.

No sooner was Wild got safe on board the fisher-

man than he begged him to make the utmost speed into Deal, for that the vessel which was still in sight was a distressed Frenchman, bound for Havre de Grace, and might easily be made a prize if there was any ship ready to go in pursuit of her. So nobly and greatly did our hero neglect all obligations conferred on him by the enemies of his country, that he would have contributed all he could to the taking his benefactor, to whom he owed both his life and his liberty.

The fisherman took his advice, and soon arrived at Deal, where the reader will, I doubt not, be as much concerned as Wild was that there was not a single ship prepared to go on the expedition.

Our hero now saw himself once more safe on *terra firma*, but unluckily at some distance from that city where men of ingenuity can most easily supply their wants without the assistance of money, or rather can most easily procure money for the supply of their wants. However, as his talents were superior to every difficulty, he framed so dextrous an account of his being a merchant, having been taken and plundered by the enemy, and of his great effects in London, that he was not only heartily regaled by the fisherman at his house, but made so handsome a booty by way of borrowing, a method of taking which we have before mentioned to have his approbation, that he was enabled to provide himself with a place in the stage-coach; which (as God permitted it to perform the journey) brought him at the appointed time to an inn in the metropolis.

And now, reader, as thou canst be in no suspense for the fate of our great man, since we have returned him safe to the principal scene of his glory, we will a little look back on the fortunes of Mr. Heartfree, whom we left in no very pleasant situation; but of this we shall treat in the next book.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER I.

The low and pitiful behaviour of Heartfree; and the foolish conduct of his apprentice.

His misfortunes did not entirely prevent Heartfree from closing his eyes. On the contrary, he slept several hours the first night of his confinement. However, he perhaps paid too severely dear both for his repose and for a sweet dream which accompanied it, and represented his little family in one of those tender scenes which had frequently passed in the days of his happiness and prosperity, when the provision they were making for the future fortunes of their children used to be one of the most agreeable topics of discourse with which he and his wife entertained themselves. The pleasantness of this vision, therefore, served only, on his awaking, to set forth his present misery with additional horror, and to heighten the dreadful ideas which now crowded on his mind.

He had spent a considerable time after his first rising from the bed on which he had, without undressing, thrown himself, and now began to wonder at Mrs. Heartfree's long absence; but as the mind is desirous (and perhaps wisely too) to comfort itself with drawing the most flattering conclusions from all events, so he hoped the longer her stay was the more certain was his deliverance. At length his impatience prevailed, and he was just going to despatch a messenger to his own house when his apprentice came to pay him a visit, and on his inquiry informed him that his wife had departed in company with Mr. Wild many hours before, and had carried all his most valuable effects with her; adding at the same time that she had herself positively acquainted him she had her husband's express orders for so doing, and that she was gone to Holland.

It is the observation of many wise men, who have studied the anatomy of the human soul with more attention than our young physicians generally bestow on that of the body, that great and violent surprise hath a different effect from that which is wrought in a good housewife by perceiving any disorders in her kitchen; who, on such occasions, commonly spreads the disorder, not only over her whole family, but over the whole neighbourhood.—Now, these great calamities, especially when sudden, tend to stifle and deaden all the faculties, instead of rousing them; and accordingly Herodotus tells us a story of Crœsus king of Lydia, who, on beholding his servants and courtiers led captive, wept bitterly, but, when he saw his wife and children in that condition, stood stupid and motionless; so stood poor Heartfree on this relation of his apprentice, nothing moving but his colour, which entirely forsook his countenance.

The apprentice, who had not in the least doubted the veracity of his mistress, perceiving the surprise which too visibly appeared in his master, became speechless likewise, and both remained silent some minutes, gazing with astonishment and horror at each other. At last Heartfree cried out in an agony, "My wife deserted me in my misfortunes!" "Heaven forbid, sir!" answered the other. "And what is become of my poor children?" replied Heartfree. "They are at home, sir," said the apprentice. "Heaven be praised! She hath forsaken them too!" cries Heartfree; "fetch them hither this instant. Go, my dear Jack, bring hither my little all which remains now: fly, child, if thou dost not intend likewise to forsake me in my afflictions." The youth answered he would die sooner than entertain such a thought, and, begging his master to be comforted, instantly obeyed his orders.

Heartfree, the moment the young man was departed, threw himself on his bed in an agony of despair; but, recollecting himself after he had vented the first sallies of his passion, he began to question the infidelity of his wife as a matter impossible. He ran over in his thoughts the uninterrupted tenderness which she had always shown him, and, for a minute, blamed the rashness of his belief against her; till the many circumstances of her having left him so long, and neither writ nor sent to him since her departure with all his effects and with Wild, of whom he was not before without suspicion, and, lastly and chiefly, her false pretence to his commands, entirely turned the scale, and convinced him of her disloyalty.

While he was in these agitations of mind the good apprentice, who had used the utmost expedition, brought his children to him. He embraced them with the most passionate fondness, and imprinted numberless kisses on their little lips. The little girl flew to him with almost as much eagerness as he himself expressed at her sight, and cried out, "O papa, why did you not come home to poor mamma all this while? I thought you would not have left your little Nancy so long." After which he asked her for her mother, and was told she had kissed them both in the morning, and cried very much for his absence. All which brought a flood of tears into the eyes of this weak, silly man, who had not greatness sufficient to conquer these low efforts of tenderness and humanity.

He then proceeded to inquire of the maid-servant, who acquainted him that she knew no more than that her mistress had taken leave of her children in

tha morning with many tears and kisses, and had recommended them in the most earnest manner to her care; she said she had promised faithfully to take care of them, and would, while they were intrusted to her, fulfil her promise. For which profession Heartfree expressed much gratitude to her, and, after indulging himself with some little fondnesses which we shall not relate, he delivered his children into the good woman's hands, and dismissed her.

CHAPTER II.

A soliloquy of Heartfree's, full of low and base ideas, without a syllable of GREATNESS.

BEING now alone, he sat some short time silent, and then burst forth into the following soliloquy:—

"What shall I do? Shall I abandon myself to a dispirited despair, or fly in the face of the Almighty? Surely both are unworthy of a wise man; for what can be more vain than weakly to lament my fortune if irretrievable, or, if hope remains, to offend that Being who can most strongly support it? but are my passions then voluntary? Am I so absolutely their master that I can resolve with myself, so far only will I grieve? Certainly no. Reason, however we flatter ourselves, hath not such despotic empire in our minds that it can, with imperial voice, hush all our sorrow in a moment. Where then is its use? For either it is an empty sound, and we are deceived in thinking we have reason, or it is given us to some end, and hath a part assigned it by the all-wise Creator. Why, what can its office be other than justly to weigh the worth of all things, and to direct us to that perfection of human wisdom which proportions our esteem of every object by its real merit, and prevents us from over or undervaluing whatever we hope for, we enjoy, or we lose. It doth not foolishly say to us, Be not glad, or, Be not sorry, which would be as vain and idle as to bid the purling river cease to run, or the raging wind to blow. It prevents us only from exulting, like children, when we receive a toy, or from lamenting when we are deprived of it. Suppose then I have lost the enjoyments of this world, and my expectation of future pleasure and profit is for ever disappointed, what relief can my reason afford? What, unless it can show me I had fixed my affections on a toy; that what I desired was not, by a wise man, eagerly to be affected, nor its loss violently deplored? for there are toys adapted to all ages, from the rattle to the throne; and perhaps the value of all is equal to their several possessors; for if the rattle pleases the ear of the infant, what can the flattery of sycophants give more to the prince? The latter is as far from examining into the reality and source of his pleasure as the former; for if both did, they must both equally despise it. And surely, if we consider them seriously, and compare them together, we shall be forced to conclude all those pomps and pleasures of which men are so fond, and which, through so much danger and difficulty, with such violence and villany, they pursue, to be as worthless trifles as any exposed to sale in a toy-shop. I have often noted my little girl viewing with eager eyes, a jointed baby; I have marked the pains and sollicitations she hath used till I have been prevailed on to indulge her with it. At her first obtaining it, what joy hath sparkled in her countenance! with what raptures hath she taken possession! but how little satisfaction hath she found in it! What pains to work out her amusement from it! Its dress must be varied; the tinsel ornaments which first caught her eyes produce no longer pleasure; she endeavours to make it stand and walk in vain, and is constrained herself to supply it with conversation. In a day's time it is thrown by and neglected, and some less costly toy preferred to it. How like the situation of this child is that of every man! What difficulties in the pursuit of his desires! what inanity in the possession of most, and satiety in those which seem more real and substantial! The delights of most men are as childish and as superficial as that of my little girl; a feather or a fiddle are their pursuits and their pleasures through life, even to their ripest years, if such men may be said to attain any ripeness at all. But let us survey those whose understandings are of a more elevated and refined temper; how empty do they soon find the world of enjoyments worth their desire or attaining! How soon do they retreat to solitude and contemplation, to gardening and planting, and such rural amusements, where their trees and they enjoy the air and the sun in common, and both vegetate with very little difference between them. But suppose (which neither truth nor wisdom will allow) we could admit something more valuable and substantial in these blessings, would not the uncertainty of their possession be alone sufficient to lower their price? How mean a tenure is that at the will of fortune, which chance, fraud, and rapine are every day so likely to deprive us of, and often the more likely by how much the greater worth our possessions are of! Is it not to place our affections on a bubble in the water, or on a picture in the clouds? What madman would build a fine house or frame a beautiful garden on land in which he held so uncertain an interest? But again, was all this less undeniable, did Fortune, the lady of our manor, lease to us for our lives, of how little consideration must even this term appear! For, admitting that these pleasures were not liable to be torn from us, how certainly must we be torn from them! Perhaps to-morrow—nay, or even sooner; for as the excellent poet says—

> Where is to-morrow?—In the other world.
> To thousands this is true, and the reverse
> Is sure to none.

But if I have no further hope in this world, can I have none beyond it? Surely those laborious writers, who have taken such infinite pains to destroy or weaken all the proofs of futurity, have not so far succeeded as to exclude us from hope. That active principle in man which with such boldness pushes us on through every labour and difficulty, to attain the most distant and most improbable event in this world, will not surely deny us a little flattering prospect of those beautiful mansions which, if they could be thought chimerical, must be allowed the loveliest which can entertain the eye of man; and to which the road, if we understand it rightly, appears to have so few thorns and briars in it, and to require so little labour and fatigue from those who shall pass through it, that its ways are truly said to be ways of pleasantness, and all its paths to be those of peace. If the proofs of christianity be as strong as I imagine them, surely enough may be deduced from that ground only to comfort and support the most miserable man in his afflictions. And this I think my reason tells me that, if the professors and propagators of infidelity are in the right, the losses which death brings to the virtuous are not worth their lamenting; but if these are, as certainly they seem, in the wrong, the blessings it procures them are not sufficiently to be coveted and rejoiced at.

"On my own account then, I have no cause for sorrow, but on my children's!—Why, the same Being to whose goodness and power I intrust my own happiness is likewise as able and willing to

procure theirs. Nor matters it what state of life is allotted for them, whether it be their fate to procure bread with their own labour, or to eat it at the sweat of others. Perhaps, if we consider the case with proper attention, or resolve it with due sincerity, the former is much the sweeter. The hind may be more happy than the lord, for his desires are fewer, and those such as are attended with more hope and less fear. I will do my utmost to lay the foundations of my children's happiness, I will carefully avoid educating them in a station superior to their fortune, and for the event trust to that Being in whom whoever rightly confides must be superior to all worldly sorrows."

In this low manner did this poor wretch proceed to argue, till he had worked himself up into an enthusiasm which by degrees soon became invulnerable to every human attack; so that when Mr. Snap acquainted him with the return of the writ, and that he must carry him to Newgate, he received the message as Socrates did the news of the ship's arrival, and that he was to prepare for death.

CHAPTER III.

Wherein our hero proceeds in the road to GREATNESS.

But we must not detain our reader too long with these low characters. He is doubtless as impatient as the audience at the theatre till the principal figure returns on the stage; we will therefore indulge his inclination, and pursue the actions of the Great Wild.

There happened to be in the stage-coach in which Mr. Wild travelled from Dover a certain young gentleman who had sold an estate in Kent, and was going to London to receive the money. There was likewise a handsome young woman who had left her parents at Canterbury, and was proceeding to the same city, in order (as she informed her fellow-travellers) to make her fortune. With this girl the young spark was so much enamoured that he publicly acquainted her with the purpose of his journey, and offered her a considerable sum in hand and a settlement if she would consent to return with him into the country, where she would be at a safe distance from her relations. Whether she accepted this proposal or no we are not able with any tolerable certainty to deliver: but Wild, the moment he heard of his money, began to cast about in his mind by what means he might become master of it. He entered into a long harangue about the methods of carrying money safely on the road, and said, "He had at that time two bank-bills of a hundred pounds each sewed in his coat; which, added he, is so safe a way, that it is almost impossible I should be in any danger of being robbed by the most cunning highwayman."

The young gentleman, who was no descendant of Solomon, or, if he was, did not, any more than some other descendants of wise men, inherit the wisdom of his ancestor, greatly approved Wild's ingenuity, and, thanking him for his information, declared he would follow his example when he returned into the country; by which means he proposed to save the premium commonly taken for the remittance. Wild had then no more to do but to inform himself rightly of the time of the gentleman's journey, which he did with great certainty before they separated.

At his arrival in town he fixed on two whom he regarded as the most resolute of his gang for this enterprise; and, accordingly, having summoned the principal, or most desperate, as he imagined him, of these two (for he never chose to communicate in the presence of more than one), he proposed to him the robbing and murdering this gentleman.

Mr. Marybone (for that was the gentleman's name to whom he applied) readily agreed to the robbery, but he hesitated at the murder. He said, as to robbery, he had, on much weighing and considering the matter, very well reconciled his conscience to it; for, though that noble kind of robbery which was executed on the highway was, from the cowardice of mankind, less frequent, yet the baser and meaner species, sometimes called cheating, but more commonly known by the name of robbery within the law, was in a manner universal. He did not therefore pretend to the reputation of being so much honester than other people; but could by no means satisfy himself in the commission of murder, which was a sin of the most heinous nature, and so immediately prosecuted by God's judgment that it never passed undiscovered or unpunished.

Wild, with the utmost disdain in his countenance, answered as follows: "Art thou he whom I have selected out of my whole gang for this glorious undertaking, and dost thou cant of God's revenge against murder? You have, it seems, reconciled your conscience (a pretty word) to robbery from its being so common. Is it then the novelty of murder which deters you? Do you imagine that guns, and pistols, and swords, and knives, are the only instruments of death? Look into the world and see the numbers whom broken fortunes and broken hearts bring untimely to the grave. To omit those glorious heroes who, to their immortal honour, have massacred whole nations, what think you of private persecution, treachery, and slander, by which the very souls of men are in a manner torn from their bodies? Is it not more generous, nay, more good-natured, to send a man to his rest, than, after having plundered him of all he hath, or from malice or malevolence deprived him of his character, to punish him with a languishing death, or, what is worse, a languishing life? Murder, therefore, is not so uncommon as you weakly conceive it, though, as you said of robbery, that more noble kind which lies within the paw of the law may be so. But this is the most innocent in him who doth it, and the most eligible to him who is to suffer it. Believe me, lad, the tongue of a viper is less hurtful than that of a slanderer, and the gilded scales of a rattle-snake less dreadful than the purse of the oppressor. Let me therefore hear no more of your scruples; but consent to my proposal without further hesitation, unless, like a woman, you are afraid of blooding your clothes, or, like a fool, are terrified with the apprehensions of being hanged in chains. Take my word for it, you had better be an honest man than half a rogue. Do not think of continuing in my gang without abandoning yourself absolutely to my pleasure; for no man shall ever receive a favour at my hands who sticks at any thing, or is guided by any other law than that of my will."

Wild thus ended his speech, which had not the desired effect on Marybone: he agreed to the robbery, but would not undertake the murder, as Wild (who feared that, by Marybone's demanding to search the gentleman's coat, he might hazard suspicion himself) insisted. Marybone was immediately entered by Wild in his black-book, and was presently after impeached and executed as a fellow on whom his leader could not place sufficient dependence; thus falling, as many rogues do, a sacrifice, not to his roguery, but to his conscience.

CHAPTER IV.

In which a young hero, of wonderful good promise, makes his first appearance, with many other GREAT MATTERS.

Our hero next applied himself to another of his gang, who instantly received his orders, and, instead of hesitating at a single murder, asked if he should blow out the brains of all the passengers, coachman and all. But Wild, whose moderation we have before noted, would not permit him; and therefore, having given him an exact description of the devoted person, with his other necessary instructions, he dismissed him, with the strictest orders to avoid, if possible, doing hurt to any other person.

The name of this youth, who will hereafter make some figure in this history, being the Achates of our Æneas, or rather the Hæphestion of our Alexander, was Fireblood. He had every qualification to make a second-rate GREAT man; or, in other words, he was completely equipped for the tool of a real or first-rate GREAT man. We shall therefore (which is the properest way of dealing with this kind of GREATNESS) describe him negatively, and content ourselves with telling our reader what qualities he had not; in which number were humanity, modesty, and fear, not one grain of any of which was mingled in his whole composition.

We will now leave this youth, who was esteemed the most promising of the whole gang, and whom Wild often declared to be one of the prettiest lads he had ever seen, of which opinion, indeed, were most other people of his acquaintance; we will however leave him at his entrance on this enterprise, and keep our attention fixed on our hero, whom we shall observe taking large strides towards the summit of human glory.

Wild, immediately at his return to town, went to pay a visit to Miss Lætitia Snap; for he had that weakness of suffering himself to be enslaved by women, so naturally incident to men of heroic disposition; to say the truth, it might more properly be called a slavery to his own appetite; for, could he have satisfied that, he had not cared three farthings what had become of the little tyrant for whom he professed so violent a regard. Here he was informed that Mr. Heartfree had been conveyed to Newgate the day before, the writ being then returnable. He was somewhat concerned at this news; not from any compassion for the misfortunes of Heartfree, whom he hated with such inveteracy that one would have imagined he had suffered the same injuries from him which he had done towards him. His concern therefore had another motive; in fact, he was uneasy at the place of Mr. Heartfree's confinement, as it was to be the scene of his future glory, and where consequently he should be frequently obliged to see a face which hatred, and not shame, made him detest the sight of.

To prevent this, therefore, several methods suggested themselves to him. At first he thought of removing him out of the way by the ordinary method of murder, which he doubted not but Fireblood would be very ready to execute; for that youth had, at their last interview, sworn, D—n his eyes, he thought there was no better pastime than blowing a man's brains out. But, besides the danger of this method, it did not look horrible nor barbarous enough for the last mischief which he should do to Heartfree. Considering, therefore, a little farther with himself, he at length came to a resolution to hang him, if possible, the very next sessions.

Now, though the observation—how apt men are to hate those they injure, or how unforgiving they are of the injuries they do themselves, be common enough, yet I do not remember to have ever seen the reason of this strange phenomenon as at first it appears. Know therefore, reader, that with much and severe scrutiny we have discovered this hatred to be founded on the passion of fear, and to arise from an apprehension that the person whom we have ourselves greatly injured will use all possible endeavours to revenge and retaliate the injuries we have done him. An opinion so firmly established in bad and great minds (and those who confer injuries on others have seldom very good or mean ones) that no benevolence, nor even beneficence, on the injured side, can eradicate it. On the contrary, they refer all these acts of kindness to imposture and design of lulling their suspicion, till an opportunity offers of striking a surer and severer blow; and thus, while the good man who hath received it hath truly forgotten the injury, the evil mind which did it hath it in lively and fresh remembrance.

As we scorn to keep any discoveries secret from our readers, whose instruction, as well as diversion, we have greatly considered in this history, we have here digressed somewhat to communicate the following short lesson to those who are simple and well inclined: though as a christian thou art obliged, and we advise thee, to forgive thy enemy, NEVER TRUST THE MAN WHO HATH REASON TO SUSPECT THAT YOU KNOW HE HATH INJURED YOU.

CHAPTER V.

More and more GREATNESS, unparalleled in history or romance.

In order to accomplish this great and noble scheme, which the vast genius of Wild had contrived, the first necessary step was to regain the confidence of Heartfree. But, however necessary this was, it seemed to be attended with such insurmountable difficulties, that even our hero for some time despaired of success. He was greatly superior to all mankind in the steadiness of his countenance, but this undertaking seemed to require more of that noble quality than had ever been the portion of a mortal. However, at last he resolved to attempt it, and from his success I think we may fairly assert that what was said by the Latin poet of labour, that it conquers all things, is much more true when applied to impudence.

When he had formed his plan he went to Newgate, and burst resolutely into the presence of Heartfree, whom he eagerly embraced and kissed; and then, first arraigning his own rashness, and afterwards lamenting his unfortunate want of success, he acquainted him with the particulars of what had happened; concealing only that single incident of his attack on the other's wife, and his motive to the undertaking, which, he assured Heartfree, was a desire to preserve his effects from a statute of bankruptcy.

The frank openness of this declaration, with the composure of countenance with which it was delivered; his seeming only ruffled by the concern for his friend's misfortune; the probability of truth attending it, joined to the boldness and disinterested appearance of this visit, together with his many professions of immediate service at a time when he could not have the least visible motive from self-love; and above all, his offering him money, the last and surest token of friendship, rushed with such united force on the well-disposed heart, as it is vulgarly called, of this simple man, that they instantly staggered and soon subverted all the determination he had before made in prejudice of Wild, who, perceiving the balance to be turning in his

favour, presently threw in a hundred imprecations on his own folly and ill-advised forwardness to serve his friend, which had thus unhappily produced his ruin; he added as many curses on the count, whom he vowed to pursue with revenge all over Europe; lastly, he cast in some grains of comfort, assuring Heartfree that his wife was fallen into the gentlest hands, that she would be carried no farther than Dunkirk, whence she might very easily be redeemed.

Heartfree, to whom the lightest presumption of his wife's fidelity would have been more delicious than the absolute restoration of all his jewels, and who, indeed, had with the utmost difficulty been brought to entertain the slightest suspicion of her incoustancy, immediately abandoned all distrust of both her and his friend, whose sincerity (luckily for Wild's purpose) seemed to him to depend on the same evidence. He then embraced our hero, who had in his countenance all the symptoms of the deepest concern, and begged him to be comforted; saying that the intentions, rather than the actions of men, conferred obligations; that as to the event of human affairs, it was governed either by chance or some superior agent; that friendship was concerned only in the direction of our designs; and suppose these failed of success, or produced an event never so contrary to their aim, the merit of a good intention was not in the least lessened, but was rather entitled to compassion.

Heartfree however was soon curious enough to inquire how Wild had escaped the captivity which his wife then suffered. Here likewise he recounted the whole truth, omitting only the motive to the French captain's cruelty, for which he assigned a very different reason, namely, his attempt to secure Heartfree's jewels. Wild indeed always kept as much truth as was possible in everything; and this he said was turning the cannon of the enemy upon themselves.

Wild, having thus with admirable and truly laudable conduct achieved the first step, began to discourse on the badness of the world, and particularly to blame the severity of creditors, who seldom or never attended to any unfortunate circumstances, but without mercy inflicted confinement on the debtor, whose body the law, with very unjustifiable rigour, delivered into their power. He added, that for his part, he looked on this restraint to be as heavy a punishment as any appointed by law for the greatest offenders. That the loss of liberty was, in his opinion, equal to, if not worse, than the loss of life; that he had always determined, if by any accident or misfortune he had been subjected to the former, he would run the greatest risk of the latter to rescue himself from it; which he said, if men did not want resolution, was always enough; for that it was ridiculous to conceive that two or three men could confine two or three hundred, unless the prisoners were either fools or cowards, especially when they were neither chained nor fettered. He went on in this manner till, perceiving the utmost attention in Heartfree, he ventured to propose to him an endeavour to make his escape, which he said might easily be executed; that he would himself raise a party in the prison, and that, if a murder or two should happen in the attempt, he (Heartfree) might keep free from any share either in the guilt or in the danger.

There is one misfortune which attends all great men and their schemes, *viz.*—that, in order to carry them into execution, they are obliged, in proposing their purpose to their tools, to discover themselves to be of that disposition in which certain little writers have advised mankind to place no confidance; an advice which hath been sometimes taken. Indeed, many inconveniences arise to the said great men from these scribblers publishing without restraint their hints or alarms to society; and many great and glorious schemes have been thus frustrated, wherefore it were to be wished that in all well-regulated governments such liberties should be by some wholesome laws restrained, and all writers inhibited from venting any other instructions to the people than what should be first approved and licensed by the said great men, or their proper instruments or tools; by which means nothing would ever be published but what made for the advancing their most noble projects.

Heartfree, whose suspicions were again raised by this advice, viewing Wild with inconceivable disdain, spoke as follows: "There is one thing the loss of which I should deplore infinitely beyond that of liberty and of life also; I mean that of a good conscience; a blessing which he who possesses can never be thoroughly unhappy; for the bitterest portion of life is by this so sweetened, that it soon becomes palatable; whereas, without it, the most delicate enjoyments quickly lose all their relish, and life itself grows insipid, or rather nauseous, to us. Would you then lessen my misfortunes by robbing me of what hath been my only comfort under them, and on which I place my dependence of being relieved from them? I have read that Socrates refused to save his life by breaking the laws of his country, and departing from his prison when it was open. Perhaps my virtue would not go so far; but heaven forbid liberty should have such charms to tempt me to the perpetration of so horrid a crime as murder! As to the poor evasion of committing it by other hands, it might be useful indeed to those who seek only the escape from temporal punishment, but can be of no service to excuse me to that Being whom I chiefly fear offending; nay, it would greatly aggravate my guilt by so impudent an endeavour to impose upon him, and by so wickedly involving others in my crime. Give me, therefore, no more advice of this kind; for this is my great comfort in all my afflictions, that it is in the power of no enemy to rob me of my conscience, nor will I ever be so much my own enemy as to injure it."

Though our hero heard all this with proper contempt, he made no direct answer, but endeavoured to evade his proposal as much as possible, which he did with admirable dexterity: this method of getting tolerably well off, when you are repulsed in your attack on a man's conscience, may be styled the art of retreating, in which the politician, as well as the general, hath sometimes a wonderful opportunity of displaying his great abilities in his profession.

Wild, having made this admirable retreat, and argued away all design of involving his friend in the guilt of murder, concluded, however, that he thought him rather too scrupulous in not attempting his escape; and then, promising to use all such means as the other would permit in his service, took his leave for the present. Heartfree, having indulged himself an hour with his children, repaired to rest, which he enjoyed quiet and undisturbed; whilst Wild, disdaining repose, sat up all night, consulting how he might bring about the final destruction of his friend without being beholden to any assistance from himself, which he now despaired of procuring. With the result of these consultations we shall acquaint our reader in good time, but at present we have matters of much more consequence to relate to him.

CHAPTER VI.

The event of Fireblood's adventure; and a treaty of marriage, which might have been concluded either at Smithfield or St. James's.

Fireblood returned from his enterprise unsuccessful. The gentleman happened to go home another way than he had intended; so that the whole design miscarried. Fireblood had indeed robbed the coach, and had wantonly discharged a pistol into it, which slightly wounded one of the passengers in the arm. The booty he met with was not very considerable, though much greater than that with which he acquainted Wild; for of eleven pounds in money, two silver watches, and a wedding-ring, he produced no more than two guineas and the ring, which he protested with numberless oaths was his whole booty. However, when an advertisement of the robbery was published, with a reward promised for the ring and the watches, Fireblood was obliged to confess the whole, and to acquaint our hero where he had pawned the watches; which Wild, taking the full value of them for his pains, restored to the right owner.

He did not fail catechising his young friend on this occasion. He said he was sorry to see any of his gang guilty of a breach of honour; that without honour *priggery* was at an end; that if a *prig* had but honour he would overlook every vice in the world. "But, nevertheless," said he, "I will forgive you this time, as you are a hopeful lad; and I hope never afterwards to find you delinquent in this great point."

Wild had now brought his gang to great regularity: he was obeyed and feared by them all. He had likewise established an office where all men who were robbed, paying the value only (or a little more) of their goods, might have them again. This was of notable use to several persons who had lost pieces of plate they had received from their grandmothers; to others who had a particular value for certain rings, watches, heads of canes, snuff-boxes, &c., for which they would not have taken twenty times as much as they were worth, either because they had them a little while or a long time, or that somebody else had had them before, or from some other such excellent reason, which often stamps a greater value on a toy than the great Bubble-boy himself would have the impudence to set upon it.

By these means he seemed in so promising a way of procuring a fortune, and was regarded in so thriving a light by all the gentlemen of his acquaintance, as by the keeper and turnkeys of Newgate, by Mr. Snap, and others of his occupation, that Mr. Snap one day, taking Mr. Wild the elder aside, very seriously proposed what they had often lightly talked over, a strict union between their families, by marrying his daughter Tishy to our hero. This proposal was very readily accepted by the old gentleman, who promised to acquaint his son with it.

On the morrow on which this message was to be delivered our hero, little dreaming of the happiness which, of his own accord, was advancing so near towards him, had called Fireblood to him; and, after informing that youth of the violence of his passion for the young lady, and assuring him what confidence he reposed in him and his honour, he despatched him to Miss Tishy with the following letter; which we here insert, not only as we take it to be extremely curious, but to be a much better pattern for that epistolary kind of writing which is generally called love-letters than any to be found in the *academy of compliments*, and which we challenge all the beaux of our time to excel either in matter or spelling

"Most deivine and adworable creeture,—I doubt not but those Ils, briter than the sun, which have kindled such a flam in my hart, have likewise the faculty of seeing it. It would be the hiest preassumption to imagin you eggnorant of my loav. No, madam, I sollemly purtest, that of all the botys in the unaversal glob, there is none kapable of hateracting my Ils like you. Corts and pallaces would be to me deserts without your kumpany, and with it a wilderness would have more charms than haven itself. For I hop you will believe me when I sware every place in the universe is a haven with you. I am konvinced you must be sinsibel of my violent passion for you, which, if I endevored to hid it, would be as impossible as for you, or the son, to hid your buty's. I assure you I have not slept a wink since I had the happiness of seeing you last; therefore hop you will, out of Kumpassion, let me have the honour of seeing you this afternune; for I am, with the greates' adwhoration, most deivine creeture, Iour most passionate amirer, adwhorer, and slave, Jonathan Wyld."

If the spelling of this letter he not so strictly orthographical, the reader will be pleased to remember that such a defect might be worthy of censure in a low and scholastic character, but can be no blemish in that sublime greatness of which we endeavour to raise a complete idea in this history. In which kind of composition spelling, or indeed any kind of human literature, hath never been thought a necessary ingredient; for if these sort of great personages can but complot and contrive their noble schemes, and back and bew mankind sufficiently, there will never be wanting fit and able persons who can spell to record their praises. Again, if it should be observed that the style of this letter doth not exactly correspond with that of our hero's speeches which we have here recorded, we answer, it is sufficient if in these the historian adheres faithfully to the matter, though he embellishes the diction with some flourishes of his own eloquence, without which the excellent speeches recorded in ancient historians (particularly in Sallust) would have scarce been found in their writings. Nay, even amongst the moderns, famous as they are for elocution, it may be doubted whether those inimitable harangues published in the monthly magazines came literally from the mouths of the Hurgos, &c., as they are there inserted, or whether we may not rather suppose some historian of great eloquence hath borrowed the matter only, and adorned it with those rhetorical flowers for which many of the said Hurgos are not so extremely eminent.

CHAPTER VII.

Matters preliminary to the marriage between Mr. Jonathan Wild and the chaste Lætitia.

But to proceed with our history; Fireblood, having received this letter, and promised on his honour, with many voluntary asseverations, to discharge the embassy faithfully, went to visit the fair Lætitia. The lady, having opened the letter and read it, put on an air of disdain, and told Mr. Fireblood she could not conceive what Mr. Wild meant by troubling her with his impertinence; she begged him to carry the letter back again, saying, had she known from whom it came, she would have been d—d before she had opened it. "But with you, young gentleman," says she, "I am not in the least angry. I am rather sorry that so pretty a young man should be employed in such an errand." She accompanied these words with so tender an accent and so wanton a leer, that Fireblood, who was no backward youth, began to take her by the hand, and proceeded so warmly, that, to imitate his actions with the rapidity of our narration, he in a few minutes ravished this fair creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him.

Fireblood, after he had ravished as much as he could, returned to Wild, and acquainted him, as far

as any wise man would, with what had passed; concluding with many praises of the young lady's beauty, with whom, he said, if his honour would have permitted him, he should himself have fallen in love; but, d—n him if he would not sooner be torn in pieces by wild horses than even think of injuring his friend. He asserted indeed, and swore so heartily, that, had not Wild been so thoroughly convinced of the impregnable chastity of the lady, he might have suspected his success; however, he was, by these means, entirely satisfied of his friend's inclination towards his mistress.

Thus constituted were the love affairs of our hero when his father brought him Mr. Snap's proposal. The reader must know very little of love, or indeed of anything else, if he requires any information concerning the reception which this proposal met with. *Not guilty* never sounded sweeter in the ears of a prisoner at the bar, nor the sound of a reprieve to one at the gallows, than did every word of the old gentleman in the ears of our hero. He gave his father full power to treat in his name, and desired nothing more than expedition.

The old people now met, and Snap, who had information from his daughter of the violent passion of her lover, endeavoured to improve it to the best advantage, and would have not only declined giving her any fortune himself, but have attempted to cheat her of what she owed to the liberality of her relations, particularly of a pint silver caudle-cup, the gift of her grandmother. However, in this the young lady herself afterwards took care to prevent him. As to the old Mr. Wild, he did not sufficiently attend to all the designs of Snap, as his faculties were busily employed in designs of his own, to overreach (or, as others express it, to cheat) the said Mr. Snap, by pretending to give his son a whole number for a chair, when in reality he was entitled to a third only.

While matters were thus settling between the old folks the young lady agreed to admit Mr. Wild's visits, and, by degrees, began to entertain him with all the show of affection which the great natural reserve of her temper, and the greater artificial reserve of her education, would permit. At length, everything being agreed between their parents, settlements made, and the lady's fortune (to wit, seventeen pounds and nine shillings in money and goods) paid down, the day for their nuptials was fixed, and they were celebrated accordingly.

Most private histories, as well as comedies, end at this period; the historian and the poet both concluding they have done enough for their hero when they have married him; or intimating rather that the rest of his life must be a dull calm of happiness, very delightful indeed to pass through, but somewhat insipid to relate; and matrimony in general must, I believe, without any dispute, be allowed to be this state of tranquil felicity, including so little variety, that, like Salisbury Plain, it affords only one prospect, a very pleasant one it must be confessed, but the same.

Now there was all the probability imaginable that this contract would have proved of such happy note, both from the great accomplishments of the young lady, who was thought to be possessed of every qualification necessary to make the marriage state happy, and from the truly ardent passion of Mr. Wild; but, whether it was that nature and fortune had great designs for him to execute, and would not suffer his vast abilities to be lost and sunk in the arms of a wife, or whether neither nature nor fortune had any hand in the matter, is a point I will not determine. Certain it is that this match did not produce that serene state we have mentioned above but resembled the most turbulent and ruffled, rather than the most calm sea.

I cannot here omit a conjecture, ingenious enough, of a friend, of mine, who had a long intimacy in the Wild family. He hath often told me he fancied one reason of the dissatisfactions which afterwards fell out between Wild and his lady arose from the number of gallants to whom she had, before marriage, granted favours; for, says he, and indeed very probable it is too, the lady might expect from her husband what she had before received from several, and, being angry not to find one man as good as ten, she had, from that indignation, taken those steps which we cannot perfectly justify.

From this person I received the following dialogue, which he assured me he had overheard and taken down *verbatim*. It passed on the day fortnight after they were married.

CHAPTER VIII.

A dialogue matrimonial, which passed between Jonathan Wild, esq., and Lætitia his wife, on the morning of the day fortnight on which his nuptials were celebrated; which concluded more amicably than those debates generally do.

Jonathan. My dear, I wish you would lie a little longer in bed this morning.

Lætitia. Indeed I cannot; I am engaged to breakfast with Jack Strongbow.

Jonathan. I don't know what Jack Strongbow doth so often at my house. I assure you I am uneasy at it; for, though I have no suspicion of your virtue, yet it may injure your reputation in the opinion of my neighbours.

Lætitia. I don't trouble my head about my neighbours; and they shall no more tell me what company I am to keep than my husband shall.

Jonathan. A good wife would keep no company which made her husband uneasy.

Lætitia. You might have found one of those good wives, sir, if you had pleased; I had no objection to it.

Jonathan. I thought I had found one in you.

Lætitia. You did! I am very much obliged to you for thinking me so poor-spirited a creature; but I hope to convince you to the contrary. What, I suppose you took me for a raw senseless girl, who knew nothing what other married women do!

Jonathan. No matter what I took you for; I have taken you for better and worse.

Lætitia. And at your own desire too; for I am sure you never had mine. I should not have broken my heart if Mr. Wild had thought proper to bestow himself on any other more happy woman. Ha, ha!

Jonathan. I hope, madam, you don't imagine that was not in my power, or that I married you out of any kind of necessity.

Lætitia. O no, sir; I am convinced there are silly women enough. And far be it from me to accuse you of any necessity for a wife. I believe you could have been very well contented with the state of a bachelor; I have no reason to complain of your necessities; but that, you know, a woman cannot tell beforehand.

Jonathan. I can't guess what you would insinuate, for I believe no woman had ever less reason to complain of her husband's want of fondness.

Lætitia. Then some, I am certain, have great reason to complain of the price they give for them. But I know better things. (*These words were spoken with a very great air, and toss of the head.*)

Jonathan. Well, my sweeting, I will make it impossible for you to wish me more fond.

Lætitia. Pray, Mr. Wild, none of this nauseous

behaviour, nor those odious words. I wish you were fond! I assure you, I don't know what you would pretend to insinuate of me. I have no wishes which misbecome a virtuous woman. No, nor should not, if I had married for love. And especially now, when nobody, I am sure, can suspect me of any such thing.

Jonathan. If you did not marry for love why did you marry?

Lætitia. Because it was convenient, and my parents forced me.

Jonathan. I hope, madam, at least, you will not tell me to my face you have made your convenience of me.

Lætitia. I have made nothing of you; nor do I desire the honour of making anything of you.

Jonathan. Yes, you have made a husband of me.

Lætitia. No, you made yourself so; for I repeat once more it was not my desire, but your own.

Jonathan. You should think yourself obliged to me for that desire.

Lætitia. La, sir! you was not so singular in it. I was not in despair. I have had other offers, and better too.

Jonathan. I wish you had accepted them with all my heart.

Lætitia. I must tell you, Mr. Wild, this is a very brutish manner of treating a woman to whom you have such obligations; but I know how to despise it, and to despise you too for showing it me. Indeed I am well enough paid for the foolish preference I gave to you. I flattered myself that I should at least have been used with good manners. I thought I had married a gentleman; but I find you every way contemptible and below my concern.

Jonathan. D—n you, madam, have I not more reason to complain when you tell me you married me for your convenience only?

Lætitia. Very fine truly. Is it behaviour worthy a man to swear at a woman? Yet why should I mention what comes from a wretch whom I despise.

Jonathan. Don't repeat that word so often. I despise you as heartily as you can me. And, to tell you a truth, I married you for my convenience likewise, to satisfy a passion which I have now satisfied, and you may be d—d for anything I care.

Lætitia. The world shall know how barbarously I am treated by such a villain.

Jonathan. I need take very little pains to acquaint the world what a b—ch you are, your actions will demonstrate it.

Lætitia. Monster! I would advise you not to depend too much on my sex, and provoke me too far; for I can do you a mischief, and will, if you dare use me so, you villain!

Jonathan. Begin whenever you please, madam; but assure yourself, the moment you lay aside the woman, I will treat you as such no longer; and if the first blow is yours, I promise you the last shall be mine.

Lætitia. Use me as you will; but d—n me if ever you shall use me as a woman again; for may I be cursed if ever I enter into your bed more.

Jonathan. May I be cursed if that abstinence be not the greatest obligation you can lay upon me; for I assure you faithfully your person was all I had ever any regard for; and that I now loath and detest as much as ever I liked it.

Lætitia. It is impossible for two people to agree better; for I always detested your person; and as for any other regard, you must be convinced I never could have any for you.

Jonathan. Why, then, since we come to a right understanding, as we are to live together suppose we agreed, instead of quarrelling and abusing, to be civil to each other.

Lætitia. With all my heart.

Jonathan. Let us shake hands then, and henceforwards never live like man and wife; that is, never be loving nor ever quarrel.

Lætitia. Agreed. But pray, Mr. Wild, why b—ch? Why did you suffer such a word to escape you.

Jonathan. It is not worth your remembrance.

Lætitia. You agree I shall converse with whomsoever I please?

Jonathan. Without control. And I have the same liberty?

Lætitia. When I interfere may every curse you can wish attend me!

Jonathan. Let us now take a farewell kiss, and may I be hanged if it is not the sweetest you ever gave me.

Lætitia. But why b—ch? Methinks I should be glad to know why b—ch?

At which words he sprang from the bed, d—ing her temper heartily. She returned it again with equal abuse, which was continued on both sides while he was dressing. However, they agreed to continue steadfast in this new resolution; and the joy arising on that occasion at length dismissed them pretty cheerfully from each other, though Lætitia could not help concluding with the words, why b—ch?

CHAPTER IX.

Observations on the foregoing dialogue, together with a base design in our hero, which must be detested by every lover of GREATNESS.

THUS did this dialogue (which, though we have termed it matrimonial, had indeed very little savour of the sweets of matrimony in it) produce at last a resolution more wise than strictly pious, and which, if they could have rigidly adhered to it, might have prevented some unpleasant moments as well to our hero as to his serene consort; but their hatred was so very great and unaccountable that they never could bear to see the least composure in one another's countenance without attempting to ruffle it. This set them on so many contrivances to plague and vex one another, that, as their proximity afforded them such frequent opportunities of executing their malicious purposes, they seldom passed one easy or quiet day together.

And this, reader, and no other, is the cause of those many inquietudes which thou must have observed to disturb the repose of some married couples who mistake implacable hatred for indifference; for why should Corvinus, who lives in a round of intrigue, and seldom doth, and never willingly would, dally with his wife, endeavour to prevent her from the satisfaction of an intrigue in her turn? Why doth Camilla refuse a more agreeable invitation abroad, only to expose her husband at his own table at home? In short, to mention no more instances, whence can all the quarrels, and jealousies, and jars proceed in people who have no love for each other, unless from that noble passion above mentioned, that desire, according to my lady Betty Modish, of *curing each other of a smile.*

We thought proper to give our reader a short taste of the domestic state of our hero, the rather to show him that great men are subject to the same frailties and inconveniences in ordinary life with little men, and that heroes are really of the same species with other human creatures, notwithstanding all the pains they themselves or their flatterers take to assert the contrary; and that they differ

chiefly in the immensity of their greatness, or, as the vulgar erroueously call it, villany. Now, therefore, that we may not dwell too long on low scenes in a history of the sublime kind, we shall return to actions of a higher note and more suitable to our purpose.

When the boy Hymen had, with his lighted torch, driven the boy Cupid out of doors, that is to say, in common phrase, when the violence of Mr. Wild's passion (or rather appetite) for the chaste Lætitia began to abate, he returned to visit his friend Heartfree, who was now in the liberties of the Fleet, and had appeared to the commission of bankruptcy against him. Here he met with a more cold reception than he himself had apprehended. Heartfree had long entertained suspicions of Wild, but these suspicions had from time to time been confounded with circumstances, and principally smothered with that amazing confidence which was indeed the most striking virtue in our hero. Heartfree was unwilling to condemn his friend without certain evidence, and laid hold on every probable semblance to acquit him; but the proposal made at his last visit had so totally blackened his character in this poor man's opinion, that it entirely fixed the wavering scale, and he no longer doubted but that our hero was one of the greatest villains in the world.

Circumstances of great improbability often escape men who devour a story with greedy ears; the reader, therefore, cannot wonder that Heartfree, whose passions were so variously concerned, first for the fidelity, and secondly for the safety of his wife; and, lastly, who was so distracted with doubt concerning the conduct of his friend, should at this relation pass unobserved the incident of his being committed to the boat by the captain of the privateer, which he had at the time of his telling so lamely accounted for; but now, when Heartfree came to reflect on the whole, and with a high prepossession against Wild, the absurdity of this fact glared in his eyes and struck him in the most sensible manner. At length a thought of great horror suggested itself to his imagination, and this was, whether the whole was not a fiction, and Wild, who was, as he had learned from his own mouth, equal to any undertaking how black soever, had not spirited away, robbed, and murdered his wife.

Intolerable as this apprehension was, he not only turned it round and examined it carefully in his own mind, but acquainted young Friendly with it at their next interview. Friendly, who detested Wild (from that envy probably with which these GREAT CHARACTERS naturally inspire low fellows), encouraged these suspicions so much, that Heartfree resolved to attack our hero and carry him before a magistrate.

This resolution had been some time taken, and Friendly, with a warrant and a constable, had with the utmost diligence searched several days for our hero; but, whether it was that in compliance with modern custom he had retired to spend the honeymoon with his bride, the only moon indeed in which it is fashionable or customary for the married parties to have any correspondence with each other; or perhaps his habitation might for particular reasons be usually kept a secret, like those of some few great men whom unfortunately the law hath left out of that reasonable as well as honourable provision which it hath made for the security of the persons of other great men.

But Wild resolved to perform works of supererogation in the way of honour, and, though no hero is obliged to answer the challenge of my lord chief justice, or indeed of any other magistrate, but may with unblemished reputation slide away from it, yet such was the bravery, such the greatness, the magnanimity of Wild, that he appeared in person to it.

Indeed envy may say one thing, which may lessen the glory of this action, namely, that the said Mr. Wild knew nothing of the said warraut or challange; and as thou mayest be assured, reader, that the malicious fury will omit nothing which can anyways sully so great a character, so she hath endeavoured to account for this second visit of our hero to his friend Heartfree from a very different motive than that of asserting his own innocence.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Wild with unprecedented generosity visits his friend Heartfree, and the ungrateful reception he met with.

IT hath been said then that Mr. Wild, not being able on the strictest examination to find in a certain spot of human nature called his own heart the least grain of that pitiful low quality called honesty, had resolved, perhaps a little too generally, that there was no such thing. He therefore imputed the resolution with which Mr. Heartfree had so positively refused to concern himself in murder, either to a fear of bloodying his hands or the apprehension of a ghost, or lest he should make an additional example in that excellent book called God's Revenge against Murder; and doubted not but he would (at least in his present necessity) agree without scruple to a simple robbery, especially where any considerable booty should be proposed, and the safety of the attack plausibly made appear; which if he could prevail on him to undertake, he would immediately afterwards get him impeached, convicted, and hanged. He no sooner therefore had discharged his duties to Hymen, and heard that Heartfree had procured himself the liberties of the Fleet, than he resolved to visit him, and to propose a robbery with all the allurements of profit, ease, and safety.

This proposal was no sooner made than it was answered by Heartfree in the following manner:

"I might have hoped the answer which I gave to your former advice would have prevented me from the danger of receiving a second affront of this kind. An affront I call it, and surely, if it be so to call a man a villain, it can be no less to show him you suppose him one. Indeed, it may be wondered how any man can arrive at the boldness, I may say impudence, of first making such an overture to another; surely it is seldom done, unless to those who have previously betrayed some symptoms of their own baseness. If I have therefore shown you any such, these insults are more pardonable; but I assure you, if such appear, they discharge all their malignance outwardly, and reflect not even a shadow within; for to me baseness seems inconsistent with this rule, OF DOING NO OTHER PERSON AN INJURY FROM ANY MOTIVE OR ON ANY CONSIDERATION WHATEVER. This, sir, is the rule by which I am determined to walk, nor can that man justify disbelieving me who will not own he walks not by it himself. But, whether it be allowed to me or no, or whether I feel the good effects of its being practised by others, I am resolved to maintain it; for surely no man can reap a benefit from my pursuing it equal to the comfort I myself enjoy: for what a ravishing thought, how replete with ecstasy, must the consideration be, that Almighty Goodness is by its own nature engaged to reward me! How indifferent must such a persuasion make a man to all the occurrences of this life! What trifles must he represent to himself both the enjoyments and the afflictions of this world! How easily must he acquiesce under missing the former, and how patiently will he

submit to the latter, who is convinced that his failing of a transitory imperfect reward here is a most certain argument of his obtaining one permanent and complete hereafter! Dost thou think then, thou little, paltry, mean animal (with such language did he treat our truly great man), that I will forego such comfortable expectations for any pitiful reward which thou canst suggest or promise to me; for that sordid lucre for which all pains and labour are undertaken by the industrious, and all barbarities and iniquities committed by the vile; for a worthless acquisition, which such as thou art can possess, can give, or can take away?" The former part of this speech occasioned much yawning in our hero, but the latter roused his anger; and he was collecting his rage to answer, when Friendly and the constable, who had been summoned by Heartfree on Wild's first appearance, entered the room, and seized the great man just as his wrath was bursting from his lips.

The dialogue which now ensued is not worth relating: Wild was soon acquainted with the reason of this rough treatment, and presently conveyed before a magistrate.

Notwithstanding the doubts raised by Mr. Wild's lawyer on his examination, he insisting that the proceeding was improper, for that a *writ de homine replegiando* should issue, and on the return of that a *copias in withernam*, the justice inclined to commitment, so that Wild was driven to other methods for his defence. He therefore acquainted the justice that there was a young man likewise with him in the boat, and begged that he might be sent for, which request was accordingly granted, and the faithful Achates (Mr. Firebood) was soon produced to bear testimony for his friend, which he did with so much becoming zeal, and went through his examination with such coherence (though he was forced to collect his evidence from the hints given him by Wild in the presence of the justice and the accusers), that, as here was direct evidence against mere presumption, our hero was most honourably acquitted, and poor Heartfree was charged by the justice, the audience, and all others who afterwards heard the story, with the blackest ingratitude, in attempting to take away the life of a man to whom he had such eminent obligations.

Lest so vast an effort of friendship as this of Fireblood's should too violently surprise the reader in this degenerate age, it may be proper to inform him that, beside the ties of engagement in the same employ, another nearer and stronger alliance subsisted between our hero and this youth, which latter was just departed from the arms of the lovely Lætitia when he received her husband's message; an instance which may also serve to justify those strict intercourses of love and acquaintance which so commonly subsist in modern history between the husband and gallant, displaying the vast force of friendship contracted by this more honourable than legal alliance, which is thought to be at present one of the strongest bonds of amity between great men, and the most reputable as well as easy way to their favour.

Four months had now passed since Heartfree's first confinement, and his affairs had begun to wear a more benign aspect; but they were a good deal injured by this attempt on Wild (so dangerous is any attack on a GREAT MAN), several of his neighbours, and particularly one or two of his own trade, industriously endeavouring, from their bitter animosity against such kind of iniquity, to spread and exaggerate his ingratitude as much as possible; not in the least scrupling, in the violent ardour of their indignation, to add some small circumstances of their own knowledge of the many obligations conferred on Heartfree by Wild. To all these scandals he quietly submitted, comforting himself in the consciousness of his own innocence, and confiding in time, the sure friend of justice, to acquit him.

CHAPTER XI.

A scheme so deeply laid, that it shames all the politics of this our age; with digression and subdigression.

WILD having now, to the hatred he bore Heartfree on account of those injuries he had done him, an additional spur from this injury received (for so it appeared to him, who, no more than the most ignorant, considered how truly he deserved it), applied his utmost industry to accomplish the ruin of one whose very name sounded odious in his ears; when luckily a scheme arose in his imagination which not only promised to effect it securely, but (which pleased him most) by means of the mischief he had already done him; and which would at once load him with the imputation of having committed what he himself had done to him, and would bring on him the severest punishment for a fact of which he was not only innocent, but had already so greatly suffered by. And this was no other than to charge him with having conveyed away his wife, with his most valuable effects, in order to defraud his creditors.

He no sooner started this thought than he immediately resolved on putting it in execution. What remained to consider was only the *quomodo*, and the person or tool to be employed; for the stage of the world differs from that in Drury-lane principally in this—that whereas, on the latter, the hero or chief figure is almost continually before your eyes, whilst the under-actors are not seen above once in an evening; now, on the former, the hero or great man is always behind the curtain, and seldom or never appears or doth anything in his own person. He doth indeed, in this grand drama, rather perform the part of the prompter, and doth instruct the well-dressed figures, who are strutting in public on the stage, what to say and do. To say the truth, a puppet-show will illustrate our meaning better, where it is the master of the show (the great man) who dances and moves everything, whether it be the king of Muscovy or whatever other potentate *alias* puppet which we behold on the stage; but he himself keeps wisely out of sight: for, should he once appear, the whole motion would be at an end. Not that any one is ignorant of his being there, or supposes that the puppets are not mere sticks of wood, and he himself the sole mover; but as this (though every one knows it) doth not appear visibly, *i. e.* to their eyes, no one is ashamed of consenting to be imposed upon; of helping on the drama, by calling the several sticks or puppets by the names which the master hath allotted to them, and by assigning to each the character which the great man is pleased they shall move in, or rather in which he himself is pleased to move them.

It would be to suppose thee, gentle reader, one of very little knowledge in this world, to imagine thou hast never seen some of these puppet-shows which are so frequently acted on the great stage; but though thou shouldst have resided all thy days in those remote parts of this island which great men seldom visit, yet, if thou hast any penetration, thou must have had some occasions to admire both the solemnity of countenance in the actor and the gravity in the spectator, while some of those farces are carried on which are acted almost daily in every village in the kingdom. He must have a very despicable opinion of mankind indeed who can conceive them to be imposed on as often as they appear to be so

The truth is, they are in the same situation with the readers of romances; who, though they know the whole to he one entire fiction, nevertheless agree to be deceived; and, as these find amusement, so do the others find ease and convenience in this concurrence. But, this being a subdigression, I return to my digression.

A GREAT MAN ought to do his business by others; to employ hands, as we have before said, to his purposes, and keep himself as much behind the curtain as possible; and though it must be acknowledged that two very great men, whose names will be both recorded in history, did in these latter times come forth themselves on the stage, and did back and hew and lay each other most cruelly open to the diversion of the spectators, yet this must be mentioned rather as an example of avoidance than imitation, and is to be ascribed to the number of those instances which serve to evince the truth of these maxims: *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit. Ira furor brevis est, &c.*

CHAPTER XII.

New instances of Friendly's folly, &c.

To return to my history, which, having rested itself a little, is now ready to proceed on its journey: Fireblood was the person chosen by Wild for this service. He had, on a late occasion, experienced the talents of this youth for a good round perjury. He immediately, therefore, found him out, and proposed it to him; when, receiving his instant assent, they consulted together, and soon framed an evidence, which, being communicated to one of the most bitter and severe creditors of Heartfree, by him laid before a magistrate, and attested by the oath of Fireblood, the justice granted his warrant; and Heartfree was accordingly apprehended and brought before him.

When the officers came for this poor wretch they found him meanly diverting himself with his little children, the younger of whom sat on his knees, and the elder was playing at a little distance from him with Friendly. One of the officers, who was a very good sort of a man, but one very laudably severe in his office, after acquainting Heartfree with his errand, bad him come along and be d—d, and leave those little bastards, for so, he said, he supposed they were, for a legacy to the parish. Heartfree was much surprised at hearing there was a warrant for felony against him; but he showed less concern than Friendly did in his countenance. The elder daughter, when she saw the officer lay hold on her father, immediately quitted her play, and, running to him and bursting into tears, cried out, "You shall not hurt poor papa." One of the other ruffians offered to take the little one rudely from his knees; but Heartfree started up, and, catching the fellow by the collar, dashed his head so violently against the wall, that, had he had any brains, he might possibly have lost them by the blow.

The officer, like most of those heroic spirits who insult men in adversity, had some prudence mixed with his zeal for justice. Seeing, therefore, this rough treatment of his companion, he began to pursue more gentle methods, and very civilly desired Mr. Heartfree to go with him, seeing he was an officer, and obliged to execute his warrant; that he was sorry for his misfortune, and hoped he would be acquitted. The other answered, "He should patiently submit to the laws of his country, and would attend him whither he was ordered to conduct him;" then, taking leave of his children with a tender kiss, he recommended them to the care of Friendly, who promised to see them safe home, and then to attend him at the justice's, whose name and abode he had learned of the constable.

Friendly arrived at the magistrate's house just as that gentleman had signed the mittimus against his friend; for the evidence of Fireblood was so clear and strong, and the justice was so incensed against Heartfree, and so convinced of his guilt, that he would hardly hear him speak in his own defence, which the reader perhaps, when he hears the evidence against him, will be less inclined to censure: for this witness deposed, "That he had been, by Heartfree himself, employed to carry the orders of embezzling to Wild, in order to be delivered to his wife; that he had been afterwards present with Wild and her at the inn when they took coach for Harwich, where she showed him the casket of jewels, and desired him to tell her husband that she had fully executed his command; and this he swore to have been done after Heartfree had notice of the commission, and, in order to bring it within that time, Fireblood, as well as Wild, swore that Mrs. Heartfree lay several days concealed at Wild's house before her departure for Holland."

When Friendly found the justice obdurate, and that all he could say had no effect, nor was it any way possible for Heartfree to escape being committed to Newgate, he resolved to accompany him thither; where, when they arrived, the turnkey would have confined Heartfree (he having no money) among the common felons; but Friendly would not permit it, and advanced every shilling he had in his pocket, to procure a room in the press-yard for his friend, which indeed, through the humanity of the keeper, he did at a cheap rate.

They spent that day together, and in the evening the prisoner dismissed his friend, desiring him, after many thanks for his fidelity, to be comforted on his account. "I know not," says he, "how far the malice of my enemy will prevail; but whatever my sufferings are, I am convinced my innocence will somewhere be rewarded. If, therefore, any fatal accident should happen to me (for he who is in the hands of perjury may apprehend the worst), my dear Friendly, be a father to my poor children;" at which words the tears gushed from his eyes. The other begged him not to admit any such apprehensions, for that he would employ his utmost diligence in his service, and doubted not but to subvert any villanous design laid for his destruction, and to make his innocence appear to the world as white as it was in his own opinion.

We cannot help mentioning a circumstance here, though we doubt it will appear very unnatural and incredible to our reader; which is, that, notwithstanding the former character and behaviour of Heartfree, this story of his embezzling was so far from surprising his neighbours, that many of them declared they expected no better from him. Some were assured he could pay forty shillings in the pound if he would. Others had overheard hints formerly pass between him and Mrs. Heartfree which had given them suspicions. And what is most astonishing of all is, that many of those who had before censured him for an extravagant heedless fool now no less confidently abused him for a cunning, tricking, avaricious knave.

CHAPTER XIII.

Something concerning Fireblood, which will surprise; and somewhat touching one of the Miss Snaps, which will greatly concern the reader.

HOWEVER, notwithstanding all these censures abroad, and in despite of all his misfortunes at home,

Heartfree in Newgate enjoyed a quiet, undisturbed repose; while our hero, nobly disdaining rest, lay sleepless all night, partly from the apprehensions of Mrs. Heartfree's return before he had executed his scheme, and partly from a suspicion lest Firebloud should betray him; of whose infidelity he had, nevertheless, no other cause to maintain any fear, but from his knowing him to be an accomplished rascal as the vulgar term it, a complete GREAT MAN in our language. And indeed, to confess the truth, these doubts were not without some foundation; for the very same thought unluckily entered the head of that noble youth, who considered whether he might not possibly sell himself for some advantage to the other side, as he had yet no promise from Wild; but this was, by the sagacity of the latter, prevented in the morning with a profusion of promises, which showed him to be of the most generous temper in the world, with which Firebloud was extremely well satisfied, and made use of so many protestations of his faithfulness that he convinced Wild of the injustice of his suspicions.

At this time an accident happened, which, though it did not immediately affect our hero, we cannot avoid relating, as it occasioned great confusion in his family, as well as in the family of Snap. It is indeed a calamity highly to be lamented, when it stains untainted blood, and happens to an honourable house — an injury never to be repaired — a blot never to be wiped out—a sore never to be healed. To detain my reader no longer, Miss Theodosia Snap was now safely delivered of a male infant, the product of an amour which that beautiful (O that I could say virtuous!) creature had with the count.

Mr. Wild and his lady were at breakfast when Mr. Snap, with all the agonies of despair both in his voice and countenance, brought them this melancholy news. Our hero, who had (as we have said) wonderful good-nature when his greatness or interest was not concerned, instead of reviling his sister-in-law, asked with a smile, "Who was the father?" But the chaste Lætitia, we repeat the chaste, for well did she now deserve that epithet, received it in another manner. She fell into the utmost fury at the relation, reviled her sister in the bitterest terms, and vowed she would never see nor speak to her more; then burst into tears, and lamented over her father that such dishonour should ever happen to him and herself. At length she fell severely on her husband for the light treatment which he gave this fatal accident. She told him he was unworthy of the honour he enjoyed of marrying into a chaste family. That she looked on it as an affront to her virtue. That if he had married one of the naughty hussies of the town he could have behaved to her in no other manner. She concluded with desiring her father to make an example of the slut, and to turn her out of doors; for that she would not otherwise enter his house, being resolved never to set her foot within the same threshold with the trollop, whom she detested so much the more because (which was perhaps true) she was her own sister.

So violent, and indeed so outrageous, was this chaste lady's love of virtue, that she could not forgive a single slip (indeed the only one Theodosia had ever made) in her own sister, in a sister who loved her, and to whom she owed a thousand obligations.

Perhaps the severity of Mr. Snap, who greatly felt the injury done to the honour of his family, would have relented, had not the parish-officers been extremely pressing on this occasion, and for want of security, conveyed the unhappy young lady to a place, the name of which, for the honour of the Snaps, to whom our hero was so nearly allied, we bury in eternal oblivion; where she suffered so much correction for her crime, that the good-natured reader of the male kind may be inclined to compassionate her, at least to imagine she was sufficiently punished for a fault which, with submission to the chaste Lætitia and all other strictly virtuous ladies, it should be either less criminal in a woman to commit, or more so in a man to solicit her to it.

But to return to our hero, who was a living and strong instance that human greatness and happiness are not always inseparable. He was under a continual alarm of frights, and fears, and jealousies. He thought every man he beheld wore a knife for his throat, and a pair of scissors for his purse. As for his own gang particularly, he was thoroughly convinced there was not a single man amongst them who would not, for the value of five shillings, bring him to the gallows. These apprehensions so constantly broke his rest, and kept him so assiduously on his guard to frustrate and circumvent any designs which might be formed against him, that his condition, to any other than the glorious eye of ambition, might seem rather deplorable than the object of envy or desire.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which our hero makes a speech well worthy to be celebrated; and the behaviour of one of the gang, perhaps more unnatural than any other part of this history.

THERE was in the gang a man named Blueskin, one of those merchants who trade in dead oxen, sheep, &c., in short, what the vulgar call a butcher. This gentleman had two qualities of a great man, viz. undaunted courage, and an absolute contempt of those ridiculous distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*, which would cause endless disputes, did not the law happily decide them by converting both into *suum*. The common form of exchanging property by trade seemed to him too tedious; he therefore resolved to quit the mercantile profession, and, falling acquainted with some of Mr. Wild's people, he provided himself with arms, and enlisted of the gang; in which he behaved for some time with great decency and order, and submitted to accept such share of the booty with the rest, as our hero allotted him.

But this subserviency agreed ill with his temper; for we should have before remembered a third heroic quality, namely, ambition, which was no inconsiderable part of his composition. One day, therefore, having robbed a gentleman at Windsor of a gold watch, which, on its being advertised in the newspapers, with a considerable reward, was demanded of him by Wild, he peremptorily refused to deliver it.

"How, Mr. Blueskin!" says Wild; "you will not deliver the watch?" "No, Mr. Wild," answered he; "I have taken it, and will keep it; or, if I dispose of it, I will dispose of it myself, and keep the money for which I sell it." "Sure," replied Wild, "you have not the assurance to pretend you have any property or right in this watch?" "I am certain," returned Blueskin, "whether I have any right in it or no, you can prove none." "I will undertake," cries the other, "to show I have an absolute right to it, and that by the laws of our gang, of which I am providentially at the head." "I know not who put you at the head of it," cries Blueskin; "but those who did certainly did it for their own good, that you might conduct them the better in their robberies, inform them of the richest booties, prevent surprises, pack juries, bribe evidence, and so contribute to their benefit and safety; and not to convert all their labour and hazard to your own benefit and advantage." "You are greatly mistaken, sir," answered Wild; "you are talking of a legal

society, where the chief magistrate is always chosen for the public good, which, as we see in all the legal societies of the world, be constantly consults, daily contributing, by his superior skill, to their prosperity, and not sacrificing their good to his own wealth, or pleasure, or humour: but in an illegal society or gang, as this of ours, it is otherwise; for who would be at the head of a gang, unless for his own interest? And without a head, you know, you cannot subsist. Nothing but a head, and obedience to that head, can preserve a gang a moment from destruction. It is absolutely better for you to content yourselves with a moderate reward, and enjoy that in safety at the disposal of your chief, than to engross the whole with the hazard to which you will be liable without his protection. And surely there is none in the whole gang who has less reason to complain than you; you have tasted of my favours: witness that piece of ribbon you wear in your hat, with which I dubbed you captain. Therefore pray, captain, deliver the watch." "D—n your cajoling," says Blueskin: "do you think I value myself on this bit of ribbon, which I could have bought myself for sixpence, and have worn without your leave? Do you imagine I think myself a captain because you, whom I know not empowered to make one, call me so? The name of captain is but a shadow; the men and the salary are the substance; and I am not to be bubbled with a shadow. I will be called captain no longer, and he who flatters me by that name I shall think affronts me, and I will knock him down, I assure you." "Did ever man talk so unreasonably?" cries Wild. "Are you not respected as a captain by the whole gang since my dubbing you so? But it is the shadow only, it seems; and you will knock a man down for affronting you who calls you captain! Might not a man as reasonably tell a minister of state, Sir, you have given me the shadow only? The ribbon or the bauble that you gave me implies that I have either signalised myself, by some great action, for the benefit and glory of my country, or at least that I am descended from those who have done so. I know myself to be a scoundrel, and so have been those few ancestors I can remember, or have ever heard of. Therefore I am resolved to knock the first man down who calls me sir or right honourable. But all great and wise men think themselves sufficiently repaid by what procures them honour and precedence in the gang, without inquiring into substance; nay, if a title or a feather be equal to this purpose, they are substance, and not mere shadows. But I have not time to argue with you at present, so give me the watch without any more deliberation." "I am no more a friend to deliberation than yourself," answered Blueskin, "and so I tell you, once for all, by G— I never will give you the watch, no, nor will I ever hereafter surrender any part of my booty. I won it, and I will wear it. Take your pistols yourself, and go out on the highway, and don't lazily think to fatten yourself with the dangers and pains of other people." At which words he departed in a fierce mood, and repaired to the tavern used by the gang, where he had appointed to meet some of his acquaintance, whom he informed of what had passed between him and Wild, and advised them all to follow his example; which they all readily agreed to, and Mr. Wild's d—tion was the universal toast; in drinking bumpers to which they had finished a large bowl of punch, when a constable, with a numerous attendance, and Wild at their head, entered the room and seized on Blueskin, whom his companions, when they saw our hero, did not dare attempt to rescue. The watch was found upon him, which, together with Wild's information, was more than sufficient to commit him to Newgate.

In the evening Wild and the rest of those who had been drinking with Blueskin met at the tavern, where nothing was to be seen but the profoundest submission to their leader. They vilified and abused Blueskin as much as they had before abused our hero, and now repeated the same toast, only changing the name of Wild into that of Blueskin; all agreeing with Wild that the watch found in his pocket, and which must be a fatal evidence against him, was a just judgment on his disobedience and revolt.

Thus did this great man by a resolute and timely example (for he went directly to the justice when Blueskin left him) quell one of the most dangerous conspiracies which could possibly arise in a gang, and which, had it been permitted one day's growth, would inevitably have ended in his destruction; so much doth it behove all great men to be eternally on their guard, and expeditious in the execution of their purposes; while none but the weak and honest can indulge themselves in remissness or repose.

The Achates, Fireblood, had been present at both these meetings; but, though he had a little too hastily concurred in cursing his friend, and in vowing his perdition, yet now he saw all that scheme dissolved he returned to his integrity, of which he gave an incontestable proof, by informing Wild of the measures which had been concerted against him, in which he said he had pretended to acquiesce, in order the better to betray them; but this, as he afterwards confessed on his death-bed at Tyburn, was only a copy of his countenance; for that he was, at that time, as sincere and hearty in his opposition to Wild as any of his companions.

Our hero received Firehlood's information with a very placid countenance. He said, as the gang had seen their errors, and repented, nothing was more noble than forgiveness. But, though he was pleased modestly to ascribe this to his lenity, it really arose from much more noble and political principles. He considered that it would be dangerous to attempt the punishment of so many; besides, he flattered himself that fear would keep them in order; and indeed Fireblood had told him nothing more than he knew before, *viz.* that they were all complete prigs, whom he was to govern by their fears, and in whom he was to place no more confidence than was necessary, and to watch them with the utmost caution and circumspection: for a rogue, be wisely said, like gunpowder, must be used with caution; since both are altogether as liable to blow up the party himself who uses them as to execute his mischievous purpose against some other person or animal.

We will now repair to Newgate, it being the place where most of the great men of this history are hastening as fast as possible; and, to confess the truth, it is a castle very far from being an improper or misbecoming habitation for any great man whatever. And as this scene will continue during the residue of our history, we shall open it with a new book, and shall therefore take this opportunity of closing our third.

BOOK IV.—CHAPTER I.

A sentiment of the ordinary's, worthy to be written in letters of gold; a very extraordinary instance of folly in Friendly; and a dreadful accident which befel our hero.

HEARTFREE had not been long in Newgate before his frequent conversation with his children, and other instances of a good heart, which betrayed

themselves in his actions and conversation, created an opinion in all about him that he was one of the silliest fellows in the universe. The ordinary himself, a very sagacious as well as very worthy person, declared that he was a cursed rogue, but no conjuror.

What indeed might induce the former, *i. e.* the roguish part of this opinion in the ordinary, was a wicked sentiment which Heartfree one day disclosed in conversation, and which we, who are truly orthodox, will not pretend to justify, that he believed a sincere Turk would be saved. To this the good man, with becoming zeal and indignation, answered, I know not what may become of a sincere Turk; but, if this be your persuasion, I pronounce it impossible you should be saved. No, sir; so far from a sincere Turk's being within the pale of salvation, neither will any sincere Presbyterian, Anabaptist, nor Quaker whatever, be saved.

But neither did the one nor the other part of this character prevail on Friendly to abandon his old master. He spent his whole time with him, except only those hours when he was absent for his sake, in procuring evidence for him against his trial, which was now shortly to come on. Indeed this young man was the only comfort, besides a clear conscience and the hopes beyond the grave, which this poor wretch had; for the sight of his children was like one of those alluring pleasures which men in some diseases indulge themselves often fatally in, which at once flatter and heighten their malady.

Friendly being one day present while Heartfree was, with tears in his eyes, embracing his eldest daughter, and lamenting the hard fate to which he feared he should be obliged to leave her, spoke to him thus: "I have long observed with admiration the magnanimity with which you go through your own misfortunes, and the steady countenance with which you look on death. I have observed that all your agonies arise from the thoughts of parting with your children, and of leaving them in a distressed condition; now, though I hope all your fears will prove ill grounded, yet, that I may relieve you as much as possible from them, be assured that, as nothing can give me more real misery than to observe so tender and loving a concern in a master, to whose goodness I owe so many obligations, and whom I so sincerely love, so nothing can afford me equal pleasure with my contributing to lessen or to remove it. Be convinced, therefore, if you can place any confidence in my promise, that I will employ my little fortune, which you know to be not entirely inconsiderable, in the support of this your little family. Should any misfortune, which I pray Heaven avert, happen to you before you have better provided for these little ones, I will be myself their father, nor shall either of them ever know distress if it be any way in my power to prevent it. Your younger daughter I will provide for, and as for my little prattler, your elder, as I never yet thought of any woman for a wife, I will receive her as such at your hands; nor will I ever relinquish her for another." Heartfree flew to his friend, and embraced him with raptures of acknowledgment. He vowed to him that he had eased every anxious thought of his mind but one, and that he must carry with him out of the world. "O Friendly!" cried he, "it is my concern for that best of women, whom I hate myself for having ever censured in my opinion. O Friendly! thou didst know her goodness; yet, sure, her perfect character none but myself was ever acquainted with. She had every perfection, both of mind and body, which Heaven hath indulged to her whole sex, and possessed all in a higher excellence than nature ever indulged to another in any single virtue. Can I bear the loss of such a woman? Can I bear the apprehensions of what mischiefs that villain may have done to her, of which death is perhaps the lightest?" Friendly gently interrupted him as soon as he saw any opportunity, endeavouring to comfort him on this head likewise, by magnifying every circumstance which could possibly afford any hopes of his seeing her again.

By this kind of behaviour, in which the young man exemplified so uncommon a height of friendship, he had soon obtained in the castle the character of as odd and silly a fellow as his master. Indeed they were both the byword, laughing-stock, and contempt of the whole place.

The sessions now came on at the Old Bailey. The grand jury at Hicks's-hall had found the bill of indictment against Heartfree, and on the second day of the session he was brought to his trial; where, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Friendly and the honest old female servant, the circumstances of the fact corroborating the evidence of Firebrand, as well as that of Wild, who counterfeited the most artful reluctance at appearing against his old friend Heartfree, the jury found the prisoner guilty.

Wild had now accomplished his scheme; for as to what remained, it was certainly unavoidable, seeing that Heartfree was entirely void of interest with the great, and was besides convicted on a statute the infringers of which could hope no pardon.

The catastrophe to which our hero had reduced this wretch was so wonderful an effort of greatness, that it probably made Fortune envious of her own darling; but whether it was from this envy, or only from that known inconstancy and weakness so often and judiciously remarked in that lady's temper, who frequently lifts men to the summit of human greatness, only

ut lapsu graviore ruant;

certain it is, she now began to meditate mischief against Wild, who seems to have come to that period at which all heroes have arrived, and which she was resolved they should never transcend. In short, there seems to be a certain measure of mischief and iniquity which every great man is to fill up, and then Fortune looks on him of no more use than a silkworm whose bottom is spun, and deserts him. Mr. Blueskin was convicted the same day of robbery, by our hero, an unkindness which, though he had drawn on himself, and necessitated him to, he took greatly amiss: as Wild, therefore, was standing near him, with that disregard and indifference which great men are too carelessly inclined to have for those whom they have ruined, Blueskin, privily drawing a knife, thrust the same into the body of our hero with such violence, that all who saw it concluded he had done his business. And, indeed, had not fortune, not so much out of love to our hero as from a fixed resolution to accomplish a certain purpose, of which we have formerly given a hint, carefully placed his guts out of the way, he must have fallen a sacrifice to the wrath of his enemy, which, as he afterwards said, he did not deserve; for, had he been contented to have robbed and only submitted to give him the booty, he might have still continued safe and unimpeached in the gang; but, so it was, that the knife, missing those noble parts (the noblest of many) the guts, perforated only the hollow of his belly, and caused no other harm than an immoderate effusion of blood, of which, though it at present weakened him, he soon after recovered.

This accident, however, was in the end attended with worse consequences: for, as very few people (those greatest of all men, absolute princes excepted) attempt to cut the thread of human life, like the fatal sisters, merely out of wantonness and for their diversion, but rather by so doing propose to themselves the acquisition of some future good, or the avenging some past evil; and as the former of these motives did not appear probable, it put inquisitive persons on examining into the latter. Now, as the vast schemes of Wild, when they were discovered, however great in their nature, seemed to some persons, like the projects of most other such persons, rather to be calculated for the glory of the great man himself than to redound to the general good of society, designs began to be laid by several of those who thought it principally their duty to put a stop to the future progress of our hero; and a learned judge particularly, a great enemy to this kind of greatness, procured a clause in an act of parliament as a trap for Wild, which he soon after fell into. By this law it was made capital in a prig to steal with the hands of other people. A law so plainly calculated for the destruction of all priggish greatness, that it was indeed impossible for our hero to avoid it.

CHAPTER II.

A short hint concerning popular ingratitude. Mr. Wild's arrival in the castle, with other occurrences to be found in no other history.

If we had any leisure we would here digress a little on that ingratitude which so many writers have observed to spring up in the people of all free governments towards their great men; who, while they have been consulting the good of the public, by raising their own greatness, in which the whole body (as the kingdom of France thinks itself in the glory of their grand monarch) was so deeply concerned, have been sometimes sacrificed by those very people for whose glory the said great men were so industriously at work: and this from a foolish zeal for a certain ridiculous imaginary thing called liberty, to which great men are observed to have a great animosity.

This law had been promulgated a very little time when Mr. Wild, having received from some dutiful members of the gang a valuable piece of goods, did, for a consideration somewhat short of its original price, re-convey it to the right owner; for which fact, being ungratefully informed against by the said owner, he was surprised in his own house, and, being overpowered by numbers, was hurried before a magistrate, and by him committed to that castle, which, suitable as it is to greatness, we do not choose to name too often in our history, and where many great men at this time happened to be assembled.

The governor, or, as the law more honourably calls him, keeper of this castle, was Mr. Wild's old friend and acquaintance. This made the latter greatly satisfied with the place of his confinement, as he promised himself not only a kind reception and handsome accommodation there, but even to obtain his liberty from him if he thought it necessary to desire it: but, alas! he was deceived; his old friend knew him no longer, and refused to see him, and the lieutenant-governor insisted on as high garnish for fetters, and as exorbitant a price for lodging, as if he had had a fine gentleman in custody for murder, or any other genteel crime.

To confess a melancholy truth, it is a circumstance much to be lamented, that there is no absolute dependence on the friendship of great men; an observation which hath been frequently made by those who have lived in courts, or in Newgate, or in any other place set apart for the habitation of such persons.

The second day of his confinement he was greatly surprised at receiving a visit from his wife; and much more so, when, instead of a countenance ready to insult him, the only motive to which he could ascribe her presence, he saw the tears trickling down her lovely cheeks. He embraced her with the utmost marks of affection, and declared he could hardly regret his confinement, since it had produced such an instance of the happiness he enjoyed in her, whose fidelity to him on this occasion would, he believed, make him the envy of most husbands, even in Newgate. He then begged her to dry her eyes, and be comforted; for that matters might go better with him than she expected. "No, no," says she, "I am certain you would be found guilty *Death*. I knew what it would always come to. I told you it was impossible to carry on such a trade long; but you would not be advised, and now you see the consequence—now you repent when it is too late. All the comfort I shall have when you are *nubbed** is, that I gave you a good advice. If you had always gone out by yourself, as I would have had you, you might have robbed on to the end of the chapter; but you was wiser than all the world, or rather lazier, and see what your laziness is come to—to the *cheat*,† for thither you will go now, that's infallible. And a just judgment on you for following your headstrong will; I am the only person to be pitied; poor I, who shall be scandalised for your fault. *There goes she whose husband was hanged*: methinks I hear them crying so already." At which words she burst into tears. He could not then forbear chiding her for this unnecessary concern on his account, and begged her not to trouble him any more. She answered with some spirit, "On your account, and be d—d to you! No, if the old cull of a justice had not sent me hither, I believe it would have been long enough before I should have come hither to see after you; d—n me, I am committed for the *filing-lay*,‡ man, and we shall be both *nubbed* together. 'Ifaith, my dear, it almost makes me amends for being *nubbed* myself, to have the pleasure of seeing thee *nubbed* too." "Indeed, my dear," answered Wild, "it is what I have long wished for thee; but I do not desire to bear thee company, and I have still hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you go without me; at least I will have the pleasure to be rid of you now." And so saying, he seized her by the waist, and with strong arm flung her out of the room; but not before she had with her nails left a bloody memorial on his cheek: and thus this fond couple parted.

Wild had scarce recovered himself from the uneasiness into which this unwelcome visit, proceeding from the disagreeable fondness of his wife, had thrown him, than the faithful Achates appeared. The presence of this youth was indeed a cordial to his spirits. He received him with open arms, and expressed the utmost satisfaction in the fidelity of his friendship, which so far exceeded the fashion of the times, and said many things which we have forgot on the occasion; but we remember they all tended to the praise of Firebood, whose modesty, at length, put a stop to the torrent of compliments, by asserting he had done no more than his duty, and that he should have detested himself could he have forsaken his friend in his adversity; and, after many protestations that he came the moment he heard of his misfortune, he asked him if he could be of any service. Wild answered, since he had so kindly proposed that question, he must say he should be obliged to him if he

* The cant word for hanging. † The gallows. ‡ Picking pockets

could lend him a few guineas; for that he was very *seedy*. Fireblood replied that he was greatly unhappy in not having it then in his power, adding many hearty oaths that he had not a farthing of money in his pocket, which was, indeed, strictly true; for he had only a bank-note, which he had that evening purloined from a gentleman in the playhouse passage. He then asked for his wife, to whom, to speak truly, the visit was intended, her confinement being the misfortune of which he had just heard; for, as for that of Mr. Wild himself, he had known it from the first minute, without ever intending to trouble him with his company. Being informed therefore of the visit which had lately happened, he reproved Wild for his cruel treatment of that good creature; then, taking as sudden a leave as he civilly could of the gentleman, he hastened to comfort his lady, who received him with great kindness.

CHAPTER III.

Curious anecdotes relating to the history of Newgate.

THERE resided in the castle at the same time with Mr. Wild one Roger Johnson, a very GREAT man, who had long been at the head of all the *prigs* in Newgate, and had raised contributions on them. He examined into the nature of their defence, procured and instructed their evidence, and made himself, at least in their opinion, so necessary to them, that the whole fate of Newgate seemed entirely to depend upon him.

Wild had not been long in confinement before he began to oppose this man. He represented him to the *prigs* as a fellow who, under the plausible pretence of assisting their causes, was in reality undermining THE LIBERTIES OF NEWGATE. He at first threw out certain sly hints and insinuations; but, having by degrees formed a party against Roger, he one day assembled them together, and spoke to them in the following florid manner:

"Friends and fellow-citizens,—The cause which I am to mention to you this day is of such mighty importance, that when I consider my own small abilities, I tremble with an apprehension lest your safety may be rendered precarious by the weakness of him who hath undertaken to represent to you your danger. Gentlemen, the liberty of Newgate is at stake: your privileges have been long undermined, and are now openly violated by one man; by one who hath engrossed to himself the whole conduct of your trials, under colour of which he exacts what contributions on you he pleases: but are those sums appropriated to the uses for which they are raised? Your frequent convictions at the Old Bailey, those depredations of justice, must too sensibly and sorely demonstrate the contrary. What evidence doth he ever produce for the prisoner which the prisoner himself could not have provided, and often better instructed? How many noble youths have there been lost when a single *alibi* would have saved them! Should I be silent, nay, could your own injuries want a tongue to remonstrate, the very breath which by his neglect hath been stopped at the *cheat* would cry out loudly against him. Nor is the exorbitancy of his plunders visible only in the dreadful consequences it hath produced to the *prigs*, nor glares it only in the miseries brought on them: it blazes forth in the more desirable effects it hath wrought for himself, in the rich perquisites required by it: witness that silk nightgown, that robe of shame, which, to his eternal dishonour, he publicly wears; that gown which I will not scruple to call the winding-sheet of the liberties of Newgate. Is there a *prig* who hath the interest and honour of Newgate so little at heart that he can refrain from blushing when he beholds that trophy, purchased with the breath of so many *prigs*? Nor is this all. His waistcoat embroidered with silk, and his velvet cap, bought with the same price, are ensigns of the same disgrace. Some would think the rags which covered his nakedness when first he was committed hither well exchanged for these gaudy trappings; but in my eye no exchange can be profitable when dishonour is the condition. If, therefore, Newgate—" Here the only copy which we could procure of this speech breaks off abruptly; however, we can assure the reader, from very authentic information, that he concluded with advising the *prigs* to put their affairs into other hands. After which, one of his party, as had been before concerted, in a very long speech recommended him (Wild himself) to their choice.

Newgate was divided into parties on this occasion; the *prigs* on each side representing their chief or great man to be the only person by whom the affairs of Newgate could be managed with safety and advantage. The *prigs* had indeed very incompatible interests; for, whereas the supporters of Johnson, who was in possession of the plunder of Newgate, were admitted to some share under their leader, so the abettors of Wild had, on his promotion, the same views of dividing some part of the spoil among themselves. It is no wonder, therefore, they were both so warm on each side. What may seem more remarkable was, that the debtors, who were entirely unconcerned in the dispute, and who were the destined plunder of both parties, should interest themselves with the utmost violence, some on behalf of Wild, and others in favour of Johnson. So that all Newgate resounded with WILD *for ever*, JOHNSON *for ever*. And the poor debtors re-echoed *the liberties of Newgate*, which, in the cant language, signifies *plunder*, as loudly as the thieves themselves. In short, such quarrels and animosities happened between them, that they seemed rather the people of two countries long at war with each other than the inhabitants of the same castle.

Wild's party at length prevailed, and he succeeded to the place and power of Johnson, whom he presently stripped of all his finery; but, when it was proposed that he should sell it and divide the money for the good of the whole, he waved that motion, saying it was not yet time, that he should find a better opportunity, that the clothes wanted cleaning, with many other pretences, and within two days, to the surprise of many, he appeared in them himself; for which he vouchsafed no other apology than that they fitted him much better than they did Johnson, and that they became him in a much more elegant manner.

This behaviour of Wild greatly incensed the debtors, particularly those by whose means he had been promoted. They grumbled extremely, and vented great indignation against Wild; when one day a very grave man, and one of much authority among them, bespake them as follows:

"Nothing sure can be more justly ridiculous than the conduct of those who should lay the lamb in the wolf's way, and then should lament his being devoured. What a wolf is in a sheep-fold, a great man is in society. Now, when one wolf is in possession of a sheep-fold, how little would it avail the simple flock to expel him and place another in his stead! Of the same benefit to us is the overthrowing one *prig* in favour of another. And for what other advantage was your struggle? Did you not all know that Wild and his followers were *prigs*, as well as Johnson and his? What then could the contention be among such but that which you have

now discovered it to have been? Perhaps some would say, Is it then our duty tamely to submit to the rapine of the *prig* who now plunders us for fear of an exchange? Surely no: but I answer, It is better to shake the plunder off than to exchange the plunderer. And by what means can we effect this but by a total change of our manners? Every *prig* is a slave. His own *priggish* desires, which enslave him, themselves betray him to the tyranny of others. To preserve, therefore, the liberty of Newgate is to change the manners of Newgate. Let us, therefore, who are confined here for debt only separate ourselves entirely from the *prigs;* neither drink with them nor converse with them. Let us at the same time separate ourselves farther from *priggism* itself. Instead of being ready, on every opportunity, to pillage each other, let us be content with our honest share of the common bounty, and with the acquisition of our own industry. When we separate from the *prigs*, let us enter into a closer alliance with one another. Let us consider ourselves all as members of one community, to the public good of which we are to sacrifice our private views; not to give up the interest of the whole for every little pleasure or profit which shall accrue to ourselves. Liberty is consistent with no degree of honesty inferior to this, and the community where this abounds no *prig* will have the impudence or audaciousness to endeavour to enslave; or if he should his own destruction would be the only consequence of his attempt. But while one man pursues his ambition, another his interest, another his safety; while one hath a roguery (a *priggism* they here call it) to commit, and another a roguery to defend; they must naturally fly to the favour and protection of those who have power to give them what they desire, and to defend them from what they fear; nay, in this view it becomes their interest to promote this power in their patrons. Now, gentlemen, when we are no longer *prigs*, we shall no longer have these fears or these desires. What remains therefore for us but to resolve bravely to lay aside our *priggism*, our roguery, in plainer words, and preserve our liberty, or to give up the latter in the preservation and preference of the former?"

This speech was received with much applause; however, Wild continued as before to levy contributions among the prisoners, to apply the garnish to his own use, and to strut openly in the ornaments which he had stripped from Johnson. To speak sincerely, there was more bravado than real use or advantage in these trappings. As for the nightgown, its outside indeed made a glittering tinsel appearance, but it kept him not warm, nor could the finery of it do him much honour, since every one knew it did not properly belong to him; as to the waistcoat, it fitted him very ill, being infinitely too big for him; and the cap was so heavy that it made his head ache. Thus these clothes, which perhaps (as they presented the idea of their misery more sensibly to the people's eyes) brought him more envy, hatred, and detraction, than all his deeper impositions and more real advantages, afforded very little use or honour to the wearer; nay, could scarce serve to amuse his own vanity when this was cool enough to reflect with the least seriousness. And, should I speak in the language of a man who estimated human happiness without regard to that greatness which we have so laboriously endeavoured to paint in this history, it is probable he never took (*i. e.* robbed the prisoners of) a shilling which he himself did not pay too dear for.

CHAPTER IV.

The dead-warrant arrives for Heartfree; on which occasion Wild betrays some human weakness.

The dead-warrant, as it is called, now came down to Newgate for the execution of Heartfree among the rest of the prisoners. And here the reader must excuse us, who profess to draw natural, not perfect characters, and to record the truths of history, not the extravaganees of romance, while we relate a weakness in Wild of which we are ourselves ashamed, and which we would willingly have concealed, could we have preserved at the same time that strict attachment to truth and impartiality which we have professed in recording the annals of this great man. Know then, reader, that this dead-warrant did not affect Heartfree, who was to suffer a shameful death by it, with half the concern it gave Wild, who had been the occasion of it. He had been a little struck the day before on seeing the children carried away in tears from their father. This sight brought the remembrance of some slight injuries he had done the father to his mind, which he endeavoured as much as possible to obliterate; but, when one of the keepers (I should say lieutenants of the castle) repeated Heartfree's name among those of the malefactors who were to suffer within a few days, the blood forsook his countenance, and in a cold still stream moved heavily to his heart, which had scarce strength enough left to return it through his veins. In short, his body so visibly demonstrated the pangs of his mind, that to escape observation he retired to his room, where he sullenly gave vent to such bitter agonies, that even the injured Heartfree, had not the apprehension of what his wife had suffered shut every avenue of compassion, would have pitied him.

When his mind was thoroughly fatigued and worn out with the horrors which the approaching fate of the poor wretch who lay under a sentence which he had iniquitously brought upon him had suggested, sleep promised him relief; but this promise was, alas! delusive. This certain friend to the tired body is often the severest enemy to the oppressed mind. So at least it proved to Wild, adding visionary to real horrors, and tormenting his imagination with phantoms too dreadful to be described. At length, starting from these visions, he no sooner recovered his waking senses, than he cried out—"I may yet prevent this catastrophe. It is not too late to discover the whole." He then paused a moment; but greatness, instantly returning to his assistance, checked the base thought, as it first offered itself to his mind. He then reasoned thus coolly with himself:—"Shall I, like a child, or a woman, or one of those mean wretches whom I have always despised, be frightened by dreams and visionary phantoms to sully that honour which I have so difficultly acquired and so gloriously maintained? Shall I, to redeem the worthless life of this silly fellow, suffer my reputation to contract a stain which the blood of millions cannot wipe away? Was it only that the few, the simple part of mankind, should call me rogue, perhaps I could submit; but to be for ever contemptible to the PRIGS, as a wretch who wanted spirit to execute my undertaking, can never be digested. What is the life of a single man? Have not whole armies and nations been sacrificed to the honour of ONE GREAT MAN? Nay, to omit that first class of greatness, the conquerors of mankind, how often have numbers fallen by a fictitious plot only to satisfy the spleen, or perhaps exercise the ingenuity, of a member of that second order of greatness the ministerial! What have I done then? Why, I have ruined a family, and brought an innocent man to the gallows. I

onght rather to weep with Alexander that I have ruined no more than to regret the little I have done." He at length, therefore, bravely resolved to consign over Heartfree to his fate, though it cost him more struggling than may easily be believed, utterly to conquer his reluctance, and to banish away every degree of humanity from his mind, these little sparks of which composed one of those weaknesses which we lamented in the opening of our history.

But, in vindication of our hero, we must beg leave to observe that Nature is seldom so kind as those writers who draw characters absolntely perfect. She seldom creates any man so completely great, or completely low, hut that some sparks of humanity will glimmer in the former, and some sparks of what the vulgar call evil will dart forth in the latter; utterly to extinguish which will give some pain, and uneasiness to both; for I apprehend no mind was ever yet formed entirely free from hlemish, unless peradventure that of a sanctified hypocrite, whose praises some well-fed flatterer hath gratefully thought proper to sing forth.

CHAPTER V.

Containing various matters.

The day was now come when poor Heartfree was to suffer an ignominious death. Friendly had in the strongest manner confirmed his assurance of fulfilling his promise of becoming a father to one of his children and a husband to the other. This gave him inexpressihle comfort, and he had, the evening before, taken his last leave of the little wretches with a tenderness which drew a tear from one of the keepers, joined to a magnanimity which would have pleased a stole.. When he was informed that the coach which Friendly had provided for him was ready, and that the rest of the prisoners were gone, he embraced that faithful friend with great passion, and hegged that he would leave him here; but the other desired leave to accompany him to his end, whlch at last he was foreed to comply with. And now he was proceeding towards the coach when he found his difficulties were not yet over; for now a friend arrived of whom he was to take a harder and more tender leave than he had yet gone through. This friend, reader, was no other than Mrs. Heartfree herself, who ran to him with a look all wild, staring, and frantic, and having reached his arms, fainted away in them without uttering a single syllahle. Heartfree was, with great difficulty, ahle to preserve his own senses in such a surprise at such a season. And indeed our good-natured reader will be rather inclined to wish this miserable conple had, hy dying in each other's arms, put a final period to their woes, than have survived to taste those bitter moments which were to he their portion, and which the unhappy wife, soon recovering from the short intermission of heing, now hegan to suffer. When she became first mistress of her voice she hurst forth into the following accents:—"O my husband! Is this the cooditlon in which I find you after onr cruel separation? Who hath done this? Cruel Heaven! What is the occasion? I know thou canst deserve no ill. Tell me, somebody who can speak, while I have my senses left to understand, what is the matter?" At which words several laughed, and ooe answered, "The matter! Why no great matter. The gentleman is not the first, nor won't he the last; the worst of the matter is, that if we are to stay all the morning here I shall lose my dinner." Heartfree, pausing a moment and recollecting himself, cried out, "I will bear all with patience." And then, addressiog himself to the commanding officer, begged he might only have a few minutes hy himself with his wife, whom he had not seen before since his misfortunes. The great man answered, "He had compassion on him, and would do more than he could aoswer; hut he supposed he was too much a gentleman not to know that something was due for such civility." On this hint, Friendly, who was himself half dead, pulled five guineas out of his pocket, which the great man took, and said he would be so generous to give him ten minutes; on which one observed that many a gentleman had bought ten minutes with a woman dearer, and many other facetious remarks were made unnecessary to be here related. Heartfree was now suffered to retire into a room with his wife, the commander informing him at his entrance that he must be expeditious, for that the rest of the good company would be at the tree hefore him, aod he supposed he was a gentleman of too much breeding to make them wait.

This tender wretched couple were now retired for these few minutes, which the commander without carefully measured with his watch; aud Heartfree was mustering all his resolution to part with what his soul so ardently doted on, and to conjure her to support his loss for the sake of her poor infants, and to comfort her with the promise of Friendly on their account; but all bis design was frustrated Mrs. Heartfree could not support the shock, hut again fainted away, and so entirely lost every symptom of life that Heartfree called vehemeutly for assistance. Friendly rushed first lnto the room, and was soon followed hy many others, and, what was remarkahle, one who had unmoved heheld the tender scene hetween these parting lovers was touched to the quick by the pale looks of the woman, and ran up and down for water, drops, &c., with the utmost hurry and confusion. The ten minutes were expired, which the commander now hinted; and seeing nothiog offered for the renewal of the term (for indeed Friendly had unhappily emptied his pockets), he hegan to grow very importunate, and at last told Heartfree, he should he ashamed not to act more like a man. Heartfree hegged his pardon, and said he would make him wait no longer. Then, with the deepest sigh, cried, "Oh, my angel!" and, embracing his wife with the utmost eagerness, kissed her pale lips with more fervency than ever bridegroom dld the blushing cheeks of his bride. He then cried, "The Almighty hless thee! and, if it he his pleasure, restore thee to life; if not, I heseech him we may presently meet again in a better world than this." He was breaking from her, when, perceiving her senses returning, he could not forbear renewing his embrace, and again pressing her lips, which now recovered life and warmth so fast that he hegged one ten minutes more to tell her what her swooning had prevented her hearing. The worthy commander, being perhaps a little touched at this teuder scene, took Friendly aside, and asked him what he would give if he would suffer his friend to remain half an hour? Friendly answered, anything; that he had no more money in his pocket, but he would certainly pay him that afternoon. "Well, then, I'll he moderate," said he; "twenty guineas." Friendly answered, "It is a bargain." The commander, having exacted a firm promise, cried, "Then I don't care if they stay a whole hour together; for what signifies hiding good news? the gentleman is reprieved;" of which he had just before received notice in a whisper. It would be very impertiuent to offer at a description of the joy this occasioned to the two friends, or to Mrs. Heartfree, who was now again recovered. A surgeon, who was happily present, was employed to hleed them all. After which the commander, who had the promise of the money again confirmed to him, wished Heartfree joy, and,

shaking him very friendly by the hands, cleared the room of all the company, and left the three friends together.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the foregoing happy incident is accounted for.

But here, though I am convinced my good-natured reader may almost want the surgeon's assistance also, and that there is no passage in this whole story which can afford him equal delight, yet, lest our reprieve should seem to resemble that in the Beggars' Opera, I shall endeavour to show him that this incident, which is undoubtedly true, is at least as natural as delightful; for we assure him we would rather have suffered half mankind to be hanged than have saved one contrary to the strictest rules of writing and probability.

Be it known, then (a circumstance which I think highly credible), that the great Firebrand had been, a few days before, taken in the fact of a robbery, and carried before the same justice of peace who had, on his evidence, committed Heartfree to prison. This magistrate, who did indeed no small honour to the commission he bore, duly considered the weighty charge committed to him, by which he was intrusted with decisions affecting the lives, liberties, and properties of his countrymen. He therefore examined always with the utmost diligence and caution into every minute circumstance. And, as he had a good deal balanced, even when he committed Heartfree, on the excellent character given him by Friendly and the maid; and as he was much staggered on finding that, of the two persons on whose evidence alone Heartfree had been committed, and had been since convicted, one was in Newgate for a felony, and the other was now brought before him for a robbery, he thought proper to put the matter very home to Fireblood at this time. The young Achates was taken, as we have said, in the fact; so that denial he saw was in vain. He therefore honestly confessed what he knew must be proved; and desired, on the merit of the discoveries he made, to be admitted as an evidence against his accomplices. This afforded the happiest opportunity to the justice to satisfy his conscience in relation to Heartfree. He told Fireblood that, if he expected the favour he solicited, it must be on condition that he revealed the whole truth to him concerning the evidence which he had lately given against a bankrupt, and which some circumstances had induced a suspicion of; that he might depend on it the truth would be discovered by other means, and gave some oblique hints (a deceit entirely justifiable) that Wild himself had offered such a discovery. The very mention of Wild's name immediately alarmed Firebrand, who did not in the least doubt the readiness of that GREAT MAN to hang any of the gang when his own interest seemed to require it. He therefore hesitated not a moment; but, having obtained a promise from the justice that he should be accepted as an evidence, he discovered the whole falsehood, and declared that he had been seduced by Wild to depose as he had done.

The justice, having thus luckily and timely discovered this scene of villany, *alias* greatness, lost not a moment in using his utmost endeavours to get the case of the unhappy convict represented to the sovereign, who immediately granted him that gracious reprieve which caused such happiness to the persons concerned; and which we hope we have now accounted for to the satisfaction of the reader.

The good magistrate, having obtained this reprieve for Heartfree, thought it incumbent on him to visit him in the prison, and to sound, if possible, the depth of this affair, that, if he should appear as innocent as he now began to conceive him, he might use all imaginable methods to obtain his pardon and enlargement.

The next day therefore after that when the miserable scene above described had passed he went to Newgate, where he found those three persons, namely, Heartfree, his wife, and Friendly, sitting together. The justice informed the prisoner of the confession of Firebrand, with the steps which he had taken upon it. The reader will easily conceive the many outward thanks, as well as inward gratitude, which he received from all three; but those were of very little consequence to him compared with the secret satisfaction he felt in his mind from reflecting on the preservation of innocence, as he soon after very clearly perceived was the case.

When he entered the room Mrs. Heartfree was speaking with some earnestness: as he perceived, therefore, he had interrupted her, he begged she would continue her discourse, which, if he prevented by his presence, he desired to depart; but Heartfree would not suffer it. He said she had been relating some adventures which perhaps might entertain him to hear, and which she the rather desired he would hear, as they might serve to illustrate the foundation on which this falsehood had been built, which had brought on her husband all his misfortunes.

The justice very gladly consented, and Mrs. Heartfree, at her husband's desire, began the relation from the first renewal of Wild's acquaintance with him; but, though this recapitulation was necessary for the information of our good magistrate, as it would be useless, and perhaps tedious, to the reader, we shall only repeat that part of her story to which only he is a stranger, beginning with what happened to her after Wild had been turned adrift in the boat by the captain of the French privateer.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Heartfree relates her adventures.

Mrs. Heartfree proceeded thus: "The vengeance which the French captain exacted on that villain (our hero) persuaded me that I was fallen into the hands of a man of honour and justice; nor indeed was it possible for any person to be treated with more respect and civility than I now was; but this could not mitigate my sorrows when I reflected on the condition in which I had been betrayed to leave all that was dear to me, much less could it produce such an effect when I discovered, as I soon did, that I owed it chiefly to a passion which threatened me with great uneasiness, as it quickly appeared to be very violent, and as I was absolutely in the power of the person who possessed it, or was rather possessed by it. I must however do him the justice to say my fears carried my suspicions farther than I afterwards found I had any reason to carry them: he did indeed very soon acquaint me with his passion, and used all those gentle methods which frequently succeed with our sex to prevail with me to gratify it; but never once threatened, nor had the least recourse to force. He did not even once insinuate to me that I was totally in his power, which I myself sufficiently saw, and whence I drew the most dreadful apprehensions, well knowing that, as there are some dispositions so brutal that cruelty adds a zest and savour to their pleasures, so there are others whose gentler inclinations are better gratified when they win us by softer methods to comply with their desires; yet that even these may be often compelled by an unruly passion to have recourse at last to the means of violence, when they despair of success from persuasion; but I was happily the captive of a better man. My conqueror was one of those over whom vice hath a limited jurisdiction; and, though he was

so easily prevailed on to sin, he was proof against my temptation to villany.

"We had been two days almost totally becalmed, when, a brisk gale rising as we were in sight of Dunkirk, we saw a vessel making full sail towards us. The captain of the privateer was so strong that he apprehended no danger but from a man-of-war, which the sailors discerned this not to be. He therefore struck his colours, and furled his sails as much as possible, in order to lie by and expect her, hoping she might be a prize." (Here Heartfree smiling, his wife stopped and inquired the cause. He told her it was from her using the sea-terms so aptly; she laughed, and answered he would wonder less at this when he heard the long time she had been on board: and then proceeded.) "This vessel now came alongside of us, and hailed us, having perceived that on which we were aboard to be of her own country; they begged us not to put into Dunkirk, but to accompany them in their pursuit of a large English merchantman, whom we should easily overtake, and both together as easily conquer. Our captain immediately consented to this proposition, and ordered all his sail to be crowded. This was most unwelcome news to me; however, he comforted me all he could by assuring me I had nothing to fear, that he would be so far from offering the least rudeness to me himself, that he would, at the hazard of his life, protect me from it. This assurance gave me all the consolation which my present circumstances and the dreadful apprehensions I had on your dear account would admit." (At which words the tenderest glances passed on both sides between the husband and wife.)

"We sailed near twelve hours, when we came in sight of the ship we were in pursuit of, and which we should probably have soon come up with, had not a very thick mist ravished her from our eyes. This mist continued several hours, and when it cleared up we discovered our companion at a great distance from us; but what gave us (I mean the captain and his crew) the greatest uneasiness was the sight of a very large ship within a mile of us, which presently saluted us with a gun, and now appeared to be a third-rate English man-of-war. Our captain declared the impossibility of either fighting or escaping, and accordingly struck without waiting for the broadside which was preparing for us, and which perhaps would have prevented me from the happiness I now enjoy." This occasioned Heartfree to change colour; his wife therefore passed hastily to circumstances of a more smiling complexion.

"I greatly rejoiced at this event, as I thought it would not only restore me to the safe possession of my jewels, but to what I value beyond all the treasure in the universe. My expectation, however, of both these was somewhat crossed for the present: as to the former, I was told they should be carefully preserved; but that I must prove my right to them before I could expect their restoration, which, if I mistake not, the captain did not very eagerly desire I should be able to accomplish: and as to the latter, I was acquainted that I should be put on board the first ship which they met on her way to England, but that they were proceeding to the West Indies.

"I had not been long on board the man-of-war before I discovered just reason rather to lament than to rejoice at the exchange of my captivity; for such I concluded my present situation to be. I had now another lover in the captain of this Englishman, and much rougher and less gallant than the Frenchman had been. He used me with scarce common civility, as indeed he showed very little to any other person, treating his officers little better than a man of no great good-breeding would exert to his meanest servant, and that too on some very irritating provocation. As for me, he addressed me with the insolence of a basha to a Circassian slave; he talked to me with the loose licence in which the most profligate libertines converse with harlots, and which women abandoned only in a moderate degree detest and abhor. He often kissed me with very rude familiarity, and one day attempted further brutality; when a gentleman on board, and who was in my situation, that is, had been taken by a privateer and was retaken, rescued me from his hands, for which the captain confined him, though he was not under his command, two days in irons: when he was released (for I was not suffered to visit him in his confinement) I went to him and thanked him with the utmost acknowledgment for what he had done and suffered on my account. The gentleman behaved to me in the handsomest manner on this occasion; told me he was ashamed of the high sense I seemed to entertain of so small an obligation of an action to which his duty as a christian and his honour as a man obliged him. From this time I lived in great familiarity with this man, whom I regarded as my protector, which he professed himself ready to be on all occasions, expressing the utmost abhorrence of the captain's brutality, especially that shown towards me, and the tenderness of a parent for the preservation of my virtue, for which I was not myself more solicitous than he appeared. He was, indeed, the only man I had hitherto met since my unhappy departure who did not endeavour by all his looks, words, and actions, to assure me he had a liking to my unfortunate person; the rest seeming desirous of sacrificing the little beauty they complimented to their desires, without the least consideration of the ruin which I earnestly represented to them they were attempting to bring on me and on my future repose.

"I now passed several days pretty free from the captain's molestation, till one fatal night." Here, perceiving Heartfree grew pale, she comforted him by an assurance that Heaven had preserved her chastity, and again had restored her unsullied to his arms. She continued thus: "Perhaps I gave it a wrong epithet in the word fatal; but a wretched night I am sure I may call it, for no woman who came off victorious was, I believe, ever in greater danger. One night I say, having drank his spirits high with punch, in company with the purser, who was the only man in the ship he admitted to his table, the captain sent for me into his cabin; whither, though unwilling, I was obliged to go. We were no sooner alone together than he seized me by the hand, and, after affronting my ears with discourse which I am unable to repeat, he swore a great oath that his passion was to be dallied with no longer; that I must not expect to treat him in the manner to which a set of blockhead landmen submitted. None of your coquette airs, therefore, with me, madam, said he, for I am resolved to have you this night. No struggling nor squalling, for both will be impertinent. The first man who offers to come in here, I will have his skin flay'd off at the gangway. He then attempted to pull me violently towards his bed. I threw myself on my knees, and with tears and entreaties besought his compassion; but this was, I found, to no purpose: I then had recourse to threats, and endeavoured to frighten him with the consequence; but neither had this, though it seemed to stagger him more than the other method, sufficient force to deliver me. At last a stratagem came into my head, of which my perceiving him reel gave me the first hint, I entreated a moment's reprieve only, when, collecting all the spirits I could muster, I put on a

constrained air of gaiety, and told him with an affected laugh, he was the roughest lover I had ever met with, and that I believed I was the first woman he had ever paid his addresses to. Addresses, said he; d—n your addresses! I want to undress you. I then begged him to let us drink some punch together; for that I loved a can as well as himself, and never would grant the favour to any man till I had drank a hearty glass with him. O! said he, if that be all, you shall have puuch enough to drown yourself in. At which words he rang the bell, and ordered in a gallon of that liquor. I was in the mean time obliged to suffer his nauseous kisses, and some rudenesses which I had great difficulty to restrain within moderate bounds. When the punch came in he took up the bowl and drank my health ostentatiously, in such a quantity that it considerably advanced my scheme. I followed him with humpers as fast as possible, and was myself obliged to drink so much that at another time it would have staggered my own reason, but at present it did not affect me. At length, perceiving him very far gone, I watched an opportunity, and ran out of the cabin, resolving to seek protection of the sea if I could find no other; but Heaven was now graciously pleased to relieve me; for in his attempt to pursue me he reeled backwards, and, falling down the cabin stairs, he dislocated his shoulder and so bruised himself that I was not only preserved that night from any danger of my intended ravisher, but the accident threw him into a fever which endangered his life, and whether he ever recovered or no I am not certain; for during his delirious fits the eldest lieutenant commanded the ship. This was a virtuous and a brave fellow, who had been twenty-five years in that post without being able to obtain a ship, and had seen several boys, the bastards of noblemen, put over his head. One day while the ship remained under his command an English vessel bound to Cork passed by; myself and my friend, who had formerly lain two days in irons on my account, went on board this ship with the leave of the good lieutenant, who made us such presents as he was able of provisions, and, congratulating me on my delivery from a danger to which none of the ship's crew had been strangers, he kindly wished us both a safe voyage."

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Mrs. Heartfree continues the relation of her adventures.

"The first evening after we were aboard this vessel, which was a brigantine, we being then at no very great distance from the Madeiras, the most violent storm arose from the north-west, in which we presently lost both our masts; and indeed death now presented itself as inevitable to us: I need not tell my Tommy what were then my thoughts. Our danger was so great that the captain of the ship, a professed atheist, betook himself to prayers, and the whole crew, abandoning themselves for lost, fell with the utmost eagerness to the emptying a cask of brandy, not one drop of which they swore should be polluted with salt water. I observed here my old friend displayed less courage than I expected from him. He seemed entirely swallowed up in despair. But Heaven be praised! we were at last all preserved. The storm, after above eleven hours' continuance, began to abate, and by degrees entirely ceased, but left us still rolling at the mercy of the waves, which carried us at their own pleasure to the south-east a vast number of leagues. Our crew were all dead drunk with the brandy which they had taken such care to preserve from the sea; but, indeed, had they been awake, their labour would have been of very little service, as we had lost all our rigging, our brigantine being reduced to a naked hulk only. In this condition we floated about thirty hours, till in the midst of a very dark night we spied a light, which seeming to approach us, grew so large that our sailors concluded it to be the lantern of a man of war; but when we were cheering ourselves with the hopes of our deliverance from this wretched situation, on a sudden, to our great concern, the light entirely disappeared, and left us in a despair increased by the remembrance of those pleasing imaginations with which we had entertained our minds during its appearance. The rest of the night we passed in melancholy conjectures on the light which had deserted us, which the major part of the sailors concluded to be a meteor. In this distress we had one comfort, which was a plentiful store of provision, this so supported the spirits of the sailors, that they declared had they but a sufficient quantity of brandy they cared not whether they saw land for a month to come; but indeed we were much nearer it than we imagined, as we perceived at break of day. One of the most knowing of the crew declared we were near the continent of Africa; but when we were within three leagues of it a second violent sturm arose from the north, so that we again gave over all hopes of safety. This storm was not quite so outrageous as the former, but of much longer continuance, for it lasted near three days, and drove us an immense number of leagues to the south. We were within a league of the shore, expecting every moment our ship to be dashed to pieces, when the tempest ceased all on a sudden; but the waves still continued to roll like mountains, and before the sea recovered its calm motion our ship was thrown so near the land that the captain ordered out his boat, declaring he had scarce any hopes of saving her; and indeed we had not quitted her many minutes before we saw the justice of his apprehensions, for she struck against a rock and immediately sunk. The behaviour of the sailors on this occasion very much affected me; they beheld their ship perish with the tenderness of a lover or a parent; they spoke of her as the fondest husband would of his wife; and many of them, who seemed to have no tears in their composition, shed them plentifully at her sinking. The captain himself cried out, Go thy way, charming Molly, the sea never devoured a lovelier morsel. If I have fifty vessels I shall never love another like thee. Poor slut! I shall remember thee to my dying day. Well, the boat now conveyed us all safe to shore, where we landed with very little difficulty. It was now about noon, and the rays of the sun, which descended almost perpendicular on our heads, were extremely hot and troublesome. However, we travelled through this extreme heat about five miles over a plain. This brought us to a vast wood, which extended itself as far as we could see both to the right and left, and seemed to me to put an entire end to our progress. Here we decreed to rest and dine on the provision which we had brought from the ship, of which we had sufficient for very few meals; our boat being so overloaded with people that we had very little room for luggage of any kind. Our repast was salt pork broiled, which the keenness of hunger made so delicious to my companions that they fed very heartily upon it. As for myself, the fatigue of my body and the vexation of my mind had so thoroughly weakened me, that I was almost entirely deprived of appetite; and the utmost dexterity of the most accomplished French cook would have been ineffectual had he endeavoured to tempt me with delicacies. I thought myself very little a gainer by my late escape from the tempest, by which I seemed only to have exchanged the

element in which I was presently to die. When our company had sufficiently, and indeed very plentifully, feasted themselves, they resolved to enter the wood and endeavour to pass it, in expectation of finding some inhabitants, at least some provision. We proceeded therefore in the following order: one man in the front with a hatchet, to clear our way, and two others followed him with guns, to protect the rest from wild beasts; then walked the rest of our company, and last of all the captain himself, being armed likewise with a gun, to defend us from any attack behind—in the rear, I think you call it. And thus our whole company, being fourteen in number, travelled on till night overtook us, without seeing anything unless a few birds and some very insignificant animals. We rested all night under the covert of some trees, and indeed we very little wanted shelter at that season, the heat in the day being the only inclemency we had to combat with in this climate. I cannot help telling you my old friend lay still nearest to me on the ground, and declared he would be my protector should any of the sailors offer rudeness; but I can acquit them of any such attempt; nor was I ever affronted by any one, more than with a coarse expression, proceeding rather from the roughness and ignorance of their education than from any abandoned principle, or want of humanity.

"We had now proceeded very little way on our next day's march when one of the sailors, having skipped nimbly up a hill, with the assistance of a speaking trumpet informed us that he saw a town a very little way off. This news so comforted me, and gave me such strength, as well as spirits, that, with the help of my old friend and another, who suffered me to lean on them, I, with much difficulty, attained the summit; but was so absolutely overcome in climbing it, that I had no longer sufficient strength to support my tottering limbs, and was obliged to lay myself again on the ground; nor could they prevail on me to undertake descending through a very thick wood into a plain, at the end of which indeed appeared some houses, or rather huts, but at a much greater distance than the sailor had assured us; the little way, as he had called it, seeming to me full twenty miles, nor was it, I believe, much less."

CHAPTER IX.

Containing incidents very surprising.

The captain declared he would, without delay, proceed to the town before him; in which resolution he was seconded by all the crew; but when I could not be persuaded, nor was I able to travel any farther before I had rested myself, my old friend protested he would not leave me, but would stay behind as my guard; and, when I had refreshed myself with a little repose, he would attend me to the town, which the captain promised he would not leave before he had seen us.

"They were no sooner departed than (having first thanked my protector for his care of me) I resigned myself to sleep, which immediately closed my eyelids, and would probably have detained me very long in his gentle dominion, had I not been awaked with a squeeze by the hand by my guard, which I at first thought intended to alarm me with the danger of some wild beast; but I soon perceived it arose from a softer motive, and that a gentle swain was the only wild beast I had to apprehend. He began now to disclose his passion in the strongest manner imaginable, indeed with a warmth rather beyond that of both my former lovers, but as yet without any attempt of absolute force. On my side remonstrances were made in more bitter exclamations and revilings than I had used to any, that villain Wild excepted. I told him he was the basest and most treacherous wretch alive; and his having cloked his iniquitous designs under the appearance of virtue and friendship added an ineffable degree of horror to them; that I detested him of all mankind the most, and could I be brought to yield to prostitution, he should be the last to enjoy the ruins of my honour. He suffered himself not to be provoked by this language, but only changed his method of solicitation from flattery to bribery. He unripped the lining of his waistcoat, and pulled forth several jewels; these, he said, he had preserved from infinite danger to the happiest purpose, if I could be won by them. I rejected them often with the utmost indignation, till at last, casting my eye, rather by accident than design, on a diamond necklace, a thought like lightning shot through my mind, and, in an instant, I remembered that this was the very necklace you had sold the cursed count, the cause of all our misfortunes. The confusion of ideas into which this surprise hurried me prevented me reflecting on the villain who then stood before me; but the first recollection presently told me it could be no other than the count himself, the wicked tool of Wild's barbarity. Good heavens! what was then my condition! How shall I describe the tumult of passions which then laboured in my breast? However, as I was happily unknown to him, the least suspicion on his side was altogether impossible. He imputed, therefore, the eagerness with which I gazed on the jewels to a very wrong cause, and endeavoured to put as much additional softness into his countenance as he was able. My fears were a little quieted, and I was resolved to be very liberal of promises, and hoped so thoroughly to persuade him of my venality that he might, without any doubt, be drawn in to wait the captain and crew's return, who would, I was very certain, not only preserve me from his violence, but secure the restoration of what you had been so cruelly robbed of. But, alas! I was mistaken." Mrs. Heartfree, again perceiving symptoms of the utmost disquietude in her husband's countenance, cried out, "My dear, don't you apprehend any harm.—But, to deliver you as soon as possible from your anxiety—when he perceived I declined the warmth of his addresses he begged me to consider; he changed at once his voice and features, and, in a very different tone from what he had hitherto affected, he swore I should not deceive him as I had the captain; that fortune had kindly thrown an opportunity in his way which he was resolved not foolishly to lose; and concluded with a violent oath that he was determined to enjoy me that moment, and therefore I knew the consequence of resistance. He then caught me in his arms, and began such rude attempts, that I screamed out with all the force I could, though I had so little hopes of being rescued, when there suddenly rushed forth from a thicket a creature which, at his first appearance, and in the hurry of spirits I then was, I did not take for a man; but, indeed, had he been the fiercest of wild beasts, I should have rejoiced at his devouring us both. I scarce perceived he had a musket in his hand before he struck my ravisher such a blow with it that he felled him at my feet. He then advanced with a gentle air towards me, and told me in French he was extremely glad he had been luckily present to my assistance. He was naked, except his middle and his feet, if I can call a body so which was covered with hair almost equal to any beast whatever. Indeed, his appearance was so horrid in my eyes, that the friendship he had shown me, as well

as his courteous behaviour, could not entirely remove the dread I had conceived from his figure. I believe he saw this very visibly; for he begged me not to be frightened, since, whatever accident had brought me thither, I should have reason to thank heaven for meeting him, of whose hands I might assure myself of the utmost civility and protection. In the midst of all this consternation, I had spirits enough to take up the casket of jewels which the villain, in falling, had dropped out of his hands, and conveyed it into my pocket. My deliverer, telling me that I seemed extremely weak and faint, desired me to refresh myself at his little hut, which, he said, was hard by. If his demeanour had been less kind and obliging, my desperate situation must have lent me confidence; for sure the alternative could not be doubtful, whether I should rather trust this man, who, notwithstanding his savage outside, expressed so much devotion to serve me, which at least I was not certain of the falsehood of, or should abide with one whom I so perfectly well knew to be an accomplished villain. I therefore committed myself to his guidance, though with tears in my eyes, and begged him to have compassion on my innocence, which was absolutely in his power. He said, the treatment he had been witness of, which he supposed was from one who had broken his trust towards me, sufficiently justified my suspicion; but begged me to dry my eyes, and he would soon convince me that I was with a man of different sentiments. The kind accents which accompanied these words gave me some comfort, which was assisted by the repossession of our jewels by an accident strongly savouring of the disposition of Providence in my favour.

"We left the villain weltering in his blood, though beginning to recover a little motion, and walked together to his hut, or rather cave, for it was under ground, on the side of a hill; the situation was very pleasant, and from its mouth we overlooked a large plain and the town I had before seen. As soon as I entered it, he desired me to sit down on a bench of earth, which served him for chairs, and then laid before me some fruits, the wild product of that country, one or two of which had an excellent flavour. He likewise produced some baked flesh, a little resembling that of venison. He then brought forth a bottle of brandy, which he said had remained with him ever since his settling there, now above thirty years, during all which time he had never opened it, his only liquor being water; that he had reserved this bottle as a cordial in sickness; but, he thanked heaven, he had never yet had occasion for it. He then acquainted me that he was a hermit, that he had been formerly cast away on that coast, with his wife, whom he dearly loved, but could not preserve from perishing; on which account he had resolved never to return to France, which was his native country, but to devote himself to prayer and a holy life, placing all his hopes in the blessed expectation of meeting that dear woman again in heaven, where, he was convinced, she was now a saint and an interceder for him. He said he had exchanged a watch with the king of that country, whom he described to be a very just and good man, for a gun, some powder, shot, and ball, with which he sometimes provided himself food, but more generally used it in defending himself against wild beasts; so that his diet was chiefly of the vegetable kind. He told me many more circumstances, which I may relate to you hereafter: but, to be as concise as possible at present, he at length greatly comforted me by promising to conduct me to a sea-port, where I might have an opportunity to meet with some vessels trafficking for slaves; and whence I might once more commit myself to that element which, though I had already suffered so much on it, I must again trust to put me in possession of all I loved.

"The character he gave me of the inhabitants of the town we saw below us, and of their king, made me desirous of being conducted thither; especially as I very much wished to see the captain and sailors, who had behaved very kindly to me, and with whom, notwithstanding all the civil behaviour of the hermit, I was rather easier in my mind than alone with this single man; but he dissuaded me greatly from attempting such a walk till I had recruited my spirits with rest, desiring me to repose myself on his couch or bank, saying that he himself would retire without the cave, where he would remain as my guard. I accepted this kind proposal, but it was long before I could procure any slumber; however, at length, weariness prevailed over my fears, and I enjoyed several hours' sleep. When I awaked I found my faithful centinel on his post and ready at my summons. This behaviour infused some confidence into me, and I now repeated my request that he would go with me to the town below; but he answered, it would be better advised to take some repast before I undertook the journey, which I should find much longer than it appeared. I consented, and he set forth a greater variety of fruits than before, of which I ate very plentifully. My collation being ended, I renewed the mention of my walk, but he still persisted in dissuading me, telling me that I was not yet strong enough; that I could repose myself nowhere with greater safety than in his cave; and that, for his part, he could have no greater happiness than that of attending me, adding, with a sigh, it was a happiness he should envy any other more than all the gifts of fortune. You may imagine I began now to entertain suspicions; but he presently removed all doubt by throwing himself at my feet and expressing the warmest passion for me. I should have now sunk with despair had he not accompanied these professions with the most vehement protestations that he would never offer me any other force but that of entreaty, and that he would rather die the most cruel death by my coldness than gain the highest bliss by becoming the occasion of a tear of sorrow to these bright eyes, which he said were stars, under whose benign influence alone he could enjoy, or indeed suffer life." She was repeating many more compliments he made her, when a horrid uproar, which alarmed the whole gate, put a stop to her narration at present. It is impossible for me to give the reader a better idea of the noise which now arose than by desiring him to imagine I had the hundred tongues the poet once wished for, and was vociferating from them all at once, by hollowing, scolding, crying, swearing, bellowing, and, in short, by every different articulation which is within the scope of the human organ.

CHAPTER X.

A horrible uproar in the gate.

But however great an idea the reader may hence conceive of this uproar, he will think the occasion more than adequate to it when he is informed that our hero (I blush to name it) had discovered an injury done to his honour, and that in the tenderest point. In a word, reader (for thou must know it, though it give thee the greatest horror imaginable), he had caught Fireblood in the arms of his lovely Lætitia.

As the generous bull who, having long depastured among a number of cows, and thence contracted an opinion that these cows are all his own property,

if he beholds another bull bestride a cow within his walks, he roars aloud, and threatens instant vengeance with his horns, till the whole parish are alarmed with his bellowing; not with less noise nor less dreadful menaces did the fury of Wild burst forth and terrify the whole gate. Long time did rage render his voice inarticulate to the hearer; as when, at a visiting day, fifteen or sixteen or perhaps twice as many females, of delicate but shrill pipes, ejaculate all at once on difference subjects, all is sound only, the harmony entirely melodious indeed, but conveys no idea to our ears; but at length, when reason began to get the better of his passion, which latter, being deserted by his breath, began a little to retreat, the following accents leapt over the hedge of his teeth, or rather the ditch of his gums, whence those hedgestakes had long since by a patten been displaced in battle with an amazon of Drury.

* —"Man of honour! doth this become a friend? Could I have expected such a breach of all the laws of honour from thee, whom I had taught to walk in its paths? Hadst thou chosen any other way to injure my confidence I could have forgiven it; but this is a stab in the tenderest part, a wound never to be healed, an injury never to be repaired; for it is not only the loss of an agreeable companion, of the affection of a wife dearer to my soul than life itself, it is not this loss alone I lament; this loss is accompanied with disgrace and with dishonour. The blood of the Wilds, which hath run with such uninterrupted purity through so many generations, this blood is fouled, is contaminated: hence flow my tears, hence arises my grief. This is the injury never to be redressed, nor ever to be with honour forgiven." "M—— in a handbox!" answered Fireblood; "here is a noise about your honour! If the mischief done to your blood be all you complain of, I am sure you complain of nothing; for my blood is as good as yours." "You have no conception," replied Wild, "of the tenderness of honour; you know not how nice and delicate it is in both sexes; so delicate that the least breath of air which rudely blows on it destroys it." "I will prove from your own words," says Fireblood, "I have not wronged your honour. Have you not often told me that the honour of a man consisted in receiving no affront from his own sex, and that of woman in receiving no kindness from ours? Now, sir, if I have given you no affront, how have I injured your honour?" "But doth not everything," cried Wild, "of the wife belong to the husband? A married man, therefore, hath his wife's honour as well as his own, and by injuring hers you injure his. How cruelly you have hurt me in this tender part I need not repeat; the whole gate knows it, and the world shall. I will apply to Doctors' Commons for my redress against her; I will shake off as much of my dishonour as I can by parting with her; and as for you, expect to hear of me in Westminster-hall; the modern method of repairing these breaches and of resenting this affront." "D—n your eyes!" cries Fireblood; "I fear you not, nor do I believe a word you say." "Nay, if you affront me personally," says Wild, "another sort of resentment is prescribed." At which word, advancing to Fireblood, he presented him with a box on the ear, which the youth immediately returned; and now our hero and his friend fell to boxing, though with some difficulty, both being encumbered with the cbains which they wore between their legs: a few blows passed on both sides before the gentlemen who stood by stepped in and parted the combatants; and now, both parties having whispered each other, that, if they outlived the ensuing sessions and escaped the tree, one should give and the other should receive satisfaction in single combat, they separated and the gate soon recovered its former tranquillity.

Mrs. Heartfree was then desired by the justice and her husband both, to conclude her story, which she did in the words of the next chapter.

* The beginning of this speech is lost.

CHAPTER XI.

The conclusion of Mrs. Heartfree's adventures.

"If I mistake not, I was interrupted just as I was beginning to repeat some of the compliments made me by the hermit." "Just as you had finished them, I believe, madam," said the justice. "Very well, sir," said she; "I am sure I have no pleasure in the repetition. He concluded then with telling me, though I was in his eyes the most charming woman in the world, and might tempt a saint to abandon the ways of holiness, yet my beauty inspired him with a much tenderer affection towards me than to purchase any satisfaction of his own desires with my misery; if therefore I could be so cruel to him to reject his honest and sincere address, nor could submit to a solitary life with one who would endeavour by all possible means to make me happy, I had no force to dread; for that I was as much at my liberty as if I was in France, or England, or any other free country. I repulsed him with the same civility with which he advanced; and told him that, as he professed great regard to religion, I was convinced he would cease from all farther solicitation when I informed him that, if I had no other objection, my own innocence would not admit of my hearing him on this subject, for that I was married. He started a little at that word, and was for some time silent; but, at length recovering himself, he began to urge the uncertainty of my husband's being alive, and the probability of the contrary. He then spoke of marriage as of a civil policy only, on which head he urged many arguments not worth repeating, and was growing so very eager and importunate that I know not whither his passion might have hurried him had not three of the sailors, well armed, appeared at that instant in sight of the cave. I no sooner saw them than, exulting with the utmost inward joy, I told him my companions were come for me, and that I must now take my leave of him; assuring him that I would always remember, with the most grateful acknowledgment, the favours I had received at his hands. He fetched a very heavy sigh, and, squeezing me tenderly by the hand, he saluted my lips with a little more eagerness than the European salutations admit of, and told me he should likewise remember my arrival at his cave to the last day of his life, adding, O that he could there spend the whole in the company of one whose bright eyes had kindled—but I know you will think, sir, that we women love to repeat the compliments made us, I will therefore omit them. In a word, the sailors being now arrived, I quitted him with some compassion for the reluctance with which he parted from me, and went forward with my companions.

"We had proceeded but a very few paces before one of the sailors said to his comrades, 'D—n me, Jack, who knows whether yon fellow hath not some good flip in his cave?' I innocently answered, the poor wretch had only one bottle of brandy. 'Hath he so?' cries the sailor; 'Fore George, we will taste it;' and so saying they immediately returned back,

and myself with them. We found the poor man prostrate on the ground, expressing all the symptoms of misery and lamentation. I told him in French (for the sailors could not speak that language) what they wanted. He pointed to the place where the bottle was deposited, saying they were welcome to that and whatever else he had, and added he cared not if they took his life also. The sailors searched the whole cave, where finding nothing more which they deemed worth their taking, they walked off with the bottle, and, immediately emptying it without offering me a drop, they proceeded with me towards the town.

"In our way I observed one whisper another, while he kept his eye stedfastly fixed on me. This gave me some uneasiness; but the other answered, 'No, d—n me, the captain will never forgive us: besides, we have enough of it among the black women, and, in my mind, one colour is as good as another.' This was enough to give me violent apprehensions; but I heard no more of that kind till we came to the town, where, in about six hours, I arrived in safety.

"As soon as I came to the captain he inquired what was become of my friend, meaning the villanous count. When he was informed by me of what had happened, he wished me heartily joy of my delivery, and, expressing the utmost abhorrence of such baseness, swore if ever he met him he would cut his throat; but, indeed, we both concluded that he had died of the blow which the hermit had given him.

"I was now introduced to the chief magistrate of this country, who was desirous of seeing me. I will give you a short description of him. He was chosen (as is the custom there) for his superior bravery and wisdom. His power is entirely absolute during his continuance; but, on the first deviation from equity and justice, he is liable to be deposed and punished by the people, the elders of whom, once a year, assemble to examine into his conduct. Besides the danger which these examinations, which are very strict, expose him to, his office is of such care and trouble that nothing but that restless love of power so predominant in the mind of man could make it the object of desire, for he is indeed the only slave of all the natives of this country. He is obliged, in time of peace, to hear the complaint of every person in his dominions and to render him justice; for which purpose every one may demand an audience of him, unless during the hour which he is allowed for dinner, when he sits alone at the table, and is attended in the most public manner with more than European ceremony. This is done to create an awe and respect towards him in the eye of the vulgar; but lest it should elevate him too much in his own opinion, in order to his humiliation he receives every evening in private, from a kind of beadle, a gentle kick on his posteriors; besides which he wears a ring in his nose, somewhat resembling that we ring our pigs with, and a chain round his neck not unlike that worn by our aldermen; both which I suppose to be emblematical, but heard not the reasons of either assigned. There are many more particularities among these people which, when I have an opportunity, I may relate to you. The second day after my return from court one of his officers, whom they call SCHACH PIMPACH, waited upon me, and, by a French interpreter who lives here, informed me that the chief magistrate liked my person, and offered me an immense present if I would suffer him to enjoy it (this is, it seems, their common form of making love). I rejected the present, and never heard any further solicitation; for, as it is no shame for women here to consent at the first proposal, so they never receive a second.

"I had resided in this town a week when the captain informed me that a number of slaves, who had been taken captives in war, were to be guarded to the sea-side, where they were to be sold to the merchants who traded in them to America; that if I would embrace this opportunity I might assure myself of finding a passage to America, and thence to England; acquainting me at the same time that he himself intended to go with them. I readily agreed to accompany him. The chief, being advertised of our designs, sent for us both to court, and, without mentioning a word of love to me, having presented me with a very rich jewel, of less value, he said, than my chastity, took a very civil leave, recommending me to the care of heaven, and ordering us a large supply of provisions for our journey.

"We were provided with mules for ourselves and what we carried with us, and in nine days reached the sea-shore, where we found an English vessel ready to receive both us and the slaves. We went aboard it, and sailed the next day with a fair wind for New England, where I hoped to get an immediate passage to the Old: but Providence was kinder than my expectation; for the third day after we were at sea we met an English man-of-war homeward bound; the captain of it was a very good-natured man, and agreed to take me on board. I accordingly took my leave of my old friend the master of the shipwrecked vessel, who went on to New England, whence he intended to pass to Jamaica, where his owners lived. I was now treated with great civility, had a little cabin assigned me, and dined every day at the captain's table, who was indeed a very gallant man, and, at first, made me a tender of his affections; but, when he found me resolutely bent to preserve myself pure and entire for the best of husbands, he grew cooler in his addresses, and soon behaved in a manner very pleasing to me, regarding my sex only so far as to pay me a deference, which is very agreeable to us all.

"To conclude my story; I met with no adventure in this passage at all worth relating till my landing at Gravesend, whence the captain brought me in his own boat to the Tower. In a short hour after my arrival we had that meeting which, however dreadful at first, will, I now hope, by the good offices of the best of men, whom Heaven for ever bless, end in our perfect happiness, and be a strong instance of what I am persuaded is the surest truth, THAT PROVIDENCE WILL SOONER OR LATER PROCURE THE FELICITY OF THE VIRTUOUS AND INNOCENT."

Mrs. Heartfree thus ended her speech, having before delivered to her husband the jewels which the count had robbed him of, and that presented her by the African chief, which last was of immense value. The good magistrate was sensibly touched at her narrative, as well on the consideration of the sufferings she had herself undergone as for those of her husband, which he had himself been innocently the instrument of bringing upon him. That worthy man, however, much rejoiced in what he had already done for his preservation, and promised to labour with his utmost interest and industry to procure the absolute pardon, rather of his sentence than of his guilt, which he now plainly discovered was a barbarous and false imputation.

CHAPTER XII.

The history returns to the contemplation of GREATNESS.

BUT we have already, perhaps, detained our reader too long in this relation from the consideration of our hero, who daily gave the most exalted proofs of greatness in cajoling the *prigs*, and in exactions on the debtors; which latter now grew so great, *i. e.*

corrupted in their morals, that they spoke with the utmost contempt of what the vulgar call honesty. The greatest character among them was that of a pickpocket, or, in truer language, a *file;* and the only censure was want of dexterity. As to virtue, goodness, and such like, they were the objects of mirth and derision, and all Newgate was a complete collection of *prigs*, every man being desirous to pick his neighbour's pocket, and every one was as sensible that his neighbour was as ready to pick his; so that (which is almost incredible) as great roguery was daily committed within the walls of Newgate as without.

The glory resulting from these actions of Wild probably animated the envy of his enemies against him. The day of his trial now approached; for which, as Socrates did, he prepared himself; but not weakly and foolishly, like that philosopher, with patience and resignation, but with a good number of false witnesses. However, as success is not always proportioned to the wisdom of him who endeavours to attain it, so are we more sorry than ashamed to relate that our hero was, notwithstanding his utmost caution and prudence, convicted, and sentenced to a death which, when we consider not only the great men who have suffered it, but the much larger number of those whose highest honour it hath been to merit it, we cannot call otherwise than honourable. Indeed those who have unluckily missed it seem all their days to have laboured in vain to attain an end which Fortune, for reasons only known to herself, hath thought proper to deny them. Without any farther preface then, our hero was sentenced to be hanged by the neck: but, whatever was to be now his fate, he might console himself that he had perpetrated what

——— Nec Judicis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

For my own part, I confess, I look on this death of hanging to be as proper for a hero as any other; and I solemnly declare that had Alexander the Great been hanged it would not in the least have diminished my respect to his memory. Provided a hero in his life doth but execute a sufficient quantity of mischief; provided he be but well and heartily cursed by the widow, the orphan, the poor, and the oppressed (the sole rewards, as many authors have bitterly lamented both in prose and verse, of greatness, *i. e. priggism*), I think it avails little of what nature his death he, whether it be by the axe, the halter, or the sword. Such names will be always sure of living to posterity, and of enjoying that fame which they so gloriously and eagerly coveted; for, according to a GREAT dramatic poet,

Fame
Not more survives from good than evil deeds.
Th' aspiring youth that fired Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool who rais'd it.

Our hero now suspected that the malice of his enemies would overpower him. He therefore betook himself to that true support of greatness in affliction, a bottle; by means of which he was enabled to curse, swear, and bully, and brave his fate. Other comfort indeed he had not much, for not a single friend ever came near him. His wife, whose trial was deferred to the next sessions, visited him but once, when she plagued, tormented, and upbraided him so cruelly, that he forbad the keeper ever to admit her again. The ordinary of Newgate had frequent conferences with him, and greatly would it embellish our history could we record all which that good man delivered on these occasions; but unhappily we could procure only the substance of a single conference, which was taken down in shorthand by one who overheard it. We shall transcribe it, therefore exactly in the same form and words we received it; nor can we help regarding it as one of the most curious pieces which either ancient or modern history hath recorded.

CHAPTER XIII.

A dialogue between the ordinary of Newgate and Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great; in which the subjects of death, immortality, and other grave matters, are very learnedly handled by the former.

Ordinary. Good morrow to you, sir; I hope you rested well last night.

Jonathan. D—n'd ill, sir. I dreamt so confoundedly of hanging, that it disturbed my sleep.

Ordinary. Fie upon it! You should be more resigned. I wish you would make a little better use of those instructions which I have endeavoured to inculcate into you, and particularly last Sunday, and from these words: *Those who do evil shall go into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.* I undertook to show you, first, what is meant by EVERLASTING FIRE; and, secondly, who were THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS. I then proceeded to draw some inferences from the whole*; in which I am mightily deceived if I did not convince you that you yourself was one of those ANGELS, and, consequently, must expect EVERLASTING FIRE to be your portion in the other world.

Jonathan. Faith, doctor, I remember very little of your inferences; for I fell asleep soon after your naming the text. But did you preach this doctrine then, or do you repeat it now in order to comfort me?

Ordinary. I do it in order to bring you to a true sense of your manifold sins, and, by that means, to induce you to repentance. Indeed, had I the eloquence of Cicero, or of Tully, it would not be sufficient to describe the pains of hell or the joys of heaven. The utmost that we are taught is, *that ear hath not heard, nor can heart conceive.* Who then would, for the pitiful consideration of the riches and pleasures of this world, forfeit such inestimable happiness! such joys! such pleasures! such delights! Or who would run the venture of such misery, which, but to think on, shocks the human understanding! Who, in his senses, then, would prefer the latter to the former!

Jonathan. Ay, who indeed! I assure you, doctor, I had much rather be happy than miserable. But† • • •

Jonathan. I am not without hopes of a reprieve from the cheat yet. I have pretty good interest; hut, if I cannot obtain it, you shall not frighten me out of my courage. I will not die like a pimp. D—n me, what is death? It is nothing but to be with Platos and with Cæsars, as the poet says, and all the other great heroes of antiquity. * * *

Ordinary. Ay, all this is very true; but life is sweet for all that; and I had rather live to eternity than go into the company of any such heathens, who are, I doubt not, in hell with the devil and his angels; and, as little as you seem to apprehend it, you may find yourself there before you expect it. Where, then, will be your tauntings and your vauntings, your boastings and your braggings? You will then be ready to give more for a drop of water than you ever gave for a bottle of wiue.

Jonathan. Faith, doctor! well minded. What say you to a bottle of wine?

Ordinary. I will drink no wine with an atheist. I should expect the devil to make a third in such company; for, since he knows you are his, he may be impatient to have his due.

Jonathan. It is your business to drink with the wicked, in order to amend them.

Ordinary. I despair of it; and so I consign you over to the devil, who is ready to receive you.

Jonathan. You are more unmerciful to me than the judge, doctor. He recommended my soul to heaven; and it is your office to show me the way thither.

Ordinary. No: the gates are barred against all revilers of the clergy.

Jonathan. I revile only the wicked ones, if any such are, which cannot affect you, who, if men were preferred in the church by merit only, would have long since been a bishop. Indeed, it might raise any good man's indignation to observe one of your vast learning and abilities obliged to exert them in so low a sphere, when so many of your inferiors wallow in wealth and preferment.

Ordinary. Why, it must be confessed that there are bad men in all orders; but you should not censure too generally. I must own I might have expected higher promotion; hut I have learnt patience and resignation; and I would advise you to the same temper of mind; which, if you can attain, I know you will find mercy. Nay, I do now promise you you will. It is true you are a sinner; but your crimes are not of the blackest dye: you are no murderer, nor guilty of sacrilege. And, if yon are guilty of theft, you make some atonement by suffering for it, which many others do not. Happy it is indeed for those few who are detected in their sins, and bronght to exemplary punishment for them in this world. So far, therefore, from repiniog at your fate when you come to the tree, you should exult and rejoice in it; and, to say the truth, I question whether, to a wise man, the catastrophe of many of those who die by a halter is not more to be envied than pitied. Nothing is so sinful as sin, and murder is the greatest of all sins. It follows, that whoever commits murder is happy in suffering for it. If, therefore, a man who commits murder is so happy in dying for it, how much better must it be for you, who hava committed a less crime!

Jonathan. All this is very true; but let us take a bottle of wine to cheer our spirits.

Ordinary. Why wine? Let me tell yon, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch—a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is nowhere spoken against in scripture, and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted.

Jonathan (having called for a bowl). I ask your pardon, doctor; I should have remembered that punch was your favourite liquor. I think yon never taste wine while there is any punch remaining on the table.

Ordinary. I confess I look on punch to be the more eligible liquor, as well for the reasons I have before mentioned as likewise for one other cause, viz., it is the properest for a DRAUGHT. I own I took it a little unkind of you to mention wine, thioking you knew my palate.

Jonathan. You are in the right; and I will take a swingeing cup to your being made a bishop.

Ordinary. And I will wish you a reprieve in as large a draught. Come, don't despair: it is yet time enough to think of dying; you have good friends, who very probably may prevail for you. I have known many a man repricved who had less reason to expect it.

Jonathan. But if I should flatter myself with such hopes, and be deceived—what then would become of my soul?

Ordinary. Pugh! Never mind your soul—leave that to me; I will render a good account of it, I warrant you. I have a sermon in my pocket which may be of some use to you to hear. I do not value myself on the talent of preaching, since no man ought to value himself for any gift in this world. But perhaps there are not many such sermons. But to proceed, since we have nothing else to do till the punch comes. My text is the latter part of a verse only:

—— *To the Greeks* FOOLISHNESS.

The occasion of these words was principally that philosophy of the Greeks which at that time had overrun great part of the heathen world, had poisoned, and, as it were, puffed up their minds with pride, so that they disregarded all kinds of doctrine in comparison of their own; and, however safe and however sound the learning of others might be, yet, if it anywise contradicted their own laws, customs, and received opinions, *away with it—it is not for us.* It was to the Greeks FOOLISHNESS.

In the former part, therefore, of my discourse on these words, I shall principally confine myself to the laying open and demonstrating the great emptiness and vanity of this philosophy, with which these idle and absurd sophists were so proudly blown up and elevated.

And here I shall do two things: First, I shall expose the matter; and, secondly, the manner of this absurd philosophy.

And first, for the first of these, namely the matter. Now here we may retort the unmannerly word which our adversaries have audaciously thrown in our faces; for what was all this mighty matter of philosophy, this heap of knowledge, which was to bring such large harvests of honour to those who sowed it, and so greatly and nobly to enrich the ground on which it fell; what was it but FOOLISHNESS? An inconsistent heap of nonsense, of absurdities and contradictions, hringiug no ornament to the mind in its theory, nor exhibiting any usefulness to the body in its practice. What were all the sermons and the sayings, the fables and the morals of all these wise men, but, to use the word mentioned in my text once more, FOOLISHNESS? What was their great master Plato, or their other great light Aristotle? Both fools, mere quibblers and sophists, idly and vainly attached to certain ridiculous notions of their own, founded neither on truth nor on reason. Their whole works are a strange medley of the greatest falsehoods, scarce covered over with the colour of truth: their precepts are neither borrowed from nature nor guided by reason; mere fictions,

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serving only to evince the dreadful height of human pride; in one word, FOOLISHNESS. It may be perhaps expected of me that I should give some instances from their works to prove this charge; but, as to transcribe every passage to my purpose would be to transcribe their whole works, and as in such a plentiful crop it is difficult to choose; instead of trespassing on your patience, I shall conclude this first head with asserting what I have so fully proved, and what may indeed be inferred from the text, that the philosophy of the Greeks was FOOLISHNESS.

Proceed we now, in the second place, to consider the manner in which this inane and simple doctrine was propagated. And here—But here the punch by entering waked Mr. Wild, who was fast asleep, and put an end to the sermon; nor could we obtain any further account of the conversation which passed at this interview.

CHAPTER XIV.

Wild proceeds to the highest consummation of human GREATNESS.

THE day now drew nigh when our great man was to exemplify the last and noblest act of greatness by which any hero can signalise himself. This was the day of execution, or consummation, or apotheosis (for it is called by different names), which was to give our hero an opportunity of facing death and damnation, without any fear in his heart, or, at least, without betraying any symptoms of it in his countenance. A completion of greatness which is heartily to be wished to every great man; nothing being more worthy of lamentation than when Fortune, like a lazy poet, winds up her catastrophe awkwardly, and, bestowing too little care on her fifth act, dismisses the hero with a sneaking and private exit, who had in the former part of the drama performed such notable exploits as must promise to every good judge among the spectators a noble, public, and exalted end.

But she was resolved to commit no such error in this instance. Our hero was too much and too deservedly her favourite to be neglected by her in his last moments; accordingly all efforts for a reprieve were vain, and the name of Wild stood at the head of those who were ordered for execution.

From the time he gave over all hopes of life, his conduct was truly great and admirable. Instead of showing any marks of dejection or contrition, he rather infused more confidence and assurance into his looks. He spent most of his hours in drinking with his friends and with the good man above commemorated. In one of these compotations, being asked whether he was afraid to die, he answered, "D—n me, it is only a dance without music." Another time, when one expressed some sorrow for his misfortune, as he termed it, he said with great fierceness,—"A man can die but once." Again, when one of his intimate acquaintance hinted his hopes, that he would die like a man, he cocked his hat in defiance, and cries out greatly—"Zounds! who's afraid?"

Happy would it have been for posterity, could we have retrieved any entire conversation which passed at this season, especially between our hero and his learned comforter; but we have searched many pasteboard records in vain.

On the eve of his apotheosis, Wild's lady desired to see him, to which he consented. This meeting was at first very tender on both sides; but it could not continue so, for unluckily, some hints of former miscarriages intervening, as particularly when she asked him how he could have used her so barbarously once as calling her b—, and whether such language became a man, much less a gentleman, Wild flew into a violent passion, and swore she was the vilest of b—s to upbraid him at such a season with an unguarded word spoke long ago. She replied, with many tears, she was well enough served for her folly in visiting such a brute; but she had one comfort, however, that it would be the last time he could ever treat her so; that indeed she had some obligation to him, for that his cruelty to her would reconcile her to the fate he was to-morrow to suffer; and, indeed, nothing but such brutality could have made the consideration of his shameful death (so this weak woman called hanging), which was now inevitable, to be borne even without madness. She then proceeded to a recapitulation of his faults in an exacter order, and with more perfect memory, than one would have imagined her capable of; and it is probable would have rehearsed a complete catalogue had not our hero's patience failed him, so that with the utmost fury and violence he caught her by the hair and kicked her as heartily as his chains would suffer him out of the room.

At length the morning came which Fortune at his birth had resolutely ordained for the consummation of our hero's GREATNESS: he had himself indeed modestly declined the public honours she intended him, and had taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off the stage; but we have already observed, in the course of our wonderful history, that to struggle against this lady's decrees is vain and impotent; and whether she hath determined you shall be hanged or be a prime minister, it is in either case lost labour to resist. Laudanum, therefore, being unable to stop the breath of our hero, which the fruit of hemp-seed, and not the spirit of poppy-seed, was to overcome, he was at the usual hour attended by the proper gentleman appointed for that purpose, and acquainted that the cart was ready. On this occasion he exerted that greatness of courage which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes; and, knowing it was impossible to resist, he gravely declared he would attend them. He then descended to that room where the fetters of great men are knocked off in a most solemn and ceremonious manner. Then shaking hands with his friends (to wit, those who were conducting him to the tree), and drinking their healths in a bumper of brandy, he ascended the cart, where he was no sooner seated than he received the acclamations of the multitude, who were highly ravished with his GREATNESS.

The cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a troop of horse-guards bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds all admiring the great behaviour of our hero, who rode on, sometimes sighing, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his humour varied.

When he came to the tree of glory he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people, who were there assembled in prodigious numbers to behold a sight much more rare in populous cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be, *viz.* the proper catastrophe of a great man.

But though envy was, through fear, obliged to join the general voice in applause on this occasion, there were not wanting some who maligned this completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree, while the ordinary was performing his last office. They therefore began to batter the cart with stones, brickbats, dirt, and all manner of mischievous weapons, some of which, erroneously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastic, made him so expeditious in his repetition, that with wonderful alacrity he had ended almost in an instant, and conveyed himself into a place of safety in a hackney-coach, where he waited the

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conclusion with a temper of mind described in these verses:

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem.

We must not, however, omit one circumstance, as it serves to show the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to the last moment, which was, that, whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, &c., which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his bottle-screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand.

The ordinary being now descended from the cart, Wild had just opportunity to cast his eyes around the crowd, and to give them a hearty curse, when immediately the horses moved on, and with universal applause our hero swung out of this world.

Thus fell Jonathan Wild the GREAT, by a death as glorious as his life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former; a death which hath been alone wanting to complete the characters of several ancient and modern heroes, whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages. Indeed we could almost wish that whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect in this particular, the historian would indulge himself in the licence of poetry and romance, and even do a violence to truth, to oblige his reader with a page which must be the most delightful in all the history, and which could never fail of producing an instructive moral.

Narrow minds may possibly have some reason to be ashamed of going this way out of the world, if their consciences can fly in their faces and assure them they have not merited such an honour; but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged, who is not weak enough to be ashamed of having deserved it.

CHAPTER XV.

The character of our hero, and the conclusion of this history.

WE will now endeavour to draw the character of this great man; and, by bringing together those several features as it were of his mind which lie scattered up and down in this history, to present our readers with a perfect picture of greatness.

Jonathan Wild had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs, artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them: for as the most exquisite cunning and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking, so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of HONOSTY, a word derived from what the Greeks call an ass. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition; but, as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense, but it was of the rapacious, not of the tenacious kind; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole; for, however considerable the share was which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them. He said laws were made for the use of *prig* only, and to secure their property; they were never therefore more perverted than when their edge was turned against these; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *priggism* very far without it; for which reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices, but always much to be hoped from him who professed great virtues: wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action: for which reason, he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best; nay, though he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims as the certain methods of attaining greatness, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As,

1. Never to do more mischief to another than was necessary to the effecting his purpose; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.
2. To know no distinction of men from affection; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.
3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary to the person who was to execute it.
4. Not to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.
5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious and often dilatory in revenge.
6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.
7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.
8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.
9. Never to reward any one equal to his merit; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.
10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.
11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.
12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.
13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery; as in gaming any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.
14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.
15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind, all equally good with these, and which were after his decease found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of king Charles the first: for he never promulgated them in his lifetime, not having them constantly in his month, as some grave

persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions: whereas our hero, by a constant and steady adherence to his rules in conforming everything he did to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way; and by these means he arrived at that degree of greatness which few have equalled; none, we may say, have exceeded: for, though it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes who have done greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others, or have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed the countries and cities of their fellow-creatures, from no other provocation than that of glory, *i. e.*, as the tragic poet calls it,

a privilege to kill,
A strong temptation to do bravely ill;

yet, if we consider it in the light wherein actions are placed in this line,

Lætius est, quoties magno tibi constat honestum;

when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence, setting himself at the head of a gang which he had not any shadow of right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law but that of his own will; if we consider him setting up an open trade publicly, in defiance not only of the laws of his country but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which, without any hazard, they might have retained, here sure he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction, to equal his glory.

Nor had he any of those flaws in his character which, though they have been commended by weak writers, have (as I hinted in the beginning of this history) by the judicious reader been censured and despised. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæsar, which nature had so grossly erred in giving them, as a painter would who should dress a peasant in robes of state, or give the nose or any other feature of a Venus to a satyr. What had the destroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the world to usurp the dominion and abolish the constitution of his own country: the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the whole world, at least as much as was well known to him, and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit; what had, I say, such as these to do with clemency? Who cannot see the absurdity and contradiction of mixing such an ingredient with those noble and great qualities I have before mentioned? Now, in Wild everything was truly great, almost without alloy, as his imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence. But surely his whole behaviour to his friend Heartfree is a convincing proof that the true iron or steel greatness of his heart was not debased by any softer metal. Indeed, while greatness consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind—to speak out—while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS. Nor must we omit here, as the finishing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue, the conformity above mentioned of his death to his life; and that Jonathan Wild the Great, after all his mighty exploits, was, what so few GREAT men can accomplish—hanged by the neck till he was dead.

Having thus brought our hero to his conclusion, it may be satisfactory to some readers (for many, I doubt not, carry their concern no farther than his fate) to know what became of Heartfree. We shall acquaint them, therefore, that his sufferings were now at an end; that the good magistrate easily prevailed for his pardon, nor was contented till he had made him all the reparation he could for his troubles, though the share he had in bringing these upon him was not only innocent but from its motive laudable. He procured the restoration of the jewels from the man-of-war at her return to England, and, above all, omitted no labour to restore Heartfree to his reputation, and to persuade his neighbours, acquaintance, and customers, of his innocence. When the commission of bankruptcy was satisfied, Heartfree had a considerable sum remaining; for the diamond presented to his wife was of prodigious value, and infinitely recompensed the loss of those jewels which Miss Straddle had disposed of. He now set up again in his trade: compassion for his unmerited misfortunes brought him many customers among those who had any regard to humanity; and he hath, by industry joined with parsimony, amassed a considerable fortune. His wife and he are now grown old in the purest love and friendship, but never had another child. Friendly married his elder daughter at the age of nineteen, and became his partner in trade. As to the younger, she never would listen to the addresses of any lover, not even of a young nobleman, who offered to take her with two thousand pounds, which her father would have willingly produced, and indeed did his utmost to persuade her to the match; but she refused absolutely, nor would give any other reason, when Heartfree pressed her, than that she had dedicated her days to his service, and was resolved no other duty should interfere with that which she owed the best of fathers, nor prevent her from being the nurse of his old age.

Thus Heartfree, his wife, his two daughters, his son-in-law, and his grandchildren, of which he hath several, live all together in one house; and that, with such amity and affection towards each other, that they are in the neighbourhood called the family of love.

As to all the other persons mentioned in this history in the light of greatness, they had all the fate adapted to it, being every one hanged by the neck, save two, viz., Miss Theodosia Snap, who was transported to America, where she was pretty well married, reformed, and made a good wife; and the count, who recovered of the wound he had received from the hermit and made his escape into France, where he committed a robbery, was taken, and broke on the wheel.

Indeed, whoever considers the common fate of great men must allow they well deserve and hardly earn that applause which is given them by the world; for, when we reflect on the labours and pains, the cares, disquietudes, and dangers which attend their road to greatness, we may say with the divine *that a man may go to heaven with half the pains which it costs him to purchase hell.* To say the truth, the world have this reason at least to honour such characters as that of Wild: that, while it is in the power of every man to be perfectly honest, not one in a thousand is capable of being a complete rogue; and few indeed there are who, if they were inspired with the vanity of imitating our hero, would not after much fruitless pains be obliged to own themselves inferior to MR. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

A JOURNEY FROM THIS WORLD TO THE NEXT.

&c. &c.

INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER the ensuing pages were really the dream or vision of some very pious and holy person; or whether they were really written in the other world, and sent back to this, which is the opinion of many (though I think too much inclining to superstition); or lastly, whether, as infinitely the greatest part imagine, they were really the production of some choice inhabitant of New Bethlehem, is not necessary nor easy to determine. It will be abundantly sufficient if I give the reader an account by what means they came into my possession.

Mr. Robert Powney, stationer, who dwells opposite to Catherine-street in the Strand, a very honest man and of great gravity of countenance; who, among other excellent stationary commodities, is particularly eminent for his pens, which I am abundantly bound to acknowledge, as I owe to their peculiar goodness that my manuscripts have by any means been legible: this gentleman, I say, furnished me some time since with a bundle of those pens, wrapped up with great care and caution, in a very large sheet of paper full of characters, written as it seemed in a very bad hand. Now, I have a surprising curiosity to read everything which is almost illegible; partly perhaps from the sweet remembrance of the dear Scrawls, Skrawls, or Skrales (for the word is variously spelt), which I have in my youth received from that lovely part of the creation for which I have the tenderest regard; and partly from that temper of mind which makes me set an immense value on old manuscripts so effaced, bustoes so maimed, and pictures so black that no one can tell what to make of them. I therefore perused this sheet with wonderful application, and in about a day's time discovered that I could not understand it. I immediately repaired to Mr. Powney, and inquired very eagerly whether he had not more of the same manuscript? He produced about one hundred pages, acquainting me that he had saved no more; but that the book was originally a huge folio, had been left in his garret by a gentleman who lodged there, and who had left him no other satisfaction for nine months' lodging. He proceeded to inform me that the manuscript had been hawked about (as he phrased it) among all the booksellers, who refused to meddle; some alleged that they could not read, others that they could not understand it. Some would have it to be an atheistical book, and some that it was a libel on the government; for one or other of which reasons they all refused to print it. That it had been likewise shown to the R—l Society, but they shook their heads, saying, there was nothing in it wonderful enough for them. That, hearing the gentleman was gone to the West-Indies, and believing it to be good for nothing else, he had used it as waste paper. He said I was welcome to what remained, and he was heartily sorry for what was missing, as I seemed to set some value on it.

I desired him much to name a price: but he would receive no consideration further than the payment of a small bill I owed him, which at that time he said he looked on as so much money given him.

I presently communicated this manuscript to my friend parson Abraham Adams, who, after a long and careful perusal, returned it me with his opinion that there was more in it than at first appeared; that the author seemed not entirely unacquainted with the writings of Plato; but he wished he had quoted him sometimes in his margin, that I might be sure (said he) he had read him in the original: for nothing, continued the parson, is commoner than for men now-a-days to pretend to have read Greek authors, who have met with them only in translations, and cannot conjugate a verb in mi.

To deliver my own sentiments on the occasion, I think the author discovers a philosophical turn of thinking, with some little knowledge of the world, and no very inadequate value of it. There are some indeed who, from the vivacity of their temper and the happiness of their station, are willing to consider its blessings as more substantial, and the whole to be a scene of more consequence than it is here represented: but, without controverting their opinions at present, the number of wise and good men who have thought with our author are sufficient to keep him in countenance: nor can this be attended with any ill inference, since he everywhere teaches this moral: That the greatest and truest happiness which this world affords, is to be found only in the possession of goodness and virtue; a doctrine which, as it is undoubtedly true, so hath it so noble and practical a tendency, that it can never be too often or too strongly inculcated on the minds of men.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

The author dies, meets with Mercury, and is by him conducted to the stage, which sets out for the other world.

ON the first day of December 1741* I departed this life at my lodging in Cheapside. My body had been some time dead before I was at liberty to quit it, lest it should by any accident return to life: this is an injunction imposed on all souls by the eternal law of fate, to prevent the inconveniences which would follow. As soon as the destined period was expired (being no longer than till the body is become perfectly cold and stiff) I began to move; but found myself under a difficulty of making my escape, for the mouth or door was shut, so that it was impossible for me to go out at it; and the windows, vulgarly called the eyes, were so closely pulled down by the fingers of a nurse, that I could by no means open them. At last I perceived a beam of light glimmering at the top of the house (for such I may call the body I had been enclosed in), whither ascending, I gently let myself down through a kind of chimney, and issued out at the nostrils.

No prisoner discharged from a long confinement ever tasted the sweets of liberty with a more exquisite relish than I enjoyed in this delivery from a dungeon wherein I had been detained upwards of forty years, and with much the same kind of regard I cast my eyes* backwards upon it.

My friends and relations had all quitted the room, being all (as I plainly overheard) very loudly quarrelling below stairs about my will; there was only an old woman left above to guard the body, as I apprehend. She was in a fast sleep, occasioned, as from her savour it seemed, by a comfortable dose of gin. I had no pleasure in this company, and, therefore, as the window was wide open, I sallied forth into the open air: but, to my great astonishment, found myself unable to fly, which I had always during my habitation in the body conceived of spirits; however, I came so lightly to the ground that I did not hurt myself; and, though I had not the gift of flying (owing probably to my having neither feathers nor wings), I was capable of hopping such a prodigious way at once, that it served my turn almost as well.

I had not hopped far before I perceived a tall young gentleman in a silk waistcoat, with a wing on his left heel, a garland on his head, and a caduceus in his right hand.† I thought I had seen this person before, but had not time to recollect where when he called out to me and asked me how long I had been departed. I answered I was just come forth. You must not stay here, replied he, unless you had been murdered: in which case, indeed, you might have been suffered to walk some time; but if you died a natural death you must set out for the other world immediately. I desired to know the way. O, cried the gentleman, I will show you to the inn whence the stage proceeds; for I am the porter. Perhaps you never heard of me,—my name is Mercury. Sure, sir, said I, I have seen you at the playhouse. Upon which he smiled, and, without satisfying me as to that point, walked directly forward, bidding me hop after him. I obeyed him, and soon found myself in Warwick-lane; where Mercury, making a full stop, pointed at a particular

* Some doubt whether this should not be rather 1641, which is a date more agreeable to the account given of it in the introduction: but then there are some passages which seem to relate to transactions infinitely later, even within this year or two. To say the truth, there are difficulties attending either conjecture; so the reader may take which he pleases.

* Eyes are not perhaps so properly adapted to a spiritual substance; but we are here, as in many other places, obliged to use corporeal terms to make ourselves the better understood.

† This is the dress in which the god appears to mortals at the theatres. One of the offices attributed to this god by the ancients, was to collect the ghosts as a shepherd doth a flock of sheep, and drive them with his wand into the other world.

house, where he bade me inquire for the stage, and, wishing me a good journey, took his leave, saying he must go seek after other customers.

I arrived just as the coach was setting out, and found I had no occasion for inquiry; for every person seemed to know my business the moment I appeared at the door: the coachman told me his horses were to, but that he had no place left; however, though there were already six, the passengers offered to make room for me. I thanked them, and ascended without much ceremony. We immediately began our journey, being seven in number; for, as the women wore no hoops, three of them were but equal to two men.

Perhaps, reader, thou mayest be pleased with an account of this whole equipage, as peradventure thou wilt not, while alive, see any such. The coach was made by an eminent toyman, who is well known to deal in immaterial substance, that being the matter of which it was compounded. The work was so extremely fine, that it was entirely invisible to the human eye. The horses which drew this extraordinary vehicle were all spiritual, as well as the passengers. They had, indeed, all died in the service of a certain post-master; and as for the coachman, who was a very thin piece of immaterial substance, he had the honour while alive of driving the Great Peter, or Peter the Great, in whose service his soul, as well as body, was almost starved to death.

Such was the vehicle in which I set out, and now, those who are not willing to travel on with me may, if they please, stop here; those who are, must proceed to the subsequent chapters, in which this journey is continued.

CHAPTER II.

In which the author first refutes some idle opinions concerning spirits, and then the passengers relate their several deaths.

It is the common opinion that spirits, like owls, can see in the dark; nay, and can then most easily be perceived by others. For which reason, many persons of good understanding, to prevent being terrified with such objects, usually keep a candle burning by them, that the light may prevent their seeing. Mr. Locke, in direct opposition to this, hath not doubted to assert that you may see a spirit in open daylight full as well as in the darkest night.

It was very dark when we set out from the inn, nor could we see any more than if every soul of us had been alive. We had travelled a good way before any one offered to open his mouth; indeed, most of the company were fast asleep,* but, as I could not close my own eyes, and perceived the spirit who sat opposite to me to be likewise awake, I began to make overtures of conversation, by complaining *how dark it was.* "And extremely cold too," answered my fellow-traveller; "though, I thank God, as I have no body, I feel no inconvenience from it: but you will believe, sir, that this frosty air must seem very sharp to one just issued forth out of an oven; for such was the inflamed habitation I am lately departed from." "How did you come to your end, sir?" said I. "I was murdered, sir," answered the gentleman. "I am surprised then," replied I, "that you did not divert yourself by walking up and down and playing some merry tricks with the murderer." "Oh, sir," returned he, "I had not that privilege, I was lawfully put to death. In short, a physician set me on fire, by giving me medicines to throw out my distemper. I died of a hot regimen, as they call it, in the small-pox."

One of the spirits at that word started up and cried out, "The small-pox! bless me! I hope I am not in company with that distemper, which I have all my life with such caution avoided, and have so happily escaped hitherto!" This fright set all the passengers who were awake into a loud laughter; and the gentleman, recollecting himself, with some confusion, and not without blushing, asked pardon, crying, "I protest I dreamt that I was alive." "Perhaps, sir," said I, "you died of that distemper, which therefore made so strong an impression on you." "No, sir," answered he, "I never had it in my life; but the continual and dreadful apprehension it kept me so long under cannot, I see, be so immediately eradicated. You must know, sir, I avoided coming to London for thirty years together, for fear of the small-pox, till the most urgent business brought me thither about five days ago. I was so dreadfully afraid of this disease that I refused the second night of my arrival to sup with a friend whose wife had recovered of it several months before, and the same evening got a surfeit by eating too many muscles, which brought me into this good company."

"I will lay a wager," cried the spirit who sat next him, "there is not one in the coach able to guess my distemper." I desired the favour of him to acquaint us with it, if it was so uncommon. "Why, sir," said he, "I died of honour."—"Of honour, sir!" repeated I, with some surprise. "Yes, sir," answered the spirit "of honour, for I was killed in a duel."

"For my part," said a fair spirit, "I was inoculated last summer, and had the good fortune to escape with a very few marks in my face. I esteemed myself now perfectly happy, as I imagined I had no restraint to a full enjoyment of the diversions of the town; but within a few days after my coming up I caught cold by overdancing myself at a ball, and last night died of a violent fever."

After a short silence which now ensued, the fair spirit who spoke last, it being now day-light, addressed herself to a female who sat next her, and asked her to what chance they owed the happiness of her company. She answered, she apprehended to a consumption, but the physicians were not agreed concerning her distemper, for she left two of them in a very hot dispute about it when she came out of her body. "And pray, madam," said the same spirit to the sixth passenger, "How came you to leave the other world?" But that female spirit, screwing up her mouth, answered, she wondered at the curiosity of some people; that perhaps persons had already heard some reports of her death, which were far from being true; that, whatever was the occasion of it, she was glad at being delivered from a world in which she had no pleasure, and where there was nothing but nonsense and impertinence; particularly among her own sex, whose loose conduct she had long been entirely ashamed of.

The beauteous spirit, perceiving her question gave offence, pursued it no farther. She had indeed all the sweetness and good-humour which are so extremely amiable (when found) in that sex which tenderness most exquisitely becomes. Her countenance displayed all the cheerfulness, the good-nature, and the modesty, which diffuse such brightness round the beauty of Seraphina,* awing every beholder with respect, and, at the same time, ravishing him with admiration. Had it not been indeed for our con

* Those who have read of the gods sleeping in Homer will not be surprised at this happening to spirits.

* A particular lady of quality is meant here; but every lady of quality, or no quality, are welcome to apply the character to themselves.

versation on the small-pox, I should have imagined we had been honoured with her identical presence. This opinion might have been heightened by the good sense she uttered whenever she spoke, by the delicacy of her sentiments, and the complacence of her behaviour, together with a certain dignity which attended every look, word, and gesture; qualities which could not fail making an impression on a heart* so capable of receiving it as mine, nor was she long in raising in me a very violent degree of seraphic love. I do not intend by this that sort of love which men are very properly said to make to women in the lower world, and which seldom lasts any longer than while it is making. I mean by seraphic love an extreme delicacy and tenderness of friendship, of which my worthy reader, if thou hast no conception, as it is probable thou mayest not, my endeavour to instruct thee would be as fruitless as it would be to explain the most difficult problems of sir Isaac Newton to one ignorant of vulgar arithmetic.

To return therefore to matters comprehensible by all understandings: the discourse now turned on the vanity, folly, and misery of the lower world, from which every passenger in the coach expressed the highest satisfaction in being delivered; though it was very remarkable that, notwithstanding the joy we declared at our death, there was not one of us who did not mention the accident which occasioned it as a thing we would have avoided if we could. Nay, the very grave lady herself, who was the forwardest in testifying her delight, confessed inadvertently that she left a physician by her bedside; and the gentleman who died of huuour very liberally cursed both his folly and his fencing. While we were entertaining ourselves with these matters on a sudden a most offensive smell began to invade our nostrils. This very much resembled the savour which travellers in summer perceive at their approach to that beautiful village of the Hague, arising from those delicious canals which, as they consist of standing water, do at that time emit odours greatly agreeable to a Dutch taste, but not so pleasant to any other. Those perfumes, with the assistance of a fair wind, begin to affect persons of quick olfactory nerves at a league's distance, and increase gradually as you approach. In the same manner did the smell I have just mentioned more and more invade us, till one of the spirits, looking out of the coach-window, declared we were just arrived at a very large city; and indeed he had scarce said so before we found ourselves in the suburbs, and, at the same time, the coachman, being asked by another, informed us that the name of this place was the City of Diseases. The road to it was extremely smooth, and, excepting the above-mentioned savour, delightfully pleasant. The streets of the suburbs were lined with bagnios, taverns, and cooks' shops: in the first we saw several beautiful women, but in tawdry dresses, looking out at the windows; and in the latter were visibly exposed all kinds of the richest dainties; but on our entering the city we found, contrary to all we had seen in the other world, that the suburbs were infinitely pleasanter than the city itself. It was indeed a very dull, dark, and melancholy place. Few people appeared in the streets, and these, for the most part, were old women, and here and there a formal grave gentleman, who seemed to be thinking, with large tie-wigs on, and amber-headed canes in their hands. We were all in hopes that our vehicle would not stop here; but, to our sorrow, the coach soon drove into an inn, and we were obliged to alight.

* We have before made an apology for this language, which we here repeat for the last time; though the heart may, we hope, be metaphorically used here with more propriety than when we apply those passions to the body which belong to the soul.

CHAPTER III.

The adventures we met with in the City of Diseases.

We had not been long arrived in our inn, where it seems we were to spend the remainder of the day, before our host acquainted us that it was customary for all spirits, in their passage through that city, to pay their respects to that lady Disease, to whose assistance they had owed their deliverance from the lower world. We answered we should not fail in any complacence which was usual to others; upon which our host replied he would immediately send porters to conduct us. He had not long quitted the room before we were attended by some of those grave persons whom I have before described in large tie-wigs with amber-headed canes. These gentlemen are the ticket-porters in the city, and their canes are the *insignia*, or tickets, denoting their office. We informed them of the several ladies to whom we were obliged, and were preparing to follow them, when on a sudden they all stared at one another, and left us in a hurry, with a frown on every countenance. We were surprised at this behaviour, and presently summoned the host, who was no sooner acquainted with it than he burst into an hearty laugh, and told us the reason was, because we did not fee the gentlemen the moment they came in, according to the custom of the place. We answered, with some confusion, we had brought nothing with us from the other world, which we had been all our lives informed was not lawful to do. "No, no, master," replied the host; "I am apprised of that, and indeed it was my fault. I should have first sent you to my lord Scrape, * who would have supplied you with what you want." "My lord Scrape supply us!" said I, with astonishment: "sure you must know we cannot give him security; and I am convinced he never lent a shilling without it in his life." "No, sir," answered the host, "and for that reason he is obliged to do it here, where he is sentenced to keep a bank, and to distribute money *gratis* to all passengers. This bank originally consisted of just that sum, which he had miserably hoarded up in the other world, and he is to perceive it decrease visibly one shilling a-day, till it is totally exhausted; after which he is to return to the other world, and to perform the part of a miser for seventy years; then, being purified in the body of a hog, he is to enter the human species again, and take a second trial." "Sir," said I, "you tell me wonders: but if his bank be to decrease only a shilling a day, how can he furnish all passengers?" "The rest," answered the host, "is supplied again; but in a manner which I cannot easily explain to you." "I apprehend," said I, "this distribution of his money is inflicted on him as a punishment; but I do not see how it can answer that end, when he knows it is to be restored to him again. Would it not serve the purpose as well if he parted only with the single shilling, which it seems is all he is really to lose?" "Sir," cries the host, "when you observe the agonies with which he parts with every guinea, you will be of another opinion. No prisoner condemned to death ever begged so heartily for transportation as he, when he received his sentence, did to go to hell, provided he might carry his money with him. But you will know more of these things when you ar-

* That we may mention it once for all, in the panegyrical part of this work some particular person is always meant; but, in the satirical, nobody.

rive at the upper world; and now, if you please, I will attend you to my lord's, who is obliged to supply you with whatever you desire."

We found his lordship sitting at the upper end of a table, on which was an immense sum of money, disposed in several heaps, every one of which would have purchased the honour of some patriots and the chastity of some prudes. The moment he saw us he turned pale, and sighed, as well apprehending our business. Mine host accosted him with a familiar air, which at first surprised me, who so well remembered the respect I had formerly seen paid this lord by men infinitely superior in quality to the person who now saluted him in the following manuer: "Here, you lord, and be dam—d to your little sneaking soul, tell out your money, and supply your betters with what they want. Be quick, sirrah, or I'll fetch the beadle to you. Don't fancy yourself in the lower world again, with your privilege at your a—." He then shook a cane at his lordship, who immediately began to tell out his money, with the same miserable air and face which the miser on our stage wears while he delivers his bank-bills. This affected some of us so much that we had certainly returned with no more than what would have been sufficient to fee the porters, had not our host, perceiving our compassion, begged us not to spare a fellow who, in the midst of immense wealth, had always refused the least contribution to charity. Our hearts were hardened with this reflection, and we all filled our pockets with his money. I remarked a poetical spirit, in particular, who swore he would have a hearty gripe at him: "For," says he, "the rascal not only refused to subscribe to my works, but sent back my letter unanswered, though I am a better gentleman than himself."

We now returned from this miserable object, greatly admiring the propriety as well as justice of his punishment, which consisted, as our host informed us, merely in the delivering forth his money; and, he observed, we could not wonder at the pain this gave him, since it was as reasonable that the bare parting with money should make him miserable as that the hare having money without using it should have made him happy.

Other tiewig-porters (for those we had summoned before refused to visit us again) now attended us; and we having feed them the instant they entered the room, according to the instructions of our host, they bowed and smiled, and offered to introduce us to whatever disease we pleased.

We set out several ways, as we were all to pay our respects to different ladies. I directed my porter to show me to the Fever on the Spirits, being the disease which had delivered me from the flesh. My guide and I traversed many streets, and knocked at several doors, but to no purpose. At one, we were told, lived the Consumption; at another, the Maladie Alamode, a French lady; at the third, the Dropsy; at the fourth, the Rheumatism; at the fifth, Intemperance; at the sixth, Misfortune. I was tired, and had exhausted my patience, and almost my purse; for I gave my porter a new fee at every blunder he made: when my guide, with a solemn countenance, told me he could do no more; and marched off without any farther ceremony.

He was no sooner gone than I met another gentleman with a ticket, *i. e.*, an amber-headed cane in his hand. I first feed him, and then acquainted him with the name of the disease. He cast himself for two or three minutes into a thoughtful posture, then pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket, on which he writ something in one of the oriental languages, I believe, for I could not read a syllable: he bade me carry it to such a particular shop, and, telling me it would do my business, he took his leave.

Secure, as I now thought myself, of my direction, I went to the shop, which very much resembled an apothecary's. The person who officiated, having read the paper, took down about twenty different jars, and, pouring something out of every one of them, made a mixture, which he delivered to me in a bottle, having first tied a paper round the neck of it, on which were written three or four words, the last containing eleven syllables. I mentioned the name of the disease I wanted to find out, but received no other answer than that he had done as he was ordered, and the drugs were excellent.

I began now to be enraged, and, quitting the shop with some anger in my countenance, I intended to find out my inn, but, meeting in the way a porter whose countenance had in it something more pleasing than ordinary, I resolved to try once more, and clapped a fee into his hand. As soon as I mentioned the disease to him he laughed heartily, and told me I had been imposed on, for in reality no such disease was to be found in that city. He then inquired into the particulars of my case, and was no sooner acquainted with them than he informed me that the Maladie Alamode was the lady to whom I was obliged. I thanked him, and immediately went to pay my respects to her.

The house, or rather palace, of this lady was one of the most beautiful and magnificent in the city. The avenue to it was planted with sycamore-trees, with beds of flowers on each side; it was extremely pleasant but short. I was conducted through a magnificent hall, adorned with several statues and busts, most of them maimed, whence I concluded them all to be true antiques; but was informed they were the figures of several modern heroes, who had died martyrs to her ladyship's cause. I next mounted through a large painted staircase, where several persons were depictured in caricatura; and, upon inquiry, was told they were the portraits of those who had distinguished themselves against the lady in the lower world. I suppose I should have known the faces of many physicians and surgeons, had they not been so violently distorted by the painter. Indeed, he had exerted so much malice in his work, that I believe he had himself received some particular favours from the lady of this mansion: it is difficult to conceive a group of stranger figures. I then entered a long room, hung round with the pictures of women of such exact shapes and features that I should have thought myself in a gallery of beauties, had not a certain sallow paleness in their complexions given me a more distasteful idea. Through this I proceeded to a second apartment, adorned, if I may so call it, with the figures of old ladies. Upon my seeming to admire at this furniture, the servant told me with a smile that these had been very good friends of this lady, and had done her eminent service in the lower world. I immediately recollected the faces of one or two of my acquaintance, who had formerly kept bagnios; but was very much surprised to see the resemblance of a lady of great distinction in such company. The servant, upon my mentioning this, made no other answer than that his lady had pictures of all degrees.

I was now introduced into the presence of the lady herself. She was a thin, or rather meagre, person, very wan in the countenance, had no nose, and many pimples in her face. She offered to rise at my entrance, but could not stand. After many compliments, much congratulation on her side, and the most fervent expressions of gratitude on mine, she asked me many questions concerning the situa-

tion of her affairs in the lower world; most of which I answered to her entire satisfaction. At last, with a kind of forced smile, she said, "I suppose the pill and drop go on swimmingly?" I told her they were reported to have done great cures. She replied she could apprehend no danger from any person who was not of regular practice; "for, however simple mankind are," said she, "or however afraid they are of death, they prefer dying in a regular manner to being cured by a nostrum." She then expressed great pleasure at the account I gave her of the beau monde. She said she had herself removed the hundreds of Drury to the hundreds of Charing-cross, and was very much delighted to find they had spread into St. James's; that she imputed this chiefly to several of her dear and worthy friends, who had lately published their excellent works, endeavouring to extirpate all notions of religion and virtue; and particularly to the deserving author of the Bachelor's Estimate; "to whom," said she, "if I had not reason to think he was a surgeon, and had therefore written from mercenary views, I could never sufficiently own my obligations." She spoke likewise greatly in approbation of the method, so generally used by parents, of marrying children very young, and without the least affection between the parties; and concluded by saying that, if these fashions continued to spread, she doubted not but she should shortly be the only disease who would ever receive a visit from any person of considerable rank.

While we were discoursing her three daughters entered the room. They were all called by hard names; the eldest was named Lepra, the second Chæras, and the third Scorbutia.* They were all genteel, but ugly. I could not help observing the little respect they paid their parent, which the old lady remarking in my countenance, as soon as they quitted the room, which soon happened, acquainted me with her unhappiness in her offspring, every one of which had the confidence to deny themselves to be her children, though she said she had been a very indulgent mother and had plentifully provided for them all. As family complaints generally as much tire the hearer as they relieve him who makes them, when I found her launching farther into this subject I resolved to put an end to my visit, and, taking my leave with many thanks for the favour she had done me, I returned to the inn, where I found my fellow-travellers just mounting into their vehicle. I shook hands with my host and accompanied them into the coach, which immediately after proceeded on its journey.

CHAPTER IV.

Discourses on the road, and a description of the palace of Death.

We were all silent for some minutes, till, being well shaken into our several seats, I opened my mouth first, and related what had happened to me after our separation in the city we had just left. The rest of the company, except the grave female spirit whom our reader may remember to have refused giving an account of the distemper which occasioned her dissolution, did the same. It might be tedious to relate these at large; we shall therefore only mention a very remarkable inveteracy which the Surfeit declared to all the other diseases, especially to the Fever, who, she said, by the roguery of the porters, received acknowledgments from numberless passengers which were due to herself. "Indeed," says she, "those cane-headed fellows" (for so she called them, alluding, I suppose, to their ticket) "are constantly making such mistakes; there is no gratitude in those fellows; for I am sure they have greater obligations to me than to any other disease, except the Vapours." These relations were no sooner over than one of the company informed us we were approaching to the most noble building he had ever beheld, and which we learned from our coachman was the palace of Death. Its outside, indeed, appeared extremely magnificent. Its structure was of the Gothic order; vast beyond imagination, the whole pile consisting of black marble. Rows of immense yews form an amphitheatre round it of such height and thickness that no ray of the sun ever perforates this grove, where black eternal darkness would reign was it not excluded by innumerable lamps which are placed in pyramids round the grove; so that the distant reflection they cast on the palace, which is plentifully gilt with gold on the outside, is inconceivably solemn. To this I may add the hollow murmur of winds constantly heard from the grove, and the very remote sound of roaring waters. Indeed, every circumstance seems to conspire to fill the mind with horror and consternation as we approach to this palace, which we had scarce time to admire before our vehicle stopped at the gate, and we were desired to alight in order to pay our respects to his most mortal majesty (this being the title which it seems he assumes). The outward court was full of soldiers, and, indeed, the whole very much resembled the state of an earthly monarch, only more magnificent. We passed through several courts into a vast hall, which led to a spacious staircase, at the bottom of which stood two pages, with very grave countenances, whom I recollected afterwards to have formerly been very eminent undertakers, and were in reality the only dismal faces I saw here; for this palace, so awful and tremendous without, is all gay and sprightly within; so that we soon lost all those dismal and gloomy ideas we had contracted in approaching it. Indeed, the still silence maintained among the guards and attendants resembled rather the stately pomp of eastern courts; but there was on every face such symptoms of content and happiness that diffused an air of cheerfulness all round. We ascended the staircase and passed through many noble apartments whose walls were adorned with various battle-pieces in tapestry, and which we spent some time in observing. These brought to my mind those beautiful ones I had in my lifetime seen at Blenheim, nor could I prevent my curiosity from inquiring where the duke of Marlborough's victories were placed (for I think they were almost the only battles of any eminence I had read of which I did not meet with); when the skeleton of a beef-eater, shaking his head, told me a certain gentleman, one Lewis XIV. who had great interest with his most mortal majesty, had prevented any such from being hung up there. "Besides," says he, "his majesty hath no great respect for that duke, for he never sent him a subject he could keep from him, nor did he ever get a single subject by his means but he lost 1000 others for him." We found the presence-chamber at our entrance very full, and a buz ran through it, as in all assemblies, before the principal figure enters; for his majesty was not yet come out. At the bottom of the room were two persons in close conference, one with a square black cap on his head, and the other with a robe embroidered with flames of fire. These, I was informed, were a judge long since dead, and an inquisitor-general I overheard them disputing with great eagerness whether the one had hanged or the other burnt the most. While I was listening to this dispute, which

* These ladies, I believe, by their names, presided over the *leprosy, king's-evil*, and *scurvy*.

seemed to be in no likelihood of a speedy decision, the emperor entered the room and placed himself between two figures, one of which was remarkable for the roughness, and the other for the beauty of his appearance. These were, it seems, Charles XII. of Sweden and Alexander of Macedon. I was at too great a distance to hear any of the conversation, so could only satisfy my curiosity by contemplating the several personages present, of whose names I informed myself by a page, who looked as pale and meagre as any court-page in the other world, but was somewhat more modest. He showed me here two or three Turkish emperors, to whom his most mortal majesty seemed to express much civility. Here were likewise several of the Roman emperors, among whom none seemed so much caressed as Caligula, on account, as the page told me, of his pious wish that he could send all the Romans hither at one blow. The reader may be perhaps surprised that I saw no physicians here; as indeed I was myself, till informed that they were all departed to the city of Diseases, where they were busy in an experiment to purge away the immortality of the soul.

It would be tedious to recollect the many individuals I saw here, but I cannot omit a fat figure, well dressed in the French fashion, who was received with extraordinary complacence by the emperor, and whom I imagined to be Lewis XIV. himself; but the page acquainted me he was a celebrated French cook.

We were at length introduced to the royal presence, and had the honour to kiss hands. His majesty asked us a few questions, not very material to relate, and soon after retired.

When we returned into the yard we found our caravan ready to set out, at which we all declared ourselves well pleased; for we were sufficiently tired with the formality of a court, notwithstanding its outward splendour and magnificence.

CHAPTER V.

The travellers proceed on their journey, and meet several spirits who are coming into the flesh.

We now came to the banks of the great river Cocytus, where we quitted our vehicle, and passed the water in a boat, after which we were obliged to travel on foot the rest of our journey; and now we met, for the first time, several passengers travelling to the world we had left, who informed us they were souls going into the flesh.

The two first we met were walking arm-in-arm, in very close and friendly conference; they informed us that one of them was intended for a duke, and the other for a hackney-coachman. As we had not yet arrived at the place where we were to deposit our passions, we were all surprised at the familiarity which subsisted between persons of such different degrees; nor could the grave lady help expressing her astonishment at it. The future coachman then replied, with a laugh, that they had exchanged lots; for that the duke had with his dukedom drawn a shrew for a wife, and the coachman only a single state.

As we proceeded on our journey we met a solemn spirit walking alone with great gravity in his countenance: our curiosity invited us, notwithstanding his reserve, to ask what lot he had drawn. He answered, with a smile, he was to have the reputation of a wise man with 100,000*l.* in his pocket, and that he was practising the solemnity which he was to act in the other world.

A little farther we met a company of very merry spirits, whom we imagined by their mirth to have drawn some mighty lot, but, on inquiry, they informed us they were to be beggars.

The farther we advanced, the greater numbers we met; and now we discovered two large roads leading different ways, and of very different appearance; the one all craggy with rocks, full as it seemed of boggy grounds, and everywhere beset with briars, so that it was impossible to pass through it without the utmost danger and difficulty; the other, the most delightful imaginable, leading through the most verdant meadows, painted and perfumed with all kinds of beautiful flowers; in short, the most wanton imagination could imagine nothing more lovely. Notwithstanding which, we were surprised to see great numbers crowding into the former, and only one or two solitary spirits choosing the latter. On inquiry, we were acquainted that the bad road was the way to greatness, and the other to goodness. When we expressed our surprise at the preference given to the former we were acquainted that it was chosen for the sake of the music of drums and trumpets, and the perpetual acclamations of the mob, with which those who travelled this way were constantly saluted. We were told likewise that there were several noble palaces to be seen, and lodged in, on this road, by those who had passed through the difficulties of it (which indeed many were not able to surmount), and great quantities of all sorts of treasure to be found in it; whereas the other had little inviting more than the beauty of the way, scarce a handsome building, save one greatly resembling a certain house by the Bath, to be seen during that whole journey; and, lastly, that it was thought very scandalous and mean-spirited to travel through this, and as highly honourable and noble to pass by the other.

We now heard a violent noise, when, casting our eyes forwards, we perceived a vast number of spirits advancing in pursuit of one whom they mocked and insulted with all kinds of scorn. I cannot give my reader a more adequate idea of this scene than by comparing it to an English mob conducting a pickpocket to the water; or by supposing that an incensed audience at a playhouse had unhappily possessed themselves of the miserable damned poet. Some laughed, some hissed, some squalled, some groaned, some bawled, some spit at him, some threw dirt at him. It was impossible not to ask who or what the wretched spirit was whom they treated in this barbarous manner; when, to our great surprise, we were informed that it was a king: we were likewise told that this manner of behaviour was usual among the spirits to those who drew the lots of emperors, kings, and other great men, not from envy or anger, but mere derision and contempt of earthly grandeur; that nothing was more common than for those who had drawn these great prizes (as to us they seemed) to exchange them with tailors and cobblers; and that Alexander the Great and Diogenes had formerly done so; he that was afterwards Diogenes having originally fallen on the lot of Alexander.

And now, on a sudden, the mockery ceased, and the king-spirit, having obtained a hearing, began to speak as follows; for we were now near enough to hear him distinctly:—

"Gentlemen,—I am justly surprised at your treating me in this manner, since whatever lot I have drawn, I did not choose: if, therefore, it be worthy of derision, you should compassionate me, for it might have fallen to any of your shares. I know in how low a light the station to which fate hath assigned

me is considered here, and that, when ambition doth not snpport it, it becomes generally so intolerahle, that there is scarce any other condition for which it is not gladly exchanged: for what portion, in the world to which we are going, is so miserable as that of care? Should I therefore consider myself as become by this lot essentially your superior, and of a higher order of being than the rest of my fellow-creatures; should I foolishly imagine myself without wisdom superior to the wise, without knowiedge to the learned, without courage to the brave, and without goodness and virtue to the good and virtuous; surely so preposterous, so absurd a pride, would justly render me the object of ridicnle. But far be it from me to entertain it. And yet, gentlemen, I prize the lot I bave drawn, nor would I exchange it with any of yours, seeing it is in my eye so mnch greater than the rest. Ambition, which I own myself possessed of, teaches me this; ambition, which makes me covet praise, assures me that I shall enjoy a much larger portion of it than can fall within your power either to deserve or obtain. I am then superior to you all, when I am able to do mure good, and when I execute that power. What the father is to the son, the guardian to the orphan, or tbe patron to his client, that am I to you. Yon are my children, to whom I will be a father, a guardian, and a patron. Not one evening in my long reign (for so it is to be) will I repose myself to rest without the glorious, the heart-warming consideration, that thousands that night owe their sweetest rest to me. What a delicious fortune is it to him whose strongest appetite is doing good to have every day the opportunity and the power of satisfying it! If such a man hath ambition, how happy is it for him to be seated so on high, that every act blazes abroad, and attracts to him praises tainted with neither sarcasm nor adulation, but such as the nicest and most delicate mind may relish! Thus, therefore, while you derive your good from me, I am your superior. If to my strict distribution of justice you owe the safety of your property from domestic enemies; if by my vigilance and valour you are protected from foreign foes; if by my encouragement of genuine industry, every science, every art which can embellish or sweeten life, is produced and flourishes among you; will any of you be so insensible or ungrateful as to deny praise and respect to him by whose care and conduct you enjoy these blessings? I wonder not at the censure which so frequently falls on those in my station; but I wonder that those in my station so frequently deserve it. What strange perverseness of nature! What wanton delight in mischief must taint his composition, who prefers dangers, difficulty, and disgrace, by doing evil, to safety, ease, and honour, by doing good! who refuses happiness in the other world, and heaven in this, for misery there and hell here! But, be assured, my intentions are different. I shall always endeavonr the ease, the happiness, and the glory of my people, being confident that, by so doing, I take the most certain method of procuring them all to myself."—He then struck directly into the road of goodness, and received such a shout of applause as I never remamber to have heard equalled.

He was gone a little way when a spirit limped after him, swearing he would fetch him back. This spirit, I was presently informed, was one who had drawn the lot of his prime minister.

CHAPTER VI.

An account of the wheel of fortune, with a method of preparing a spirit for this world.

We now proceeded on our journey, without staying to see whether he fulfilled his word or no; and without encountering anything worth mentioning, came to the place where the spirits on their passage to the other world were obliged to decide by lot the station in which every one was to act there. Here was a monstrous wheel, infinitely larger than those in which I had formerly seen lottery-tickets deposited. This was called the Wheel of Fortune. The goddess herself was present. She was one of the most deformed females I ever beheld; nor could I help observing the frowns she expressed when any beautiful spirit of her own sex passed by her, nor the affability which smiled in her countenance on the approach of any handsome male spirits. Hence I accounted for the truth of an observation I had often made on earth, that nothing is more fortunate than handsome men, nor more unfortunate than handsome women. The reader may be perhaps pleased with an account of the whole method of equipping a spirit for his entrance into the flesh.

First, then, he receives from a very sage person, whose look much resembled that of an apothecary, (his warehouse likewise bearing an affinity to an apothecary's shop,) a small phial inscribed, The Pathetic Potion, to be taken just before you are born. This portion is a mixture of all the passions, but in no exact proportion, so that sometimes one predominates, and sometimes another; nay, often, in the hurry of making up, one particular ingredient is, as we were informed, left out. The spirit receiveth at the same time another medicine called the Nousphoric Decoction, of which he is to drink *ad libitum*. This decoction is an extract from the faculties of the mind, sometimes extremely strong and spirituous, and sometimes altogether as weak; for very little care is taken in the preparation. This decoction is so extremely bitter and unpleasant, that, notwithstanding its wholesomeness, several spirits will not be persuaded to swallow a drop of it, but throw it away, or give it to any other who will receive it; by which means some who were not disgusted by the nauseousness drank double and treble portions. I observed a beautiful young female, who, tasting it immediately from curiosity, screwed up her face and cast it from her with great disdain, whence advancing presently to the wheel, she drew a coronet, which she clapped up so eagerly that I could not distinguish the degree; and indeed I observed several of the same sex, after a very small sip, throw the bottles away.

As soon as the spirit is dismissed by the operator, or apothecary, he is at liberty to approach the wheel, where he hath a right to extract a single lot: but those whom Fortune favours she permits sometimes secretly to draw three or four. I observed a comical kind of figure who drew forth a handful, which, when he opened, were a bishop, a general, a privy-counsellor, a player, and a poet-laureate, and, returning the three first, he walked off, smiling, with the two last.

Every single lot contained two more articles, which were generally disposed so as to render the lots as equal as possible to each other; on one was written, *earl, riches, health, disquietude;* on another, *cobbler, sickness, good-humour;* on a third, *poet, contempt, self-satisfaction;* on a fourth, *general, honour, discontent;* on a fifth, *cottage, happy love;* on a sixth, *coach and six, impotent jealous husband;* on a seventh, *prime minister, disgrace;* on an eighth, *patriot, glory;* on a ninth, *philosopher, poverty, ease;* on a tenth, *merchant, riches, care.* And indeed the whole seemed to contain such a mixture of good and evil, that it would have puzzled me which to choose. I must not omit here that in every lot was directed

whether the drawer should marry or remain in celibacy, the married lots being all marked with a large pair of horns.

We were obliged, before we quitted this place, to take each of us an emetic from the apothecary, which immediately purged us of all our earthly passions, and presently the cloud forsook our eyes, as it doth those of Æneas in Virgil, when removed by Venus; and we discerned things in a much clearer light than before. We began to compassionate those spirits who were making their entry into the flesh, whom we had till then secretly envied, and to long eagerly for those delightful plains which now opened themselves to our eyes, and to which we now hastened with the utmost eagerness. On our way we met with several spirits with very dejected countenances; but our expedition would not suffer us to ask any questions.

At length we arrived at the gate of Elysium. Here was a prodigious crowd of spirits waiting for admittance, some of whom were admitted, and some were rejected; for all were strictly examined by the porter, whom I soon discovered to be the celebrated judge Minos.

CHAPTER VII.

The proceedings of judge Minos at the gate of Elysium.

I now got near enough to the gate to hear the several claims of those who endeavoured to pass. The first, among other pretensions, set forth that he had been very liberal to an hospital; but Minos answered, "Ostentation," and repulsed him. The second exhibited that he had constantly frequented his church, been a rigid observer of fast-days: he likewise represented the great animosity he had shown to vice in others, which never escaped his severest censure; and as to his own behaviour, he had never been once guilty of whoring, drinking, gluttony, or any other excess. He said he had disinherited his son for getting a bastard. "Have you so?" said Minos; "then pray return into the other world and beget another; for such an unnatural rascal shall never pass this gate." A dozen others, who had advanced with very confident countenances, seeing him rejected, turned about of their own accord, declaring, if he could not pass, they had no expectation, and accordingly they followed him back to earth; which was the fate of all who were repulsed, they being obliged to take a farther purification, unless those who were guilty of some very heinous crimes, who were hustled in at a little back gate, whence they tumbled immediately into the bottomless pit.

The next spirit that came up declared he had done neither good nor evil in the world; for that since his arrival at man's estate he had spent his whole time in search of curiosities; and particularly in the study of butterflies, of which he had collected an immense number. Minos made him no answer, but with great scorn pushed him back.

There now advanced a very beautiful spirit indeed. She began to ogle Minos the moment she saw him. She said she hoped there was some merit in refusing a great number of lovers, and dying a maid, though she had had the choice of a hundred. Minos told her she had not refused enow yet, and turned her back.

She was succeeded by a spirit who told the judge he believed his works would speak for him. "What works?" answered Minos. "My dramatic works," replied the other, "which have done so much good in recommending virtue and punishing vice." "Very well," said the judge; "if you please to stand by, the first person who passes the gate by your means shall carry you in with him; but, if you will take my advice, I think, for expedition sake, you had better return, and live another life upon earth. The bard grumbled at this, and replied that, besides his poetical works, he had done some other good things: for that he had once lent the whole profits of a benefit-night to a friend, and by that means had saved him and his family from destruction. Upon this the gate flew open, and Minos desired him to walk in, telling him, if he had mentioned this at first, he might have spared the remembrance of his plays. The poet answered, he believed, if Minos had read his works, he would set a higher value on them. He was then beginning to repeat, but Minos pushed him forward, and, turning his back to him, applied himself to the next passenger, a very genteel spirit, who made a very low bow to Minos, and then threw himself into an erect attitude, and imitated the motion of taking snuff with his right hand. Minos asked him what he had to say for himself. He answered, he would dance a minuet with any spirit in Elysium: that he could likewise perform all his other exercises very well, and hoped he had in his life deserved the character of a perfect fine gentleman. Minos replied it would be great pity to rob the world of so fine a gentleman, and therefore desired him to take the other trip. The beau bowed, thanked the judge, and said he desired no better. Several spirits expressed much astonishment at this his satisfaction; but we were afterwards informed he had not taken the emetic above mentioned.

A miserable old spirit now crawled forwards, whose face I thought I had formerly seen near Westminster Abbey. He entertained Minos with a long harangue of what he had done when in the HOUSE; and then proceeded to inform him how much he was worth, without attempting to produce a single instance of any one good action. Minos stopped the career of his discourse, and acquainted him he must take a trip back again. "What to S—— house?" said the spirit in an ecstasy; but the judge, without making him any answer, turned to another, who, with a very solemn air and great dignity, acquainted him he was a duke. "To the right-about, Mr. duke," cried Minos, "you are infinitely too great a man for Elysium;" and then, giving him a kick on the b—ch, he addressed himself to a spirit who, with fear and trembling, begged he might not go to the bottomless pit: he said he hoped Minos would consider that, though he had gone astray, he had suffered for it—that it was necessity which drove him to the robbery of eighteenpence, which he had committed, and for which he was hanged—that he had done some good actions in his life—that he had supported an aged parent with his labour—that he had been a very tender husband and a kind father—and that he had ruined himself by being bail for his friend. At which words the gate opened, and Minos bid him enter, giving him a slap on the back as he passed by him.

A great number of spirits now came forwards, who all declared they had the same claim, and that the captain should speak for them. He acquainted the judge that they had all been slain in the service of their country. Minos was going to admit them, but had the curiosity to ask who had been the invader, in order, as he said, to prepare the back gate for him. The captain answered they had been the invaders themselves—that they had entered the enemy's country, and burnt and plundered several cities. "And for what reason?" said Minos. "By the command of him who paid us," said the captain; "that is the reason of a soldier. We are to execute what

ever we are commanded, or we should be a disgrace to the army, and very little deserve our pay." "You are brave fellows indeed," said Minos; "but he pleased to face about, and obey my command for once, in returning back to the other world: for what should such fellows as you do where there are no cities to be burnt, nor people to be destroyed? But let me advise you to have a stricter regard to truth for the future, and not call the depopulating other countries the service of your own." The captain answered, in a rage, "D—n me! do you give me the lie?" and was going to take Minos by the nose, had not his guards prevented him, and immediately turned him and all his followers back the same road they came.

Four spirits informed the judge that they had been starved to death through poverty—being the father, mother, and two children; that they had been honest and as industrious as possible, till sickness had prevented the man from labour. "All that is very true," cried a grave spirit who stood by. "I know the fact; for these poor people were under my cure." "You was, I suppose, the parson of the parish," cries Minos; "I hope you had a good living, sir." "That was but a small one," replied the spirit; "but I had another a little better."—"Very well," said Minos; "let the poor people pass." At which the parson was stepping forwards with a stately gait before them; but Minos caught hold of him and pulled him back, saying, "Not so fast, doctor—you must take one step more into the other world first; for no man enters that gate without charity."

A very stately figure now presented himself, and, informing Minos he was a patriot, began a very florid harangue on public virtue and the liberties of his country. Upon which Minos showed him the utmost respect, and ordered the gate to be opened. The patriot was not contented with this applause; he said he had behaved as well in place as he had done in the opposition; and that, though he was now obliged to embrace the court measures, yet he had behaved very honestly to his friends, and brought as many in as was possible. "Hold a moment," says Minos: "on second consideration, Mr. Patriot, I think a man of your great virtue and abilities will be so much missed by your country, that, if I might advise you, you should take a journey back again. I am sure you will not decline it; for I am certain you will, with great readiness, sacrifice your own happiness to the public good." The patriot smiled, and told Minos he believed he was in jest; and was offering to enter the gate, but the judge laid fast hold of him and insisted on his return, which the patriot still declining, he at last ordered his guards to seize him and conduct him back.

A spirit now advanced, and the gate was immediately thrown open to him before he had spoken a word. I heard some whisper, "That is our last lord mayor."

It now came to our company's turn. The fair spirit which I mentioned with so much applause in the beginning of my journey passed through very easily; but the grave lady was rejected on her first appearance, Minos declaring there was not a single prude in Elysium.

The judge then addressed himself to me, who little expected to pass this fiery trial. I confessed I had indulged myself very freely with wine and women in my youth, but had never done an injury to any man living, nor avoided an opportunity of doing good; that I pretended to very little virtue more than general philanthropy and private friendship. I was proceeding, when Minos bid me enter the gate, and not indulge myself with trumpeting forth my virtues. I accordingly passed forward with my lovely companion, and, embracing her with vast eagerness, but spiritual innocence, she returned my embrace in the same manner, and we both congratulated ourselves on our arrival in this happy region, whose beauty no painting of the imagination can describe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The adventures which the author met on his first entrance into Elysium.

We pursued our way through a delicious grove of orange-trees, where I saw infinite numbers of spirits, every one of whom I knew, and was known by them (for spirits here know one another by intuition). I presently met a little daughter whom I had lost several years before. Good gods! what words can describe the raptures, the melting passionate tenderness, with which we kissed each other, continuing in our embrace, with the most ecstatic joy, a space which, if time had been measured here as on earth, could not be less than half a year.

The first spirit with whom I entered into discourse was the famous Leonidas of Sparta. I acquainted him with the honours which had been done him by a celebrated poet of our nation; to which he answered he was very much obliged to him.

We were presently afterwards entertained with the most delicious voice I had ever heard, accompanied by a violin, equal to Signior Piantinida. I presently discovered the musician and songster to be Orpheus and Sappho.

Old Homer was present at this concert (if I may so call it), and madam Dacier sat in his lap. He asked much after Mr. Pope, and said he was very desirous of seeing him; for that he had read his Iliad in his translation with almost as much delight as he believed he had given others in the original. I had the curiosity to inquire whether he had really writ that poem in detached pieces, and sung it about as ballads all over Greece, according to the report which went of him. He smiled at my question, and asked me whether there appeared any connexion in the poem; for if there did he thought I might answer myself. I then importuned him to acquaint me in which of the cities which contended for the honour of his birth he was really born? To which he answered, "Upon my soul I can't tell."

Virgil then came up to me, with Mr. Addison under his arm. "Well, sir," said he, "how many translations have these few last years produced of my Æneid?" I told him I believed several, but I could not possibly remember; for that I had never read any but Dr. Trapp's. "Ay," said he, "that is a curious piece indeed!" I then acquainted him with the discovery made by Mr. Warburton of the Elusinian mysteries couched in his sixth book. "What mysteries?" said Mr. Addison. "The Elusinian," answered Virgil, "which I have disclosed in my sixth book." "How!" replied Addison. "You never mentioned a word of any such mysteries to me in all our acquaintance." "I thought it was unnecessary," cried the other, "to a man of your infinite learning: besides, you always told me you perfectly understood my meaning." Upon this I thought the critic looked a little out of countenance, and turned aside to a very merry spirit, one Dick Steele, who embraced him, and told him he had been the greatest man upon earth; that he readily resigned up all the merit of his own works to him. Upon which Addison gave him a gracious smile, and, clapping him on the back with much solemnity, cried out, "Well said, Dick!"

I then observed Shakspeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors concerning the placing

an accent in one of his lines: this was disputed on both sides with a warmth which surprised me in Elysium, till I discovered by intuition that every soul retained its principal characteristic, being, indeed, its very essence. The line was that celebrated one in Othello—

Put out the light, and then put out the light.

according to Betterton. Mr. Booth contended to have it thus:

Put out the light, and then put out THE *light.*

I could not help offering my conjecture on this occasion, and suggested it might perhaps be—

Put out the light, and then put out THY *light.*

Another hinted a reading very sophisticated in my opinion—

Put out the light, and then put out THEE, *light,*

making light to be the vocative case. Another would have altered the last word, and read—

Put out thy light, and then put out thy sight.

But Betterton said, if the text was to be disturbed, he saw no reason why a word might not be changed as well as a letter, and, instead of "put out thy light," you may read "put out thy eyes." At last it was agreed on all sides to refer the matter to the decision of Shakspeare himself, who delivered his sentiments as follows: "Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning. This I know, could I have dreamt so much nonsense would have been talked and writ about it, I would have blotted it out of my works; for I am sure, if any of these be my meaning, it doth me very little honour."

He was then interrogated concerning some other ambiguous passages in his works; but he declined any satisfactory answer; saying, if Mr. Theobald had not writ about it sufficiently, there were three or four more new editions of his plays coming out, which he hoped would satisfy every one: concluding, "I marvel nothing so much as that men will gird themselves at discovering obscure beauties in an author. Certes the greatest and most pregnant beauties are ever the plainest and most evidently striking; and when two meanings of a passage can in the least balance our judgments which to prefer, I hold it matter of unquestionable certainty that neither of them is worth a farthing."

From his works our conversation turned on his monument; upon which, Shakspeare, shaking his sides, and addressing himself to Milton, cried out, "On my word, brother Milton, they have brought a noble set of poets together; they would have been hanged erst have convened such a company at their tables when alive." "True, brother," answered Milton, "unless we had been as incapable of eating then as we are now."

CHAPTER IX.

More adventures in Elysium.

A CROWD of spirits now joined us, whom I soon perceived to be the heroes, who here frequently pay their respects to the several bards the recorders of their actions. I now saw Achilles and Ulysses addressing themselves to Homer, and Æneas and Julius Cæsar to Virgil: Adam went up to Milton, upon which I whispered Mr. Dryden that I thought the devil should have paid his compliments there, according to his opinion. Dryden only answered, "I believe the devil was in me when I said so." Several applied themselves to Shakspeare, amongst whom Henry V. made a very distinguishing appearance. While my eyes were fixed on that monarch a very small spirit came up to me, shook me heartily by the hand, and told me his name was THOMAS THUMB. I expressed great satisfaction in seeing him, nor could I help speaking my resentment against the historian, who had done such injustice to the statue of this great little man, which he represented to be no bigger than a span, whereas I plainly perceived at first sight he was full a foot and a half (and the 37th part of an inch more, as he himself informed me), being indeed little shorter than some considerable beaux of the present age.

I asked this little hero concerning the truth of those stories related of him, viz. of the pudding, and the cow's belly. As to the former, he said it was a ridiculous legend, worthy to be laughed at; but as to the latter, he could not help owning there was some truth in it: nor had he any reason to be ashamed of it, as he was swallowed by surprise; adding, with great fierceness, that if he had had any weapon in his hand the cow should have as soon swallowed the devil.

He spoke the last word with so much fury, and seemed so confounded, that, perceiving the effect it had on him, I immediately waved the story, and, passing to other matters, we had much conversation touching giants. He said, so far from killing any, he had never seen one alive; that he believed those actions were by mistake recorded of him, instead of Jack the giant-killer, whom he knew very well, and who had, be fancied, extirpated the race. I assured him to the contrary, and told him I had myself seen a huge tame giant, who very complacently stayed in London a whole winter, at the special request of several gentlemen and ladies; though the affairs of his family called him home to Sweden.

I now beheld a stern-looking spirit leaning on the shoulder of another spirit, and presently discerned the former to be Oliver Cromwell, and the latter Charles Martel. I own I was a little surprised at seeing Cromwell here, for I had been taught by my grandmother that he was carried away by the devil himself in a tempest; but be assured me, on his honour, there was not the least truth in that story. However, he confessed he had narrowly escaped the bottomless pit; and, if the former part of his conduct had not been more to his honour than the latter, he had been certainly soused into it. He was, nevertheless, sent back to the upper world with this lot:—*Army, cavalier, distress.*

He was born, for the second time, the day of Charles II.'s restoration, into a family which had lost a very considerable fortune in the service of that prince and his father, for which they received the reward very often conferred by princes on real merit, viz.—000. At 16 his father bought a small commission for him in the army, in which he served without any promotion all the reigns of Charles II. and of his brother. At the Revolution he quitted his regiment, and followed the fortunes of his former master, and was in his service dangerously wounded at the famous battle of the Boyne, where he fought in the capacity of a private soldier. He recovered of this wound, and retired after the unfortunate king to Paris, where he was reduced to support a wife and seven children (for his lot had horns in it) by cleaning shoes and snuffing candles at the opera. In which situation, after he had spent a few miserable years, he died half-starved and broken-hearted. He then revisited Minos, who, compassionating his sufferings by means of that family, to whom he had been in his former capacity so bitter an enemy, suffered him to enter here.

My curiosity would not refrain asking him one question, *i. e.* whether in reality he had any desire to obtain the crown? He smiled, and said, "No more than an ecclesiastic hath to the mitre, when he cries *Nolo episcopari.*" Indeed, he seemed to ex-

press some contempt at the question, and presently turned away.

A venerable spirit appeared next, whom I found to be the great historian Livy. Alexander the Great, who was just arrived from the palace of death, passed by him with a frown. The historian, observing it, said, "Ay, you may frown; but those troops which conquered the base Asiatic slaves would have made no figure against the Romans." We then privately lamented the loss of the most valuable part of his history; after which he took occasion to commend the judicious collection made by Mr. Hook, which, he said, was infinitely preferable to all others; and at my mentioning Echard's he gave a bounce, not unlike the going off of a squib, and was departing from me, when I begged him to satisfy my curiosity in one point—whether he was really superstitious or no? For I had always believed he was till Mr. Leibnitz had assured me to the contrary. He answered sullenly, "Doth Mr. Leibnitz know my mind better than myself?" and then walked away.

CHAPTER X.

The author is surprised at meeting Julian the apostate in Elysium; but is satisfied by him by what means he procured his entrance there. Julian relates his adventures in the character of a slave.

As he was departing I heard him salute a spirit by the name of Mr. Julian the apostate. This exceedingly amazed me; for I had concluded that no man ever had a better title to the bottomless pit than he. But I soon found that this same Julian the apostate was also the very individual archbishop Latimer. He told me that several lies had been raised on him in his former capacity, nor was he so bad a man as he had been represented. However, he had been denied admittance, and forced to undergo several subsequent pilgrimages on earth, and to act in the different characters of a slave, a Jew, a general, an heir, a carpenter, a beau, a monk, a fiddler, a wise man, a king, a fool, a beggar, a prince, a statesman, a soldier, a tailor, an alderman, a poet, a knight, a dancing-master, and three times a bishop, before his martyrdom, which, together with his other behaviour in this last character, satisfied the judge, and procured him a passage to the blessed regions.

I told him such various characters must have produced incidents extremely entertaining; and if he remembered all, as I supposed he did, and had leisure, I should be obliged to him for the recital. He answered he perfectly recollected every circumstance; and as to leisure, the only business of that happy place was to contribute to the happiness of each other. He therefore thanked me for adding to his, in proposing to him a method of increasing mine. I then took my little darling in one hand, and my favourite fellow-traveller in the other, and, going with him to a sunny bank of flowers, we all sat down, and he began as follows:

"I suppose you are sufficiently acquainted with my story during the time I acted the part of the emperor Julian, though I assure you all which hath been related of me is not true, particularly with regard to the many prodigies forerunning my death. However, they are now very little worth disputing; and if they can serve any purpose of the historian they are extremely at his service.

"My next entrance into the world was at Laodicea, in Syria, in a Roman family of no great note; and, being of a roving disposition, I came at the age of seventeen to Constantinople, where, after about a year's stay, I set out for Thrace, at the time when the emperor Valens admitted the Goths into that country. I was there so captivated with the beauty of a Gothic lady, the wife of one Rodoric, a captain, whose name, out of the most delicate tenderness for her lovely sex, I shall even at this distance conceal; since her behaviour to me was more consistent with good-nature than with that virtue which women are obliged to preserve against every assailant. In order to procure an intimacy with this woman I sold myself a slave to her husband, who, being of a nation not over-inclined to jealousy, presented me to his wife, for those very reasons which would have induced one of a jealous complexion to have withheld me from her, namely, for that I was young and handsome.

"Matters succeeded so far according to my wish, and the sequel answered those hopes which this beginning had raised. I soon perceived my service was very acceptable to her; I often met her eyes, nor did she withdraw them without a confusion which is scarce consistent with entire purity of heart. Indeed, she gave me every day fresh encouragement; but the unhappy distance which circumstances had placed between us deterred me long from making any direct attack; and she was too strict an observer of decorum to violate the severe rules of modesty by advancing first; but passion at last got the better of my respect, and I resolved to make one bold attempt, whatever was the consequence. Accordingly, laying hold of the first kind opportunity, when she was alone and my master abroad, I stoutly assailed the citadel and carried it by storm. Well may I say by storm; for the resistance I met was extremely resolute, and indeed as much as the most perfect decency would require. She swore often she would cry out for help; but I answered it was in vain, seeing there was no person near to assist her; and probably she believed me, for she did not once actually cry out, which if she had, I might very likely have been prevented.

"When she found her virtue thus subdued against her will she patiently submitted to her fate, and quietly suffered me a long time to enjoy the most delicious fruits of my victory; but envious fortune resolved to make me pay a dear price for my pleasure. One day in the midst of our happiness we were suddenly surprised by the unexpected return of her husband, who, coming directly into his wife's apartment, just allowed me time to creep under the bed. The disorder in which he found his wife might have surprised a jealous temper; but his was so far otherwise, that possibly no mischief might have happened had he not by a cross accident discovered my legs, which were not well hid. He immediately drew me out by them, and then, turning to his wife with a stern countenance, began to handle a weapon he wore by his side, with which I am persuaded he would have instantly despatched her, had I not very gallantly, and with many imprecations, asserted her innocence and my own guilt; which, however, I protested had hitherto gone no farther than design. She so well seconded my plea (for she was a woman of wonderful art), that he was at length imposed upon; and now all his rage was directed against me, threatening all manner of tortures, which the poor lady was in too great a fright and confusion to dissuade him from executing; and perhaps, if her concern for me had made her attempt it, it would have raised a jealousy in him not afterwards to be removed.

"After some hesitation Rodoric cried out he had luckily hit on the most proper punishment for me in the world, by a method which would at once do severe justice on me for my criminal intention, and at the same time prevent me from any danger

of executing my wicked purpose hereafter. This cruel resolution was immediately executed, and I was no longer worthy the name of a man.

"Having thus disqualified me from doing him any future injury, he still retained me in his family; hut the lady, very prohably repenting of what she had done, and looking on me as the author of her guilt, would never for the future give me either a kind word or look: and shortly after, a great exchange heing made hetween the Romans and the Goths of dogs for men, my lady exchanged me with a Roman widow for a small lap-dog, giving a considerahle sum of money to hoot.

"In this widow's service I remained seven years, during all which time I was very harbarously treated. I was worked without the least mercy, and often severely heat by a swingeing maid-servant, wbo never called me by any other names than those of the Thing and the Animal. Though I used my utmost Industry to please, it never was in my power. Neither the lady nor her woman would eat anything I tuuched, saying they did not believe me wholesome. It is unnecessary to repeat particulars; In a word, yon can imagine no kind of ill usage which I did not suffer In this family

"At last an heathen priest, an acquaintance of my lady's, ohtained me of her for a present. The scene was now totally changed, and I had as mnch reason to he satisfied witb my present situation as I had to lament my former. I was so absolutely my master's favourite, that the rest of the slaves paid me almost as much regard as they showed to him, well knowing that It was entirely in my power to command and treat them as I pleased. I was intrusted with all my master's secrets, and used to assist him In privately conveying away by night the sacrifices from the altars, which tha people helieved the deities themselves devoured. Upon these we feasted very elegantly, nor could invention suggest a rarity which we did not pamper ourselves with. Perhaps you may admire at the close nnion between this priest and his slave, hut we lived In an intimacy which the christians thonght criminal; hut my master, who knew the will of the gods, with whom he told me he often conversed, assured me It was perfectly innocent.

"This happy life continned about four years, when my master's death, occasioned hy a surfeit got oy overfeeding on several exqnisite dainties, put an end to it.

"I now fell into the hands of one of a very different disposition, and this was no other than the eelebrated St. Chrysostom, who dieted me with sermons instead of sacrifices, and filled my ears with good thlngs, hut not my helly. Instead of high food to fatten and pamper my flesh, I had receipts to mortify and reduce it. With these I edified so well, that within a few months I became a skeleton. However, as he had converted me to his faith, I was well enough satisfied with this new manner of living, by which he taught me I might ensure myself an eternal reward In a future state. The saint was a good-natured man, and never gave me an ill word hnt once, which was occasioned by my neglecting to place Aristophanes, which was his constant bedfellow, on his pillow. He was, indeed, extremely fond of that Greek poet, and frequently made me read his comedies to him. When I came to any of tha loose passages he would smile, and say, 'It was pity his matter was not as pnre as his style;' of which latter he was so immoderately fond that, notwithstanding the detestation he expressed for obscenity, he hath made me repeat those passages ten times over. The character of this good man hath been very unjustly attacked hy his heathen cotemporaries, particularly with regard to women; but his severe invectives against that sex are his sufficient justification.

"From the service of this saint, from whom I received manumission, I entered into the family of Timasius, a leader of great eminence in the imperial army, into whose favour I so far insinuated myself that he preferred me to a good command, and soon made me partaker of hoth his company and his secrets. I soon grew intoxicated with this preferment, and the more he loaded me with benefits the more he raised my opinion of my own merit, which, still outstripping the rewards he conferred on me, inspired me rather with dissatisfaction than gratitude. And thus, hy preferring me beyond my merit or first expectation, he made me an envious aspiring enemy, whom perhaps a more moderate bounty would have preserved a dutiful servant.

"I fell now acquainted with one Lucilius, a creature of the prime minister Eutropius, who had by his favour been raised to the post of a tribune; a man of low morals, and eminent only in that meanest of qualities, cunning. This gentleman, imagining me a fit tool for the minister's purpose, having often sounded my principles of honuur and honesty, hoth which he declared to me were words without meaning, and finding my ready concurrence In his sentiments, recommended me to Eutropius as very proper to execute some wicked purposes he had contrived against my friend Timasius. The minister embraced this recommendation, and I was accordlngly acquainted hy Lucilius (after some previuus accounts of the great esteem Eutropius entertained of me, from the testimony he bad borne of my parts) that he would introduce me to him; adding that he was a great encourager of merit, and that I might depend upon his favour.

"I was with little difficulty prevalled on to accept of this invitation. A late hour therefore the next evening being appointed, I attended my frind Lucilius to the minister's house. He received me with the utmost civility and cheerfulness, and affected so much regard to me, that I, who knew nothing of these high scenes of life, concluded I had in him a most disinterested friend, owing to the favourable report which Lucilius had made of me. I was however soon cured of this opinion; for immediately after supper our discourse turned on the injustice which the generality of the world were guilty of in their conduct to great men, expecting that they should reward their private merit, without ever endeavouring to apply it to their use. 'What avail,' said Eutropins, 'the learning, wit, courage, or any virtue which a man may be possessed of, to me, unless I receive some henefit from them? Hath he not more merit to me who doth my husiness and obeys my commands, without any of these qualities?' I gave such entire satisfaction in my answers on this head, that hoth the minister and his creature grew hulder, and after some preface hegan to accuse Timasius. At last, finding I did not attempt to defend him, Lucilius swore a great oath that he was not fit to live, and that he would destroy him. Eutropius answered that it would he too dangerous a task: 'Indeed,' said he, 'his crimes are of so hlack a die, and so well known to the emperor, that his death must he a very acceptahle service, and could not fail meeting a proper reward: but I question whether you are capable of executing it. 'If he is not,' cried I, 'I am; and surely no man can have greater motives to destroy him than myself: for, hesides his disloyalty to my prince, for whom I have so perfect a duty, I have private disohligations to him. I have had fellows

put over my head, to the great scandal of the service in general, and to my own prejudice and disappointment in particular.' I will not repeat you my whole speech; hut, to be as concise as possible, when we parted that evening the minister squeezed me heartily hy the hand, and with great commendation of my honesty and assurances of his favour, he appointed me the next evening to come to him alone; when, finding me, after a little more scrutiny, ready for his purpose, he proposed to me to accuse Timasius of high treason, promising me the highest rewards if I would undertake it. The consequence to him, I suppose you know, was ruin; but what was it to me? Why, truly, when I waited on Eutropius for the fulfilling his promises, he received me with great distance and coldness; and, on my dropping some hints of my expectations from him, he affected not to understand me; saying he thought impunity was the utmost I could hope for on discovering my accomplice, whose offence was only greater than mine, as he was in a higher station; and telling me he had great difficulty to obtain a pardon for me from the emperor, which, he said, he had struggled very hardly for, as he had worked the discovery out of me. He turned away, and addressed himself to another person.

"I was so incensed at this treatment, that I resolved revenge, and should certainly have pursued it, had he not cautiously prevented me by taking effectual means to despatch me soon after out of the world.

"You will, I believe, now think I had a second good chance for the bottomless pit, and indeed Minos seemed inclined to tumble me in, till he was informed of the revenge taken on me hy Rodoric, and my seven years' subsequent servitude to the widow; which he thought sufficient to make atonement for all the crimes a single life could admit of, and so sent me back to try my fortune a third time."

CHAPTER XI.

In which Julian relates his adventures in the character of an avaricious Jew.

"The next character in which I was destined to appear in the flesh was that of an avaricious Jew. I was born in Alexandria in Egypt. My name was Balthazar. Nothing very remarkable happened to me till the year of the memorable tumult in which the Jews of that city are reported in history to have massacred more Christians than at that time dwelt in it. Indeed, the truth is, they did maul the dogs pretty handsomely; hut I myself was not present, for as all our people were ordered to be armed, I took that opportunity of selling two swords, which probably I might otherwise never have disposed of, they being extremely old and rusty; so that, having no weapon left, I did not care to venture abroad. Besides, though I really thought it an act meriting salvation to murder the Nazarenes, as the fact was to be committed at midnight, at which time, to avoid suspicion, we were all to sally from our own houses, I could not persuade myself to consume so much oil in sitting up to that hour: for these reasons therefore I remained at home that evening.

"I was at this time greatly enamoured with one Hypatia, the daughter of a philosopher; a young lady of the greatest beauty and merit: indeed, she had every imaginable ornament both of mind and body. She seemed not to dislike my person; hut there were two obstructions to our marriage, *viz.* my religion and her poverty: both which might probably have been got over, had not those dogs the christians murdered her; and, what is worse, afterwards burned her body: worse, I say, because I lost by that means a jewel of some value, which I had presented to her, designing, if our nuptials did not take place, to demand it of her back again.

"Being thus disappointed in my love, I soon after left Alexandria and went to the imperial city, where I apprehended I should find a good market for jewels on the approaching marriage of the emperor with Athenais. I disguised myself as a beggar on this journey, for these reasons: first, as I imagined I should thus carry my jewels with greater safety; and, secondly, to lessen my expenses; which latter expedient succeeded so well, that I begged two oboli on my way more than my travelling cost me, my diet being chiefly roots, and my drink water.

"But, perhaps, it had been better for me if I had been more lavish and more expeditious; for the ceremony was over before I reached Constantinople; so that I lost that glorious opportunity of disposing of my jewels with which many of our people were greatly enriched.

"The life of a miser is very little worth relating, as it is one constant scheme of getting or saving money. I shall therefore repeat to you some few only of my adventures, without regard to any order.

"A Roman Jew, who was a great lover of Falernian wine, and who indulged himself very freely with it, came to dine at my house; when, knowing he should meet with little wine, and that of the cheaper sort, sent me in half a dozen jars of Falernian. Can you believe I would not give this man his own wine? Sir, I adulterated it so that I made six jars of them—three which he and his friend drank; the other three I afterwards sold to the very person who originally sent them me, knowing he would give a better price than any other.

"A noble Roman came one day to my house in the country, which I had purchased, for half the value, of a distressed person. My neighbours paid him the compliment of some music, on which account, when he departed, he left a piece of gold with me to be distributed among them. I pocketed this money, and ordered them a small vessel of sour wine, which I could not have sold for above two drachms, and afterwards made them pay in work three times the value of it.

"As I was not entirely void of religion, though I pretended to infinitely more than I had, so I endeavoured to reconcile my transactions to my conscience as well as possible. Thus I never invited any one to eat with me, but those on whose pockets I had some design. After our collation it was constantly my method to set down in a book I kept for that purpose what I thought they owed me for their meal. Indeed, this was generally a hundred times as much as they could have dined elsewhere for; hut, however, it was *quid pro quo*, if not *ad valorem*. Now, whenever the opportunity offered of imposing on them I considered it only as paying myself what they owed me: indeed, I did not always confine myself strictly to what I had set down, however extravagant that was; hut I reconciled taking the overplus to myself as usance.

"But I was not only too cunning for others—I sometimes overreached myself. I have contracted distempers for want of food and warmth, which have put me to the expense of a physician; nay, I once very narrowly escaped death hy taking bad drugs, only to save one seven-eighth per cent. in the price.

"By these and such like means, in the midst of poverty and every kind of distress, I saw myself master of an immense fortune, the casting up and ruminating on which was my daily and only pleasure. This was, however, obstructed and embittered hy two considerations which against my will often invaded

my thoughts. One, which would have been intolerable (but that indeed seldom troubled me), was, that I must one day leave my darling treasure. The other haunted me continually, viz. that my riches were no greater. However, I comforted myself against this reflection by an assurance that they would increase daily: on which head my hopes were so extensive that I my say with Virgil—

'His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono.'

Indeed I am convinced that, had I possessed the whole globe of earth, save one single drachma, which I had been certain never to be master of—I am convinced, I say, that single drachma would have given me more uneasiness than all the rest could give me pleasure.

"To say the truth, between my solicitude in contriving schemes to procure money and my extreme anxiety in preserving it, I never had one moment of ease while awake nor of quiet when in my sleep. In all the characters through which I have passed, I have never undergone half the misery I suffered in this; and, indeed, Minos seemed to be of the same opinion; for while I stood trembling and shaking in expectation of my sentence he bid me go back about my business, for that nobody was to be d—n'd in more worlds than one. And, indeed, I have since learned that the devil will not receive a miser."

CHAPTER XII.

What happened to Julian in the characters of a general, an heir, a carpenter, and a beau.

"The next step I took into the world was at Apollonia, in Thrace, where I was born of a beautiful Greek slave, who was the mistress of Eutyches, a great favourite of the emperor Zeno. That prince, at his restoration, gave me the command of a cohort, I being then but fifteen years of age; and a little afterwards, before I had even seen an army, preferred me, over the heads of all the old officers, to be a tribune.

"As I found an easy access to the emperor, by means of my father's intimacy with him, he being a very good courtier—or, in other words, a most prostitute flatterer—so I soon ingratiated myself with Zeno, and so well imitated my father in flattering him, that he would never part with me from about his person. So that the first armed force I ever beheld was that with which Marcian surrounded the palace, where I was then shut up with the rest of the court.

"I was afterwards put at the head of a legion and ordered to march into Syria with Theodoric the Goth; that is, I mean my legion was so ordered; for, as to myself, I remained at court, with the name and pay of a general, without the labour or the danger.

"As nothing could be more gay, *i. e.* debauched, than Zeno's court, so the ladies of gay disposition had great sway in it; particularly one, whose name was Fousta, who, though not extremely handsome, was by her wit and sprightliness very agreeable to the emperor. With her I lived in good correspondence, and we together disposed of all kinds of commissions in the army, not to those who had most merit, but who would purchase at the highest rate. My levee was now prodigiously thronged by officers who returned from the campaigns, who, though they might have been convinced by daily example how ineffectual a recommendation their services were, still continued indefatigable in attendance, and behaved to me with as much observance and respect as I should have been entitled to for making their fortunes, while I suffered them and their families to starve.

"Several poets, likewise, addressed verses to me, in which they celebrated my military achievements; and what, perhaps, may seem strange to us at present, I received all this incense with most greedy vanity, without once reflecting that, as I did not deserve these compliments, they should rather put me in mind of my defects.

"My father was now dead, and I became so absolute in the emperor's grace that one unacquainted with courts would scarce believe the servility with which all kinds of persons who entered the walls of the palace behaved towards me. A bow, a smile, a nod from me, as I passed through cringing crowds, were esteemed as signal favours; but a gracious word made any one happy; and, indeed, had this real benefit attending it, that it drew on the person on whom it was bestowed a very great degree of respect from all others; for these are of current value in courts, and, like notes in trading communities, are assignable from one to the other. The smile of a court favourite immediately raises the person who receives it, and gives a value to his smile when conferred on an inferior: thus the smile is transferred from one to the other, and the great man at last is the person to discount it. For instance, a very low fellow hath a desire for a place. To whom is he to apply? Not to the great man; for to him he hath no access. He therefore applies to A, who is the creature of B, who is the tool of C, who is the flatterer of D, who is the catamite of E, who is the pimp of F, who is the bully of G, who is the buffoon of I, who is the husband of K, who is the whore of L, who is the bastard of M, who is the instrument of the great man. Thus the smile, descending regularly from the great man to A, is discounted back again, and at last paid by the great man.

"It is manifest that a court would subsist as difficultly without this kind of coin as a trading city without paper credit. Indeed, they differ in this, that their value is not quite so certain, and a favourite may protest his smile without the danger of bankruptcy.

"In the midst of all this glory the emperor died, and Anastasius was preferred to the crown. As it was yet uncertain whether I should not continue in favour, I was received as usual at my entrance into the palace to pay my respects to the new emperor; but I was no sooner rumped by him than I received the same compliment from all the rest; the whole room, like a regiment of soldiers, turning their backs to me all at once: my smile now was become of equal value with the note of a broken banker, and every one was as cautious not to receive it.

"I made as much haste as possible from the court, and shortly after from the city, retreating to the place of my nativity, where I spent the remainder of my days in a retired life in husbandry, the only amusement for which I was qualified, having neither learning nor virtue.

"When I came to the gate Minos again seemed, at first doubtful, but at length dismissed me; saying, though I had been guilty of many heinous crimes in as much as I had, though a general, never been concerned in spilling human blood, I might return again to earth.

"I was now again born in Alexandria, and, by great accident, entering into the womb of my daughter-in-law, came forth my own grandson, inheriting that fortune which I had before amassed.

"Extravagance was now as notoriously my vice as avarice had been formerly; and I spent in a very short life what had cost me the labour of a very long one to rake together. Perhaps you will

think my present condition was more to be envied than my former: but upon my word it was very little so; for, by possessing everything almost before I desired it, I could hardly ever say I enjoyed my wish: I scarce ever knew the delight of satisfying a craving appetite. Besides, as I never once thought, my mind was useless to me, and I was an absolute stranger to all the pleasures arising from it. Nor, indeed, did my education qualify me for any delicacy in other enjoyments; so that in the midst of plenty I loathed everything. Taste for elegance I had none; and the greatest of corporeal blisses I felt no more from than the lowest animal. In a word, as while a miser I had plenty without daring to use it, so now I had it without appetite.

"But if I was not very happy in the height of my enjoyment, so I afterwards became perfectly miserable; being soon overtaken by disease, and reduced to distress, till at length, with a broken constitution and broken heart, I ended my wretched days in a gaol: nor can I think the sentence of Minos too mild, who condemned me, after having taken a large dose of avarice, to wander three years on the banks of Cocytus, with the knowledge of having spent the fortune in the person of the grandson which I had raised in that of the grandfather.

"The place of my birth, on my return to the world, was Constantinople, where my father was a carpenter. The first thing I remember was, the triumph of Belisarius, which was, indeed, a most noble show; but nothing pleased me so much as the figure of Gelimer king of the African Vandals, who, being led captive on this occasion, reflecting with disdain on the mutation of his own fortune, and on the ridiculous empty pomp of the conqueror, cried out, 'VANITY, VANITY, ALL IS MERE VANITY.'

"I was bred up to my father's trade, and you may easily believe so low a sphere could produce no adventures worth your notice. However, I married a woman I liked, and who proved a very tolerable wife. My days were passed in hard labour, but this procured me health, and I enjoyed a homely supper at night with my wife with more pleasure than I apprehend greater persons find at their luxurious meals. My life had scarce any variety in it, and at my death I advanced to Minos with great confidence of entering the gate: but I was unhappily obliged to discover some frauds I had been guilty of in the measure of my work when I worked by the foot, as well as my laziness when I was employed by the day. On which account, when I attempted to pass, the angry judge laid hold on me by the shoulders, and turned me back so violently, that, had I had a neck of flesh and bone, I believe he would have broke it."

CHAPTER XIII.

Julian passes into a fop.

"MY scene of action was Rome. I was born into a noble family, and heir to a considerable fortune. On which my parents, thinking I should not want any talents, resolved very kindly and wisely to throw none away upon me. The only instructors of my youth were therefore one Saltator, who taught me several motions for my legs; and one Ficus, whose business was to show me the cleanest way (as he called it) of cutting off a man's head. When I was well accomplished in these sciences I thought nothing more wanting but what was to be furnished by the several mechanics in Rome who dealt in dressing and adorning the pope. Being therefore well equipped with all which their art could produce, I became at the age of twenty a complete finished man. And now during forty-five years I dressed, I sang and danced, and daneed and sang, I bowed and ogled, and ogled and bowed, till, in the sixty-sixth year of my age, I got cold by overheating myself with dancing, and died.

"Minos told me, as I was unworthy of Elysium, so I was too insignificant to be damned, and therefore bade me walk back again."

CHAPTER XIV.

Adventures in the person of a monk.

"FORTUNE now placed me in the character of a younger brother of a good house, and I was in my youth sent to school; but learning was now at so low an ebb, that my master himself could hardly construe a sentence of Latin; and as for Greek, he could not read it. With very little knowledge therefore, and with altogether as little virtue, I was set apart for the church, and at the proper age commenced monk. I lived many years retired in a cell, a life very agreeable to the gloominess of my temper, which was much inclined to despise the world; that is, in other words, to envy all men of superior fortune and qualifications, and in general to hate and detest the human species. Notwithstanding which, I could, on proper occasions, submit to flatter the vilest fellow in nature, which I did one Stephen, an eunuch, a favourite of the emperor Justinian II., one of the wickedest wretches whom perhaps the world ever saw. I not only wrote a panegyric on this man, but I commended him as a pattern to all others in my sermons; by which means I so greatly ingratiated myself with him, that he introduced me to the emperor's presence, where I prevailed so far by the same methods, that I was shortly taken from my cell, and preferred to a place at court. I was no sooner established in the favour of Justinian than I prompted him to all kind of cruelty. As I was of a sour morose temper, and hated nothing more than the symptoms of happiness appearing in any countenance, I represented all kind of diversion and amusement as the most horrid sins. I inveighed against cheerfulness as levity, and encouraged nothing but gravity, or, to confess the truth to you, hypocrisy. The unhappy emperor followed my advice, and incensed the people by such repeated barbarities, that he was at last deposed by them and banished.

"I now retired again to my cell (for historians mistake in saying I was put to death), where I remained safe from the danger of the irritated mob, whom I cursed in my own heart as much as they could curse me."

"Justinian, after three years of his banishment, returned to Constantinople in disguise, and paid me a visit. I at first affected not to know him, and without the least compunction of gratitude for his former favours intended not to receive him, till a thought immediately suggesting itself to me how I might convert him to my advantage, I pretended to recollect him; and, blaming the shortness of my memory and badness of my eyes, I sprung forward and embraced him with great affection.

"My design was to betray him to Apsimar, who, I doubted not, would generously reward such a service. I therefore very earnestly requested him to spend the whole evening with me; to which he consented. I formed an excuse for leaving him a few minutes, and ran away to the palace to acquaint Apsimar with the guest whom I had then in my cell. He presently ordered a guard to go with me and seize him; but, whether the length of my stay gave him any suspicion, or whether he changed his purpose after my departure, I know not; for at my

return we found he had given us the slip; nor could we with the most diligent search discover him.

"Apsimar, being disappointed of his prey, now raged at me; at first denouncing the most dreadful vengeance if I did not produce the deposed monarch. However, by soothing his passion when at the highest, and afterwards by canting and flattery, I made a shift to escape his fury.

"When Justinian was restored I very confidently went to wish him joy of his restoration: but it seems he had unfortunately heard of my treachery, so that he at first received me coldly, and afterwards upbraided me openly with what I had done. I persevered stoutly in denying it, as I knew no evidence could be produced against me; till, finding him irreconcilable, I betook myself to reviling him in my sermons, and on every other occasion, as an enemy to the church and good men, and as an infidel, an heretic, an atheist, a heathen, and an Arian. This I did immediately on his return, and before he gave those flagrant proofs of his inhumanity which afterwards sufficiently verified all I had said.

"Luckily I died on the same day when a great number of those forces which Justinian had sent against the Thracian Bosporus, and who had executed such unheard-of cruelties there, perished. As every one of these was cast into the bottomless pit, Minos was so tired with condemnation, that he proclaimed that all present who had not been concerned in that bloody expedition might, if they pleased, return to the other world. I took him at his word, and, presently turning about, began my journey."

CHAPTER XV.

Julian passes into the character of a fiddler.

'Rome was now the seat of my nativity. My mother was an African, a woman of no great beauty, but a favourite, I suppose from her piety, of pope Gregory II. Who was my father I know not, but I believe no very considerable man; for after the death of that pope, who was, out of his religion, a very good friend of my mother, we fell into great distress, and were at length reduced to walk the streets of Rome; nor had either of us any other support but a fiddle, on which I played with pretty tolerable skill; for, as my genius turned naturally to music, so I had been in my youth very early instructed at the expense of the good pope. This afforded us but a very poor livelihood: for, though I had often a numerous crowd of hearers, few ever thought themselves obliged to contribute the smallest pittance to the poor starving wretch who had given them pleasure. Nay, some of the graver sort, after an hour's attention to my music, have gone away shaking their heads, and crying it was a shame such vagabonds were suffered to stay in the city.

"To say the truth, I am confident the fiddle would not have kept us alive had we entirely depended on the generosity of my hearers. My mother therefore was forced to use her own industry; and while I was soothing the ears of the crowd, she applied to their pockets, and that generally with such good success that we now began to enjoy a very comfortable subsistence; and indeed, had we had the least prudence or forecast, might have soon acquired enough to enable us to quit this dangerous and dishonourable way of life: but I know not what is the reason that money got with labour and safety is constantly preserved, while the produce of danger and ease is commonly spent as easily, and often as wickedly, as acquired. Thus we proportioned our expenses rather by what we had than what we wanted or even desired; and on obtaining a considerable booty we have even forced nature into the most profligate extravagance, and have been wicked without inclination.

"We carried on this method of thievery for a long time without detection: but, as Fortune generally leaves persons of extraordinary ingenuity in the lurch at last, so did she us; for my poor mother was taken in the fact, and, together with myself, as her accomplice, hurried before a magistrate.

"Luckily for us, the person who was to be our judge was the greatest lover of music in the whole city, and had often sent for me to play to him, for which, as he had given me very small rewards, perhaps his gratitude now moved him: but, whatever was his motive, he browbeat the informers against us, and treated their evidence with so little favour, that their mouths were soon stopped, and we dismissed with honour; acquitted, I should rather have said, for we were not suffered to depart till I had given the judge several tunes on the fiddle.

"We escaped the better on this occasion because the person robbed happened to be a poet; which gave the judge, who was a facetious person, many opportunities of jesting. He said poets and musicians should agree together, seeing they had married sisters; which he afterwards explained to be the sister arts. And when the piece of gold was produced he burst into a loud laugh, and said it must be the golden age, when poets had gold in their pockets, and in that age there could be no robbers. He made many more jests of the same kind, but a small taste will suffice.

"It is a common saying that men should take warning by any signal delivery; but I cannot approve the justice of it; for to me it seems that the acquittal of a guilty person should rather inspire him with confidence, and it had this effect on us: for we now laughed at the law, and despised its punishments, which we found were to be escaped even against positive evidence. We imagined the late example was rather a warning to the accused than the criminal, and accordingly proceeded in the most impudent and flagitious manner.

"Among other robberies, one night, being admitted by the servants into the house of an opulent priest, my mother took an opportunity, whilst the servants were dancing to my tunes, to convey away a silver vessel: this she did without the least sacrilegious intention; but it seems the cup, which was a pretty large one, was dedicated to holy uses, and only borrowed by the priest on an entertainment which he made for some of his brethren. We were immediately pursued upon this robbery (the cup being taken in our possession), and carried before the same magistrate, who had before behaved to us with so much gentleness, but his countenance was now changed, for the moment the priest appeared against us his severity was as remarkable as his candour had been before, and we were both ordered to be stripped and whipped through the streets.

"This sentence was executed with great severity, the priest himself attending and encouraging the executioner, which he said he did for the good of our souls; but, though our backs were both flayed, neither my mother's torments nor my own afflicted me so much as the indignity offered to my poor fiddle, which was carried in triumph before me, and treated with a contempt by the multitude, intimating a great scorn for the science I had the honour to profess; which, as it is one of the noblest inventions of men, and as I had been always in the highest degree proud of my excellence in it, I suffered so much from the ill-treatment my fiddle received, that I would have given all my remainder of skin to have preserved it from this affront.

" My mother survived the whipping a very short time; and I was now reduced to great distress and misery, till a young Roman of considerable rank took a fancy to me, received me into his family, and conversed with me in the utmost familiarity. He had a violent attachment to music, and would learn to play on the fiddle; but, through want of genius for the science, he never made any considerable progress. However, I flattered his performance, and he grew extravagantly fond of me for so doing. Had I continued this behaviour I might possibly have reaped the greatest advantages from his kindness; but I had raised his own opinion of his musical abilities so high, that he now began to prefer his skill to mine, a presumption I could not bear. One day as we were playing in concert he was horribly out; nor was it possible, as he destroyed the harmony, to avoid telling him of it. Instead of receiving my correction, he answered it was my blunder and not his, and that I had mistaken the key. Such an affront from my own scholar was beyond human patience; I flew into a violent passion, I flung down my instrument in a rage, and swore I was not to be taught music at my age. He answered, with as much warmth, nor was he to be instructed by a strolling fiddler. The dispute ended in a challenge to play a prize before judges. This wager was determined in my favour; but the purchase was a dear one, for I lost my friend by it, who now, twitting me with all his kindness, with my former ignominious punishment, and the destitute condition from which I had been by his bounty relieved, discarded me for ever.

" While I lived with this gentleman I became known, among others, to Sabina, a lady of distinction, and who valued herself much on her taste for music. She no sooner heard of my being discarded than she took me into her house, where I was extremely well clothed and fed. Notwithstanding which, my situation was far from agreeable; for I was obliged to submit to her constant reprehensions before company, which gave me the greater uneasiness because they were always wrong; nor am I certain that she did not by these provocations contribute to my death: for, as experience had taught me to give up my resentment to my bread, so my passions, for want of outward vent, prayed inwardly on my vitals, and perhaps occasioned the distemper of which I sickened.

" The lady, who, amidst all the faults she found, was very fond of me, nay, probably was the fonder of me the more faults she found, immediately called in the aid of three celebrated physicians. The doctors (being well feed) made me seven visits in three days, and two of them were at the door to visit me the eighth time, when, being acquainted that I was just dead, they shook their heads and departed.

" When I came to Minos he asked me with a smile whether I had brought my fiddle with me; and, receiving an answer in the negative, he bid me get about my business, saying it was well for me that the devil was no lover of music."

CHAPTER XVI.

The history of the wise man.

" I now returned to Rome, but in a very different character. Fortune had now allotted me a serious part to act. I had even in my infancy a grave disposition, nor was I ever seen to smile, which infused an opinion into all about me that I was a child of great solidity; some foreseeing that I should be a judge, and others a bishop. At two years old my father presented me with a rattle, which I broke to pieces with great indignation. This the good parent, being extremely wise, regarded as an eminent symptom of my wisdom, and cried out in a kind of ecstasy, 'Well said, boy! I warrant thou makest a great man.'

" At school I could never be persuaded to play with my mates, not that I spent my hours in learning, to which I was not in the least addicted, nor indeed had I any talents for it. However, the solemnity of my carriage won so much on my master, who was a most sagacious person, that I was his chief favourite, and my example on all occasions was recommended to the other boys, which filled them with envy, and me with pleasure; but, though they envied me, they all paid me that involuntary respect which it is the curse attending this passion to bear towards its object.

" I had now obtained universally the character of a very wise young man, which I did not altogether purchase without pains; for the restraint I laid on myself in abstaining from the several diversions adapted to my years cost me many a yearning; but the pride which I inwardly enjoyed in the fancied dignity of my character made me some amends.

" Thus I passed on, without anything very memorable happening to me, till I arrived at the age of twenty-three, when unfortunately I fell acquainted with a young Neapolitan lady whose name was Ariadne. Her beauty was so exquisite that her first sight made a violent impression on me; this was again improved by her behaviour, which was most genteel, easy, and affable: lastly, her conversation completed the conquest. In this she discovered a strong and lively understanding, with the sweetest and most benign temper. This lovely creature was about eighteen when I first unhappily beheld her at Rome, on a visit to a relation with whom I had great intimacy. As our interviews at first were extremely frequent, my passions were captivated before I apprehended the least danger; and the sooner probably, as the young lady herself, to whom I consulted every method of recommendation, was not displeased with my being her admirer.

" Ariadne, having spent three months at Rome, now returned to Naples, bearing my heart with her: on the other hand, I had all the assurances consistent with the constraint under which the most perfect modesty lays a young woman, that her own heart was not entirely unaffected. I soon found her absence gave me an uneasiness not easy to be borne or to remove. I now first applied to diversions (of the graver sort, particularly to music), but in vain; they rather raised my desires and heightened my anguish. My passion at length grew so violent, that I began to think of satisfying it. As the first step to this, I cautiously inquired into the circumstances of Ariadne's parents, with which I was hitherto unacquainted: though, indeed, I did not apprehend they were extremely great, notwithstanding the handsome appearance of their daughter at Rome. Upon examination, her fortune exceeded my expectation, but was not sufficient to justify my marriage with her, in the opinion of the wise and prudent. I had now a violent struggle between wisdom and happiness, in which, after several grievous pangs, wisdom got the better. I could by no means prevail with myself to sacrifice that character of profound wisdom which I had with such uniform conduct obtained, and with such caution hitherto preserved. I therefore resolved to conquer my affection, whatever it cost me; and indeed it did not cost me a little.

" While I was engaged in this conflict (for it lasted a long time) Ariadne returned to Rome: her presence was a terrible enemy to my wisdom, which

even in her absence had with great difficulty stood its ground. It seems (as she hath since told me in Elysium with much merriment) I had made the same impressions on her which she had made on me. Indeed, I believe my wisdom would have been totally subdued by this surprise, had it not cunningly suggested to me a method of satisfying my passion without doing any injury to my reputation. This was by engaging her privately as a mistress, which was at that time reputable enough at Rome, provided the affair was managed with an air of slyness and gravity, though the secret was known to the whole city.

"I immediately set about this project, and employed every art and engine to effect it. I had particularly bribed her priest, and an old female acquaintance and distant relation of her's, into my interest: but all was in vain; her virtue opposed the passion in her breast as strongly as wisdom had opposed it in mine. She received my proposals with the utmost disdain, and presently refused to see or hear from me any more.

"She returned again to Naples, and left me in a worse condition than before. My days I now passed with the most irksome uneasiness, and my nights were restless and sleepless. The story of our amour was now pretty public, and the ladies talked of our match as certain; but my acquaintance denied their assent, saying, 'No, no, he is too wise to marry so imprudently.' This their opinion gave me, I own, very great pleasure; but, to say the truth, scarce compensated the pangs I suffered to preserve it.

"One day, while I was balancing with myself, and had almost resolved to enjoy my happiness at the price of my character, a friend brought me word that Ariadne was married. This news struck me to the soul; and though I had resolution enough to maintain my gravity before him (for which I suffered not a little the more), the moment I was alone I threw myself into the most violent fit of despair, and would willingly have parted with wisdom, fortune, and everything else, to have retrieved her; but that was impossible, and I had now nothing but time to hope a cure from. This was very tedious in performing it, and the longer as Ariadne had married a Roman cavalier, was now become my near neighbour, and I had the mortification of seeing her make the best of wives, and of having the happiness which I had lost every day before my eyes.

"If I suffered so much on account of my wisdom in having refused Ariadne, I was not much more obliged to it for procuring me a rich widow, who was recommended to me by an old friend as a very prudent match; and, indeed, so it was, her fortune being superior to mine in the same proportion as that of Ariadne had been inferior. I therefore embraced this proposal, and my character of wisdom soon pleaded so effectually for me with the widow, who was herself a woman of great gravity and discretion, that I soon succeeded; and as soon as decency would permit (of which this lady was the strictest observer) we were married, being the second day of the second week of the second year after her husband's death; for she said she thought some period of time above the year had a great air of decorum.

"But, prudent as this lady was, she made me miserable. Her person was far from being lovely, but her temper was intolerable. During fifteen years' habitation I never passed a single day without heartily cursing her and the hour in which we came together. The only comfort I received, in the midst of the highest torments, was from continually hearing the prudence of my match commended by all my acquaintance.

"Thus you see, in the affairs of love, I bought the reputation of wisdom pretty dear. In other matters I had it somewhat cheaper; not that hypocrisy, which was the price I gave for it, gives one no pain. I have refused myself a thousand little amusements with a feigned contempt, while I have really had an inclination to them. I have often almost choked myself to restrain from laughing at a jest, and (which was perhaps to myself the least hurtful of all my hypocrisy) have heartily enjoyed a book in my closet which I have spoke with detestation of in public. To sum up my history in short, as I had few adventures worth remembering, my whole life was one constant lie; and happy would it have been for me if I could as thoroughly have imposed on myself as I did on others: for reflection, at every turn, would often remind me I was not so wise as people thought me; and this considerably embittered the pleasure I received from the public commendation of my wisdom. This self-admonition, like a *memento mori* or *mortalis es*, must be, in my opinion, a very dangerous enemy to flattery: indeed, a weight sufficient to counterbalance all the false praise of the world. But whether it be that the generality of wise men do not reflect at all, or whether they have, from a constant imposition on others, contracted such a habit of deceit as to deceive themselves, I will not determine: it is, I believe, most certain that very few wise men know themselves what fools they are more than the world doth. Good gods! could one but see what passes in the closet of wisdom! how ridiculous a sight must it be to behold the wise man, who despises gratifying his palate, devouring custard; the sober wise man with his dram-bottle; or, the anti-carnalist (if I may be allowed the expression) chuckling over a b—dy book or picture, and perhaps caressing his housemaid!

"But to conclude a character in which I apprehend I made as absurd a figure as in any in which I trod the stage of earth, my wisdom at last put an end to itself, that is, occasioned my dissolution.

"A relation of mine in the eastern part of the empire disinherited his son, and left me his heir. This happened in the depth of winter when I was in my grand climacteric and had just recovered of a dangerous disease. As I had all the reason imaginable to apprehend the family of the deceased would conspire against me, and embezzle as much as they could, I advised with a grave and wise friend what was proper to be done; whether I should go myself or employ a notary on this occasion, and defer my journey to the spring. To say the truth, I was most inclined to the latter; the rather as my circumstances were extremely flourishing, as I was advanced in years, and had not one person in the world to whom I should with pleasure bequeath any fortune at my death.

"My friend told me he thought my question admitted of no manner of doubt or debate; that common prudence absolutely required my immediate departure; adding, that if the same good luck had happened to him he would have been already on his journey; 'for,' continued he, 'a man who knows the world so well as you would be inexcusable to give persons such an opportunity of cheating you, who, you must be assured, will be too well inclined; and as for employing a notary, remember that excellent maxim, *Ne facias per alium, quod fieri potest per te.* I own the badness of the season and your very late recovery are unlucky circumstances; but a wise man must get over difficulties when necessity obliges him to encounter them.'

"I was immediately determined by this opinion. The duty of a wise man made an irresistible impression, and I took the necessity for granted without examination. I accordingly set forward the next morning; very tempestuous weather soon overtook me; I had not travelled three days before I relapsed into my fever, and died.

"I was now as cruelly disappointed by Minos as I had formerly been happily so. I advanced with the utmost confidence to the gate, and really imagined I should have been admitted by the wisdom of my countenance, even without any questions asked: but this was not my case; and, to my great surprise, Minos, with a menacing voice, called out to me, 'You Mr. there, with the grave countenance, whither so fast, pray? Will you please, before you move any farther forwards, to give me a short account of your transactions below?' I then began, and recounted to him my whole history, still expecting at the end of every period that the gate would be ordered to fly open; but I was obliged to go quite through with it, and then Minos after some little consideration spoke to me as follows:—

"'You, Mr. Wiseman, stand forth if you please. Believe me, sir, a trip back again to earth will be one of the wisest steps you ever took, and really more to the honour of your wisdom than any you have hitherto taken. On the other side, nothing could be simpler than to endeavour at Elysium; for who but a fool would carry a commodity which is of such infinite value in one place into another where it is of none? But, without attempting to offend your gravity with a jest, you must return to the place from whence you came, for Elysium was never designed for those who are too wise to be happy.'

"This sentence confounded me greatly, especially as it seemed to threaten me with carrying my wisdom back again to earth. I told the judge, though he would not admit me at the gate, I hoped I had committed no crime while alive which merited my being wise any longer. He answered me, I must take my chance as to that matter, and immediately we turned our backs to each other."

CHAPTER XVII.

Julian enters into the person of a king.

"I was born at Oviedo in Spain. My father's name was Veremond, and I was adopted by my uncle, king Alphonso the chaste. I don't recollect in all the pilgrimages I have made on earth that I ever passed a more miserable infancy than now; being under the utmost confinement and restraint, and surrounded with physicians who were ever dosing me, and tutors who were continually plaguing me with their instructions; even those hours of leisure which my inclination would have spent in play were allotted to tedious pomp and ceremony, which, at an age wherein I had no ambition to enjoy the servility of courtiers, enslaved me more than it could the meanest of them. However, as I advanced towards manhood, my condition made me some amends; for the most beautiful women of their own accord threw out lures for me, and I had the happiness, which no man in an inferior degree can arrive at, of enjoying the most delicious creatures, without the previous and tiresome ceremonies of courtship, unless with the most simple, young, and unexperienced. As for the court ladies, they regarded me rather as men do the most lovely of the other sex; and, though they outwardly retained some appearance of modesty, they in reality rather considered themselves as receiving than conferring favours.

"Another happiness I enjoyed was in conferring favours of another sort; for, as I was extremely good natured and generous, so I had daily opportunities of satisfying those passions. Besides my own princely allowance, which was very bountiful, and with which I did many liberal and good actions, I recommended numberless persons of merit in distress to the king's notice, most of whom were provided for. Indeed, had I sufficiently known my blessed situation at this time, I should have grieved at nothing more than the death of Alphonso, by which the burden of government devolved upon me; but, so blindly fond is ambition, and such charms doth it fancy in the power and pomp and splendour of a crown, that, though I vehemently loved that king, and had the greatest obligations to him, the thoughts of succeeding him obliterated my regret at his loss, and the wish for my approaching coronation dried my eyes at his funeral.

"But my fondness for the name of king did not make me forgetful of those over whom I was to reign. I considered them in the light in which a tender father regards his children, as persons whose wellbeing God had intrusted to my care; and again, in that in which a prudent lord respects his tenants, as those on whose wealth and grandeur he is to build his own. Both these considerations inspired me with the greatest care for their welfare, and their good was my first and ultimate concern.

"The usurper Mauregas had impiously obliged himself and his successors to pay to the Moors every year an infamous tribute of an hundred young virgins: from this cruel and scandalous imposition I resolved to relieve my country. Accordingly, when their emperor Abderames the second had the audaciousness to make this demand of me, instead of complying with it I ordered his ambassadors to be driven away with all imaginable ignominy, and would have condemned them to death, could I have done it without a manifest violation of the law of nations.

"I now raised an immense army; at the levying of which I made a speech from my throne, acquainting my subjects with the necessity and the reasons of the war in which I was going to engage: which I convinced them I had undertaken for their ease and safety, and not for satisfying any wanton ambition, or revenging any private pique of my own. They all declared unanimously that they would venture their lives and everything dear to them in my defence, and in the support of the honour of my crown. Accordingly, my levies were instantly complete, sufficient numbers being only left to till the land; churchmen, even bishops themselves, enlisting themselves under my banners.

"The armies met at Alvelda, where we were discomfited with immense loss, and nothing but the lucky intervention of the night could have saved our whole army.

"I retreated to the summit of a hill, where I abandoned myself to the highest agonies of grief, not so much for the danger in which I then saw my crown as for the loss of those miserable wretches who had exposed their lives at my command. I could not then avoid this reflection—that, if the deaths of these people in war undertaken absolutely for their protection could give me such concern, what horror must I have felt if, like princes greedy of dominion, I had sacrificed such numbers to my own pride, vanity, and ridiculous lust of power.

"After having vented my sorrows for some time in this manner I began to consider by what means I might possibly endeavour to retrieve this misfortune; when, reflecting on the great number of priests

I had in my army, and on the prodigious force of superstition, a thought luckily suggested itself to me to counterfeit that St. James had appeared to me in a vision, and had promised me the victory. While I was ruminating on this the bishop of Najara came opportunely to me. As I did not intend to communicate the secret to him, I took another method, and, instead of answering anything the bishop said to me, I pretended to talk to St. James, as if he had been really present; till at length, after having spoke those things which I thought sufficient, and thanked the saint aloud for his promise of the victory, I turned about to the bishop, and, embracing him with a pleased countenance, protested I did not know he was present; and then, informing him of this supposed vision, I asked him if he had not himself seen the saint? He answered me he had; and afterwards proceeded to assure me that this appearance of St. James was entirely owing to his prayers; for that he was his tutelar saint. He added he had a vision of him a few hours before, when he promised him a victory over the infidels, and acquainted him at the same time of the vacancy of the see of Toledo. Now, this news being really true, though it had happened so lately that I had not heard of it (nor, indeed, was it well possible I should, considering the great distance of the way), when I was afterwards acquainted with it, a little staggered me, though far from being superstitious; till being informed that the bishop had lost three horses on a late expedition, I was satisfied.

"The next morning the bishop, at my desire, mounted the rostrum, and trumpeted forth this vision so effectually, which he said he had that evening twice seen with his own eyes, that a spirit began to be infused through the whole army which rendered them superior to almost any force: the bishop insisted that the least doubt of success was giving the lie to the saint, and a damnable sin, and he took upon him in his name to promise them victory.

"The army being drawn out, I soon experienced the effect of enthusiasm, for, having contrived another stratagem* to strengthen what the bishop had said, the soldiers fought more like furies than men. My stratagem was this: I had about me a dexterous fellow, who had been formerly a pimp in my amours. Him I dressed up in a strange antic dress, with a pair of white colours in his right hand, a red cross in his left, and, having disguised him so that no one could know him, I placed him on a white horse, and ordered him to ride to the head of the army, and cry out, 'Follow St. James!' These words were reiterated by all the troops, who attacked the enemy with such intrepidity, that, notwithstanding our inferiority of numbers, we soon obtained a complete victory.

"The bishop was come up by the time that the enemy was routed, and, acquainting us that he had met St. James by the way, and that he had informed him of what had passed, he added that he had express orders from the saint to receive a considerable sum for his use, and that a certain tax on corn and wine should be settled on his church for ever; and lastly, that a horseman's pay should be allowed for the future to the saint himself, of which he and his successors were appointed receivers. The army received these demands with such acclamations that I was obliged to comply with them, as I could by no means discover the imposition, nor do I believe I should have gained any credit if I had.

"I had now done with the saint, but the bishop had not; for about a week afterwards lights were seen in a wood near where the battle was fought, and in a short time afterwards they discovered his tomb at the same place. Upon this the bishop made me a visit, and forced me to go thither, to build a church to him, and largely endow it. In a word, the good man so plagued me with miracle after miracle, that I was forced to make interest with the pope to convey him to Toledo, to get rid of him.

"But to proceed to other matters.—There was an inferior officer, who had behaved very bravely in the battle against the Moors, and had received several wounds, who solicited me for preferment; which I was about to confer on him when one of my ministers came to me in a fright, and told me that he had promised the post I designed for this man to the son of count Alderedo; and that the count, who was a powerful person, would be greatly disobliged at the refusal, as he had sent for his son from school to take possession of it. I was obliged to agree with my minister's reasons, and at the same time recommended the wounded soldier to be preferred by him, which he faithfully promised he would; but I met the poor wretch since in Elysium, who informed me he was afterwards starved to death.

"None who hath not been himself a prince, nor any prince till his death, can conceive the impositions daily put on them by their favourites and ministers; so that princes are often blamed for the faults of others. The count of Saldagne had been long confined in prison, when his son D. Bernard del Carpio, who had performed the greatest actions against the Moors, entreated me, as a reward for his service, to grant him his father's liberty. The old man's punishment had been so tedious, and the services of the young one so singularly eminent, that I was very inclinable to grant the request; but my ministers strongly opposed it; they told me my glory demanded revenge for the dishonour offered to my family; that so positive a demand carried with it rather the air of menace than entreaty; that the vain detail of his services, and the recompence due to them, was an injurious reproach; that to grant what had been so haughtily demanded would argue in the monarch both weakness and timidity; in a word, that to remit the punishment inflicted by my predecessors would be to condemn their judgment. Lastly, one told me in a whisper, 'His whole family are enemies to your house.' By these means the ministers prevailed. The young lord took the refusal so ill, that he retired from court, and abandoned himself to despair, whilst the old one languished in prison. By which means, as I have since discovered, I lost the use of two of my best subjects.

"To confess the truth, I had, by means of my ministers, conceived a very unjust opinion of my whole people, whom I fancied to be daily conspiring against me, and to entertain the most disloyal thoughts, when, in reality (as I have known since my death), they held me in universal respect and esteem. This is a trick, I believe, too often played with sovereigns, who, by such means, are prevented from that open intercourse with their subjects which, as it would greatly endear the person of the prince to the people, so might it often prove dangerous to a minister who was consulting his own interest only at the expense of both. I believe I have now recounted to you the most material passages of my life; for I assure you there are some incidents in the lives of kings not extremely worth relating. Everything which passes in their minds and families is not attended with the splendour which surrounds their throne—indeed, there are some hours wherein the naked king and the naked cobbler can scarce be distinguished from each other.

* This silly story is told as a solemn truth (*i. e.* that St. James really appeared in the manner this fellow is described) by Mariana, l. 7. § 78.

" Had it not been, however, for my ingratitude to Bernard del Carpio, I believe this would heve heen my last pilgrimage on earth; for, as to the story of St. James, I thought Minos would have burst his sides at it; but be was so displeased with me on the other account, that, with a frown, he cried out, 'Get thee back again, king.' Nor would he suffer me to say another word."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Julian passes into a fool.

"THE next visit I made to the world was performed in France, where I was born in the court of Lewis III., and had afterwards the honour to be preferred to be fool to the prince, who was surnamed Charles the Simple. But, in reality, I know not whether I might so properly he said to have acted the fool in his court as to have made fools of all others in it. Certain it is, I was very far from being what is generally understood by that word, heing a most cunning, designing, arch knave. I knew very well the folly of my master, and of many others, and how to make my advantage of this knowledge.

"I was as dear to Charles the Simple as the player Paris was to Domitian, and, like him, bestowed all manner of offices and honours on whom I pleased. This drew me a great number of followers among the courtiers, who really mistook me for a fool, and yet flattered my understanding. There was particularly in the court a fellow who had neither honour, honesty, sense, wit, courage, heauty, nor indeed any one good quality, either of mind or body, to recommend him; hut was at the same time, perbeps, as cunning a monster as ever lived. This gentleman took it into his head to list under my banner, and pursued me so very assidnously with flattery, constantly reminding me of my good sense, that I grew immoderately fond of him; for though flattery is not most judiciously applied to qualities which the persons flattered possess, yet as, notwithstanding my being well assured of my own parts, I passed in the whole court for a fool, this flattery was a very sweet morsel to me. I therefore got this fellow preferred to a bishopric, hut I lost my flatterer hy it; for be never afterwards said a civil thing to me.

"I never banked my imagination for the grossness of the reflection on the character of the greatest nohle—nay, even the king himself; of which I will give you a very bold instance. Ous dey his simple majesty told me he helieved I had so much power that his people looked on me as the king, and himself as my fool. At this I pretended to he angry, as with an affront. 'Why, how now?' says the king; 'are you ashamed of being a king?' 'No, sir,' says I, 'hut I am devilishly ashamed of my fool.'

"Hebert, earl of Vermandois, had hy my means been restored to the favour of the Simple (for so I used always to call Charles). He afterwards prevailed with the king to take the city of Arras from earl Baldwin, hy which means Hebert, in exchange for this city, had Peronne restored to him by count Altmar. Baldwin came to court in order to procure the restoration of his city; but, either through pride or ignorance, neglected to apply to me. As I met him at court during his solicitation, I told him he did not apply the right way; he answered roughly he should not ask a fool's advice. I replied I did not wonder at his prejudice, since he had miscarried already by following a fool's advice; hut I told him there were fools who had more interest than that he had hrought with him to court. He answered me surlily he had no fool with him, for that he travelled alone. 'Ay, my lord,' says I, 'I often travel alone, and yet they will have it I always carry a fool with me.' This raised a laugh among the by-standers, on which he gave me a blow. I immediately complained of this usage to the Simple, who dismissed the earl from court with very hard words, instead of granting him the favour he solicited.

"I give you these rather as a specimen of my interest and impudence than of my wit—indeed, my jests were commonly more admired than they ought to be; for perhaps I was not in reality much more a wit than a fool. But, with the latitude of unbounded scurrility, it is easy enough to attain the character of wit, especially in a court, where, as all persons hate and envy one another heartily, and are at the same time obliged by the constrained behaviour of civility to profess the greatest liking, so it is, and must be, wonderfully pleasant to them to see the follies of their acquaintance exposed hy a third person. Besides, the opinion of the court is as uniform as the fashion, and is always guided hy the will of the prince or of the favourite. I doubt not that Caligula's horse was universally held in his court to be a good and able consul. In the same manner was I universally acknowledged to be the wittiest fool in the world. Every word I said raised laughter, and was held to he a jest, especially by the ladies, who sometimes laughed before I had discovered my sentiment, and often repeated that as a jest which I did not even intend as one.

"I was as severe on the ladies as on the men, and with the same impunity; hut this at last cost me dear: for once having joked on the beauty of a lady whose name was Adelaide, a favourite of the Simple's, she pretended to smile and be pleased at my wit with the rest of the company; hut in reality she highly resented it, and endeavoured to undermine me with the king. In which she so greatly succeeded (for what cannot a favourite woman do with one who deserves the surname of Simple?) that the king grew every day more reserved to me, and when I attempted any freedom gave me such marks of his displeasure, that the courtiers who have all hawks' eyes at a slight from the sovereign, soon discerned it: and indeed, had I been blind enough not to have discovered that I had lost ground in the Simple's favour by his own change in his carriage towards me, I must have found it, nay even felt it, in the behaviour of the courtiers: for, as my company was two days before solicited with the utmost eagerness, it was now rejected with as much scorn. I was now the jest of the ushers and pages; and an officer of the guards, on whom I was a little jocose, gave me a box on the ear, bidding me make free with my equals. This very fellow had been my butt for many years, without daring to lift his hand against me.

"But though I visibly perceived the alteration in the Simple, I was utterly unable to make any guess at the occasion. I had not the least suspicion of Adelaide; for, besides her being a very good-humoured woman, I had often made severe jests on her reputation, which I had all the reason imaginable to believe had given her no offence. But I soon perceived that a woman will bear the most bitter censures on her morals easier than the smallest reflection on her beauty; for she now declared publicly, that I ought to he dismissed from court, as the stupidest of fools, and one in whom there was no diversion; and that she wondered how any person could have so little taste as to imagine I had any wit. This speech was echoed through the drawing-room, and agreed to hy all present. Every one now put on an unusual gravity on their coun-

tenance whenever I spoke; and it was as much out of my power to raise a laugh as formerly it had been for me to open my mouth without one.

"While my affairs were in this posture I went one day into the circle without my fool's dress. The Simple, who would still speak to me, cried out, 'So fool, what's the matter now?' 'Sir,' answered I, 'fools are like to be so common a commodity at court, that I am weary of my coat.' 'How dost thou mean?' answered the Simple; 'what can make them commoner now than usual?'—'O, sir,' said I, 'there are ladies here make your majesty a fool every day of their lives.' The Simple took no notice of my jest, and several present said my bones ought to be broke for my impudence; but it pleased the queen, who, knowing Adelaide, whom she hated, to be the cause of my disgrace, obtained me of the king, and took me into her service; so that I was henceforth called the queen's fool, and in her court received the same honour, and had as much wit, as I had formerly had in the king's. But as the queen had really no power unless over her own domestics, I was not treated in general with that complacence, nor did I receive those bribes and presents, which had once fallen to my share.

"Nor did this confined respect continue long: for the queen, who had in fact no taste for humour, soon grew sick of my foolery, and, forgetting the cause for which she had taken me, neglected me so much, that her court grew intolerable to my temper and I broke my heart and died.

"Minos laughed heartily at several things in my story, and then, telling me no one played the fool in Elysium, bid me go back again."

CHAPTER XIX.

Julian appears in the character of a beggar.

"I now returned to Rome, and was born into a very poor and numerous family, which, to be honest with you, procured its livelihood by begging. This, if you was never yourself of the calling, you do not know, I suppose, to be as regular a trade as any other; to have its several rules and secrets, or mysteries, which to learn require perhaps as tedious an apprenticeship as those of any craft whatever.

"The first thing we are taught is the countenance miserable. This indeed nature makes much easier to some than others; but there are none who cannot accomplish it, if they begin early enough in youth, and before the muscles are grown too stubborn.

"The second thing is the voice lamentable. In this qualification too nature must have her share in producing the most consummate excellence: however, art will here, as in every other instance, go a great way with industry and application, even without the assistance of genius, especially if the student begins young.

"There are many other instructions, but these are the most considerable. The women are taught one practice more than the men, for they are instructed in the art of crying, that is, to have their tears ready on all occasions: but this is attained very easily by most. Some indeed arrive at the utmost perfection in this art with incredible facility.

"No profession requires a deeper insight into human nature than the beggar's. Their knowledge of the passions of men is so extensive, that I have often thought it would be of no little service to a politician to have his education among them. Nay, there is a much greater analogy between these two characters than is imagined; for both concur in their first and grand principle, it being equally their business to delude and impose on mankind. It must be confessed that they differ widely in the degree of advantage which they make by their deceit; for, whereas the beggar is contented with a little, the politician leaves but a little behind.

"A very great English philosopher hath remarked our policy, in taking care never to address any one with a title inferior to what he really claims. My father was of the same opinion; for I remember when I was a boy, the pope happening to pass by, I tended him with 'Pray, sir;' 'For God's sake sir;' 'For the Lord's sake, sir;'—To which he answered gravely, Sirrah, sirrah, you ought to be whipped for taking the Lord's name in vain; and in vain it was indeed, for he gave me nothing. My father, overhearing this, took his advice, and whipped me very severely. While I was under correction I promised often never to take the Lord's name in vain any more. My father then said, 'Child, I do not whip you for taking his name in vain; I whip you for not calling the pope his holiness.'

"If all men were so wise and good to follow the clergy's example, the nuisance of beggars would soon be removed. I do not remember to have been above twice relieved by them during my whole state of beggary. Once was by a very well-looking man, who gave me a small piece of silver, and declared he had given me more than he had left himself; the other was by a spruce young fellow, who had that very day first put on his robes, whom I attended with 'Pray, reverend sir, good reverend sir, consider your cloth.' He answered, 'I do, child, consider my office, and I hope all our cloth do the same.' He then threw down some money, and strutted off with great dignity.

"With the women I had one general formulary: 'Sweet pretty lady,' 'God bless your ladyship,' 'God bless your handsome face.' This generally succeeded; but I observed the uglier the woman was, the surer I was of success.

"It was a constant maxim among us, that the greater retinue any one travelled with the less expectation we might promise ourselves from them; but whenever we saw a vehicle with a single or no servant we imagined our booty sure, and were seldom deceived.

"We observed great difference introduced by time and circumstance in the same person; for instance, a losing gamester is sometimes generous, but from a winner you will as easily obtain his soul as a single groat. A lawyer travelling from his country seat to his clients at Rome, and a physician going to visit a patient, were always worth asking; but the same on their return were (according to our cant phrase) untouchable.

"The most general, and indeed the truest, maxim among us was, that those who possessed the least were always the readiest to give. The chief art of a beggarman is, therefore, to discern the rich from the poor, which, though it be only distinguishing substance from shadow, is by no means attainable without a pretty good capacity and a vast degree of attention; for these two are eternally industrious in endeavouring to counterfeit each other. In this deceit the poor man is more heartily in earnest to deceive you than the rich, who, amidst all the emblems of poverty which he puts on, still permits some mark of his wealth to strike the eye. Thus, while his apparel is not worth a groat, his finger wears a ring of value, or his pocket a gold watch. In a word, he seems rather to affect poverty to insult than impose on you. Now the poor man, on the contrary, is very sincere in his desire of passing for rich; but the eagerness of this desire hurries him to overact his part, and he betrays himself as

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one who is drunk by his overacted sobriety. Thus, instead of being attended by one servant well mounted, he will have two; and, not being able to purchase or maintain a second horse of value, one of his servants at least is mounted on a hired rascallion. He is not contented to go plain and neat in his clothes; he therefore claps on some tawdry ornament, and what he adds to the fineness of his vestment he detracts from the fineness of his linen. Without descending into more minute particulars, I believe I may assert it as an axiom of indubitable truth, that whoever shows you he is either in himself or his equipage as gaudy as he can, convinces you he is more so than he can afford. Now, whenever a man's expense exceeds his income, he is indifferent in the degree; we had therefore nothing more to do with such than to flatter them with their wealth and splendour, and were always certain of success.

"There is, indeed, one kind of rich man who is commonly more liberal, namely, where riches surprise him, as it were, in the midst of poverty and distress, the consequence of which is, I own, sometimes excessive avarice, but oftener extreme prodigality. I remember one of these who, having received a pretty large sum of money, gave me, when I begged an obolus, a whole talent; on which his friend having reproved him, he answered, with an oath, 'Why not? Have I not fifty left?'

"The life of a beggar, if men estimated things by their real essence, and not by their outward false appearance, would be, perhaps, a more desirable situation than any of those which ambition persuades us, with such difficulty, danger, and often villany, to aspire to. The wants of a beggar are commonly as chimerical as the abundance of a nobleman; for besides vanity, which a judicious beggar will always apply to with wonderful efficacy, there are in reality very few natures so hardened as not to compassionate poverty and distress when the predominancy of some other passion doth not prevent them.

"There is one happiness which attends money got with ease, namely, that it is never hoarded; otherwise, as we have frequent opportunities of growing rich, that canker care might prey upon our quiet, as it doth on others; but our money stock we spend as fast as we acquire it; usually at least, for I speak not without exception; thus it gives us mirth only, and no trouble. Indeed, the luxury of our lives might introduce diseases, did not our daily exercise prevent them. This gives us an appetite and relish for our dainties, and at the same time an antidote against the evil effects which sloth, united with luxury, induces on the habit of a human body. Our women we enjoy with ecstasies at least equal to what the greatest men feel in their embraces. I can, I am assured, say of myself, that no mortal could reap more perfect happiness from the tender passion than my fortune had decreed me. I married a charming young woman for love; she was the daughter of a neighbouring beggar, who, with an improvidence too often seen, spent a very large income which he procured by his profession, so that he was able to give her no fortune down; however, at his death he left her a very well accustomed begging-hut, situated on the side of a steep hill, where travellers could not immediately escape from us, and a garden adjoining, being the twenty-eighth part of an acre, well planted. She made the best of wives, bore me nineteen children, and never failed, unless on her lying-in, which generally lasted three days, to get my supper ready against my return home in an evening; this being my favourite meal, and at which I, as well as my whole family, greatly enjoyed ourselves; the principal subject of our discourse being generally the boons we had that day obtained, on which occasions, laughing at the folly of the donors made no inconsiderable part of the entertainment; for, whatever might be their motive for giving, we constantly imputed our success to our having flattered their vanity, or overreached their understanding.

"But perhaps I have dwelt too long on this character; I shall conclude, therefore, with telling you that after a life of 102 years' continuance, during all which I had never known any sickness or infirmity but that which old age necessarily induced, I at last, without the least pain, went out like the snuff of a candle.

"Minos, having heard my history, bid me compute, if I could, how many lies I had told in my life. As we are here, by a certain fated necessity, obliged to confine ourselves to truth, I answered, I believed about 50,000,000. He then replied, with a frown, 'Can such a wretch conceive any hopes of entering Elysium?' I immediately turned about, and, upon the whole, was rejoiced at his not calling me back."

CHAPTER XX.

Julian performs the part of a statesman.

"It was now my fortune to be born of a German princess; but a man-midwife, pulling my head off in delivering my mother, put a speedy end to my princely life.

"Spirits who end their lives before they are at the age of five years are immediately ordered into other bodies; and it was now my fortune to perform several infancies before I could again entitle myself to an examination of Minos.

"At length I was destined once more to play a considerable part on the stage. I was born in England, in the reign of Ethelred II. My father's name was Ulnoth: he was earl or thane of Sussex. I was afterwards known by the name of earl Goodwin, and began to make a considerable figure in the world in the time of Harold Harefoot, whom I procured to be made king of Wessex, or the West Saxons, in prejudice of Hardicanute, whose mother Emma endeavoured afterwards to set another of her sons on the throne; but I circumvented her, and, communicating her design to the king, at the same time acquainted him with a project which I had formed for the murder of these two young princes. Emma had sent for these her sons from Normandy, with the king's leave, whom she had deceived by her religious behaviour, and pretended neglect of all worldly affairs; but I prevailed with Harold to invite these princes to his court, and put them to death. The prudent mother sent only Alfred, retaining Edward to herself, as she suspected my ill designs, and thought I should not venture to execute them on one of her sons, while she secured the other, but she was deceived, for I had no sooner Alfred in my possession than I caused him to be conducted to Ely, where I ordered his eyes to be put out, and afterwards to be confined in a monastery.

"This was one of those cruel expedients which great men satisfy themselves well in executing, by concluding them to be necessary to the service of their prince, who is the support of their ambition.

"Edward, the other son of Emma, escaped again to Normandy; whence, after the death of Harold and Hardicanute, he made no scruple of applying to my protection and favour, though he had before prosecuted me with all the vengeance he was able, for the murder of his brother; but in all great affairs

private relation must yield to public interest. Having therefore concluded very advantageous terms for myself with him, I made no scrupie of patronising his cause, and soon placed him on the throne. Nor did I conceive the least apprehension from his resentment, as I knew my power was too great for him to encounter.

"Among other stipulated conditions one was to marry my daughter Editha. This Edward consented to with great reluctance, and I had afterwards no reason to be pleased with it; for it raised her, who had been my favourite child, to such an opinion of greatness, that, instead of paying me the usual respect, she frequently threw in my teeth (as often at least as I gave her any admonition), that she was now a queen, and that the character and title of father merged in that of subject. This behaviour, however, did not cure me of my affection towards her, nor lessen the uneasiness which I afterwards bore on Edward's dismissing her from his bed.

"One thing which principally induced me to labour the promotion of Edward was the simplicity or weakness of that prince, under whom I promised myself absolute dominion under another name. Nor did this opinion deceive me; for, during his whole reign, my administration was in the highest degree despotic: I had everything of royalty but the outward ensigns; no man ever applying for a place, or any kind of preferment, but to me only. A circumstance which, as it greatly enriched my coffers, so it no less pampered my ambition, and satisfied my vanity with a numerous attendance; and I had the pleasure of seeing those who only bowed to the king prostrating themselves before me.

"Edward the Confessor, or St. Edward, as some have called him, in derision I suppose, being a very silly fellow, had all the faults incident, and almost inseparable, to fools. He married my daughter Editha from his fear of disobliing me; and afterwards, out of hatred to me, refused even to consummate his marriage, though she was one of the most beautiful women of her age. He was likewise guilty of the basest ingratitude to his mother (a vice to which fools are chiefly, if not only, liable); and, in return for her endeavours to procure him a throne in his youth, confined her in a loathsome prison in her old age. This, it is true, he did by my advice; but as to her walking over nine ploughshares red-hot, and giving nine manors, when she had not one in her possession, there is not a syllable of veracity in it.

"The first great perplexity I fell into was on the account of my son Swane, who had deflowered the abbess of Leon, since called Leominster, in Herefordshire. After this fact he retired into Denmark, whence he sent to me to obtain his pardon. The king at first refused it, being moved thereto, as I afterwards found, by some churchmen, particularly by one of his chaplains, whom I had prevented from obtaining a bishopric. Upon this my son Swane invaded the coasts with several ships, and committed many outrageous cruelties; which, indeed, did his business, as they served me to apply to the fear of this king, which I had long since discovered to be his predominant passion. And, at last, he who had refused pardon to his first offence submitted to give it him after he had committed many other more monstrous crimes; by which his pardon lost all grace to the offended, and received double censure from all others.

"The king was greatly inclined to the Normans, had created a Norman archbishop of Canterbury, and had heaped extraordinary favours on him. I had no other objection to this man than that he rose without my assistance; a cause of dislike which, in the reign of great and powerful favourites, hath often proved fatal to the persons who have given it, as the persons thus raised inspire us constantly with jealousies and apprehensions. For when we promote any one ourselves we take effectual care to preserve such an ascendant over him that we can at any time reduce him to his former degree, should he dare to act in opposition to our wills; for which reason we never suffer any to come near the prince but such as we are assured it is impossible should be capable of engaging or improving his affection; no prime minister, as I apprehend, esteeming himself to be safe while any other shares the ear of his prince, of whom we are as jealous as the fondest husband can be of his wife. Whoever, therefore, can approach him by any other channel than that of ourselves, is, in our opinion, a declared enemy, and one whom the first principles of policy oblige us to demolish with the utmost expedition. For the affection of kings is as precarious as that of women, and the only way to secure either to ourselves is to keep all others from them.

"But the archbishop did not let matters rest on suspicion. He soon gave open proofs of his interest with the Confessor in procuring an office of some importance for one Rollo, a Roman of mean extraction and very despicable parts. When I represented to the king the indecency of conferring such an honour on such a fellow, he answered me that he was the archbishop's relation. 'Then, sir,' replied I, 'he is related to your enemy.' Nothing more passed at that time; but I soon perceived, by the archbishop's behaviour, that the king had acquainted him with our private discourse; a sufficient assurance of his confidence in him and neglect of me.

"The favour of princes, when once lost, is recoverable only by the gaining a situation which may make you terrible to them. As I had no doubt of having lost all credit with this king, which indeed had been originally founded and constantly supported by his fear, so I took the method of terror to regain it.

"The earl of Boulogne coming over to visit the king gave me an opportunity of breaking out into open opposition; for, as the earl was on his return to France, one of his servants, who was sent before to procure lodgings at Dover, and insisted on having them in the house of a private man in spite of the owner's teeth, was, in a fray which ensued, killed on the spot; and the earl himself, arriving there soon after, very narrowly escaped with his life. The earl, enraged at this affront, returned to the king at Gloucester with loud complaints and demands of satisfaction. Edward consented to his demands, and ordered me to chastise the rioters, who were under my government as earl of Kent: but, instead of obeying these orders, I answered, with some warmth, that the English were not used to punish people unheard, nor ought their rights and privileges to be violated; that the accused should be first summoned—if guilty, should make satisfaction both with body and estate, but, if innocent, should be discharged. Adding, with great ferocity, that as earl of Kent it was my duty to protect those under my government against the insults of foreigners.

"This accident was extremely lucky, as it gave my quarrel with the king a popular colour, and so ingratiated me with the people, that when I set up my standard, which I soon after did, they readily and cheerfully listed under my banners and embraced my cause, which I persuaded them was their own; for that it was to protect them against

foreigners that I had drawn my sword. The word foreigners with an Englishman hath a kind of magical effect, they having the utmost hatred and aversion to them, arising from the cruelties they suffered from the Danes and some other foreign nations. No wonder therefore they espoused my cause in a quarrel which had such a beginning.

"But what may be somewhat more remarkable is, that when I afterwards returned to England from banishment, and was at the head of an army of the Flemish, who were preparing to plunder the city of London, I still persisted that I was come to defend the English from the danger of foreigners, and gained their credit. Indeed, there is no lie so gross but it may be imposed on the people by those whom they esteem their patrons and defenders.

"The king saved his city by being reconciled to me, and taking again my daughter, whom he had put away from him; and thus, having frightened the king into what concessions I thought proper, I dismissed my army and fleet, with which I intended, could I not have succeeded otherwise, to have sacked the city of London and ravaged the whole country.

"I was no sooner re-established in the king's favour, or, what was as well for me, the appearance of it, than I fell violently on the archbishop. He had of himself retired to his monastery in Normandy; but that did not content me: I had him formally banished, the see declared vacant, and then filled up by another.

"I enjoyed my grandeur a very short time after my restoration to it; for the king, hating and fearing me to a very great degree, and finding no means of openly destroying me, at last effected his purpose by poison, and then spread abroad a ridiculous story of my wishing the next morsel might choke me if I had had any hand in the death of Alfred; and, accordingly, that the next morsel, by a divine judgment, stuck in my throat and performed that office.

"This of a statesman was one of my worst stages in the other world. It is a post subjected daily to the greatest danger and inquietude, and attended with less pleasure and less ease. In a word, it is a pill which, was it not gilded over by ambition, would appear nauseous and detestable in the eye of every one; and perhaps that is one reason why Minos so greatly compassionates the case of those who swallow it: for that just judge told me he always acquitted a prime minister who could produce one single good action in his whole life, let him have committed ever so many crimes. Indeed, I understood him a little too largely and was stepping towards the gate; but he pulled me by the sleeve, and, telling me no prime minister ever entered there, bid me go back again; saying, he thought I had sufficient reason to rejoice in my escaping the bottomless pit, which half my crimes committed in any other capacity would have entitled me to.

CHAPTER XXI.

Julian's adventures in the post of a soldier.

"I was born at Caen in Normandy. My mother's name was Matilda; as for my father, I am not so certain; for the good woman on her death-bed assured me she herself could bring her guess to no greater certainty than to five of duke William's captains. When I was no more than thirteen (being indeed a surprising stout boy of my age) I enlisted into the army of duke William, afterwards known by the name of William the Conqueror, landed with him at Pemesey or Pemsey in Sussex, and was present at the famous battle of Hastings.

"At the first onset it was impossible to describe my consternation, which was heightened by the fall of two soldiers who stood by me; but this soon abated, and by degrees, as my blood grew warm, I thought no more of my own safety, but fell on the enemy with great fury, and did a good deal of execution; till unhappily I received a wound in my thigh, which rendered me unable to stand any longer, so that I now lay among the dead, and was constantly exposed to the danger of being trampled to death, as well by my fellow-soldiers as by the enemy. However, I had the fortune to escape it, and continued the remaining part of the day and the night following on the ground.

"The next morning, the duke sending out parties to bring off the wounded, I was found almost expiring with loss of blood; notwithstanding which, as immediate care was taken to dress my wounds, youth and a robust constitution stood my friends, and I recovered after a long and tedious indisposition, and was again able to use my limbs and do my duty.

"As soon as Dover was taken I was conveyed thither with all the rest of the sick and wounded. Here I recovered of my wound; but fell afterwards into a violent flux, which, when it departed, left me so weak that it was long before I could regain my strength. And what most afflicted me was, that during my whole illness, when I languished under want as well as sickness, I had daily the mortification to see and hear the riots and excess of my fellow-soldiers, who had happily escaped safe from the battle.

"I was no sooner well than I was ordered into garrison at Dover-castle. The officers here fared very indifferently, but the private men much worse. We had great scarcity of provisions, and, what was yet more intolerable, were so closely confined for want of room (four of us being obliged to lie on the same bundle of straw), that many died, and most sickened.

"Here I had remained about four months, when one night we were alarmed with the arrival of the earl of Boulogne, who had come over privily from France, and endeavoured to surprise the castle. The design proved ineffectual; for the garrison making a brisk sally, most of his men were tumbled down the precipice, and he returned with a very few back to France. In this action, however, I had the misfortune to come off with a broken arm; it was so shattered, that, besides a great deal of pain and misery which I endured in my cure, I was disabled for upwards of three months.

"Soon after my recovery I had contracted an amour with a young woman whose parents lived near the garrison, and were in much better circumstances than I had reason to expect should give their consent to the match. However, as she was extremely fond of me (as I was indeed distractedly enamoured of her), they were prevailed on to comply with her desires, and the day was fixed for our marriage.

"On the evening preceding, while I was exulting with the eager expectation of the happiness I was the next day to enjoy, I received orders to march early in the morning towards Windsor, where a large army was to be formed, at the head of which the king intended to march into the west. Any person who hath ever been in love may easily imagine what I felt in my mind on receiving those orders; and what still heightened my torments was, that the commanding officer would not permit any one to go out of the garrison that evening; so that I had not even an opportunity of taking leave of my beloved.

"The morning came which was to have put me in the possession of my wishes; but alas! the scene was now changed, and all the hopes which I had

raised were now so many ghosts to haunt, and furies to torment me.

"It was now the midst of winter, and very severe weather for the season; when we were obliged to make very long and fatiguing marches, in which we suffered all the inconveniences of cold and hunger. The night in which I expected to riot in the arms of my beloved mistress I was obliged to take up with a lodging on the ground, exposed to the inclemencies of a rigid frost; nor could I obtain the least comfort of sleep, which shunned me as its enemy. In short, the horrors of that night are not to be described, or perhaps imagined. They made such an impression on my soul, that I was forced to be dipped three times in the river Lethe to prevent my remembering it in the characters which I afterwards performed in the flesh."

Here I interrupted Julian for the first time, and told him no such dipping had happened to me in my voyage from one world to the other; but he satisfied me by saying "that this only happened to those spirits which returned into the flesh, in order to prevent that reminiscence which Plato mentions, and which would otherwise cause great confusion in the other world."

He then proceeded as follows: "We continued a very laborious march to Exeter, which we were ordered to besiege. The town soon surrendered, and his majesty built a castle there, which he garrisoned with his Normans, and unhappily I had the misfortune to be one of the number.

"Here we were confined closer than I had been at Dover; for, as the citizens were extremely disaffected, we were never suffered to go without the walls of the castle; nor indeed could we, unless in large bodies, without the utmost danger. We were likewise kept to continual duty, nor could any solicitations prevail with the commanding officer to give me a month's absence to visit my love, from whom I had no opportunity of hearing in all my long absence.

"However, in the spring, the people being more quiet, and another officer of a gentler temper succeeding to the principal command, I obtained leave to go to Dover; but alas! what comfort did my long journey bring me? I found the parents of my darling in the utmost misery at her loss; for she had died, about a week before my arrival, of a consumption, which they imputed to her pining at my sudden departure.

"I now fell into the most violent and almost raving fit of despair. I cursed myself, the king, and the whole world, which no longer seemed to have any delight for me. I threw myself on the grave of my deceased love, and lay there without any kind of sustenance for two whole days. At last hunger, together with the persuasions of some people who took pity on me, prevailed with me to quit that situation, and refresh myself with food. They then persuaded me to return to my post, and abandon a place where almost every object I saw recalled ideas to my mind which, as they said, I should endeavour with my utmost force to expel from it. This advice at length succeeded; the rather, as the father and mother of my beloved refused to see me, looking on me as the innocent but certain cause of the death of their only child

"The loss of one we tenderly love, as it is one of the most bitter and biting evils which attend human life, so it wants the lenitive which palliates and softens every other calamity; I mean that great reliever, hope. No man can be so totally undone, but that he may still cherish expectation: but this deprives us of all such comfort, nor can anything but time alone lessen it. This, however, in most minds, is sure to work a slow but effectual remedy; so did it in mine: for within a twelvemonth I was entirely reconciled to my fortune, and soon after absolutely forgot the object of a passion from which I had promised myself such extreme happiness, and in the disappointment of which I had experienced such inconceivable misery.

"At the expiration of the month I returned to my garrison at Exeter; where I was no sooner arrived than I was ordered to march into the north, to oppose a force there levied by the earls of Chester and Northumberland. We came to York, where his majesty pardoned the heads of the rebels, and very severely punished some who were less guilty. It was particularly my lot to be ordered to seize a poor man who had never been out of his house, and convey him to prison. I detested this barbarity, yet was obliged to execute it; nay, though no reward would have bribed me in a private capacity to have acted such a part, yet so much sanctity is there in the commands of a monarch or general to a soldier, that I performed it without reluctance, nor had the tears of his wife and family any prevalence with me.

"But this, which was a very small piece of mischief in comparison with many of my barbarities afterwards, was however the only one which ever gave me any uneasiness; for when the king led us afterwards into Northumberland to revenge those people's having joined with Osborne the Dane in his invasion, and orders were given us to commit what ravages we could, I was forward in fulfilling them, and, among some lesser cruelties (I remember it yet with sorrow), I ravished a woman, murdered a little infant playing in her lap, and then burnt her house. In short, for I have no pleasure in this part of my relation, I had my share in all the cruelties exercised on those poor wretches; which were so grievous, that for sixty miles together, between York and Durham, not a single house, church, or any other public or private edifice, was left standing.

"We had pretty well devoured the country, when we were ordered to march to the Isle of Ely, to oppose Hereward, a bold and stout soldier, who had under him a very large body of rebels, who had the impudence to rise against their king and conqueror (I talk now in the same style I did then) in defence of their liberties, as they called them. These were soon subdued; but as I happened (more to my glory than my comfort) to be posted in that part through which Hereward cut his way, I received a dreadful cut on the forehead, a second on the shoulder, and was run through the body with a pike.

"I languished a long time with these wounds, which made me incapable of attending the king into Scotland. However, I was able to go over with him afterwards into Normandy, in his expedition against Philip, who had taken the opportunity of the troubles in England to invade that province. Those few Normans who had survived their wounds, and had remained in the Isle of Ely, were all of our nation who went, the rest of his army being all composed of English. In a skirmish near the town of Mans my leg was broke and so shattered that it was forced to be cut off.

"I was now disabled from serving longer in the army; and accordingly, being discharged from the service, I retired to the place of my nativity, where, in extreme poverty, and frequent bad health from the many wounds I had received, I dragged on a miserable life to the age of sixty-three; my only pleasure being to recount the feats of my youth, in which narratives I generally exceeded the truth.

"It would be tedious and unpleasant to recount to you the several miseries I suffered after my return to Caen; let it suffice, they were so terrible that they induced Minos to compassionate me, and, notwithstanding the barbarities I had been guilty of in Northumberland, to suffer me to go once more back to earth."

CHAPTER XXII.

What happened to Julian in the person of a tailor.

"FORTUNE now stationed me in a character which the ingratitude of mankind hath put them on ridiculing, though they owe to it not only a relief from the inclemencies of cold, to which they would otherwise be exposed, but likewise a considerable satisfaction of their vanity. The character I mean was that of a tailor; which, if we consider it with due attention, must be confessed to have in it great dignity and importance. For, in reality, who constitutes the different degrees between men but the tailor? the prince indeed gives the title, but it is the tailor who makes the man. To his labours are owing the respect of crowds, and the awe which great men inspire into their beholders, though these are too often unjustly attributed to other motives. Lastly, the admiration of the fair is most commonly to be placed to his account.

"I was just set up in my trade when I made three suits of fine clothes for king Stephen's coronation. I question whether the person who wears the rich coat hath so much pleasure and vanity in being admired in it as we tailors have from that admiration; and perhaps a philosopher would say he is not so well entitled to it. I bustled on the day of the ceremony through the crowd, and it was with incredible delight I heard several say, as my clothes walked by, 'Bless me, was ever anything so fine as the earl of Devonshire? Sure he and sir Hugh Bigot are the two best dressed men I ever saw.' Now both those suits were of my making.

"There would indeed be infinite pleasure in working for the courtiers, as they are generally genteel men, and show one's clothes to the best advantage, was it not for one small discouragement; this is, that they never pay. I solemnly protest, though I lost almost as much by the court in my life as I got by the city, I never carried a suit into the latter with half the satisfaction which I have done to the former; though from that I was certain of ready money, and from this almost as certain of no money at all.

"Courtiers may, however, be divided into two sorts, very essentially different from each other; into those who never intend to pay for their clothes; and those who do intend to pay for them, but never happen to be able. Of the latter sort are many of those young gentlemen whom we equip out for the army, and who are, unhappily for us, cut off before they arrive at preferment. This is the reason that tailors, in time of war, are mistaken for politicians by their inquisitiveness into the event of battles, one campaign very often proving the ruin of half a dozen of us. I am sure I had frequent reason to curse that fatal battle of Cardigan, where the Welsh defeated some of king Stephen's best troops, and where many a good suit of mine, unpaid for, fell to the ground.

"The gentlemen of this honourable calling have fared much better in later ages than when I was of it; for now it seems the fashion is, when they apprehend their customer is not in the best circumstances, if they are not paid as soon as they carry home the suit, they charge him in their book as much again as it is worth, and then send a gentleman with a small scrip of parchment to demand the money. If this he not immediately paid the gentleman takes the beau with him to his house, where he locks him up till the tailor is contented: but in my time these scrips of parchment were not in use; and if the beau disliked paying for his clothes, as very often happened, we had no method of compelling him.

"In several of the characters which I have related to you, I apprehend I have sometimes forgot myself, and considered myself as really interested as I was when I personated them on earth. I have just now caught myself in the fact; for I have complained to you as bitterly of my customers as I formerly used to do when I was the tailor: but in reality, though there were some few persons of very great quality, and some others, who never paid their debts, yet those were but a few, and I had a method of repairing this loss. My customers I divided under three heads: those who paid ready money, those who paid slow, and those who never paid at all. The first of these I considered apart by themselves, as persons by whom I got a certain but small profit. The two last I lumped together, making those who paid slow contribute to repair my losses by those who did not pay at all. Thus, upon the whole, I was a very inconsiderable loser, and might have left a fortune to my family, had I no: launched forth into expenses which swallowed up all my gains. I had a wife and two children. These indeed I kept frugally enough, for I half starved them; but I kept a mistress in a finer way, for whom I had a country house, pleasantly situated on the Thames, elegantly fitted up and neatly furnished. This woman might very properly be called my mistress, for she was most absolutely so; and, though her tenure was no higher than by my will, she domineered as tyrannically as if my chains had been riveted in the strongest manner. To all this I submitted, not through any adoration of her beauty, which was indeed but indifferent. Her charms consisted in little wantonnesses, which she knew admirably well to use in hours of dalliance, and which, I believe, are of all things the most delightful to a lover.

"She was so profusely extravagant, that it seemed as if she had an actual intent to ruin me. This I am sure of, if such had been her real intention, she could have taken no properer way to accomplish it; nay, I myself might appear to have had the same view: for, besides this extravagant mistress and my country-house, I kept likewise a brace of hunters, rather for that it was fashionable so to do than for any great delight I took in the sport, which I very little attended; not for want of leisure, for few noblemen had so much. All the work I ever did was taking measure, and that only of my greatest and best customers. I scarce ever cut a piece of cloth in my life, nor was indeed much more able to fashion a coat than any gentleman in the kingdom. This made a skilful servant too necessary to me. He knew I must submit to any terms with, or any treatment from, him. He knew it was easier for him to find another such a tailor as me than for me to procure such another workman as him: for this reason he exerted the most notorious and cruel tyranny, seldom giving me a civil word; nor could the utmost condescension on my side, though attended with continual presents and rewards, and raising his wages, content or please him. In a word, he was as absolutely my master as was ever an ambitious, industrious prime minister over an indolent and voluptuous king. All my other journeymen paid more respect to him than to me; for they considered

my favour as a necessary consequence of obtaining his.

"These were the most remarkable occurrences while I acted this part. Minos hesitated a few moments, and then bid me get back again, without assigning any reason."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The life of alderman Julian.

"I now revisited England, and was born at London. My father was one of the magistrates of that city. He had eleven children, of whom I was the eldest. He had great success in trade, and grew extremely rich, but the largeness of his family rendered it impossible for him to leave me a fortune sufficient to live well on independent of business. I was accordingly brought up to be a fishmonger, in which capacity I myself afterwards acquired very considerable wealth.

"The same disposition of mind which in princes is called ambition is in subjects named faction. To this temper I was greatly addicted from my youth. I was, while a boy, a great partisan of prince John's against his brother Richard, during the latter's absence in the holy war and in his captivity. I was no more than one-and-twenty when I first began to make political speeches in public, and to endeavour to foment disquietude and discontent in the city. As I was pretty well qualified for this office, by a great fluency of words, an harmonious accent, a graceful delivery, and above all an invincible assurance, I had soon acquired some reputation among the younger citizens, and some of the weaker and more inconsiderate of a riper age. This, co-operating with my own natural vanity, made me extravagantly proud and supercilious. I soon began to esteem myself a man of some consequence, and to overlook persons every way my superiors.

"The famous Robin Hood, and his companion Little John, at this time made a considerable figure in Yorkshire. I took upon me to write a letter to the former, in the name of the city, inviting him to come to London, where I assured him of very good reception, signifying to him my own great weight and consequence, and how much I had disposed the citizens in his favour. Whether he received this letter or no I am not certain; but he never gave me any answer to it.

"A little afterwards one William Fitz-Osborn, or, as he was nicknamed, William Long-Beard, began to make a figure in the city. He was a bold and an impudent fellow, and had raised himself to great popularity with the rabble, by pretending to espouse their cause against the rich. I took this man's part, and made a public oration in his favour, setting him forth as patriot, and one who had embarked in the cause of liberty: for which service he did not receive me with the acknowledgments I expected. However, as I thought I should easily gain the ascendant over this fellow, I continued still firm on his side, till the archbishop of Canterbury, with an armed force, put an end to his progress: for he was seised in Bow-church, where he had taken refuge, and with nine of his accomplices hanged in chains.

"I escaped narrowly myself; for I was seized in the same church with the rest, and, as I had been very considerably engaged in the enterprise, the archbishop was inclined to make me an example; but my father's merit, who had advanced a considerable sum to queen Eleanor towards the king's ransom, preserved me.

"The consternation my danger had occasioned kept me some time quiet, and I applied myself very assiduously to my trade. I invented all manner of methods to enhance the price of fish, and made use of my utmost endeavours to engross as much of the business as possible in my own hands. By these means I acquired a substance which raised me to some little consequence in the city, but far from elevating me to that degree which I had formerly flattered myself with possessing at a time when I was totally insignificant; for, in a trading society, money must at least lay the foundation of all power and interest.

"But as it hath been remarked that the same ambition which sent Alexander into Asia brings the wrestler on the green; and as this same ambition is as incapable as quicksilver of lying still; so I, who was possessed perhaps of a share equal to what hath fired the blood of any of the heroes of antiquity, was no less restless and discontented with ease and quiet. My first endeavours were to make myself head of my company, which Richard I. had just published, and soon afterwards I procured myself to be chosen alderman.

"Opposition is the only state which can give a subject an opportunity of exerting the disposition I was possessed of. Accordingly king John was no sooner seated on his throne than I began to oppose his measures, whether right or wrong. It is true that monarch had faults enow. He was so abandoned to lust and luxury, that he addicted himself to the most extravagant excesses in both, while he indolently suffered the king of France to rob him of almost all his foreign dominions: my opposition therefore was justifiable enough, and if my motive from within had been as good as the occasion from without I should have had little excuse; but, in truth, I sought nothing but my own preferment, by making myself formidable to the king, and then selling to him the interest of that party by whose means I had become so. Indeed, had the public good been my care, however zealously I might have opposed the beginning of his reign, I should not have scrupled to lend him my utmost assistance in the struggle between him and pope Innocent the third, in which he was so manifestly in the right; nor have suffered the insolence of that pope, and the power of the king of France, to have compelled him in the issue basely to resign his crown into the hands of the former, and receive it again as a vassal; by means of which acknowledgment the pope afterwards claimed this kingdom as a tributary fief to be held of the papal chair. A claim which occasioned great uneasiness to many subsequent princes, and brought numberless calamities on the nation.

"As the king had, among other concessions, stipulated to pay an immediate sum of money to Pandulph, which he had great difficulty to raise, it was absolutely necessary for him to apply to the city, where my interest and popularity were so high that he had no hopes without my assistance. As I knew this, I took care to sell myself and country as high as possible. The terms I demanded, therefore, were a place, a pension, and a knighthood. All those were immediately consented to. I was forthwith knighted, and promised the other two.

"I now mounted the hustings, and, without any regard to decency or modesty, made as emphatical a speech in favour of the king as before I had done against him. In this speech I justified all those measures which I had before condemned, and pleaded as earnestly with my fellow-citizens to open their purses as I had formerly done to prevail with them to keep them shut. But, alas! my rhetoric had not the effect I proposed. The consequence of my arguments was only contempt to myself. The people at first stared on one another, and afterwards began unanimously to express their dislike. An impudent fellow among them, reflecting on my trade, cried out,

'Stinking fish;' which was immediately reiterated through the whole crowd. I was then forced to slink away home; but I was not able to accomplish my retreat without being attended by the mob, who huzza'd me along the street with the repeated cries of 'Stinking fish.'

"I now proceeded to court, to inform his majesty of my faithful service, and how much I had suffered in his cause. I found by my first reception he had already heard of my success. Instead of thanking me for my speech, he said the city should repent of their obstinacy, for that he would show them who he was: and so saying, he immediately turned that part to me to which the toe of man hath so wonderful an affection, that it is very difficult, whenever it presents itself conveniently, to keep our toes from the most violent and ardent salutation of it.

"I was a little nettled at this behaviour, and with some earnestness claimed the king's fulfilling his promise; but he retired without answering me. I then applied to some of the courtiers, who had lately professed great friendship to me, had eat at my house, and invited me to theirs: but not one would return me any answer, all running away from me as if I had been seized with some contagious distemper. I now found by experience that, as none can be so civil, so none can be ruder than a courtier.

"A few moments after the king's retiring I was left alone in the room to consider what I should do or whither I should turn myself. My reception in the city promised itself to be equal at least with what I found at court. However, there was my home, and thither it was necessary I should retreat for the present.

"But, indeed, bad as I apprehended my treatment in the city would be, it exceeded my expectation. I rode home on an ambling pad through crowds who expressed every kind of disregard and contempt; pelting me not only with the most abusive language, but with dirt. However, with much difficulty I arrived at last at my own house, with my bones whole, but covered over with filth.

"When I was got within my doors, and had shut them against the mob, who had pretty well vented their spleen, and seemed now contented to retire, my wife, whom I found crying over her children, and from whom I had hoped some comfort in my afflictions, fell upon me in the most outrageous manner. She asked me why I would venture on such a step, without consulting her; she said her advice might have been civilly asked, if I was resolved not to have been guided by it. That, whatever opinion I might have conceived of her understanding, the rest of the world thought better of it. That I had never failed when I had asked her counsel, nor ever succeeded without it;—with much more of the same kind, too tedious to mention; concluding that it was a monstrous behaviour to desert my party and come over to the court. An abuse which I took worse than all the rest, as she had been constantly for several years assiduous in railing at the opposition, in siding with the court-party, and begging me to come over to it; and especially after my mentioning the offer of knighthood to her, since which time she had continually interrupted my repose with dinning in my ears the folly of refusing honours and of adhering to a party and to principles by which I was certain of procuring no advantage to myself and my family.

"I had now entirely lost my trade, so that I had not the least temptation to stay longer in a city where I was certain of receiving daily affronts and rebukes. I therefore made up my affairs with the utmost expedition, and, scraping together all I could, retired into the country, where I spent the remainder of my days in universal contempt, being shunned by every body, perpetually abused by my wife, and not much respected by my children.

"Minos told me, though I had been a very vile fellow, he thought my sufferings made some atonement, and so bid me take the other trial."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Julian recounts what happened to him while he was a poet.

"Rome was now the seat of my nativity, where I was born of a family more remarkable for honour than riches. I was intended for the church, and had a pretty good education; but my father dying while I was young, and leaving me nothing, for he had wasted his whole patrimony, I was forced to enter myself in the order of mendicants.

"When I was at school I had a knack of rhyming, which I unhappily mistook for genius, and indulged to my cost; for my verses drew on me only ridicule, and I was in contempt called the poet.

"This humour pursued me through my life. My first composition after I left school was a panegyric on pope Alexander IV., who then pretended a project of dethroning the king of Sicily. On this subject I composed a poem of about fifteen thousand lines, which with much difficulty I got to be presented to his holiness, of whom I expected great preferment as my reward; but I was cruelly disappointed: for when I had waited a year, without hearing any of the commendations I had flattered myself with receiving, and being now able to contain no longer, I applied to a jesuit who was my relation, and had the pope's ear, to know what his holiness's opinion was of my work: he coldly answered me that he was at that time busied in concerns of too much importance to attend the reading of poems.

"However dissatisfied I might be, and really was, with this reception, and however angry I was with the pope, for whose understanding I entertained an immoderate contempt, I was not yet discouraged from a second attempt. Accordingly, I soon after produced another work, entitled, The Trojan Horse. This was an allegorical work, in which the church was introduced into the world in the same manner as that machine had been into Troy. The priests were the soldiers in its belly, and the heathen superstition the city to be destroyed by them. This poem was written in Latin. I remember some of the lines:—

> Mundanos scandit fatalis machina muros,
> Farta sacerdotum turmis: exinde per alvum
> Visi exire omnes, magno cum murmure olentes.
> Non aliter quàm cum humanis furibundus ab antris
> It sonus et nares simul aura invadit hiantes.
> Mille scatent et mille alii; trepidare timore
> Ethnica gens cœpit: falsi per inane volantes
> Effugere Dei—Desertaque templa relinquunt.
> Jam magnum crepitavit equus, mox orbis et alti
> Ingemuere poli: tunc tu pater, ultimus omnium
> Maxime Alexander, ventrem maturus equinum
> Deseris, heu proles meliori digne parente."

I believe Julian, had I not stopped him, would have gone through the whole poem (for, as I observed in most of the characters he related, the affections he had enjoyed while he personated them on earth still made some impression on him); but I begged him to omit the sequel of the poem, and proceed with his history. He then recollected himself, and, smiling at the observation which by intuition he perceived I had made, continued his narration as follows:

"I confess to you," says he, "that the delight in repeating our own works is so predominant in a poet, that I find nothing can totally root it out of the soul. Happy would it be for those persons if their hearers

could be delighted in the same manner: but alas! hence that *ingens solitudo* complained of by Horace: for the vanity of mankind is so much greedier and more general than their avarice, that no beggar is so ill received by them as he who solicits their praise.

"This I sufficiently experienced in the character of a poet; for my company was shunned (I believe on this account chiefly) by my whole house: nay, there were few who would submit to hearing me read my poetry, even at the price of sharing in my provisions. The only person who gave me audience was a brother poet; he indeed fed me with commendation very liberally: but, as I was forced to hear and commend in my turn, I perhaps bought his attention dear enough.

"Well, sir, if my expectations of the reward I hoped from my first poem had baulked me, I had now still greater reason to complain; for, instead of being preferred or commended for the second, I was enjoined a very severe penance by my superior, for ludicrously comparing the pope to a fart. My poetry was now the jest of every company, except some few who spoke of it with detestation; and I found that, instead of recommending me to preferment, it had effectually barred me from all probability of attaining it.

"These discouragements had now induced me to lay down my pen and write no more. But, as Juvenal says,

> —Si discedas, Laqueo tenet ambitiosi
> Consuetudo mali.

I was an example of the truth of this assertion, for I soon betook myself again to my muse. Indeed, a poet hath the same happiness with a man who is dotingly fond of an ugly woman. The one enjoys his muse, and the other his mistress, with a pleasure very little abated by the esteem of the world, and only undervalues their taste for not corresponding with his own.

"It is unnecessary to mention any more of my poems; they had all the same fate; and though in reality some of my latter pieces deserved (I may now speak it without the imputation of vanity) a better success, as I had the character of a bad writer, I found it impossible ever to obtain the reputation of a good one. Had I possessed the merit of Homer I could have hoped for no applause; since it must have been a profound secret; for no one would now read a syllable of my writings.

"The poets of my age were, as I believe you know, not very famous. However, there was one of some credit at that time, though I have the consolation to know his works are all perished long ago. The malice, envy, and hatred I bore this man are inconceivable to any but an author, and an unsuccessful one; I never could bear to hear him well spoken of, and writ anonymous satires against him, though I had received obligations from him; indeed I believe it would have been an absolute impossibility for him at any rate to have made me sincerely his friend.

"I have heard an observation which was made by some one of later days, that there are no worse men than bad authors. A remark of the same kind hath been made on ugly women, and the truth of both stands on one and the same reason, *viz.* that they are both tainted with that cursed and detestable vice of envy; which, as it is the greatest torment to the mind it inhabits, so is it capable of introducing into it a total corruption, and of inspiring it to the commission of the most horrid crimes imaginable.

"My life was but short; for I soon pined myself to death with the vice I just now mentioned. Minos told me I was infinitely too bad for Elysium; and as for the other place, the devil had sworn he would never entertain a poet for Orpheus's sake: so I was forced to return again to the place from whence I came."

CHAPTER XXV.

Julian performs the parts of a knight and a dancing-master.

"I now mounted the stage in Sicily, and became a knight-templar; but, as my adventures differ so little from those I have recounted you in the character of a common soldier, I shall not tire you with repetition. The soldier and the captain differ in reality so little from one another, that it requires an accurate judgment to distinguish them; the latter wears finer clothes, and in times of success lives somewhat more delicately; but as to everything else, they very nearly resemble one another.

"My next step was into France, where fortune assigned me the part of a dancing-master. I was so expert in my profession that I was brought to court in my youth, and had the heels of Philip de Valois, who afterwards succeeded Charles the Fair, committed to my direction.

"I do not remember that in any of the characters in which I appeared on earth I ever assumed to myself a greater dignity, or thought myself of more real importance, than now. I looked on dancing as the greatest excellence of human nature, and on myself as the greatest proficient in it. And, indeed, this seemed to be the general opinion of the whole court; for I was the chief instructor of the youth of both sexes, whose merit was almost entirely defined by the advances they made in that science which I had the honour to profess. As to myself, I was so fully persuaded of this truth, that I not only slighted and despised those who were ignorant of dancing, but I thought the highest character I could give of any man was that he made a graceful bow: for want of which accomplishment I had a sovereign contempt for most persons of learning; nay for some officers in the army, and a few even of the courtiers themselves.

"Though so little of my youth had been thrown away in what they call literature that I could hardly write and read, yet I composed a treatise on education; the first rudiments of which, as I taught, were to instruct a child in the science of coming handsomely into a room. In this I corrected many faults of my predecessors, particularly that of being too much in a hurry, and instituting a child in the sublimer parts of dancing before they are capable of making their honours.

"But as I have not now the same high opinion of my profession which I had then, I shall not entertain you with a long history of a life which consisted of borées and coupées. Let it suffice that I lived to a very old age and followed my business as long as I could crawl. At length I revisited my old friend Minos, who treated me with very little respect and bade me dance back again to earth.

"I did so, and was now once more born an Englishman, bred up to the church, and at length arrived to the station of a bishop.

"Nothing was so remarkable in this character as my always voting—*."

* Here part of the manuscript is lost, and that a very considerable one, as appears by the number of the next book and chapter, which contains, I find, the history of Anna Boleyn; but as to the manner in which it was introduced, or to whom the narrative is told, we are totally left in the dark. I have only to remark, that this chapter is, in the original writ in a woman's hand: and, though the observations in it are, I think, as excellent as any in the whole volume, there seems to be a difference in style between this and the preceding chapters, and, as it is the character of a woman which is related, I am inclined to fancy it was really written by one of that sex.

BOOK XIX.—CHAPTER VII.

Wherein Anna Boleyn relates the history of her life.

"I AM going now truly to recount a life which from the time of its ceasing has been, in the other world, the continual subject of the cavils of contending parties; the one making me as black as hell, the other as pure and innocent as the inhabitants of this blessed place; the mist of prejudice blinding their eyes, and zeal for what they themselves profess making everything appear in that light which they think most conduces to its honour.

"My infancy was spent in my father's house, in those childish plays which are most suitable to that state, and I think this was one of the happiest parts of my life; for my parents were not among the number of those who look upon their children as so many objects of a tyrannic power, but I was regarded as the dear pledge of a virtuous love, and all my little pleasures were thought from their indulgence their greatest delight. At seven years old I was carried into France with the king's sister, who was married to the French king, where I lived with a person of quality, who was an acquaintance of my father's. I spent my time in learning those things necessary to give young persons of fashion a polite education, and did neither good nor evil, but day passed after day in the same easy way till I was fourteen; then began my anxiety, my vanity grew strong, and my heart fluttered with joy at every compliment paid to my beauty: and as the lady with whom I lived was of a gay, cheerful disposition, she kept a great deal of company, and my youth and charms made me the continual object of their admiration. I passed some little time in those exulting raptures which are felt by every woman perfectly satisfied with herself and with the behaviour of others towards her: I was, when very young, promoted to be maid of honour to her majesty. The court was frequented by a young nobleman whose beauty was the chief subject of conversation in all assemblies of ladies. The delicacy of his person, added to a great softness in his manner, gave everything he said and did such an air of tenderness, that every woman he spoke to flattered herself with being the object of his love. I was one of those who was vain enough of my own charms to hope to make a conquest of him whom the whole court sighed for. I now thought every other object below my notice; yet the only pleasure I proposed to myself in this design was, the triumphing over that heart which I plainly saw all the ladies of the highest quality and the greatest beauty would have been proud of possessing. I was yet too young to be very artful; but nature, without any assistance, soon discovers to a man who is used to gallantry a woman's desire to be liked by him, whether that desire arises from any particular choice she makes of him, or only from vanity. He soon perceived my thoughts, and gratified my utmost wishes by constantly preferring me before all other women, and exerting his utmost gallantry and address to engage my affections. This sudden happiness, which I then thought the greatest I could have had, appeared visible in all my actions; I grew so gay and so full of vivacity, that it made my person appear still to a better advantage, all my acquaintance pretending to be fonder of me than ever: though, young as I was, I plainly saw it was but pretence, for through all their endeavours to the contrary envy would often break forth in sly insinuations and malicious sneers, which gave me fresh matter of triumph, and frequent opportunities of insulting them, which I never let slip, for now first my female heart grew sensible of the spiteful pleasure of seeing another languish for what I enjoyed. Whilst I was in the height of my happiness her majesty fell ill of a languishing distemper, which obliged her to go into the country for the change of air: my place made it necessary for me to attend her, and which way he brought it about I can't imagine, but my young hero found means to be one of that small train that waited on my royal mistress, although she went as privately as possible. Hitherto all the interviews I had ever had with him were in public, and I only looked on him as the fitter object to feed that pride which had no other view but to show its power; but now the scene was quite changed. My rivals were all at a distance: the place we went to was as charming as the most agreeable natural situation, assisted by the greatest art, could make it; the pleasant solitary walks, the singing of birds, the thousand pretty romantic scenes this delightful place afforded, gave a sudden turn to my mind; my whole soul was melted into softness, and all my vanity was fled. My spark was too much used to affairs of this nature not to perceive this change; at first the profuse transports of his joy made me believe him wholly mine, and this belief gave me such happiness that no language affords words to express it, and can be only known to those who have felt it. But this was of a very short duration, for I soon found I had to do with one of those men whose only end in the pursuit of a woman is to make her fall a victim to an insatiable desire to be admired. His designs had succeeded, and now he every day grew colder, and, as if by infatuation, my passion every day increased; and, notwithstanding all my resolutions and endeavours to the contrary, my rage at the disappointment at once both of my love and pride, and at the finding a passion fixed in my breast I knew not how to conquer, broke out into that inconsistent behaviour which must always be the consequence of violent passions. One moment I reproached him, the next I grew to tenderness and blamed myself, and thought I fancied what was not true: he saw my struggle and triumphed in it; but, as he had not witnesses enough there of his victory to give him the full enjoyment of it, he grew weary of the country and returned to Paris, and left me in a condition it is utterly impossible to describe. My mind was like a city up in arms, all confusion; and every new thought was a fresh disturber of my peace. Sleep quite forsook me, and the anxiety I suffered threw me into a fever which had like to have cost me my life. With great care I recovered, but the violence of the distemper left such a weakness on my body that the disturbance of my mind was greatly assuaged; and now I began to comfort myself in the reflection that this gentleman's being a finished coquet was very likely the only thing could have preserved me; for he was the only man from whom I was ever in any danger. By that time I was got tolerably well we returned to Paris; and I confess I both wished and feared to see this cause of all my pain: however, I hoped, by the help of my resentment, to be able to meet him with indifference. This employed my thoughts till our arrival. The next day there was a very full court to congratulate the queen on her recovery; and among the rest my love appeared dressed and adorned as if he designed some new conquest. Instead of seeing a woman he despised and slighted, he approached me with that assured air which is common to successful coxcombs. At the same time I perceived I was surrounded by all those ladies who were on his account my greatest enemies, and, in revenge, wished for nothing more than to see me make a ridiculous figure. This situation so perplexed my thoughts, that when he came near

enough to speak to me, I fainted away in his arms. Had I studied which way I could gratify him most, it was impossible to have done anything to have pleased him more. Some that stood by brought smelling-bottles, and used means for my recovery; and I was welcomed to returning life by all those ill-natured repartees which women enraged by envy are capable of venting. One cried, 'Well, I never thought my lord had anything so frightful in his person or so fierce in his manner as to strike a young lady dead at the sight of him.' 'No, no,' says another, 'some ladies' senses are more apt to be hurried by agreeable than disagreeable objects.' With many more such sort of speeches which showed more malice than wit. This not being able to bear, trembling, and with but just strength enough to move, I crawled to my coach and hurried home. When I was alone, and thought on what had happened to me in a public court, I was at first driven to the utmost despair; but afterwards, when I came to reflect, I believe this accident contributed more to my being cured of my passion than any other could have done. I began to think the only method to pique the man who had used me so barbarously, and to be revenged on my spiteful rivals was to recover that beauty which was then languid and had lost its lustre, to let them see I had still charms enough to engage as many lovers as I could desire, and that I could yet rival them who had thus cruelly insulted me. These pleasing hopes revived my sinking spirits, and worked a more effectual cure on me than all the philosophy and advice of the wisest men could have done. I now employed all my time and care in adorning my person, and studying the surest means of engaging the affections of others, while I myself continued quite indifferent; for I resolved for the future, if ever one soft thought made its way to my heart, to fly the object of it, and by new lovers to drive the image from my breast. I consulted my glass every morning, and got such a command of my countenance that I could suit it to the different tastes of variety of lovers; and though I was young, for I was not yet above seventeen, yet my public way of life gave me such continual opportunities of conversing with men, and the strong desire I now had of pleasing them led me to make such constant observations on everything they said or did, that I soon found out the different methods of dealing with them. I observed that most men generally liked in women what was most opposite to their own characters; therefore, to the grave solid man of sense I endeavoured to appear sprightly and full of spirit; to the witty and gay, soft and languishing; to the amorous (for they want no increase of their passions), cold and reserved; to the fearful and backward, warm and full of fire; and so of all the rest. As to beaux, and all those sort of men, whose desires are centered in the satisfaction of their vanity, I had learned by sad experience the only way to deal with them was to laugh at them and let their own good opinion of themselves be the only support of their hopes. I knew, while I could get other followers, I was sure of them; for the only sign of modesty they ever give is that of not depending on their own judgments, but following the opinions of the greatest number. Thus furnished with maxims, and grown wise by past errors, I in a manner began the world again: I appeared in all public places handsomer and more lively than ever, to the amazement of every one who saw me and had heard of the affair between me and my lord. He himself was much surprised and vexed at this sudden change, nor could he account how it was possible for me so soon to shake off those chains he thought he had fixed on me for life; nor was he willing to lose his conquest in this manner. He endeavoured by all means possible to talk to me again of love, but I stood fixed to my resolution (in which I was greatly assisted by the crowd of admirers that daily surrounded me) never to let him explain himself: for, notwithstanding all my pride, I found the first impression the heart receives of love is so strong that it requires the most vigilant care to prevent a relapse. Now I lived three years in a constant round of diversions, and was made the perfect idol of all the men that came to court of all ages and all characters. I had several good matches offered me, but I thought none of them equal to my merit; and one of my greatest pleasures was to see those women who had pretended to rival me often glad to marry those whom I had refused. Yet, notwithstanding this great success of my schemes, I cannot say I was perfectly happy; for every woman that was taken the least notice of, and every man that was insensible to my arts, gave me as much pain as all the rest gave me pleasure; and sometimes little underhand plots which were laid against my designs would succeed in spite of my care: so that I really began to grow weary of this manner of life, when my father, returning from his embassy in France, took me home with him, and carried me to a little pleasant country-house, where there was nothing grand or superfluous, but everything neat and agreeable. There I led a life perfectly solitary. At first the time hung very heavy on my hands, and I wanted all kind of employment, and I had very like to have fallen into the height of the vapours, from no other reason but from want of knowing what to do with myself. But when I had lived here a little time I found such a calmness in my mind, and such a difference between this and the restless anxieties I had experienced in a court, that I began to share the tranquillity that visibly appeared in everything round me. I set myself to do works of fancy, and to raise little flower-gardens, with many such innocent rural amusements; which, although they are not capable of affording any great pleasure, yet they give that serene turn to the mind which I think much preferable to anything else human nature is made susceptible of. I now resolved to spend the rest of my days here, and that nothing should allure me from this sweet retirement, to be again tossed about with tempestuous passions of any kind. Whilst I was in this situation my lord Percy, the earl of Northumberland's eldest son, by an accident of losing his way after a fox-chase, was met by my father about a mile from our house; he came home with him, only with a design of dining with us, but was so taken with me that he staid three days. I had too much experience in all affairs of this kind not to see presently the influence I had on him; but I was at that time so entirely free from all ambition, that even the prospect of being a countess had no effect on me; and I then thought nothing in the world could have bribed me to have changed my way of life. This young lord, who was just in his bloom, found his passion so strong, he could not endure a long absence, but returned again in a week, and endeavoured, by all the means he could think of, to engage me to return his affection. He addressed me with that tenderness and respect which women on earth think can flow from nothing but real love; and very often told me that, unless he could be so happy as by his assiduity and care to make himself agreeable to me, although he knew my father would eagerly embrace any proposal from him, yet he would suffer that last of miseries of never seeing me more rather than owe his own happiness to anything that might

be the least contradiction to my inclinations. This manner of proceeding had something in it so noble and generous, that by degrees it raised a sensation in me which I know not how to describe, nor by what name to call it: it was nothing like my former passion: for there was no turbulence, no uneasy waking nights attending it, but all I could with honour grant to oblige him appeared to me to be justly due to his truth and love, and more the effect of gratitude than of any desire of my own. The character I had heard of him from my father at my first returning to England, in discoursing of the young nobility, convinced me that if I was his wife I should have the perpetual satisfaction of knowing every action of his must be approved by all the sensible part of mankind; so that very soon I began to have no scruple left but that of leaving my little scene of quietness, and venturing again into the world. But this, by his continual application and submissive behaviour, by degrees entirely vanished, and I agreed he should take his own time to break it to my father, whose consent he was not long in obtaining; for such a match was by no means to be refused. There remained nothing now to be done but to prevail with the earl of Northumberland to comply with what his son so ardently desired; for which purpose he set out immediately for London, and begged it as the greatest favour that I would accompany my father, who was also to go thither the week following. I could not refuse his request, and as soon as we arrived in town he flew to me with the greatest raptures to inform me his father was so good that, finding his happiness depended on his answer, he had given him free leave to act in this affair as would best please himself, and that he had now no obstacle to prevent his wishes. It was then the beginning of the winter, and the time for our marriage was fixed for the latter end of March: the consent of all parties made his access to me very easy, and we conversed together both with innocence and pleasure. As his fondness was so great that he contrived all the methods possible to keep me continually in his sight, he told me one morning he was commanded by his father to attend him to court that evening, and begged I would be so good as to meet him there. I was now so used to act as he would have me that I made no difficulty of complying with his desire. Two days after this, I was very much surprised at perceiving such a melancholy in his countenance, and alteration in his behaviour, as I could no way account for; but, by importunity, at last I got from him that cardinal Wolsey, for what reason he knew not, had peremptorily forbid him to think any more of me: and, when he urged that his father was not displeased with it, the cardinal, in his imperious manner, answered him, he should give his father such convincing reasons why it would be attended with great inconveniences, that he was sure he could bring him to be of his opinion. On which he turned from him, and gave him no opportunity of replying. I could not imagine what design the cardinal could have in intermeddling in this match, and I was still more perplexed to find that my father treated my lord Percy with much more coldness than usual; he too saw it, and we both wondered what could possibly be the cause of all this. But it was not long before the mystery was all made clear by my father, who, sending for me one day into his chamber, let me into a secret which was as little wished for as expected. He began with the surprising effects of youth and beauty, and the madness of letting go those advantages they might procure us till it was too late, when we might wish in vain to bring them back again. I stood amazed at this beginning; he saw my confusion, and bid me sit down and attend to what he was going to tell me, which was of the greatest consequence; and he hoped I would be wise enough to take his advice, and act as he should think best for my future welfare. He then asked me if I should not be much pleased to be a queen? I answered, with the greatest earnestness, that, so far from it, I would not live in a court again to be the greatest queen in the world; that I had a lover who was both desirous and able to raise my station even beyond my wishes. I found this discourse was very displeasing; my father frowned, and called me a romantic fool, and said if I would hearken to him he could make me a queen; for the cardinal had told him that the king, from the time he saw me at court the other night, liked me, and intended to get a divorce from his wife, and to put me in her place; and ordered him to find some method to make me a maid of honour to her present majesty, that in the mean time he might have an opportunity of seeing me. It is impossible to express the astonishment these words threw me into; and, notwithstanding that the moment before, when it appeared at so great a distance, I was very sincere in my declaration how much it was against my will to be raised so high, yet now the prospect came nearer, I confess my heart fluttered, and my eyes were dazzled with a view of being seated on a throne. My imagination presented before me all the pomp, power, and greatness that attend a crown; and I was so perplexed I knew not what to answer, but remained as silent as if I had lost the use of my speech. My father, who guessed what it was that made me in this condition, proceeded to bring all the arguments he thought most likely to bend me to his will; at last I recovered from this dream of grandeur, and begged him, by all the most endearing names I could think of, not to urge me dishonourably to forsake the man who I was convinced would raise me to an empire if in his power, and who had enough in his power to give me all I desired. But he was deaf to all I could say, and insisted that by next week I should prepare myself to go to court: he bid me consider of it, and not prefer a ridiculous notion of honour to the real interest of my whole family; but, above all things, not to disclose what he had trusted me with. On which he left me to my own thoughts. When I was alone I reflected how little real tenderness this behaviour showed to me, whose happiness he did not at all consult, but only looked on me as a ladder, on which he could climb to the height of his own ambitious desires: and when I thought on his fondness for me in my infancy I could impute it to nothing but either the liking me as a plaything or the gratification of his vanity in my beauty. But I was too much divided between a crown and my engagement to lord Percy to spend much time in thinking of anything else; and, although my father had positively forbid me, yet, when he came next, I could not help acquainting him with all that had passed, with the reserve only of the struggle in my own mind on the first mention of being a queen. I expected he would have received the news with the greatest agonies; but he showed no vast emotion: however, he could not help turning pale, and, taking me by the hand, looked at me with an air of tenderness, and said, 'If being a queen will make you happy, and it is in your power to be so, I would not for the world prevent it, let me suffer what I will.' This amazing greatness of mind had on me quite a contrary effect from what it ought to have had; for, instead of increasing my love for him, it

almost put an end to it, and I began to think, if he could part with me, the matter was not much. And I am convinced, when any man gives up the possession of a woman whose consent he has once obtained, let his motive be ever so generous, he will dislike her. I could not help showing my dissatisfaction, and told him I was very glad this affair sat so easily on him. He had not power to answer, but was so suddenly struck with this unexpected ill-natured turn I gave his behaviour, that he stood amazed for some time, and then bowed and left me. Now I was again left to my own reflections; but to make anything intelligible out of them is quite impossible: I wished to be a queen, and I wished I might not be one: I would have my lord Percy happy without me; and yet I would not have the power of my charms be so weak that he could bear the thought of life after being disappointed in my love. But the result of all these confused thoughts was a resolution to obey my father. I am afraid there was not much duty in the case, though at that time I was glad to take hold of that small shadow to save me from looking on my own actions in the true light. When my lover came again I looked on him with that coldness that he could not bear, on purpose to rid myself of all importunity: for since I had resolved to use him ill I regarded him as the monument of my shame, and his every look appeared to me to upbraid me. My father soon carried me to court; there I had no very hard part to act; for, with the experience I had had of mankind, I could find no difficulty in managing a man who liked me, and for whom I not only did not care but had an utter aversion to: but this aversion he believed to be virtue; for how credulous is a man who has an inclination to believe! And I took care sometimes to drop words of cottages and love, and how happy the woman was who fixed her affections on a man in such a station of life that she might show her love without being suspected of hypocrisy or mercenary views. All this was swallowed very easily by the amorous king, who pushed on the divorce with the utmost impetuosity, although the affair lasted a good while, and I remained most part of the time behind the curtain. Whenever the king mentioned it to me I used such arguments against it as I thought the most likely to make him the more eager for it; begging that, unless his conscience was really touched, he would not on my account give any grief to his virtuous queen; for in being her handmaid I thought myself highly honoured; and that I would not only forego a crown, but even give up the pleasure of ever seeing him more, rather than wrong my royal mistress. This way of talking, joined to his eager desire to possess my person, convinced the king so strongly of my exalted merit, that he thought it a meritorious act to displace the woman (whom he could not have so good an opinion of, because he was tired of her), and to put me in her place. After about a year's stay at court, as the king's love to me began to be talked of, it was thought proper to remove me, that there might be no umbrage given to the queen's party. I was forced to comply with this, though greatly against my will; for I was very jealous that absence might change the king's mind. I retired again with my father to his country seat, but it had no longer those charms for me which I once enjoyed there; for my mind was now too much taken up with ambition to make room for any other thoughts. During my stay here my royal lover often sent gentlemen to me with messages and letters, which I always answered in the manner I thought would best bring about my designs, which were to come back again to court. In all the letters that passed between us there was something so kingly and commanding in his, and so deceitful and submissive in mine, that I sometimes could not help reflecting on the difference betwixt this correspondence and that with lord Percy; yet I was so pressed forward by the desire of a crown, I could not think of turning back. In all I wrote I continually praised his resolution of letting me be at a distance from him, since at this time it conduced indeed to my honour; but, what was of ten times more weight with me, I thought it was necessary for his; and I would sooner suffer anything in the world than he any means of hurt to him, either in his interest or reputation. I always gave some hints of ill health, with some reflections how necessary the peace of the mind was to that of the body. By these means I brought him to recal me again by the most absolute command, which I, for a little time, artfully delayed (for I knew the impatience of his temper would not bear any contradiction), till he made my father in a manner force me to what I most wished, with the utmost appearance of reluctance on my side. When I had gained this point I began to think which way I could separate the king from the queen, for hitherto they lived in the same house. The lady Mary, the queen's daughter, being then about sixteen, I sought for emissaries of her own age that I could confide in, to instil into her mind disrespectful thoughts of her father, and make a jest of the tenderness of his conscience about the divorce. I knew she had naturally strong passions, and that young people of that age are apt to think those that pretend to be their friends are really so, and only speak their minds freely. I afterwards contrived to have every word she spoke of him carried to the king, who took it all as I could wish, and fancied those things did not come at first from the young lady, but from her mother. He would often talk of it to me, and I agreed with him in his sentiments; but then, as a great proof of my goodness, I always endeavoured to excuse her, by saying a lady so long time used to be a royal queen might naturally be a little exasperated with those she fancied would throw her from that station she so justly deserved. By these sort of plots I found the way to make the king angry with the queen; for nothing is easier than to make a man angry with a woman he wants to be rid of, and who stands in the way between him and his pleasures; so that now the king, on the pretence of the queen's obstinacy in a point where his conscience was so tenderly concerned, parted with her. Everything was now plain before me; I had nothing farther to do but to let the king alone to his own desires; and I had no reason to fear, since they had carried him so far, but that they would urge him on to do everything I aimed at. I was created marchioness of Pembroke. This dignity sat very easy on me; for the thoughts of a much higher title took from me all feeling of this; and I looked upon being a marchioness as a trifle, not that I saw the bauble in its true light, but because it fell short of what I had figured to myself I should soon obtain. The king's desires grew very impatient, and it was not long before I was privately married to him. I was no sooner his wife than I found all the queen come upon me; I felt myself conscious of royalty, and even the faces of my most intimate acquaintance seemed to me to be quite strange. I hardly knew them: height had turned my head, and I was like a man placed on a monument, to whose sight all creatures at a great distance below him appear like so many little pigmies crawling about on the earth; and the prospect so greatly delighted me, that I did not presently consider that in

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hoth cases descending a few steps erected by human hands would place us in the number of those very pigmies who appeared so despicable. Our marriage was kept private for some time, for it was not thought proper to make it public (the affair of the divorce not being finished) till the birth of my daughter Elizabeth made it necessary. But all who saw me knew it; for my manner of speaking and acting was so much changed with my station, that all around me plainly perceived I was sure I was a queen. While it was a secret I had yet something to wish for; I could not be perfectly satisfied till all the world was acquainted with my fortune: but when my coronation was over, and I was raised to the height of my ambition, instead of finding myself happy, I was in reality more miserable than ever; for, besides that the aversion I had naturally to the king was much more difficult to dissemble after marriage than before, and grew into a perfect detestation, my imagination, which had thus warmly pursued a crown, grew cool when I was in the possession of it, and gave me time to reflect what mighty matter I had gained by all this hustle; and I often used to think myself in the case of the fox-hunter, who, when he has toiled and sweated all day in the chase as if some unheard-of blessing was to crown his success, finds at last all he has got by his labour is a stinking nauseous animal. But my condition was yet worse than his; for he leaves the loathsome wretch to be torn by his hounds, whilst I was obliged to fondle mine, and meanly pretend him to be the object of my love. For the whole time I was in this envied, this exalted state, I led a continual life of hypocrisy, which I now know nothing on earth can compensate. I had no companion but the man I hated. I dared not disclose my sentiments to any person about me, nor did any one presume to enter into any freedom of conversation with me; but all who spoke to me talked to the queen, and not to me; for they would have said just the same things to a dressed-up puppet, if the king had taken a fancy to call it his wife. And as I knew every woman in the court was my enemy, from thinking she had much more right than I had to the place I filled, I thought myself as unhappy as if I had been placed in a wild wood, where there was no human creature for me to speak to, in a continual fear of leaving any traces of my footsteps, lest I should be found by some dreadful monster, or stung by snakes and adders; for such are spiteful women to the objects of their envy. In this worst of all situations I was obliged to hide my melancholy and appear cheerful. This threw me into an error the other way, and I sometimes fell into a levity in my behaviour that was afterwards made use of to my disadvantage. I had a son dead-born, which I perceived abated something of the king's ardour; for his temper could not brook the least disappointment. This gave me no uneasiness; for, not considering the consequences, I could not help being best pleased when I had least of his company. Afterwards I found he had cast his eyes on one of my maids of honour; and, whether it was owing to any art of hers, or only to the king's violent passions, I was in the end used even worse than my former mistress had been by my means. The decay of the king's affection was presently seen by all those court-sycophants who continually watch the motions of royal eyes; and the moment they found they could be heard against me they turned my most innocent actions and words, nay, even my very looks, into proofs of the blackest crimes. The king, who was impatient to enjoy his new love, lent a willing ear to all my accusers, who found ways of making him jealous that I was false to his bed. He would not so easily have believed anything against me before, but he was now glad to flatter himself that he had found a reason to do just what he had resolved upon without a reason; and on some slight pretences and hearsay evidence I was sent to the Tower, where the lady who was my greatest enemy was appointed to watch me and lie in the same chamber with me. This was really as bad a punishment as my death, for she insulted me with those keen reproaches and spiteful witticisms, which threw me into such vapours and violent fits that I knew not what I uttered in this condition. She pretended I had confessed talking ridiculous stuff with a set of low fellows whom I had hardly ever taken notice of, as could have imposed on none but such as were resolved to believe. I was brought to my trial, and, to blacken me the more, accused of conversing criminally with my own brother, whom indeed I loved extremely well, but never looked on him in any other light than as my friend. However, I was condemned to be beheaded, or burnt, as the king pleased; and he was graciously pleased, from the great remains of his love, to choose the mildest sentence. I was much less shocked at this manner of ending my life than I should have been in any other station: but I had had so little enjoyment from the time I had been a queen, that death was the less dreadful to me. The chief things that lay on my conscience were the arts I had made use of to induce the king to part with the queen, my ill usage of lady Mary, and my jilting lord Percy. However, I endeavoured to calm my mind as well as I could, and hoped these crimes would be forgiven me; for in other respects I had led a very innocent life, and always did all the good-natured actions I found any opportunity of doing. From the time I had it in my power, I gave a great deal of money amongst the poor; I prayed very devoutly, and went to my execution very composedly. Thus I lost my life at the age of twenty-nine, in which short time I believe I went through more variety of scenes than many people who live to be very old. I had lived in a court, where I spent my time in coquetry and gaiety; I had experienced what it was to have one of those violent passions which makes the mind all turbulence and anxiety; I had had a lover whom I esteemed and valued and at the latter part of my life I was raised to a station as high as the vainest woman could wish. But in all these various changes I never enjoyed any real satisfaction, unless in the little time I lived retired in the country free from all noise and hurry, and while I was conscious I was the object of the love and esteem of a man of sense and honour."

On the conclusion of this history Minos paused for a small time, and then ordered the gate to be thrown open for Anne Boleyn's admittance on the consideration that whoever had suffered being a queen for four years, and been sensible during all that time of the real misery which attends that exalted station, ought to be forgiven whatever she had done to obtain it.*

* Here ends this curious manuscript; the rest being destroyed in rolling up pens, tobacco, &c. It is to be hoped heedless people will henceforth be more cautious what they burn, or use to other vile purposes; especially when they consider the fate which had likely to have befallen the divine Milton, and that the works of Homer were probably discovered in some chandler's shop in Greece.

THE

PREFACE TO DAVID SIMPLE.

As so many worthy persons have, I am told, ascribed the honour of this performance to me, they will not he surprised at seeing my name to this preface; nor am I very insincere when I call it an honour; for, if the authors of the age are amongst the number of those who conferred it on me, I know very few of them to whom I shall return the compliment of such a suspicion.

I could indeed have been very well content with the reputation, well knowing that some writings may be justly laid to my charge of a merit greatly inferior to that of the following work, had not the imputation directly accused me of falsehood, in breaking a promise which I have solemnly made in print of never publishing even a pamphlet without setting my name to it—a promise I have always hitherto faithfully kept; and, for the sake of men's characters, I wish all other writers were by law obliged to use the same method; hut, till they are, I shall no longer impose any such restraint on myself.

A second reason which induces me to refute this untruth is, that it may have a teudency to injure me in a profession to which I have applied with so arduous and intent a diligence that I have had no leisure, if I had inclination, to compose anything of this kind. Indeed, I am very far from entertaining anch an inclination: I know the value of the reward which fame confers on authors too well to endeavour any longer to ohtain it; nor was the world ever more unwilling to bestow the glorious envied prize of the laurel or hays than I should now he to receive any such garland or fool's-cap. There is not, I helieve (and it is bold to affirm), a single free Briton in this kingdom who hates his wife more heartily than I detest the Muses. They have, indeed, behaved to me like the most infamous harlots, and have laid many a spurious as well as deformed production at my door; in all which my good friends the critics have, in their profound discernment, discovered some resemhlance of the parent; and thus I have been reputed and reported the author of half the scurrility, hawdy, treason, and hlasphemy, which these few last years have produced.

I am far from thinking every person who hath aspersed me had a determinate design of doing me an injury; I impute it only to an idle childish levity, which possesses too many minds, and makes them report their conjectures as matters of fact, without weighing the proof or considering the consequence. But as to the former of these, my readers will do well to examine their own talents very strictly hefore they are too thoroughly convinced of their abillties to distinguish an author's style so accurately as from that only to pronounce an anonymous work to be his; and as to the latter, a little reflection will convince them of the cruelty they are guilty of hy such reports. For my own part, I can aver that there are few crimes of which I should have been more ashamed than of some writings laid to my charge. I am as well assured of the injuries I have suffered from such unjust imputations, not only in general character, hut as they have, I conceive, frequently raised me inveterate enemies in persons to whose disadvantage I have never entertained a single thought; nay, in men whose characters and even names have heen nnknown to me.

Among all the scurrilities with which I have been accused (though equally and totally innocent of every one), none ever raised my indignation so much as the Causldicade; this accused me not only of heing a had writer and a had man, but with downright ldiotism, in flying in the face of the greatest men of my profession. I take therefore this opportunity to protest that I never saw that infamous paltry libel till long after it had been in print; nor can any man hold it in greater contempt and ahhorrence than myself.

The reader will pardon my dwelling so long on this subject, as I have suffered so cruelly hy these aspersions in my own ease, in my reputation, and in my interest. I shall, however, henceforth treat such censure with the contempt it deserves, and do here revoke the promise I formerly made; so that I shall now look upon myself at full liherty to puhlish an anonymous work without any breach of faith. For though prohahly I shall never make any use of this liherty, there is no reason why I should be under a restraint for which I have not enjoyed the purposed recompence.

A third, and indeed the strongest, reason which hath drawn me into print, is to do justice to the real and sole author of this little book; who, notwithstanding the many excellent observations dispersed through it, and the deep knowledge of human nature it discovers, is a young woman; one so nearly and dearly allied to me, in the highest friendship as well as relation, that if she had wanted any assistance of mine I would have been as ready to have given it her as I would have been just to my word in owning it; hut, in reality, two or three hints which arose on the reading it, and somo little direction as to the conduct of the second volume, much the greater part of which I never saw till in print, were all the aid she received from me. Indeed, I helieve there are few hooks in the world so absolutely the author's own as this.

There were some grammatical and other errors in style in the first impression, which my absence from town prevented my correcting, as I have endeavoured, though in great haste, in this edition: hy comparing the one with the other, the reader may see, if he think it worth his while, the share I have in this hook as it now stands, and which amounts to little more than the correction of some small errors, which want of hahit in writing chiefly occasioned, and which no man of learning would think worth his censure in a romance, nor any gentleman in the writings of a young woman.

And as the faults of this work want very little excuse, so its heauties want as little recommendation; though I will not say hut they may sometimes stand in need of being pointed ont to the generality of readers. For as the merit of this work consists in a vast penetration into human nature, a deep and profound discernment of all the mazes, windings, and lahyrinths, which perplex the heart of man to such a degree that he is himself often incapable of seeing through them; and as this is the greatest, nohlest, and rarest of all the talents which constitute a genius; so a much larger share of this talent is necessary even to recognise these discoveries when they are laid before us than falls to the share of a common reader. Such heauties therefore in an author must be contented to pass often unoh-

served and untasted; whereas, on the contrary, the imperfections of this little book, which arise, not from want of genius, but of learning, lie open to the eyes of every fool who has had a little Latin inoculated into his tail; but had the same great quantity of birch been better employed in scourging away his ill-nature, he would not have exposed it in endeavouring to cavil at the first performance of one whose sex and age entitle her to the gentlest criticism, while her merit of an infinitely higher kind may defy the severest. But I believe the warmth of my friendship hath led me to engage a critic of my own imagination only; for I should be sorry to conceive such a one had any real existence. If, however, any such composition of folly, meanness, and malevolence should actually exist, he must be as incapable of conviction as unworthy of an answer. I shall therefore proceed to the most pleasing task of pointing out some of the beauties of this little work.

I have attempted in my preface to Joseph Andrews to prove that every work of this kind is in its nature a comic epic poem, of which Homer left us a precedent, though it be unhappily lost.

The two great originals of a serious air, which we have derived from that mighty genius, differ principally in the action, which in the Iliad is entire and uniform, in the Odyssey is rather a series of actions, all tending to produce one great end. Virgil and Milton are, I think, the only pure imitators of the former; most of the other Latin, as well as Italian, French, and English epic poets, choosing rather the history of some war, as Lucan and Silius Italicus, or a series of adventures, as Ariosto, &c., for the subject of their poems.

In the same manner the comic writer may either fix on one action, as the authors of Le Lutrin, the Dunciad, &c.; or on a series, as Butler in verse and Cervantes in prose have done.

Of this latter kind is the book now before us, where the fable consists of a series of separate adventures, detached from and independent on each other, yet all tending to one great end; so that those who should object want of unity of action here may, if they please, or if they dare, fly back with their objection in the face even of the Odyssey itself.

This fable hath in it these three difficult ingredients, which will be found on consideration to be always necessary to works of this kind, *viz.* that the main end or scope be at once amiable, ridiculous, and natural.

If it be said that some of the comic performances I have above mentioned differ in the first of these, and set before us the odious instead of the amiable, I answer, that is far from being one of their perfections; and of this the authors themselves seem so sensible that they endeavour to deceive the reader by false glosses and colours, and by the help of irony at least to represent the aim and design of their heroes in a favourable and agreeable light.

I might further observe that, as the incidents arising from this fable, though often surprising, are everywhere natural (credibility not being once shocked through the whole), so there is one beauty very apparent, which hath been attributed by the greatest of critics to the greatest of poets, that every episode bears a manifest impression of the principal design, and chiefly turns on the perfection or imperfection of friendship; of which noble passion, from its highest purity to its lowest falsehoods and disguises, this little book is, in my opinion, the most exact model.

As to the characters here described, I shall repeat the saying of one of the greatest men in this age,—"That they were as wonderfully drawn by the writer as they were by Nature herself." There are many strokes in Orgueil, Spatter, Varnish, Levif, the Balancer, and some others, which would have shined in the pages of Theophrastus, Horace, or La Bruyère. Nay, there are some touches which I will venture to say might have done honour to the pencil of the immortal Shakspeare himself.

The sentiments are in general extremely delicate; those particularly which regard friendship are, I think, as noble and elevated as I have anywhere met with; nor can I help remarking that the author hath been so careful in justly adapting them to her characters, that a very indifferent reader, after he is in the least acquainted with the character of the speaker, can seldom fail of applying every sentiment to the person who utters it. Of this we have the strongest instance in Cynthia and Camilla, where the lively spirit of the former, and the gentle softness of the latter, breathe through every sentence which drops from either of them.

The diction I shall say no more of than, as it is the last and lowest perfection in a writer, and one which many of great genius seem to have little regarded, so I must allow my author to have the least merit on this head; many errors in style existing in the first edition, and some, I am convinced, remaining still uncured in this; but experience and habit will most certainly remove this objection; for a good style, as well as a good hand in writing, is chiefly learned by practice.

I shall here finish these short remarks on this little book, which have been drawn from me by those people who have very falsely and impertinently called me its author. I declare I have spoken no more than my real sentiments of it, nor can I see why any relation or attachment to merit should restrain me from its commendation.

The true reason why some have been backward in giving this book its just praise, and why others have sought after some more known and experienced author for it, is, I apprehend, no other than an astonishment how one so young, and in appearance so unacquainted with the world, should know so much both of the better and worse part as is here exemplified: but, in reality, a very little knowledge of the world will afford an observer, moderately accurate, sufficient instances of evil; and a short communication with her own heart will leave the author of this book very little to seek abroad of all the good which is to be found in human nature.

HENRY FIELDING.

THE PREFACE TO THE FAMILIAR LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN DAVID SIMPLE AND SOME OTHERS.

THE taste of the public, with regard to epistolary writing, having been much vitiated by some modern authors, it may not be amiss to premise some short matter concerning it in this place, that the reader may not expect another kind of entertainment than he will meet with in the following papers, nor impute the author's designed deviation from the common road to any mistake or error.

Those writings which are called letters may be divided into four classes. Under the first class may be ranged those letters, as well ancient as modern, which have been written by men who have filled up the principal characters on the stage of life, upon great and memorable occasions. These have been always esteemed as the most valuable parts of history, as they are not only the most authentic memorials of facts, but as they serve greatly to illustrate the true character of the writer, and do in a manner introduce the person himself to our acquaintance.

A second kind owe their merit not to truth, but to invention; such are the letters which contain ingenious novels, or shorter tales, either pathetic or humorous: these bear the same relation to the former as romance doth to true history; and as the former may be called short histories, so may these be styled short romances.

In the next branch may be ranked those letters which have passed between men of eminence in the republic of literature. Many of these are in high estimation in the learned world, in which they are considered as having equal authority to that which the political world allows to those of the first class.

Besides these three kinds of letters, which have all their several merits, there are two more, with which the moderns have very plentifully supplied the world, though I shall not be very profuse in my encomiums on either: these are, love-letters and letters of conversation; in which last are contained the private affairs of persons of no consequence to the public, either in a political or learned consideration, or indeed in any consideration whatever.

With these two kinds of letters the French language in particular so vastly abounds, that it would employ most of the leisure hours of life to read them all; nay, I believe indeed they are the principal study of many of our fine gentlemen and ladies who learn that language.

And hence such readers have learnt the critical phrases of a familiar easy style, a concise epistolary style, &c.; and these they apply to all letters whatever.

Now, from some polite modern performances, written, I suppose, by this rule, I much doubt whether these French readers have any just and adequate notion of this epistolary style, with which they are so enamoured. To say the truth, I question whether they do not place it entirely in short, abrupt, and unconnected periods; a style so easy that any man may write it, and which, one would imagine, it must be very difficult to procure any person to read.

To such critics, therefore, I would recommend Ovid, who was perhaps the ablest writer of *les lettres galantes* that ever lived. In his *Arte Amandi* they will find the following rule:

— præsens ut videare loqui;

viz. that these letters should preserve the style of conversation; and in his epistles they will see this excellently illustrated by example. But if we are to form our idea of the conversation of some modern writers from their letters, we shall have, I am afraid, a very indifferent opinion of both.

But, in reality, this style of conversation is only proper, at least only necessary, to those, which I have called letters of conversation; and is not at all requisite either to letters of business, which in after-ages make a part of history, or to those on the subject of literature and criticism.

Much less is it adapted to the novel or story writer; for what difference is there whether a tale is related this or any other way? And sure no one will contend that the epistolary style is in general the most proper to a novelist, or that it hath been used by the best writers of this kind.

It is not my purpose here to write a large dissertation on style in general, nor to assign what is proper to the historian, what to the romance, and what to the novel-writer, nor to observe in what manner all these differ from each other; it is sufficient to have obviated an objection which I foresaw might be made to these little volumes by some, who are in truth as incapable of knowing any of the faults as of reaping any of the beauties of an author; and I assure them there is no branch of criticism in which learning, as well as good sense, is more required than to the forming an accurate judgment of style, though there is none, I believe, in which every trifling reader is more ready to give his decision.

Instead of laying down any rules for the use of such tyros in the critical art, I shall recommend them to one who is master of style, as of every other excellence. This gentleman, in his Persian Letters, many of which are written on the most important subjects in ethics, politics, and philosophy, hath condescended to introduce two or three novels: in these they will find that inimitable writer very judiciously changing the style which he uses on other occasions where the subjects of his letters require the air and style of conversation; to preserve which, in relating stories that run to any length, would be faulty in the writer and tiresome to the reader.

To conclude this point, I know not of any essential difference between this and any other way of writing novels, save only that by making use of letters the writer is freed from the regular beginnings and conclusions of stories, with some other formalities, in which the reader of taste finds no less ease and advantage than the author himself.

As to the matter contained in the following volumes, I am not perhaps at liberty to declare my opinion: relation and friendship to the writer may draw upon me the censure of partiality if I should be as warm as I am inclined to be in their commendation.

The reader will however excuse me if I advise him not to run them over with too much haste and

indifference; such readers will, I promise them, find little to admire in this book, whose beauties (if it have any) require the same attention to discover them with which the author herself hath considered that book of nature whence they are taken. In books, as well as pictures, where the excellence lies in the expression or colouring only, the first glance of the eye acquaints us with all the perfection of the piece; hut the nicest and most delicate touches of nature are not so soon perceived. In the works of Cervantes or Hogarth, he is, I believe, a wretched judge who discovers no new beauties on a second, or even a third perusal.

And here I cannot control myself from averring that many touches of this kind appear to me in these letters; some of which I cannot help thinking as fine as I have ever met with in any of the authors who have made human natnre their suhject.

As such observations are generally snpposed to be the effects of loog experience in and much acquaintance with mankind, it may perhaps snrprise maoy to find them in tha works of a woman; especially of one who, to use the common phrase, hath seen so little of the world: and I should not wonder, on this acconnt, that these letters were ascribed to another author, if I knew any one capable of writing them.

But in reality the knowledge of human nature is not learnt hy living in the hurry of the world. True genius, with the help of a iittle conversation, will be capahle of making a vast progress in this learning; and indeed I have observed there are none who know so little of men as those who are placed in the crowds either of husiness or pleasure. The truth of the assertion, that pedants in colleges have seldom any share of this knowledge, doth not arise from a defect in the college, hut from a defect in the pedant, who would have spent many years at St. James's to as little purpose: for daily experience may convince us that it is possihle for a hlockhead to see mnch of the world and know little of it.

The ohjection to the sex of the author hardly requires an answer: it will he chiefly advanced hy those who derive their opinion of women, very unfairly, from the fine iadies of the age; whereas, if the behaviour of their counterparts, the heaux, was to denote the understanding of men, I apprehend the conclusion would be in favour of the women, withont making a compliment to that sex. I can, of my own knowledge and from my own acquaintance, bear testimooy to the possihility of those examples which history gives of womeu eminent for the highest endowments and faculties of the mind. I shall only add an answer to the same ohjection, relating to David Simple, given hy a lady of very high rauk, whose quality is, however, less an honour to her than her nnderstaoding. "So far," said she, "from doubting David Simple to be the performance of a woman, I am well convinced it could not have been written hy a man."

In the conduct of women in that great and important business of their lives, the affair of love, there are mysteries with which men are perfectly unacquainted: their education being on this head in constraint of, nay, in direct opposition to, truth and nature, creates such a constant struggle between nature and hahit, truth and hypocrisy, as introduce often much humour into their characters; especially when drawn hy sensihle writers of their own sex, who are on this suhject much more capahle than the ahlest of ours.

I remembher it was the observation of a iady for whose opinion I have a great veneration, that there is nothing more generally unnatural than the characters of women on the stage, and that even in our best plays. If this be a fact, as I sincerely believe it is, whence can it proceed hut from the ignorance in which the artificial hehaviour of women leaves us of what really passes in their minds, and which, like all other mysteries, is known only to the initiated?

Many of the foregoing assertions will, I qnestion not, meet with very little assent from those great and wise men who are not ooly absolute masters of some poor woman's person, but likewise of her thoughts. With such opposition I must rest contented; hnt what I more dread is, that I may have unadvisedly drawn the resentment of her own lovely sex against the author of these volumes for having betrayed the secrets of the society.

To this I shall attempt giving two answers; first, that these nice tonches will, like the signs of masonry, escape the observation and detection of all those who are not already in the secret.

Secondly, if she should have exposed some of those nicer female folhles which have escaped most other writers, she hath at the same time nohly displayed the beauties and virtues of the more amiahle part, which ahundantly overhalances in the account. By comparing these together young ladies may, if they please, receive great advantages; I wili venture to say, no book extant is so well calcnlated for their instruction and improvement. It is indeed a glass hy which they may dress out their minds, and adorn themselves with more becoming, as well as more lasting graces, than the dancing-master, the mantuamaker, or the miliiner can give them. Here even their vanity may he rendered useful, as it may make them detest and scorn all hase, mean, shuffling tricks, and admire and cultivate whatever is truly amiahle, generous, and good. Here they must learn, if they will please to attend, that the consummation of a woman's character is to maiutain the qualities of goodness, tenderness, affection, and sincerity, in the several social offices and duties of life; and not to nnite ambition, avarice, luxury, and wantonness, in the person of a womau of the world, or to affect folly, childishness, and levity, under the appellation of a fine lady.

To conclude, I hope, for the sake of my fair countrywomen, that these excellent pictures of virtue and vice, which, to my knowiedge, the author hath hestowed such pains in drawing, will not he thrown away on the world; hut that much more advantage may accrue to the reader than the good-nature and sensibility of the age have, to their immortal honour, bestowed on the anthor.

AN

ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

Man is generally represented as an animal formed for, and delighted in, society; in this state alone, it is said, his various talents can be exerted, his numberless necessities relieved, the dangers he is exposed to can be avoided, and many of the pleasures he eagerly affects enjoyed. If these assertions be, as I think they are, undoubtedly and obviously certain, those few who have denied man to be a social animal have left us these two solutions of their conduct; either that there are men as bold in denial as can be found in assertion—and as Cicero says there is no absurdity which some philosopher or other hath not asserted, so we may say there is no truth so glaring that some have not denied it;—or else that these rejecters of society borrow all their information from their own savage dispositions, and are, indeed, themselves, the only exceptions to the above general rule.

But to leave such persons to those who have thought them more worthy of an answer; there are others who are so seemingly fond of this social state, that they are understood absolutely to confine it to their own species; and entirely excluding the tamer and gentler, the herding and flocking parts of the creation, from all benefits of it, to set up this as one grand general distinction between the human and the brute species.

Shall we conclude this denial of all society to the nature of brutes, which seems to be in defiance of every day's observation, to be as bold as the denial of it to the nature of men? or, may we not more justly derive the error from an improper understanding of this word society in too confined and special a sense? in a word, do those who utterly deny it to the brutal nature mean any other by society than conversation?

Now, if we comprehend them in this sense, as I think we very reasonably may, the distinction appears to me to be truly just; for though other animals are not without all use of society, yet this noble branch of it seems, of all the inhabitants of this globe, confined to man only; the narrow power of communicating some few ideas of lust, or fear, or anger, which may be observable in brutes, falling infinitely short of what is commonly meant by conversation, as may be deduced from the origination of the word itself, the only accurate guide to knowledge. The primitive and literal sense of this word is, I apprehend, to turn round together; and in its more copious usage we intend by it that reciprocal interchange of ideas by which truth is examined, things are, in a manner, turned round and sifted, and all our knowledge communicated to each other.

In this respect man stands, I conceive, distinguished from, and superior to, all other earthly creatures; it is this privilege which, while he is inferior in strength to some, in swiftness to others; without horns or claws or tusks to attack them, or even to defend himself against them, hath made him master of them all. Indeed, in other views, however vain men may be of their abilities, they are greatly inferior to their animal neighbours. With what envy must a swine, or a much less voracious animal, be surveyed by a glutton; and how contemptible must the talents of other sensualists appear, when opposed, perhaps, to some of the lowest and meanest of brutes! but in conversation man stands alone, at least in this part of the creation; he leaves all others behind him at his first start, and the greater progress he makes the greater distance is between them.

Conversation is of three sorts. Men are said to converse with God, with themselves, and with one another. The two first of these have been so liberally and excellently spoken to by others, that I shall at present pass them by and confine myself in this essay to the third only; since it seems to me amazing that this grand business of our lives, the foundation of everything either useful or pleasant, should have been so slightly treated of, that, while there is scarce a profession or handicraft in life, however mean and contemptible, which is not abundantly furnished with proper rules to the attaining its perfection, men should be left almost totally in the dark, and without the least light to direct, or any guide to conduct them, in the proper exerting of those talents which are the noblest privilege of human nature and productive of all rational happiness; and the rather as this power is by no means self-instructed, and in the possession of the artless and ignorant is of so mean use that it raises them very little above those animals who are void of it.

As conversation is a branch of society, it follows that it can be proper to none who is not in his nature social. Now, society is agreeable to no creatures who are not inoffensive to each other; and we therefore observe in animals who are entirely guided by nature that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious disposition addict themselves to solitude, and, unless when prompted by lust, or that necessary instinct implanted in them by nature for the nurture of their young, shun as much as possible the society of their own species. If therefore there should be found some human individuals of so savage a habit, it would seem they were not adapted to society, and, consequently, not to conversation; nor would any inconvenience ensue the admittance of such exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general rule of man's being a social animal; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my friend the author of An Inquiry into Happiness) that these men live in a constant opposition to their own nature, and are no less monsters than the most wanton abortions or extravagant births.

Again; if society requires that its members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other the more suitable are they to the social nature, and more perfectly adapted to its institution; for all creatures seek their own happiness, and society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this happiness. To render therefore any animal social is to render it inoffensive; an instance of which is to be seen in those the ferocity of whose nature can be tamed by man. And here the reader may observe a double distinction of man from the more savage animals by society, and from the social by conversation.

But if men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if society and conversation would be merely indifferent; and that, in order to make it desirable by a sensible being, it is necessary we should go farther and propose some positive good to ourselves from it; and this presupposes, not only negatively, our not receiving any hurt, but positively,

our receiving some good, some pleasure or advantage, from each other in it, something which we could not find in an unsocial and solitary state; otherwise we might cry out with the right honourable poet,—*

> Give us our wildness and our woods,
> Our huts and caves again.

The art of pleasing or doing good to one another is therefore the art of conversation. It is this habit which gives it all its value. And as man's being a social animal (the truth of which is incontestably proved by that excellent author of An Inquiry, &c., I have above cited) presupposes a natural desire or tendency this way, it will follow that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable end from ignorance only in the means; and how general this ignorance is may be, with some probability, inferred from our want of even a word to express this art by; that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The word I mean is good-breeding; a word, I apprehend, not at first confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; nor were the qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a milliner, a tailor, or a periwig-maker; no, nor even by a dancing-master himself. According to the idea I myself conceive from this word, I should not have scrupled to call Socrates a well-bred man, though, I believe, he was very little instructed by any of the persons I have above enumerated. In short, by good-breeding (notwithstanding the corrupt use of the word in a very different sense) I mean the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend therefore no longer on this head; for, whilst my reader clearly conceives the sense in which I use this word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original application.

Good-breeding then, or the art of pleasing in conversation, is expressed two different ways, viz., in our actions and our words, and our conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive rule in scripture—Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. Indeed, concise as this rule is, and plain as it appears, what are all treatises on ethics but comments upon it? and whoever is well read in the book of nature, and hath made much observation on the actions of men, will perceive so few capable of judging or rightly pursuing their own happiness, that he will be apt to conclude that some attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable men to know truly what they would have done unto them, or, at least, what it would be their interest to have done.

If therefore men, through weakness or inattention, often err in their conceptions of what would produce their own happiness, no wonder they should miss in the application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a censure on their inclinations, account for that frequent failure in true good-breeding which daily experience gives us instances of.

Besides, the commentators have well paraphrased on the above-mentioned divine rule, that it is, to do unto men what you would they (if they were in your situation and circumstances, and you in theirs) should do unto you; and, as this comment is necessary to be observed in ethics, so is it particularly useful in this our art, where the degree of the person is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

We see then a possibility for a man well disposed to this golden rule, without some precautions, to err in the practice; nay, even good-nature itself, the very habit of mind most essential to furnish us with true good-breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former, that it hath been called, and with the appearance at least of propriety, artificial good-nature. This excellent quality itself sometimes shoots us beyond the mark, and shows the truth of those lines in Horace:

> Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
> Ultrà quàm satis est, Virtutem si petat ipsam.

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we show the deviations from those rules which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this good-breeding is the art of pleasing, it will be first necessary with the utmost caution to avoid hurting or giving any offence to those with whom we converse. And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual disrespect, or affront to their persons, by insolence, which is the severest attack that can be made on the pride of man, and of which Florus seems to have no inadequate opinion when, speaking of the second Tarquin, he says; *in omnes superbiâ (quæ crudelitate gravior est* NONIS) *grassatus;* "He trod on all with insolence, which sits heavier on men of great minds than cruelty itself." If there is any temper in man which more than all others disqualifies him for society, it is this insolence or haughtiness, which, blinding a man to his own imperfections, and giving him a hawk's quicksightedness to those of others, raises in him that contempt for his species which inflates the cheeks, erects the head, and stiffens the gait of those strutting animals who sometimes stalk in assemblies, for no other reason but to show in their gesture and behaviour the disregard they have for the company. Though to a truly great and philosophical mind it is not easy to conceive a more ridiculous exhibition than this puppet, yet to others he is little less than a nuisance; for contempt is a murderous weapon, and there is this difference only between the greatest and weakest man when attacked by it, that, in order to wound the former, it must be just; whereas, without the shields of wisdom and philosophy, which God knows are in the possession of very few, it wants no justice to point it, but is certain to penetrate, from whatever corner it comes. It is this disposition which inspires the empty Cacus to deny his acquaintance, and overlook men of merit in distress; and the little silly, pretty Phillida, or Foolida, to stare at the strange creatures round her. It is this temper which constitutes the supercilious eye, the reserved look, the distant bow, the scornful leer, the affected astonishment, the loud whisper, ending in a laugh directed full in the teeth of another. Hence spring, in short, those numberless offences given too frequently, in public and private assemblies, by persons of weak understandings, indelicate habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding a vanity that it wants to devour whatever comes in its way. Now, if good-breeding be what we have endeavoured to prove it, how foreign, and indeed how opposite to it, must such a behaviour be! and can any man call a duke or a duchess who wears it well-bred? or are they not more justly entitled to those inhuman names which they themselves allot to the lowest vulgar? But behold a more pleasing picture on the reverse. See the earl of C——, noble in his birth, splendid in his fortune, and embellished with every endowment of mind; how affable! how condescending! himself the only one who seems ignorant

* The duke of Buckingham

that he is every way the greatest person in the room.

But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive,—we must be profitable servants to each other: we are, in the second place, to proceed to the utmost verge in paying the respect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in this particular. My lord Shafteshury hath a pretty observation, that the beggar, in addressing to a coach with, My Lord, is sure not to offend, even though there he no lord there; but, on the contrary, should plain sir fly in the face of a nobleman, what must he the consequence? And, indeed, whoever considers the hustle and contention about precedence, the pains and labours undertaken, and sometimes the prices given, for the smallest title or mark of pre-eminence, and the visible satisfaction betrayed in its enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a matter of no small consequence. The truth is, we live in a world of common men, and not of philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, hy the name of an odd fellow; for what is it less than extreme oddity to despise what the generality of the world think the lahour of their whole lives well employed in procuring? we are therefore to adapt our behaviour to tha opinion of the generality of mankind, and not to that of a few odd fellows.

It would he tedlous, and perhaps impossihle, to specify every instance, or to lay down exact rulcs for our conduct in every minute particular. However, I shall mention some of the chief which most ordinarily occur, after premising that the business of the whole is no more than to convey to others an idea of your esteem of them, which is indeed the substance of all the compliments, ceremonies, presents, and whatever passes betwcen well-hred people. And here I shall lay down these positions:—

Flrst, that all mere ceremonies exist in form only, and have in them no substance at all; hut, being imposed hy the laws of custom, become essential to good-hreeding, from those high-flown compliments paid to the Eastern monarchs, and which pass hetween Chinese mandarins, to those coarser ceremonials in use hetween English farmers and Dutch hoors.

Secondly, that these ceremonies, poor as they are, are of more consequence than they at first appear, and, in reality, constitute the only external difference between man and man. Thus, His grace, Right honourahle, My lord, Right reverend, Reverend, Honourahle, Sir, Esquire, Mr., &c., have in a philosophical sense, no meaning, yet are perhaps politically essential, and must he preserved by good-breeding; hecause,

Thirdly, they raise an expectation in the person hy law and custom entitled to them, and who will consequently he displeased with the disappointment.

Now, In order to descend minutely into any rules for good-hreeding, it will be necessary to lay some scene, or to throw our disciple into some particular circnmstance. We will hegin them with a visit in the country; and as the principal actor on this occasion is the person who receives it, we will, as hriefly as possihle, lay down some general rules for his conduct; marking, at the same time, the principal deviation, we have observed on these occasions.

When an expected guest arrives to dinner at your house, if your equal, or indeed not greatly your inferior, he should he sure to find your family in soma order, and yourself dressed and ready to receive him at your gatc with a amiling countenance. This infuses an immediate chccrfulness into your guest, and persuades him of your esteem and deslre of his company. Not so is the hchaviour of Polysphercon, at whose gate you are ohliged to knock a considerahle time before you gain admittance. At length, the door being opened to you hy a maid or some tmproper servant, who wonders where the devil all the men are, and, hcing asked if the gentleman is at home, answers she helieves so, you are conducted into a hall, or hack-parlour, where you stay some time hefore the gentleman, in a dishahille from his study or his garden, waits upon you, asks pardon, and assures you he did not expect you so soon.

Your guest, heing introduced into a drawing-room, is, after the first ceremonies, to he asked whether he will refresh himself after his journey, before dinner (for which he is never to stay longer than the usual or fixed hour). But this request is never to be repeated oftener than twice, and not in imitation of Calepus, who, as if hired by a physician, crams wine in a morning down the throats of his most temperate friends, their constitutions being not so dear to them as their present quiet.

When dinner is on the tahle, and the ladies have taken their places, the gentlemen are to he introduced into the eating-room, where they are to be seated with as much seeming indifference as possihle, unless there he any present whose degrees claim an undouhted precedence. As to the rest, the geueral rules of precedence are hy marriage, age, and profession. Lastly, in placing your guests, regard is rather to he had to hirth than fortune; for, though purse-pride is forward enough to exalt itself, it hears a degradation with more secret comfort and ease than the former, as being more inwardly satisfied with itself, and less apprehensive of neglect or contempt.

The order in helping your guests is to be regulated hy that of placing them; hut here I must, with great suhmission, recommend to the lady at the upper end of the tahle to distrihute her favours as equally and as impartially as she can. I have sometimes seen a large dish of fish extend no farther than to the fifth person, and a haunch of venison lose all its fat before half the table had tasted it.

A single request to eat of any particular dish, how elegant soever, is the utmost I allow. I strictly prohihit all earnest solicitations, all complaints that you have no appetite, which are sometimes little less than hurlesque, and always impertinent and troublesome.

And here, however low it may appear to some readers, as I have known omissions of this kind give offence, and sometimes make the offenders, who have been very well-meaning persons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the ceremonial of drinking healths at tahle, which is always to hegin with the lady's and next the master's of the house.

When dinner is ended, and the ladies retired, though I do not hold the master of the feast ohliged to fuddle himself through complacence (and, indeed, it is his own fault generally if his company he such as would desire it), yet he is to see that the hottle circulate sufficient to afford every person present a moderate quantity of wine if he chooses it; at the same time permitting those who desire it either to pass the hottle or to fill their glass as they please. Indeed, the heastly custom of hesotting, and ostentatious contention for pre-eminence in their cups, seems at present pretty well aholished among the hetter sort of people. Yet Methus still remains, who measures the honesty and understanding of mankind by a capaciousness of their swallow; who sings forth the praises of a humper, and complains

of the light in your glass; and at whose table it is as difficult to preserve your senses as to preserve your purse at a gaming-table or your health at a b—y-house. On the other side, Sophronus eyes you carefully whilst you are filling out his liquor. The bottle as surely stops when it comes to him as your chariot at Temple-bar; and it is almost as impossible to carry a pint of wine from his house as to gain the love of a reigning beauty, or borrow a shilling of P—— W——.

But to proceed. After a reasonable time, if your guest intends staying with you the whole evening, and declines the bottle, you may propose play, walking, or any other amusement; but these are to be but barely mentioned, and offered to his choice with all indifference on your part. What person can be so dull as not to perceive in Agyrtes a longing to pick your pockets, or in Alazon a desire to satisfy his own vanity in showing you the rarities of his house and gardens? When your guest offers to go, there should be no solicitations to stay, unless for the whole night, and that no farther than to give him a moral assurance of his being welcome so to do; no assertions that he shan't go yet; no laying on violent hands; no private orders to servants to delay the providing the horses or vehicles—like Desmophylax, who never suffers any one to depart from his house without entitling him to an action of false imprisonment.

Let us now consider a little the part which the visitor himself is to act. And first, he is to avoid the two extremes of being too early or too late, so as neither to surprise his friend unawares or unprovided, nor detain him too long in expectation. Orthrius, who hath nothing to do, disturbs your rest in a morning; and the frugal Chronopbidus, lest he should waste some minutes of his precious time, is sure to spoil your dinner.

The address at your arrival should be as short as possible, especially when you visit a superior; not imitating Philenaphius, who would stop his friend in the rain rather than omit a single bow.

Be not too observant of trifling ceremonies, such as rising, sitting, walking first in or out of the room, except with one greatly your superior; but when such a one offers precedence it is uncivil to refuse it; of which I will give you the following instance: An English nobleman, being in France, was bid by Louis XIV. to enter the coach before him, which he excused himself from. The king then immediately mounted, and, ordering the door to be shut, drove on, leaving the nobleman behind him.

Never refuse anything offered you out of civility, unless in preference of a lady, and that no oftener than once; for nothing is more truly good breeding than to avoid being troublesome. Though the taste and humour of the visitor is to be chiefly considered, yet is some regard likewise to be had to that of the master of the house; for otherwise your company will be rather a penance than a pleasure. Methusus plainly discovers his visit to be paid to his sober friend's bottle; nor will Philopasus abstain from cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himself; whilst the slender Leptines gives his fat entertainer a sweat, and makes him run the hazard of breaking his wind up his own mounts.

If conveniency allows your staying longer than the time proposed, it may be civil to offer to depart, lest your stay may be incommodious to your friend; but if you perceive the contrary, by his solicitations, they should be readily accepted, without tempting him to break these rules we have above laid down for him—causing a confusion in his family and among his servants, by preparations for your departure. Lastly, when you are resolved to go, the same method is to be observed which I have prescribed at your arrival. No tedious ceremonies of taking leave—not like Hyperphylus, who bows and kisses and squeezes by the hand as heartily, and wishes you as much health and happiness, when he is going a journey home of ten miles, from a common acquaintance, as if he was leaving his nearest friend or relation on a voyage to the East Indies.

Having thus briefly considered our reader in the circumstance of a private visit, let us now take him into a public assembly, where, as more eyes will be on his behaviour, it cannot be less his interest to be instructed. We have, indeed, already formed a general picture of the chief enormities committed on these occasions: we shall here endeavour to explain more particularly the rules of an opposite demeanour, which we may divide into three sorts, viz. our behaviour to our superiors, to our equals, and to our inferiors.

In our behaviour to our superiors two extremes are to be avoided; namely, an abject and base servility, and an impudent and encroaching freedom. When the well-bred Hyperdulus approaches a nobleman in any public place, you would be persuaded he was one of the meanest of his domestics; his cringes fall little short of prostration; and his whole behaviour is so mean and servile that an Eastern monarch would not require more humiliation from his vassals. On the other side, Anaschyntus, whom fortunate accidents, without any pretensions from his birth, have raised to associate with his betters, shakes my lord duke by the hand with a familiarity savouring not only of the most perfect intimacy but the closest alliance. The former behaviour properly raises our contempt, the latter our disgust. Hyperdulus seems worthy of wearing his lordship's livery; Anaschyntus deserves to be turned out of his service for his impudence. Between these two is that golden mean which declares a man ready to acquiesce in allowing the respect due to a title by the laws and customs of his country, but impatient of any insult, and disdaining to purchase the intimacy with and favour of a superior at the expense of conscience or honour. As to the question, who are our superiors? I shall endeavour to ascertain them when I come, in the second place, to mention our behaviour to our equals. The first instruction on this head being carefully to consider who are such; every little superiority of fortune or profession being too apt to intoxicate men's minds, and elevate them in their own opinion beyond their merit or pretensions. Men are superior to each other in this our country by title, by birth, by rank in profession, and by age; very little, if any, being to be allowed to fortune, though so much is generally exacted by it and commonly paid to it. Mankind never appear to me in a more despicable light than when I see them, by a simple as well as mean servility, voluntarily concurring in the adoration of riches, without the least benefit or prospect from them. Respect and deference are perhaps justly demandable of the obliged, and may be, with some reason at least, from expectation, paid to the rich and liberal from the necessitous; but that men should be allured by the glittering of wealth only to feed the insolent pride of those who will not in return feed their hunger—that the sordid niggard should find any sacrifices on the altar of his vanity—seems to arise from a blinder idolatry, and a more bigoted and senseless superstition, than any which the sharp eyes of priests have discovered in the human mind.

All gentlemen, therefore, who are not raised above each other by title, birth, rank in profession, age, or

actual obligation, being to be considered as equals, let us take some lessons for their behaviour to each other in public from the following examples; in which we shall discern as well what we are to select as what we are to avoid. Authades is so absolutely abandoned to his own humour that he never gives it up on any occasion. If Seraphina herself, whose charms one would imagine should infuse alacrity into the limbs of a cripple sooner than the Bath waters, was to offer herself for his partner, he would answer he never danced, even though the ladies lost their ball by it. Nor doth this denial arise from incapacity, for he was in his youth an excellent dancer, and still retains sufficient knowledge of the art, and sufficient abilities in his limbs to practise it, but from an affectation of gravity which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest desire of others. Dyskulus hath the same aversion to cards; and though competently skilled in all games is by no importunities to be prevailed on to make a third at ombre, or a fourth at whist and quadrille. He will suffer any company to be disappointed of their amusement rather than submit to pass an hour or two a little disagreeably to himself. The refusal of Philautus is not so general; he is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite game, but it is impossible to persuade him to any other. I should add both these are men of fortune, and the consequences of loss or gain, at the rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

The rebukes these people sometimes meet with are no more equal to their deserts than the honour paid to Charistus, the benevolence of whose mind scarce permits him to indulge his own will, unless by accident. Though neither his age nor understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole evening rather than a fine young lady should lose an opportunity of displaying her charms by the several genteel and amiable attitudes which this exercise affords the skilful of that sex. And though cards are not adapted to his temper, he never once baulked the inclinations of others on that account.

But, as there are many who will not in the least instance mortify their own humour to purchase the satisfaction of all mankind, so there are some who make no scruple of satisfying their own pride and vanity at the expense of the most cruel mortification of others. Of this kind is Agroicus, who seldom goes to an assembly but he affronts half his acquaintance by overlooking or disregarding them.

As this is a very common offence, and indeed much more criminal, both in its cause and effect, than is generally imagined, I shall examine it very minutely, and I doubt not but to make it appear that there is no behaviour (to speak like a philosopher) more contemptible, nor, in a civil sense, more detestable, than this.

The first ingredient in this composition is pride, which, according to the doctrine of some, is the universal passion. There are others who consider it as the foible of great minds; and others again who will have it to be the very foundation of greatness; and perhaps it may of that greatness which we have endeavoured to expose in many parts of these works; but to real greatness, which is the union of a good heart with a good head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the depravity of both, and almost certainly from the badness of the latter. Indeed, a little observation will show us that fools are the most addicted to this vice; and a little reflection will teach us that it is incompatible with true understanding. Accordingly we see that, while the wisest of men have constantly lamented the imbecility and imperfection of their own nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpeting forth their own excellencies and triumphing in their own sufficiency.

Pride may, I think, be properly defined, the pleasure we feel in contemplating our own superior merit on comparing it with that of others. That it arises from this supposed superiority is evident; for, however great you admit a man's merit to be, if all men were equal to him, there would be no room for pride. Now if it stop here, perhaps there is no enormous harm in it, or at least no more than is common to all other folly; every species of which is always liable to produce every species of mischief: folly I fear it is; for, should the man estimate rightly on this occasion, and the balance should fairly turn on his side in this particular instance; should he be indeed a great orator, poet, general; should he be more wise, witty, learned, young, rich, healthy, or in whatever instance he may excel one, or many, or all; yet, if he examine himself thoroughly, will he find no reason to abate his pride? is the quality in which he is so eminent, so generally or justly esteemed? is it so entirely his own? doth he not rather owe his superiority to the defects of others than to his own perfection? or, lastly, can he find in no part of his character a weakness which may counterpoise this merit, and which as justly at least, threatens him with shame as this entices him to pride? I fancy, if such a scrutiny was made (and nothing so ready as good sense to make it), a proud man would be as rare as in reality he is a ridiculous monster. But suppose a man, on this comparison, is, as may sometimes happen, a little partial to himself, the harm is to himself, and he becomes only ridiculous from it. If I prefer my excellence in poetry to Pope or Young; if an inferior actor should, in his opinion, exceed Quin or Garrick; or a sign-post painter set himself above the inimitable Hogarth, we become only ridiculous by our vanity: and the persons themselves who are thus humbled in the comparison, would laugh with more reason than any other. Pride therefore, hitherto seems an inoffensive weakness only, and entitles a man to no worse an appellation than that of a fool; but it will not stop here: though fool be perhaps no desirable term, the proud man will deserve worse; he is not contented with the admiration he pays himself, he now becomes arrogant, and requires the same respect and preference from the world; for pride, though the greatest of flatterers, is by no means a profitable servant to itself; it resembles the parson of the parish more than the squire, and lives rather on the tithes, oblations, and contributions it collects from others than on its own demesne. As pride therefore is seldom without arrogance, so is this never to be found without insolence. The arrogant man must be insolent in order to attain his own ends; and, to convince and remind men of the superiority he affects, will naturally, by ill-words, actions, and gestures, endeavour to throw the despised person at as much distance as possible from him. Hence proceeds that supercilious look and all those visible indignities with which men behave in public to those whom they fancy their inferiors. Hence the very notable custom of deriding and often denying the nearest relations, friends, and acquaintance, in poverty and distress, lest we should anywise be levelled with the wretches we despise, either in their own imagination or in the conceit of any who should behold familiarities pass between us.

But besides pride, folly, arrogance, and insolence, there is another simple, which vice never willingly

leaves out of any composition—and this is ill-nature. A good-natured man may indeed (provided he is a fool) be proud, but arrogant and insolent he cannot be, unless we will allow to such a still greater degree of folly and ignorance of human nature; which may indeed entitle them to forgiveness in the benign language of scripture, because they know not what they do.

For, when we come to consider the effect of this behaviour on the person who suffers it, we may perhaps have reason to conclude that murder is not a much more cruel injury. What is the consequence of this contempt? or, indeed, what is the design of it but to expose the object of it to shame? a sensation as uneasy and almost intolerable as those which arise from the severest pains inflicted on the body; a convulsion of the mind (if I may so call it) which immediately produces symptoms of universal disorder in the whole man; which hath sometimes been attended with death itself, and to which death hath, by great multitudes, been with much alacrity preferred. Now, what less than the highest degree of ill-nature can permit a man to pamper his own vanity at the price of another's shame? Is the glutton, who, to raise the flavour of his dish, puts some birds or beasts to exquisite torment, more cruel to the animal than this our proud man to his own species?

This character then is a composition made up of those odious, contemptible qualities, pride, folly, arrogance, insolence, and ill-nature. I shall dismiss it with some general observations, which will place it in so ridiculous a light, that a man must hereafter be possessed of a very considerable portion either of folly or impudence to assume it.

First, it proceeds on one grand fallacy; for, whereas this wretch is endeavouring by a supercilious conduct to lead the beholder into an opinion of his superiority to the despised person, he inwardly flatters his own vanity with a deceitful presumption that his conduct is founded on a general preconceived opinion of this superiority.

Secondly, this caution to preserve it plainly indicates a doubt that the superiority of our own character is very slightly established; for which reason we see it chiefly practised by men who have the weakest pretensions to the reputation they aim at; and, indeed, none was ever freer from it than that noble person whom we have already mentioned in this essay, and who can never be mentioned but with honour by those who know him.

Thirdly, this opinion of our superiority is commonly very erroneous. Who hath not seen a general behave in this supercilious manner to an officer of lower rank who hath been greatly his superior in that very art to his excellence in which the general ascribes all his merit? Parallel instances occur in every other art, science, or profession.

Fourthly, men who excel others in trifling instances frequently cast a supercilious eye on their superiors in the highest. Thus the least pretensions to pre-eminence in title, birth, riches, equipages, dress, &c., constantly overlook the most noble endowments of virtue, honour, wisdom, sense, wit, and every other quality which can truly dignify and adorn a man.

Lastly, the lowest and meanest of our species are the most strongly addicted to this vice—men who are a scandal to their sex, and women who disgrace human nature; for the basest mechanic is so far from being exempt that he is generally the most guilty of it. It visits ale-houses and gin-shops, and whistles, in the empty heads of fiddlers, mountebanks, and dancing-masters.

To conclude a character on which we have already dwelt longer than is consistent with the intended measure of this essay, this contempt of others is the truest symptom of a base and a bad heart. While it suggests itself to the mean and the vile, and tickles their little fancy on every occasion, it never enters the great and good mind but on the strongest motives; nor is it then a welcome guest, affording only an uneasy sensation, and brings always with it a mixture of concern and compassion.

We will now proceed to inferior criminals in society. Theoretus, conceiving that the assembly is only met to see and admire him, is uneasy unless he engrosses the eyes of the whole company. The giant doth not take more pains to be viewed; and, as he is unfortunately not so tall, he carefully deposits himself in the most conspicuous place; nor will that suffice—he must walk about the room, though to the great disturbance of the company; and, if he can purchase general observations at no less rate, will condescend to be ridiculous; for he prefers being laughed at to being taken little notice of.

On the other side, Dusopius is so bashful that he hides himself in a corner; he hardly hears being looked at, and never quits the first chair he lights upon, lest he should expose himself to public view. He trembles when you bow to him at a distance, is shocked at hearing his own voice, and would almost swoon at the repetition of his name.

The audacious Anedes, who is extremely amorous in his inclinations, never likes a woman but his eyes ask her the question, without considering the confusion he often occasions to the object; he ogles and languishes at every pretty woman in the room. As there is no law of morality which he would not break to satisfy his desires, so is there no form of civility which he doth not violate to communicate them. When he gets possession of a woman's hand, which those of stricter decency never give him but with reluctance, he considers himself as its master. Indeed, there is scarce a familiarity which he will abstain from on the slightest acquaintance, and in the most public place. Seraphina herself can make no impression on the rough temper of Agroicus; neither her quality nor her beauty can exact the least complacence from him; and he would let her lovely limbs ache rather than offer her his chair: while the gentle Lyperus tumbles over benches and overthrows tea-tables to take up a fan or a glove; he forces you, as a good parent doth his child, for your own good; he is absolute master of a lady's will, nor will allow her the election of standing or sitting in his company. In short, the impertinent civility of Lyperus is as troublesome, though perhaps not so offensive, as the brutish rudeness of Agroicus.

Thus we have hinted at most of the common enormities committed in public assemblies to our equals; for it would be tedious and difficult to enumerate all: nor is it needful; since from this sketch we may trace all others, most of which, I believe, will be found to branch out from some of the particulars here specified.

I am now, in the last place, to consider our behaviour to our inferiors, in which condescension can never be too strongly recommended; for, as a deviation on this side is much more innocent than on the other, so the pride of man renders us much less liable to it. For, besides that we are apt to overrate our own perfections, and undervalue the qualifications of our neighbours, we likewise set too high an esteem on the things themselves, and consider them as constituting a more essential difference between us than they really do. The qualities of the mind do, in reality, establish the truest superiority over

one another: yet should not these so far elevate our pride as to inflate us with contempt, and make us look down on our fellow-creatures as on animals of an inferior order; but that the fortuitous accident of birth, the acquisition of wealth, with some outward ornaments of dress, should inspire men with an insolence capable of treating the rest of mankind with disdain, is so preposterous that nothing less than daily experience could give it credit.

If men were to be rightly estimated, and divided into subordinate classes according to the superior excellence of their several natures, perhaps the lowest class of either sex would be properly assigned to those two disgracers of the human species, commonly called a beau and a fine lady; for, if we rate men by the faculties of the mind, in what degree must these stand? nay, admitting the qualities of the body were to give the pre-eminence, how many of those whom fortune hath placed in the lowest station must be ranked above them? If dress is their only title, sure even the monkey, if as well dressed, is on as high a footing as the beau. But perhaps I shall be told they challenge their dignity from birth; that is a poor and mean pretence to honour when supported with no other. Persons who have no better claim to superiority should be ashamed of this; they are really a disgrace to those very ancestors from whom they would derive their pride, and are chiefly happy in this, that they want the very moderate portion of understanding which would enable them to despise themselves.

And yet who so prone to a contemptuous carriage as these? I have myself seen a little female thing which they have called "my lady," of no greater dignity in the order of beings than a cat, and of no more use in society than a butterfly; whose mien would not give even the idea of a gentlewoman, and whose face would cool the loosest libertine; with a mind as empty of ideas as an opera, and a body fuller of diseases than an hospital—I have seen this thing express contempt to a woman who was an honour to her sex and an ornament to the creation.

To confess the truth, there is little danger of the possessor's ever undervaluing this titular excellence. Not that I would withdraw from it that deference which the policy of government hath assigned it. On the contrary, I have laid down the most exact compliance with this respect, as a fundamental in good-breeding; nay, I insist only that we may be admitted to pay it, and not treated with a disdain even beyond what the eastern monarchs show to their slaves. Surely it is too high an elevation when, instead of treating the lowest human creature, in a christian sense, as our brethren, we look down on such as are but one rank in the civil order removed from us as unworthy to breathe even the same air, and regard the most distant communication with them as an indignity and disgrace offered to ourselves. This is considering the difference not in the individual, but in the very species; a height of insolence impious in a christian society, and most absurd and ridiculous in a trading nation.

I have now done with my first head, in which I have treated of good-breeding, as it regards our actions. I shall, in the next place, consider it with respect to our words, and shall endeavour to lay down some rules, by observing which our well-bred man may, in his discourse as well as actions, contribute to the happiness and wellbeing of society.

Certain it is, that the highest pleasure which we are capable of enjoying in conversation is to be met with only in the society of persons whose understanding is pretty near on an equality with our own; nor is this equality only necessary to enable men of exalted genius and extensive knowledge to taste the sublimer pleasures of communicating their refined ideas to each other; but it is likewise necessary to the inferior happiness of every subordinate degree of society, down to the very lowest. For instance; we will suppose a conversation between Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and three dancing-masters. It will be acknowledged, I believe, that the beel sophists would be as little pleased with the company of the philosophers as the philosophers with theirs.

It would be greatly, therefore, for the improvement and happiness of conversation, if society could be formed on this equality; but, as men are not ranked in this world by the different degrees of their understanding, but by other methods, and consequently all degrees of understanding often meet in the same class, and must *ex necessitate* frequently converse together, the impossibility of accomplishing any such Utopian scheme very plainly appears. Here therefore is a visible but unavoidable imperfection in society itself.

But, as we have laid it down as a fundamental that the essence of good-breeding is to contribute as much as possible to the ease and happiness of mankind, so will it be the business of our well-bred man to endeavour to lessen this imperfection to his utmost, and to bring society as near to a level at least as he is able.

Now there are but two ways to compass this, viz. by raising the lower, and by lowering what is higher.

Let us suppose, then, that very unequal company I have before mentioned met; the former of these is apparently impracticable. Let Socrates, for instance, institute a discourse on the nature of the soul, or Plato reason on the native beauty of virtue, and Aristotle on his occult qualities—What must become of our dancing-masters? Would they not stare at one another with surprise, and, most probably, at our philosophers with contempt? Would they have any pleasure in such society? or would they not rather wish themselves in a dancing-school, or a green-room at the playhouse? What, therefore, have our philosophers to do but to lower themselves to those who cannot rise to them?

And surely there are subjects on which both can converse. Hath not Socrates heard of harmony? Hath not Plato, who draws virtue in the person of a fine woman, any idea of the gracefulness of attitude? and hath not Aristotle himself written a book on motion? In short, to be a little serious, there are many topics on which they can at least be intelligible to each other.

How absurd, then, must appear the conduct of Cenodoxus, who, having had the advantage of a liberal education, and having made a pretty good progress in literature, is constantly advancing learned subjects in common conversation? He talks of the classics before the ladies, and of Greek criticisms among fine gentlemen. What is this less than an insult on the company over whom he thus affects a superiority, and whose time he sacrifices to his vanity?

Wisely different is the amiable conduct of Sophronus; who, though he exceeds the former in knowledge, can submit to discourse on the most trivial matters, rather than introduce such as his company are utter strangers to. He can talk of fashions and diversions among the ladies; nay, can even condescend to horses and dogs with country gentlemen. This gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest points, can likewise talk on a fan or a horse-race; nor had ever any one who was

not himself a man of learning, the least reason to conceive the vast knowledge of Sophronus, unless from the report of others.

Let us compare these together. Cenodoxus proposes the satisfaction of his own pride from the admiration of others; Sophronus thinks of nothing but their amusement. In the company of Cenodoxus, every one is rendered uneasy, laments his own want of knowledge, and longs for the end of the dull assembly; with Sophronus all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their knowledge of matters which they find worthy the consideration of a man of sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former; to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with envy and hatred; the latter enjoys it as the sweet fruit of good-will. The former is shunned; the latter courted by all.

This behaviour in Cenodoxus may, in some measure, account for an observation we must have frequent occasion to make; that the conversation of men of very moderate capacities is often preferred to that of men of superior talents; in which the world act more wisely than at first they may seem; for, besides that backwardness in mankind to give their admiration, what can be duller or more void of pleasure than discourses on subjects above our comprehension? It is like listening to an unknown language; and, if such company is ever desired by us, it is a sacrifice to our vanity, which imposes on us to believe that we may by these means raise the general opinion of our own parts and knowledge, and not from that cheerful delight which is the natural result of an agreeable conversation.

There is another very common fault, equally destructive of this delight, by much the same means, though it is far from owing its original to any real superiority of parts and knowledge; this is discoursing on the mysteries of a particular profession, to which all the rest of the company, except one or two, are utter strangers. Lawyers are generally guilty of this fault, as they are more confined to the conversation of one another; and I have known a very agreeable company spoiled, where there have been two of these gentlemen present, who have seemed rather to think themselves in a court of justice than in a mixed assembly of persons met only for the entertainment of each other.

But it is not sufficient that the whole company understand the topic of their conversation; they should be likewise equally interested in every subject not tending to their general information or amusement; for these are not to be postponed to the relation of private affairs, much less of the particular grievance or misfortune of a single person. To hear a share in the afflictions of another is a degree of friendship not to be expected in a common acquaintance; nor hath any man a right to indulge the satisfaction of a weak and mean mind by the comfort of pity at the expense of the whole company's diversion. The inferior and unsuccessful members of the several professions are generally guilty of this fault; for, as they fail of the reward due to their great merit, they can seldom refrain from reviling their superiors, and complaining of their own hard and unjust fate.

Farther, as a man is not to make himself the subject of the conversation, so neither is he to engross the whole to himself. As every man had rather please others by what he says than be himself pleased by what they say; or, in other words, as every man is best pleased with the consciousness of pleasing, so should all have an equal opportunity of aiming at it. This is a right which we are so offended at being deprived of, that, though I remember to have known a man reputed a good companion who seldom opened his mouth in company, unless to swallow his liquor, yet I have scarce ever heard that appellation given to a very talkative person, even when he hath been capable of entertaining, unless he hath done this with buffoonery, and made the rest amends by partaking of their scorn together with their admiration and applause.

A well-bred man, therefore, will not take more of the discourse than falls to his share; nor in this will he show any violent impetuosity of temper, or exert any loudness of voice, even in arguing; for the information of the company, and the conviction of his antagonist, are to be his apparent motives; not the indulgence of his own pride, or an ambitious desire of victory; which latter, if a wise man should entertain, he will be sure to conceal with his utmost endeavour; since he must know that to lay open his vanity in public is no less absurd than to lay open his bosom to an enemy whose drawn sword is pointed against it; for every man hath a dagger in his hand ready to stab the vanity of another wherever he perceives it.

Having now shown that the pleasure of conversation must arise from the discourse being on subjects levelled to the capacity of the whole company; from being on such in which every person is equally interested; from every one's being admitted to his share in the discourse; and, lastly, from carefully avoiding all noise, violence, and impetuosity; it might seem proper to lay down some particular rules for the choice of those subjects which are most likely to conduce to the cheerful delights proposed from this social communication; but, as such an attempt might appear absurd, from the infinite variety, and perhaps too dictatorial in its nature, I shall confine myself to rejecting those topics only which seem most foreign to this delight, and which are most likely to be attended with consequences rather tending to make society an evil than to procure us any good from it.

And, first, I shall mention that which I have hitherto only endeavoured to restrain within certain bounds, namely, arguments; but which, if they were entirely banished out of company, especially from mixed assemblies, and where ladies make part of the society, it would, I believe, promote their happiness; they have been sometimes attended with bloodshed, generally with hatred from the conquered party towards his victor; and scarce ever with conviction. Here I except jocose arguments, which often produce much mirth; and serious disputes between men of learning (when none but such are present), which tend to the propagation of knowledge and the edification of the company.

Secondly, slander; which, however frequently used, or however savoury to the palate of ill-nature, is extremely pernicious, as it is often unjust and highly injurious to the person slandered, and always dangerous, especially in large and mixed companies, where sometimes an undesigned offence is given to an innocent relation or friend of such person, who is thus exposed to shame and confusion, without having any right to resent the affront. Of this there have been very tragical instances; and I have myself seen some very ridiculous ones, but which have given great pain, as well to the person offended as to him who hath been the innocent occasion of giving the offence.

Thirdly, all general reflections on countries, religions, and professions, which are always unjust. If these are ever tolerable, they are only from the persons who with some pleasantry ridicule their own country. It is very common among us to cast sar-

casms on a neighbouring nation, to which we have no other reason to bear an antipathy than what is more usual than justifiable, because we have injured it; but sure such general satire is not founded on truth; for I have known gentlemen of that nation possessed with every good quality which is to be wished in a man or required in a friend. I remember a repartee made by a gentleman of this country, which, though it was full of the severest wit, the person to whom it was directed could not resent, as he so plainly deserved it. He had with great bitterness inveighed against this whole people; upon which one of them who was present very cooly answered, "I don't know, sir, whether I have not more reason to be pleased with the compliment you pay my country than to be angry with what you say against it; since, by your abusing us all so heavily, you have plainly implied you are not of it." This exposed the other to so much laughter, especially as he was not unexceptionable in his character, that I believe he was sufficiently punished for his ill-mannered satire.

Fourthly, blasphemy, and irreverent mention of religion. I will not here debate what compliment a man pays to his own understanding by the profession of infidelity; it is sufficient to my purpose that he runs a risk of giving the cruelest offence to persons of a different temper; for, if a loyalist would be greatly affronted by hearing any indecencies offered to the person of a temporal prince, how much more bitterly must a man who sincerely believes in such a being as the Almighty feel any irreverence or insult shown to his name, his honour, or his institution? And, notwithstanding the impious character of the present age, and especially of many among those whose more immediate business it is to lead men, as well by example as precept, into the ways of piety, there are still sufficient numbers left who pay so honest and sincere a reverence to religion as may give us a reasonable expectation of finding one at least of this stamp in every large company.

A fifth particular to be avoided, is indecency. We are not only to forbear the repeating of such words as would give an immediate affront to a lady of reputation, but the raising of any loose ideas tending to the offence of that modesty which, if a young woman hath not something more than the affectation of, she is not worthy the regard even of a man of pleasure, provided he hath any delicacy in his constitution. How inconsistent with good-breeding it is to give pain and confusion to such, is sufficiently apparent; all *double-entendres* and obscene jests are therefore carefully to be avoided before them. But suppose no ladies present, nothing can be meaner, lower, and less productive of rational mirth, than this loose conversation. For my own part, I cannot conceive how the idea of jest or pleasantry came ever to be annexed to one of our highest and most serious pleasures. Nor can I help observing, to the discredit of such merriment, that it is commonly the last resource of impotent wit, the weak strainings of the lowest, silliest, and dullest fellows in the world.

Sixthly, you are to avoid knowingly mentioning anything which may revive in any person the remembrance of some past accident, or raise an uneasy reflection on a present misfortune or corporal blemish. To maintain this rule nicely, perhaps, requires great delicacy; but it is absolutely necessary to a well-bred man. I have observed numberless breaches of it; many, I believe, proceeding from negligence and inadvertency; yet I am afraid some may be too justly imputed to a malicious desire of triumphing in our own superior happiness and perfections; now, when it proceeds from this motive it is not easy to imagine anything more criminal.

Under this head I shall caution my well-bred reader against a common fault, much of the same nature; which is, mentioning any particular quality as absolutely essential to either man or woman, and exploding all those who want it. This renders every one uneasy who is in the least self-conscious of the defect. I have heard a boor of fashion declare in the presence of women remarkably plain that beauty was the chief perfection of that sex, and an essential without which no woman was worth regarding; a certain method of putting all those in the room, who are but suspicious of their defect that way, out of countenance.

I shall mention one fault more, which is, not paying a proper regard to the present temper of the company, or the occasion of their meeting, in introducing a topic of conversation, by which as great an absurdity is sometimes committed as it would be to sing a dirge at a wedding or an epithalamium at a funeral.

Thus I have, I think, enumerated most of the principal errors which we are apt to fall into in conversation; and though, perhaps, some particulars worthy of remark may have escaped me, yet an attention to what I have here said may enable the reader to discover them. At least I am persuaded that, if the rules I have now laid down were strictly observed, our conversation would be more perfect, and the pleasure resulting from it purer and more unsullied, than at present it is.

But I must not dismiss this subject without some animadversions on a particular species of pleasantry, which, though I am far from being desirous of banishing from conversation, requires, most certainly, some reins to govern, and some rule to direct it. The reader may perhaps guess I mean raillery; to which I may apply the fable of the lap-dog and the ass; for, while in some hands it diverts and delights us with its dexterity and gentleness, in others, it paws, daubs, offends, and hurts.

The end of conversation being the happiness of mankind, and the chief means to procure their delight and pleasure, it follows, I think, that nothing can conduce to this end which tends to make a man uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, or which exposes him to the scorn and contempt of others. I here except that kind of raillery, therefore, which is concerned in tossing men out of their chairs, tumbling them into water, or any of those handicraft jokes which are exercised on those notable persons commonly known by the name of buffoons; who are contented to feed their belly at the price of their br—ch, and to carry off the wine and the p—ss of a great man together. This I pass by, as well as all remarks on the genius of the great men themselves, who are (to fetch a phrase from school, a phrase not improperly mentioned on this occasion) great dabs of this kind of facetiousness.

But, leaving all such persons to expose human nature among themselves, I shall recommend to my well-bred man, who aims at raillery, the excellent character given of Horace by Persius:—

> Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
> Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
> Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious translator of that obscure author:—

> Yet could shrewd Horace, with disportive wit,
> Rally his friend, and tickle while he bit;
> Winning access, he play'd around the heart,
> And, gently touching, prick'd the tainted part.
> The crowd he sneer'd; but sneer'd with such a grace
> It pass'd for downright innocence of face.

The raillery which is consistent with good-breeding is a gentle animadversion on some foible; which, while it raises a laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame and contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.

All great vices therefore, misfortunes, and notorious blemishes of mind or body, are improper subjects of raillery. Indeed, a hint at such is an abuse and an affront which is sure to give the person (unless he be one shameless and abandoned) pain and uneasiness, and should be received with contempt, instead of applause, by all the rest of the company.

Again; the nature and quality of the person are to be considered. As to the first, some men will not bear any raillery at all. I remember a gentleman who declared he never made a jest, nor would ever take one. I do not, indeed, greatly recommend such a person for a companion; but at the same time, a well-bred man, who is to consult the pleasure and happiness of the whole, is not at liberty to make any one present uneasy. By the quality, I mean the sex, degree, profession, and circumstances; on which head I need not be very particular. With regard to the two former, all raillery on ladies and superiors should be extremely fine and gentle; and with respect to the latter, any of the rules I have above laid down, most of which are to be applied to it, will afford sufficient caution.

Lastly, a consideration is to be had of the persons before whom we rally. A man will be justly uneasy at being reminded of those railleries in one company which he would very patiently bear the imputation of in another. Instances on this head are so obvious that they need not be mentioned. In short, the whole doctrine of raillery is comprised in this famous line:—

"*Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, saepe caveto.*"

"Be cautious *what* you say, *of whom*, and *to whom*."

And now, methinks, I hear some one cry out that such restrictions are, in effect, to exclude all raillery from conversation; and, to confess the truth, it is a weapon from which many persons will do wisely in totally abstaining; for it is a weapon which doth the more mischief by how much the blunter it is. The sharpest wit therefore is only to be indulged the free use of it, for no more than a very slight touch is to be allowed; no hacking, nor bruising, as if they were to hew a carcase for hounds, as Shakspeare phrases it.

Nor is it sufficient that it be sharp, it must be used likewise with the utmost tenderness and good-nature; and, as the nicest dexterity of a gladiator is shown in being able to hit without cutting deep, so is this of our railler, who is rather to tickle than wound.

True raillery indeed consists either in playing on peccadilloes, which, however they may be censured by some, are not esteemed as really blemishes in a character in the company where they are made the subject of mirth; as too much freedom with the bottle, or too much indulgence with women, &c.

Or, secondly, in pleasantly representing real good qualities in a false light of shame, and bantering them as ill ones. So generosity may be treated as prodigality; economy as avarice; true courage as fool-hardiness; and so of the rest.

Lastly, in ridiculing men for vices and faults which they are known to be free from. Thus the cowardice of A—le, the dulness of Ch—d, the unpoliteness of D—ton, may be attacked without danger of offence; and thus Lyt—n may be censured for whatever vice or folly you please to impute to him.

And, however limited these bounds may appear to some, yet, in skilful and witty hands, I have known raillery, thus confined, afford a very diverting, as well as inoffensive, entertainment to the whole company.

I shall conclude this essay with these two observations, which I think may be clearly deduced from what hath been said.

First, that every person who indulges his ill-nature or vanity at the expense of others, and in introducing uneasiness, vexation, and confusion into society, however exalted or high-titled he may be, is thoroughly ill-bred.

Secondly, that whoever, from the goodness of his disposition or understanding, endeavours to his utmost to cultivate the good-humour and happiness of others, and to contribute to the ease and comfort of all his acquaintance, however low in rank fortune may have placed him, or however clumsy he may be in his figure or demeanour, hath, in the truest sense of the word, a claim to good-breeding.

AN ESSAY

ON THE

KNOWLEDGE OF THE CHARACTERS OF MEN.

I HAVE often thought it a melancholy instance of the great depravity of human nature, that, whilst so many men have employed their utmost abilities to invent systems by which the artful and cunning part of mankind may be enabled to impose on the rest of the world, few or none should have stood up the champions of the innocent and undesigning, and have endeavoured to arm them against imposition.

Those who predicate of man in general that he is an animal of this or that disposition seem to me not sufficiently to have studied human nature; for that immense variety of characters so apparent in men even of the same climate, religion, and education, which gives the poet a sufficient licence, as I apprehend, for saying that

Man differs more from man than man from beast,

could hardly exist unless the distinction had some original foundation in nature itself. Nor is it perhaps a less proper predicament of the genius of a tree, that it will flourish so many years, loves such a soil, bears such a fruit, &c., than of man in general, that he is good, bad, fierce, tame, honest, or cunning.

This original difference will, I think, alone account for that very early and strong inclination to good or evil which distinguishes different dispositions in children in their first infancy; in the most uniformed savages, who can be thought to have

altered their nature by no rules nor artfully acquired habits; and, lastly, in persons who, from the same education, &c., might be thought to have directed nature the same way; yet, among all these, there subsists, as I have before hinted, so manifest and extreme a difference of inclination or character, that almost obliges us, I think, to acknowledge some unacquired original distinction in the nature or soul of one man from that of another.

Thus, without asserting in general that man is a deceitful animal, we may, I believe, appeal for instances of deceit to the behaviour of some children and savages. When this quality therefore is nourished and improved by education, in which we are taught rather to conceal vices than to cultivate virtues; when it hath sucked in the instruction of politicians, and is instituted in the art of thriving; it will be no wonder that it should grow to that monstrous height to which we sometimes see it arrive. This art of thriving being the very reverse of that doctrine of the Stoics by which men were taught to consider themselves as fellow-citizens of the world, and to labour jointly for the common good, without any private distinction of their own; whereas this, on the contrary, points out to every individual his own particular and separate advantage, to which he is to sacrifice the interest of all others, which he is to consider as his *summum bonum*, to pursue with his utmost diligence and industry, and to acquire by all means whatever. Now, when this noble end is once established, deceit must immediately suggest itself as the necessary means; for, as it is impossible that any man endowed with rational faculties, and being in a state of freedom, should willingly agree, without some motive of love or friendship, absolutely to sacrifice his own interest to that of another, it becomes necessary to impose upon him, to persuade him that his own good is designed, and that he will be a gainer by coming into those schemes which are, in reality, calculated for his destruction. And this, if I mistake not, is the very essence of that excellent art called the Art of Politics.

Thus, while the crafty and designing part of mankind, consulting only their own separate advantage, endeavour to maintain one constant imposition on others, the whole world becomes a vast masquerade, where the greatest part appear disguised under false vizors and habits; a very few only showing their own faces, who become, by so doing, the astonishment and ridicule of all the rest.

But, however cunning the disguise be which a masquerader wears, however foreign to his age, degree, or circumstance, yet, if closely attended to, he very rarely escapes the discovery of an accurate observer; for Nature, which unwillingly submits to the imposture, is ever endeavouring to peep forth and show herself; nor can the cardinal, the friar, or the judge, long conceal the sot, the gamester, or the rake.

In the same manner will those disguises which are worn on the greater stage generally vanish, or prove ineffectual to impose the assumed for the real character upon us, if we employ sufficient diligence and attention in the scrutiny. But as this discovery is of infinitely greater consequence to us, and as, perhaps, all are not equally qualified to make it, I shall venture to set down some few rules, the efficacy (I had almost said infallibility) of which I have myself experienced. Nor need any man be ashamed of wanting or receiving instructions on this head; since that open disposition which is the surest indication of an honest and upright heart chiefly renders us liable to be imposed on by craft and deceit, and principally disqualifies us for this discovery.

Neither will the reader, I hope, be offended if he should here find no observations entirely new to him. Nothing can be plainer or more known than the general rules of morality, and yet thousands of men are thought well employed in reviving our remembrance and enforcing our practice of them. But though I am convinced there are many of my readers whom I am not capable of instructing on this head, and who are, indeed, fitter to give than receive instructions, at least from me, yet this essay may perhaps be of some use to the young and unexperienced, to the more open, honest, and considering part of mankind, who, either from ignorance or inattention, are daily exposed to all the pernicious designs of that detestable fiend hypocrisy.

I will proceed, therefore, without further preface, to those diagnostics which Nature, I apprehend, gives us of the diseases of the mind, seeing she takes such pains to discover those of the body. And first, I doubt whether the old adage of *fronti nulla fides* be generally well understood; the meaning of which is commonly taken to be, that "no trust is to be given to the countenance." But what is the context in Juvenal?

> ———Quis enim non vicus abundat
> Tristibus obscœnis?
>
> What place is not filled with austere libertines?

Now, that an austere countenance is no token of purity of heart I readily concede. So far otherwise, it is, perhaps, rather a symptom of the contrary. But the satirist surely never intended by these words, which have grown into a proverb, utterly to depreciate an art on which so wise a man as Aristotle hath thought proper to compose a treatise.

The truth is, we almost universally mistake the symptoms which Nature kindly holds forth to us, and err as grossly as a physician would, who should conclude that a very high pulse is a certain indication of health; but sure the faculty would rather impute such a mistake to his deplorable ignorance than conclude from it that the pulse could give a skilful and sensible observer no information of the patient's distemper.

In the same manner, I conceive, the passions of men do commonly imprint sufficient marks on the countenance; and it is owing chiefly to want of skill in the observer that physiognomy is of so little use and credit in the world.

But our errors in this disquisition would be little wondered at if it was acknowledged that the few rules which generally prevail on this head are utterly false, and the very reverse of truth. And this will perhaps appear if we condescend to the examination of some particulars. Let us begin with the instance given us by the poet above of austerity; which, as he shows us, was held to indicate a chastity or severity of morals, the contrary of which, as himself shows us, is true.

Among us, this austerity, or gravity of countenance, passes for wisdom, with just the same equity of pretension. My lord Shafteshury tells us that gravity is of the essence of imposture. I will not venture to say that it certainly denotes folly, though I have known some of the silliest fellows in the world very eminently possessed of it. The affections which it indicates, and which we shall seldom err in suspecting to lie under it, are pride, ill-nature, and cunning. Three qualities, which when we know to be inherent in any man, we have no reason to desire any farther discovery to instruct us to deal as little and as cautiously with him as we are able.

But though the world often pays a respect to

these appearances which they do not deserve, they rather attract admiration than love, and inspire us rather with awe than confidence. There is a countenance of a contrary kind, which hath been called a letter of recommendation, which throws our arms open to receive the poison, divests us of all kind of apprehension, and disarms us of all caution: I mean that glavering sneering smile of which the greater part of mankind are extremely fond, conceiving it to be the sign of good-nature; whereas this is generally a compound of malice and fraud, and as surely indicates a bad heart as a galloping pulse doth a fever.

Men are chiefly betrayed into this deceit by a gross but common mistake of good-humour for good-nature. Two qualities so far from bearing any resemblance to each other, that they are almost opposites. Good-nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind which disposes us to feel the misfortunes and enjoy the happiness of others; and consequently pushes us on to promote the latter and prevent the former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue, and without the allurements or terrors of religion. Now, good-humour is nothing more than the triumph of the mind, when reflecting on its own happiness, and that, perhaps, from having compared it with the inferior happiness of others.

If this be allowed, I believe we may admit that glavering smile, whose principal ingredient is malice, to be the symptom of good-humour. And here give me leave to define this word malice, as I doubt whether it be not in common speech so often confounded with envy, that common readers may not have very distinct ideas between them; but, as envy is a repining at the good of others compared with our own, so malice is a rejoicing at their evil, on the same comparison. And thus it appears to have a very close affinity to the malevolent disposition which I have above described under the word good-humour; for nothing is truer than that observation of Shakspeare—

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

But how alien must this countenance be to that heavenly frame of soul of which Jesus Christ himself was the most perfect pattern; of which blessed person it is recorded that he never was once seen to laugh during his whole abode on earth. And what indeed hath good-nature to do with a smiling countenance? It would be like a purse in the hands of a miser which he could never use. For, admitting that laughing at the vices and follies of mankind is entirely innocent (which is more, perhaps, than we ought to admit), yet surely their miseries and misfortunes are no subjects of mirth; and with these, *Quis non vicus abundat?* the world is so full of them that scarce a day passes without inclining a truly good-natured man rather to tears than merriment.

Mr. Hobbes tells us that laughter arises from pride, which is far from being a good-natured passion. And though I would not severely discountenance all indulgence of it, since laughter, while confined to vice and folly, is no very cruel punishment on the object, and may be attended with good consequences to him, yet we shall, I believe, find, on a careful examination into its motive, that it is not produced from good-nature. But this is one of the first efforts of the mind, which few attend to, or, indeed, are capable of discovering; and, however self-love may make us pleased with seeing a blemish in another which we are ourselves free from, yet compassion, on the first reflection of any unhappiness in the object, immediately puts a stop to it in good minds. For instance; suppose a person well dressed should tumble in a dirty place in the street; I am afraid there are few who would not laugh at the accident. Now, what is this laughter other than a convulsive extasy, occasioned by the contemplation of our own happiness compared with the unfortunate person's? a pleasure which seems to savour of ill-nature; but, as this is one of those first, and as it were spontaneous motions of the soul, which few, as I have said, attend to, and none can prevent, so it doth not properly constitute the character. When we come to reflect on the uneasiness the person suffers, laughter, in a good and delicate mind, will begin to change itself into compassion; and in proportion as this latter operates on us we may be said to have more or less good-nature; but should any fatal consequence, such as a violent bruise or the breaking of a bone, attend the fall, the man who should still continue to laugh would be entitled to the basest and vilest appellation with which any language can stigmatise him.

From what hath been said I think we may conclude that a constant, settled, glavering, sneering smile in the countenance, is so far from indicating goodness, that it may be with much confidence depended on as an assurance of the contrary.

But I would not be understood here to speak with the least regard to that amiable, open, composed, cheerful aspect, which is the result of a good conscience, and the emanation of a good heart; of both which it is an infallible symptom, and may be the more depended on as it cannot, I believe, be counterfeited, with any reasonable resemblance, by the nicest power of art.

Neither have I any eye towards that honest, hearty, loud chuckle which shakes the sides of aldermen and squires without the least provocation or a jest, proceeding chiefly from a full belly; and is a symptom (however strange it may seem) of a very gentle and inoffensive quality called dulness, than which nothing is more risible; for, as Mr. Pope, with exquisite pleasantry, says,—

——Gentle Dulness ever loves a joke;

i.e. one of her own jokes. These are sometimes performed by the foot, as by leaping over heads, or chairs, or tables, kicks in the b—ch, &c.; sometimes by the hand, as by slaps in the face, pulling off wigs, and infinite other dexterities too tedious to particularise; sometimes by the voice, as by hollaing, huzzaing, and singing merry (*i.e.* dull) catches, by merry (*i.e.* dull) fellows.

Lastly, I do by no means hint at the various laughs, titters, tehes, &c., of the fair sex, with whom, indeed, this essay hath not anything to do; the knowledge of the characters of women being foreign to my intended purpose, as it is in fact a science to which I make not the least pretension.

The smile or sneer which composes the countenance I have above endeavoured to describe is extremely different from all these; but as I have already dwelt pretty long on it, and as my reader will not, I apprehend, be liable to mistake it, I shall wind up my caution to him against this symptom in part of a line of Horace:

——Hic niger est; hunc tu caveto.

There is one countenance which is the plainest instance of the general misunderstanding of that adage, *fronti nulla fides*. This is a fierce aspect, which hath the same right to signify courage as gravity to denote wisdom, or a smile good-nature; whereas experience teaches us the contrary, and it passes among most men for the symptom only of a bully.

But I am aware that I shall be reminded of an

assertion which I set out with in the beginning of this essay, viz. "That Nature gives us as sure symptoms of the diseases of the mind as she doth of those of the body." To which what I have now advanced may seem a contradiction. The truth is, Nature doth really imprint sufficient marks in the countenance to inform an accurate and discerning eye; but, as such is the property of few, the generality of mankind mistake the affectation for the reality; for, as Affectation always overacts her part, it fares with her as with a farcical actor on the stage, whose monstrous overdone grimaces are sure to catch the applause of an insensible audience, while the truest and finest strokes of Nature, represented by a judicious and just actor, pass unobserved and disregarded. In the same manner the true symptoms, being finer and less glaring, make no impression on our physiognomist; while the grosser appearances of affectation are sure to attract his eye and deceive his judgment. Thus that sprightly and penetrating look which is almost a certain token of understanding, that cheerful composed serenity which always indicates good-nature, and that fiery cast of the eyes which is never unaccompanied with courage, are often overlooked; while a formal, stately, austere gravity, a glavering fawning smile, and a strong contraction of the muscles, pass generally on the world for the virtues they only endeavour to affect.

But as these rules are, I believe, none of them without some exceptions; as they are of no use but to an observer of much penetration; lastly, as a more subtle hypocrisy will sometimes escape undiscovered from the highest discernment; let us see if we have not a more infallible guide to direct us to the knowledge of men, one more easily to be attained, and on the efficacy of which we may with the greatest certainty rely.

And surely the actions of men seem to be the justest interpreters of their thoughts, and the truest standards by which we may judge them. By their fruits you shall know them is a saying of great wisdom as well as authority. And indeed this is so certain a method of acquiring the knowledge I contend for, that at first appearance it seems absolutely perfect and to want no manner of assistance.

There are, however, two causes of our mistakes on this head, and which lead us into forming very erroneous judgments of men, even while their actions stare us in the face, and, as it were, hold a candle to us, by which we may see into them.

The first of these is, when we take their own words against their actions. This (if I may borrow another illustration from physic) is no less ridiculous than it would be of a learned professor of that art, when he perceives his light-headed patient is in the utmost danger, to take his word that he is well. This error is infinitely more common than its extreme absurdity would persuade us was possible. And many a credulous person hath been ruined by trusting to the assertions of another who must have preserved himself had he placed a wiser confidence in his actions.

The second is an error still more general. This is when we take the colour of a man's actions, not from their own visible tendency, but from his public character; when we believe what others say of him in opposition to what we see him do. How often do we suffer ourselves to be deceived out of the credit of a fact or out of a just opinion of its heinousness by the reputed dignity or honesty of the person who did it! How common are such ejaculations as these: "O! it is impossible he should be guilty of any such thing; he must have done it by mistake; he could not design it. I will never believe any ill of him. So good a man!" &c.: when, in reality, the mistake lies only in his character. Nor is there any more simple, unjust, and insufficient method of judging mankind than by public estimation, which is oftener acquired by deceit, partiality, prejudice, and such like, than by real desert. I will venture to affirm that I have known some of the best sort of men in the world (to use the vulgar phrase) who would not have scrupled cutting a friend's throat; and a fellow whom no man should be seen to speak to capable of the highest acts of friendship and benevolence.

Now it will be necessary to divest ourselves of both those errors before we can reasonably hope to attain any adequate knowledge of the true characters of men. Actions are their own best expositors; and though crimes may admit of alleviating circumstances, which may properly induce a judge to mitigate the punishment, from the motive for instance, as necessity may lessen the crime of robbery when compared to wantonness or vanity, or from some circumstance attending the fact itself, as robbing a stranger or an enemy, compared with committing it on a friend or benefactor; yet the crime is still robbery, and the person who commits it is a robber, though he should pretend to have done it with a good design, or the world should concur in calling him an honest man.

But I am aware of another objection which may be made to my doctrine, viz., admitting that the actions of men are the surest evidence of their character, that this knowledge comes too late, that it is to caution us against a highwayman after he hath plundered us, or against an incendiary after he hath fired our house.

To which I answer that it is not against force, but deceit, which I am here seeking for armour—against those who can injure us only by obtaining our good opinion. If, therefore, I can instruct my reader from what sort of persons he is to withhold this opinion, and inform him of all, or at least the principal arts, by which deceit proceeds to ingratiate itself with us, by which he will be effectually enabled to defeat his purpose, I shall have sufficiently satisfied the design of this essay.

And here, the first caution I shall give him is against flattery, which I am convinced no one uses without some design on the person flattered. I remember to have heard of a certain nobleman, who, though he was an immoderate lover of receiving flattery himself, was so far from being guilty of this vice to others, that he was remarkably free in telling men their faults. A friend, who had his intimacy, one day told him he wondered that he who loved flattery better than any man living did not return a little of it himself, which he might be sure would bring him back such a plentiful interest. To which he answered, though he admitted the justness of the observation, he could never think of giving away what he was so extremely covetous of. Indeed, whoever knows anything of the nature of men, how greedy they are of praise, and how backward in bestowing it on others; that it is a debt seldom paid, even to the greatest merit, till we are compelled to it, may reasonably conclude that this profusion—this voluntary throwing it away on those who do not deserve it, proceeds, as Martial says of a beggar's present, from some other motive than generosity or good-will.

But indeed there are few whose vanity is so foul a feeder to digest flattery, if undisguised; it must impose on us in order to allure us; before we can relish it we must call it by some other name—such

as a just esteem of, and respect for, our real worth; a debt due to our merit, and not a present to our pride.

Suppose it should be really so, and we should have all these great or good qualities which are extolled in us; yet, considering, as I have said above, with what reluctance such debts are paid, we may justly suspect some design in the person who so readily and forwardly offers it to us. It is well observed that we do not attend without uneasiness to praises in which we have no concern—much less shall be eager to utter and exaggerate the praise of another without some expectations from it.

A flatterer, therefore, is a just object of our distrust, and will, by prudent men, be avoided.

Next to the flatterer is the professor, who carries his affection to you still farther, and on a slight, or no acquaintance, embraces, hugs, kisses, and vows the greatest esteem for your person, parts, and virtues. To know whether this friend is sincere, you have only to examine into the nature of friendship, which is always founded either on esteem or gratitude, or perhaps on both. Now, esteem, admitting every requisite for its formation present (and these are not a few), is of very slow growth; it is an involuntary affection, rather apt to give us pain than pleasure, and therefore meets with no encouragement in our minds, which it creeps into by small and almost imperceptible degrees; and, perhaps, when it hath got an absolute possession of us, may require some other ingredient to engage our friendship to its own object. It appears, then, pretty plain that this mushroom passion here mentioned owes not its original to esteem. Whether it can possibly flow from gratitude, which may, indeed, produce it more immediately, you will more easily judge; for though there are some minds whom no benefits can inspire with gratitude, there are more, I believe, who conceive this affection without even a supposed obligation. If, therefore, you can assure yourself it is impossible he should imagine himself obliged to you, you may be satisfied that gratitude is not the motive to his friendship. Seeing, then, that you can derive it from neither of these fountains, you may well be justified in suspecting its falsehood; and, if so, you will act as wisely in receiving it into your heart as he doth who knowingly lodges a viper in his bosom or a thief in his house. "Forgive the acts of your enemies" hath been thought the highest maxim of morality. "Fear the professions of your friends" is perhaps the wisest.

The third character against which an open heart should be alarmed, is a promiser—one who rises another step in friendship. The man who is wantonly profuse of his promises ought to sink his credit as much as a tradesman would by uttering a great number of promissory notes payable at a distant day. The truest conclusion in both cases is, that neither intend, nor will he able, to pay. And as the latter most probably intends to cheat you of your money, so the former, at least, designs to cheat you of your thanks; and it is well for you if he hath no deeper purpose, and that vanity is the only evil passion to which he destines you a sacrifice.

I would not be here understood to point at the promises of political great men, which they are supposed to lie under a necessity of giving in great abundance; and the value of them is so well known that few are to be imposed on by them. The professor I here mean is he who on all occasions is ready, of his own head and unasked, to promise favours. This is such another instance of generosity as his who relieves his friend in distress by a draught on Aldgate pump.* Of these there are several kinds—some who promise what they never intend to perform; others who promise what they are not sure they can perform; and others again who promise so many, that, like debtors, being not able to pay all their debts, they afterwards pay none.

The man who is inquisitive into the secrets of your affairs, with which he hath no concern, is another object of your caution. Men no more desire another's secrets to conceal them than they would another's purse for the pleasure only of carrying it.

Nor is a slanderer less wisely to be avoided, unless you choose to feast on your neighbour's faults, at the price of being served up yourself at the tables of others; for persons of this stamp are generally impartial in their abuse. Indeed, it is not always possible totally to escape them; for being barely known to them is a sure title to their calumny; but the more they are admitted to your acquaintance the more you will be abused by them.

I fear the next character I shall mention may give offence to the grave part of mankind, for whose wisdom and honesty I have an equal respect; but I must, however, venture to caution my open-hearted reader against a saint. No honest and sensible man will understand me here as attempting to declaim against sanctity of morals. The sanctity I mean is that which flows from the lips and shines in the countenance. It may be said, perhaps, that real sanctity may wear these appearances; and how shall we then distinguish, with any certainty, the true from the fictitious? I answer that, if we admit this to be possible, yet, as it is likewise possible that it may be only counterfeit, and as in fact it is so ninety-nine times in a hundred, it is better that one real saint should suffer a little unjust suspicion than that ninety-nine villains should impose on the world, and be enabled to perpetrate their villanies under this mask.

But, to say the truth, a sour, morose, ill-natured, censorious sanctity, never is nor can be sincere. Is a readiness to despise, to hate, and to condemn, the temper of a christian? Can he who passes sentence on the souls of men with more delight and triumph than the devil can execute it have the impudence to pretend himself to be a disciple of one who died for the sins of mankind? Is not such a sanctity the true mark of that hypocrisy, which in many places of scripture, and particularly in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, is so bitterly inveighed against?

As this is a most detestable character in society, and as its malignity is more particularly bent against the best and worthiest men, the sincere and open-hearted, whom it persecutes with inveterate envy and hatred, I shall take some pains in the ripping it up, and exposing the horrors of its inside, that we may all shun it; and at the same time will endeavour so plainly to describe its outside, that we shall hardly be liable, by any mistake, to fall into its snares.

With regard then to the inside (if I am allowed that expression) of this character, the scripture writers have employed uncommon labour in dissecting it. Let us hear our Saviour himself, in the chapter above cited. "It devours widows' houses; it makes its proselytes twofold more the children of hell; it omits the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith; it strains off * a gnat and swal-

* A mercantile phrase for a bad note.

* So is the Greek, which the translators have mistaken: they render it, strain at a gnat, *i. e.* struggle in swallowing; whereas, in reality, the Greek word is, to strain through a cullender; and the idea is, that though they pretend their consciences are so fine that a gnat is with difficulty strained through them, yet they can, if they please, open them wide enough to admit a camel.

lows a camel; it is full of extortion and excess." St. Paul, in his First Epistle to Timothy, says of them, "That they speak lies, and their conscience is seared with a red-hot iron." And in many parts of the Old Testament, as in Job, "Let the hypocrite reign not, lest the people be ensnared;" and Solomon in his Proverbs, "An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour."

In these several texts most of the enormities of this character are described; but there is one which deserves a fuller comment, as pointing at its very essence—I mean the thirteenth verse of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, where Jesus addresses himself thus to the Pharisees: "Hypocrites; for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."

This is an admirable picture of sanctified hypocrisy, which will neither do good itself nor suffer others to do it. But, if we understand the text figuratively, we may apply it to that censorious quality of this vice which, as it will do nothing honestly to deserve reputation, so is it ever industrious to deprive others of the praises due to their virtues. It confines all merit to those external forms which are fully particularised in scripture; of these it is itself a rigid observer; hence, it must derive all honour and reward in this world, nay and even in the next, if it can impose on itself so far as to imagine itself capable of cheating the Almighty and obtaining any reward there.

Now a galley-slave, of an envious disposition, doth not behold a man free from chains, and at his ease, with more envy than persons in these fetters of sanctity view the rest of mankind, especially such as they behold without them entering into the kingdom of heaven. These are, indeed, the objects of their highest animosity, and are always the surest marks of their detraction. Persons of more goodness than knowledge of mankind, when they are calumniated by these saints, are, I believe, apt to impute the calumny to an ignorance of their real character, and imagine, if they could better inform the said saints of their innate worth, they should be better treated by them; but, alas! this is a total mistake: the more good a sanctified hypocrite knows of an open and an honest man, the more he envies and hates him, and the more ready he is to seize or invent an opportunity of detracting from his real merit.

But envy is not their only motive of hatred to good men; they are eternally jealous of being seen through, and consequently exposed, by them. A hypocrite in society lives in the same apprehension with a thief who lies concealed in the midst of the family he is to rob; for this fancies himself perceived when he is least so; every motion alarms him; he fears he is discovered, and is suspicious that every one who enters the room knows where he is hid, and is coming to seize him. And thus, as nothing hates more violently than fear, many an innocent person, who suspects no evil intended him, is detested by him who intends it.

Now, in destroying the reputation of a virtuous and good man, the hypocrite imagines he hath disarmed his enemy of all weapons to hurt him; and therefore this sanctified hypocrisy is not more industrious to conceal its own vices than to obscure and contaminate the virtues of others. As the business of such a man's life is to procure praise by acquiring and maintaining an undeserved character; so is his utmost care employed to deprive those who have an honest claim to the character himself affects only, of all emoluments which would otherwise arise to them from it.

The prophet Isaiah speaks of these people where he says, "Woe unto them who call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness," &c. In his sermon on which text the witty Dr. South hath these words:—"*Detraction* is that killing poisonous arrow, drawn out of the devil's quiver, which is always flying about and doing execution in the dark, against which *no virtue is a defence, no innocence a security.* It is a weapon forged in hell, and formed by that prime artificer and engineer, the devil; and none but that great God who knows all things, and can do all things, can protect the best of men against it."

To these, likewise, Martial alludes in the following lines:—

> Ut bene loquatur sentiatque Mamercus,
> Efficere nullis, Aule, moribus possis.

I have been somewhat diffusive in the censorious branch of this character, as it is a very pernicious one, and (according to what I have observed) little known and attended to. I shall not describe all its other qualities. Indeed there is no species of mischief which it doth not produce. For, not to mention the private villanies it daily transacts, most of the great evils which have affected society, wars, murders and massacres, have owed their original to this abominable vice; which is the destroyer of the innocent, and protector of the guilty; which hath introduced all manner of evil into the world, and hath almost expelled every grain of good out of it. Doth it not attempt to cheat men into the pursuit of sorrow and misery under the appearance of virtue, and to frighten them from mirth and pleasure under the colour of vice, or, if you please, sin? Doth it not attempt to gild over that poisonous potion made up of malevolence, austerity, and such cursed ingredients, while it embitters the delightful draught of innocent pleasure with the nauseous relish of fear and shame?

No wonder then that this malignant cursed disposition, which is the disgrace of human nature and the bane of society, should be spoken against with such remarkable bitterness, by the benevolent Author of our religion, particularly in the thirty-third verse of the above-cited chapter of St. Matthew: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

Having now despatched the inside of this character, and, as I apprehend, said enough to make any one avoid, I am sure sufficient to make a Christian detest it, nothing remains but to examine the outside in order to furnish honest men with sufficient rules to discover it. And in this we shall have the same divine guide whom we have in the former part followed.

First, then, Beware of that sanctified appearance, "that whited sepulchre, which looks beautiful outward, and is within full of all uncleanness. Those who make clean the outside of the platter, but within are full of extortion and excess."

Secondly, Look well to those "who bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."

"These heavy burdens," says Burket, "were counsels and directions, rules and canons, austerities and severities, which the Pharisees introduced and imposed upon their hearers." This requires no farther comment; for, as I have before said, these hypocrites place all virtue and all religion in the observation of those austerities and severities, without which the truest and purest goodness will never receive their commendation; but how different this doctrine is from the temper of Christianity may be

gathered by that total of all Christian morality with which Jesus sums up the excellent precepts delivered in his divine sermon: "*Therefore*, do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you; *for this is the law and the prophets.*"

Thirdly, Beware of all ostentation of virtue, goodness, or piety. By this ostentation I mean that of the countenance and the mouth, or of some external forms. And this I apprehend is the meaning of Jesus where he says, "They do their works to be seen of men," as appears by the context: "They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments." These phylacteries were certain scrolls of parchment, whereon were written the ten commandments, and particular parts of the Mosaic law, which they ostentatiously wore on their garments, thinking by that ceremony to fulfil the precept delivered to them in a verse of Deuteronomy, though they neglected to fulfil the laws they wore thus about them.

Another instance of their ostentation was,—— "making long prayers," *i. e.*, says Burket, "making long prayers (or, perhaps, pretending to make them) in the temples and synagogues for widows, and thereupon persuading them to give bountifully to the corban, or the common treasure of the temple, some part of which was employed for their maintenance. Learn, 1. It is no *new* thing for designing hypocrites to cover the foulest transgression with the cloak of religion. The Pharisees make long prayers a cover for their covetousness. 2. That to make use of religion in policy for worldly advantage sake is the way to be damned with a vengeance for religion's sake."

Again, says Jesus—"in paying tithe of mint and anise and cummin, while they omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith." By which we are not to understand (nor would I be understood so to mean) any inhibition of paying the priest his dues; but, as my commentator observes, "an ostentation of a precise keeping the law in smaller matters, and neglecting weightier duties. They paid tithe of mint, anise, and cummin (*i. e.* of the minutest and most worthless things), but at the same time omitted judgment, mercy, and faith; that is, just dealing among men, charity towards the poor, and faithfulness in their promises and covenants one with another. This, says our Saviour, is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; a proverbial expression, intimating that some persons pretend great niceness and scrupulosity about small matters, and none, or but little, about duties of the greatest moment. Hence, note, that hypocrites lay the greatest stress upon the least matters in religion, and place holiness most in these things where God places it least." Ye tithe mint, &c., but neglect the weightier matters of the law. "This is indeed the bane of all religion and true piety, to prefer rituals and human institutions before divine commands and the practice of natural religion. *Thus to do is a certain sign of gross hypocrisy.*"

Nothing can in fact be more foreign to the nature of virtue than ostentation. It is truly said of Virtue, that could men behold her naked they would be all in love with her. Here it is implied that this is a sight very rare or difficult to come at; and, indeed, there is always a modest backwardness in true virtue to expose her naked beauty. She is conscious of her innate worth, and little desirous of exposing it to the public view. It is the harlot Vice who constantly endeavours to set off the charms she counterfeits in order to attract men's applause, and to work her sinister ends by gaining their admiration and their confidence.

I shall mention but one symptom more of this hypocrisy, and this is a readiness to censure the faults of others. "Judge not," says Jesus, "lest you be judged." And, again: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" On which the above-mentioned commentator rightly observes, "That those who are most censorious of the lesser infirmities of others are usually most notoriously guilty of far greater failings themselves." This sanctified slander is of all the most severe, bitter, and cruel; and is so easily distinguished from that which is either the effect of anger or wantonness, and which I have mentioned before, that I shall dwell no longer upon it.

And here I shall dismiss my character of a sanctified hypocrite with the honest wish which Shakspeare hath launched forth against an execrable villain:—

> —That Heaven would put in every honest hand a whip,
> To lash the rascal naked through the world.

I have now, I think, enumerated the principal methods by which deceit works its ends on easy, credulous, and open dispositions; and have endeavoured to point out the symptoms by which they may be discovered; but while men are blinded by vanity and self-love, and while artful hypocrisy knows how to adapt itself to their blind sides and to humour their passions, it will be difficult for honest and undesigning men to escape the snares of cunning and imposition; I shall therefore recommend one more certain rule, and which, I believe, if duly attended to, would in a great measure extirpate all fallacy out of the world; or must at least so effectually disappoint its purposes that it would soon be worth no man's while to assume it, and the character of knave and fool would be more apparently (what they are at present in reality) allied or united.

This method is carefully to observe the actions of men with others, and especially with those to whom they are allied in blood, marriage, friendship, profession, neighbourhood, or any other connexion; nor can you want an opportunity of doing this; for none but the weakest of men would rashly and madly place a confidence which may very materially affect him in any one on a slight or no acquaintance.

Trace then the man proposed to your trust into his private family and nearest intimacies. See whether he hath acted the part of a good son, brother, husband, father, friend, master, servant, &c. If he hath discharged these duties well your confidence will have a good foundation; but if he hath behaved himself in these offices with tyranny, with cruelty, with infidelity, with inconstancy, you may be assured he will take the first opportunity his interest points out to him of exercising the same ill talents at your expense.

I have often thought mankind would be little liable to deceit (at least much less than they are) if they would believe their own eyes, and judge of men by what they actually see them perform towards those with whom they are most closely connected; whereas, how common is it to persuade ourselves that the undutiful, ungrateful son, the unkind or barbarous brother, or the man who is void of all tenderness, honour, or even humanity, to his wife or children, shall nevertheless become a sincere and faithful friend! but how monstrous a belief is it, that the person whom we find incapable of discharging the nearest duties of relation, whom no ties of blood or affinity can bind; nay, who is even deficient in that goodness which instinct infuses into the brute creation; that such a person should have

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a sufficient stock of virtue to supply the arduous character of honour and honesty! This is a credulity so absurd that it admits of no aggravation.

Nothing indeed can be more unjustifiable to our prudence than an opinion that the man whom we see act the part of a villain to others should, on some minute change of person, time, place, or other circumstance, behave like an honest and just man to ourselves. I shall not here dispute the doctrine of repentance, any more than its tendency to the good of society; but as the actions of men are the best index to their thoughts, as they do, if well attended to and understood, with the utmost certainty demonstrate the character; and as we are not so certain of the sincerity of the repentance; I think we may with justice suspect, at least so far as to deny him our confidence, that a man whom we once knew to be a villain remains a villain still.

And now let us see whether these observations, extended a little farther, and taken into public life, may not help us to account for some phenomena which have lately appeared in this hemisphere: for as a man's good behaviour to those with whom he hath the nearest and closest connexion is the best assurance to which a stranger can trust for his honest conduct in any engagement he shall enter into with him, so is a worthy discharge of the social offices of a private station the strongest security which a man can give of an upright demeanour in any public trust, if his country shall repose it in him; and we may be well satisfied that the most popular speeches and most plausible pretences of one of a different character are only gilded snares to delude us, and to sacrifice us, in some manner or other, to his own sinister purposes. It is well said in one of Mr. Pope's letters, "How shall a man love five millions who could never love a single person?" If a man hath more love than what centres in himself it will certainly light on his children, his relations, friends, and nearest acquaintance. If he extends it farther, what is it less than general philanthropy, or love to mankind? Now, as a good man loves his friend better than common acquaintance, so philanthropy will operate stronger towards his own country than any other; but no man can have this general philanthropy who hath not private affection, any more than he who hath not strength sufficient to lift ten pounds can at the same time be able to throw a hundredweight over his head. Therefore the bad son, husband, father, brother, friend—in a word, the bad man in private—can never be a sincere patriot.

In Rome and Sparta I agree it was otherwise; for there patriotism, by education, became a part of the character. Their children were nursed in patriotism; it was taught them at an age when religion in all countries is first inculcated; and, as we see men of all religions ready to lay down their lives for the doctrines of it (which they often do not know, and seldom have considered), so were these Spartans and Romans ready with as implicit faith to die for their country; though the private morals of the former were depraved, and the latter were the public robbers of mankind.

Upon what foundation their patriotism then stood seems pretty apparent, and perhaps there can be no surer. For, I apprehend, if twenty boys were taught from their infancy to believe that the Royal Exchange was the kingdom of heaven, and consequently inspired with a suitable awe for it; and, lastly, instructed that it was great, glorious, and godlike to defend it, nineteen of them would afterwards cheerfully sacrifice their lives to its defence; at least, it is impossible that any of them would agree, for a paltry reward, to set it on fire; not even though they were rogues and highwaymen in their disposition. But if you were admitted to choose twenty of such dispositions at the age of manhood, who had never learned anything of its holiness, contracted any such awe, nor imbibed any such duty, I believe it would be difficult to bring them to venture their lives in its cause; nor should I doubt, could I persuade them of the security of the fact, of bribing them to apply the firebrand to any part of the building I pleased.

But a worthy citizen of London, without borrowing any such superstition from education, would scarce be tempted, by any reward, to deprive the city of so great an ornament, and what is so useful and necessary to its trade; at the same time to endanger the ruin of thousands, and perhaps the destruction of the whole.

The application seems pretty easy, that, as there is no such passion in human nature as patriotism, considered abstractedly and by itself, it must be introduced by art, and that, while the mind of man is yet soft and ductile, and the unformed character susceptible of any arbitrary impression you please to make on it; or, secondly, it must be founded on philanthropy or universal benevolence; a passion which really exists in some natures, and which is necessarily attended with the excellent quality above mentioned; for, as it seems granted that the man cannot love a million who never could love a single person, so will it, I apprehend, appear as certain, that he who could not be induced to cheat or to destroy a single man will never be prevailed on to cheat or to destroy many millions.

Thus I have endeavoured to show the several methods by which we can purpose to get any insight into the characters of those with whom we converse, and by which we may frustrate all the cunning and designs of hypocrisy. These methods I have shown to be threefold, viz., by the marks which nature hath imprinted on the countenance, by their behaviour to ourselves, and by their behaviour to others. On the first of these I have not much insisted, as liable to some incertainty; and as the latter seem abundantly sufficient to secure us, with proper caution, against the subtle devices of hypocrisy, though she be the most cunning as well as malicious of all the vices which have ever corrupted the nature of man.

But, however useless this treatise may be to instruct, I hope it will be at least effectual to alarm my reader; and sure no honest undesigning man can ever be too much on his guard against the hypocrite, or too industrious to expose and expel him out of society.

PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1742-3.

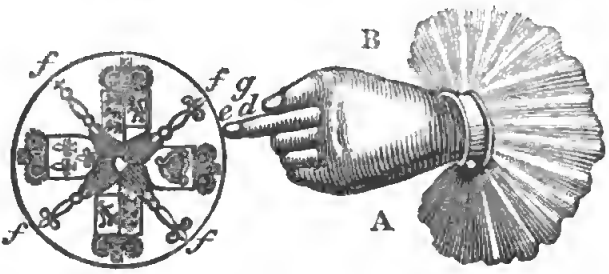
CONTENTS.—*Several* Papers *relating to the* Terrestrial CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT, *or* GUINEA, *an* insect, *or* vegetable, *which has this surprising* Property, *that being cut into several pieces, each piece lives, and in a short time becomes as perfect an insect or vegetable as that of which it was originally only a part.*

Abstract of part of a letter from the *Heer Rattenerach* in *Germany*, communicating Observations on the CHRYSIPUS.

SIR,—Some time since died here of old age, one Petrus Gualterus, a man well known in the learned world, and famous for nothing so much as for an extraordinary collection which he had made of the Chrysipi, an animal or vegetable, of which I doubt not but there are still some to be found in England: however, if that should be difficult, it may be easy to send some over to you, as they are at present very plentiful in these parts. I can answer for the truth of the facts contained in the paper I send you, as there is not one of them but what I have seen repeated above twenty times; and I wish others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and satisfy themselves of the truth by their own eyes. The accounts of the Chrysipi, as well as the collection itself, were found in the cabinet of the abovementioned Petrus, after his death; for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a sight of either while alive.

I am, Sir, &c.

THE FIGURE OF THE TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS STICKING TO A FINGER.



Observations and Experiments upon the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, *or* GUINEA, *by Mynheer* Petrus Gualterus.

Translated from the FRENCH *by* P. H. I. Z. C. G. S.

THE animal in question is a terrestrial vegetable or insect of which mention is made in the *Philosophical Transactions* for several years, as may be seen in No. 000, Art. 0000, and No. 00, Art. 002, and No.—, Art. 18.

This animal or vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round form, as represented in the figure annexed; in which A denotes the ruffle; B, the hand; *g*, the thumb of that hand; *d*, the finger; e, the part of that finger to which the CHRYSIPUS sticks; *f*, *f*, *f*, *f*, four tubes, representing the Πῆες,* or *man's staff*, mentioned by Galen in his treatise *de Usu Partium*, and by Aristotle in that little book called his Ἀεχιβιβλιὸν, or *Masterpiece*. The το ὑηλυκον, or *woman's pipe*, an oblong perforated substance, to which the said Πῆ directly tend, is represented by the letter C. The mouth of the chrysipus is in this anterior middle, it opens into the stomach, which takes up the whole length of the body. The whole body forms but one pipe, a sort of gut, which can be opened but at one end, *i. e.* at letter C.

The size of the body of a chrysipus varies according to its different species.

I know two species only, differing in extent almost one-half; which, for distinction sake, I call the *whole Chrysipus* and the *hemi-Chrysipus*. The latter of these is by no means so valuable as the former. The length of the Πῆ differ likewise in proportion to the different size or extension of these two.

The Πῆ of those of a modern growth are so imperfect and invisible to the naked eye that it is much to be feared the species will soon be entirely lost among us; and, indeed, in England they are observed of late to be much rarer than formerly, especially in the country, where at present there are very few of them to be found; but at the same time it is remarked that in some places of the continent, particularly in a certain part of Germany, they are much plentier; being to be found in great numbers where formerly there were scarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minutest observation, been able to settle, with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or vegetable, or whether it be not strictly neither, or rather both. For as I have, by the help of my microscope, discovered some of its parts to resemble those of a lion, I have at other times taken notice of something not unlike the *flower-de-luce*, not to repeat those parts above mentioned which bear great analogy to the αἰδοῖα of the human body. On their extremities (if they are not very old) may be seen certain letters forming the names of several of our kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude that these are the flowers mentioned by Virgil, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his time:—

> Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
> Nascuntur flores.

Particularly as he adds,

> —— Et Phyllida solus habeto.

Of which we shall take notice hereafter, when we come to speak of its properties. What hath principally dissuaded me from an opinion of its being an animal is, that I could never observe any symptoms of voluntary motion; but indeed the same may be said of an oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the learned to be absolutely a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or seems not to have, any progressive motion of its own, yet is it very easy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed, some persons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is said of the polypus, in a late excellent paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewise applicable to the chrysipus:—

"They make use of their progressive motion,

* See *Philos. Transact.* concerning the *arbor vitæ*, anno 1738.

when communicated to them, to place themselves conveniently, so as to catch their pray. They are voracious animals; their ΠΠ are so many snares which they set for numbers of small insects. As soon as any of them touches one of the ΠΠ it is caught."

But then it differs from the polypus in the consequence; for, instead of making the insect its prey, it becomes itself a prey to it; and, instead of conveying an insect twice as large as its own mouth into it, in imitation of the polypus, the poor chrysipus is itself conveyed into the loculus or pouch of an insect a thousand times as large as itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after its prey, that if the insect (which seldom happens) makes any resistance, it summons other chrysipi to its aid, which in the end hardly every fail of subduing it and getting into its pouch.

The learned Gualterus goes on in these words:— "A chrysipus, by the simple contact of my own finger, has so closely attached itself to my hand, that, by the joint and indefatigable labour of several of my friends, it could by no means be severed, or made to quit its hold."

As to the generation of the chrysipus, it differs from all other animals or vegetables whatever; for, though it seems the best supplied for this natural function, nature having provided each female part with four male ones, which one would think sufficient, yet it may be said, as of the polypus, they have no distinguished place by which they bring forth their young.

Gualterus judiciously remarks: "I have," says he, "some of them that have greatly multiplied under my eyes, and of which I might almost say that they have produced young ones from all the exterior parts of their body.

"I have learned, by a continual attention to the two species of them, that all the individuals of these species produce young ones.

"I have for sixty years had under my eye thousands of them; and though I have OBSERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, and with ATTENTION, so as to watch them night and day, I never observed anything like the common animal copulation.

"I tried at first two of them; but these I found would not produce a complete chrysipus; at least I had reason to think the operation would be so slow that I must have waited some years for its completion. Upon this I tried a hundred of them together; by whose marvellous union (whether it be that they mix total, like those heavenly spirits mentioned by Milton, or by any other process not yet revealed to human wit) they were found in the year's end to produce three, four, and sometimes five complete chrysipi. I have indeed often made them in that space produce ten or twenty; but this hath been by some held a dangerous experiment, not only to the parent chrysipi themselves, which have by these means been utterly lost and destroyed, but even to the philosopher who hath attempted it; for, as some curious persons have, by hermetic experiments, endangered the loss of their teeth, so we, by a too intense application to this chrysipean philosophy, have been sometimes found to endanger our ears." He then proceeds thus:—

"Another fact which I have observed has proved to me that they have the faculty of multiplying before they are severed from their parent. I have seen a chrysipus, still adhering, bring forth young ones; and those young ones themselves have also brought forth others. Upon supposition that perhaps there was some copulation between the parent and young ones, whilst they were yet united, or between the young ones coming from the body of the same parent, I made divers experiments to be sure of the fact; but not one of those experiments ever led me to anything that could give the idea of a copulation."

I now proceed to the singularities resulting from the operation I have tried upon them.

A chrysipus of the larger kind may be divided into one-and-twenty substances (whether animal or vegetable we determine not), every substance being at least as large as the original chrysipus. These may again be subdivided, each of them into twenty-four; and, what is very remarkable, every one of these parts is heavier and rather larger than the first chrysipus. The only difference in this change is that of the colour; for the first sort are yellow, the second white, and the third resemble the complexion and substance of many human faces.

These subdivided parts are by some observed to lose in a great degree their adherescent quality; notwithstanding which, Gualterus writes that, from the minutest observations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

The manner of dividing a chrysipus differs, however, greatly from that of the polypus; for, whereas we are taught in that excellent treatise above mentioned, that

"If the body of a polypus is cut into two parts transversely, each of those parts becomes a complete polypus: on the very day of the operation, the first part or anterior end of the polypus, that is, the head, the mouth, and the arms—this part, I say, lengthens itself, it creeps, and eats.

"The second part, which has no head, gets one; a mouth forms itself at the anterior end, and shoots forth arms. This reproduction comes about more or less quickly, according as the weather is more or less warm. In summer, I have seen arms begin to sprout out twenty-four hours after the operation, and the new head perfected in every respect in a few days.

"Each of those parts thus becomes a perfect polypus, performs absolutely all its functions. It creeps, it eats, it grows, and it multiplies; and all that, as much as a polypus which never had been cut.

"In whatever place the body of a polypus is cut, whether in the middle or more or less near the head or the posterior part, the experiment has always the same success.

"If a polypus is cut transversely at the same moment into three or four parts, they all equally become so many complete ones.

"The animal is too small to be cut at the same time into a great number of parts; I therefore did it successively. I first cut a polypus into four parts and let them grow; next, I cut those quarters again; and at this rate I proceeded till I had made fifty out of one single one; and here I stopped, for there would have been no end of the experiment.

"I have now actually by me several parts of the same polypus cut into pieces above a year ago; since which time they have produced a great number of young ones.

"A polypus may also be cut in two, lengthways. Beginning by the head, one first splits the said head and afterwards the stomach: the polypus being in the form of a pipe, each half of what is thus cut lengthways forms a half pipe, the anterior extremity of which is terminated by the half of the head, the half of the mouth, and part of the arms. It is not long before the two edges of those half pipes close after the operation; they generally begin at the posterior part, and close up by degrees to the anterior part. Then each half pipe becomes a whole one complete: a stomach is formed, in which nothing is wanting; and out of each half mouth a whole one is formed also.

"I have seen all this done in less than an hour;

and that the polypus produced from each of those halves, at the end of that time, did not differ from the whole ones, except that it had fewer arms; but in a few days more grew out.

"I have cut a polypus lengthways between seven and eight in the morning; and between two and three in the afternoon each of the parts has been able to eat a worm as long as itself.

"If a polypus is cut lengthways, beginning at the head, and the section is not carried quite through, the result is, a polypus with two bodies, two heads, and one tail. Some of those bodies and heads may again be cut lengthways soon after. In this manner I have produced a polypus that had several bodies, as many heads, and one tail. I afterwards at once cut off the seven heads of this new Hydra: seven others grew again, and the heads that were cut off became each a complete polypus.

"I cut a polypus transversely into two parts; I put these two parts close to each other again, and they reunited where they had been cut. The polypus thus reunited eat the day after it had undergone this operation: it is since grown, and has multiplied.

"I took the posterior part of one polypus, and the anterior of another, and I have brought them to reunite in the same manner as the foregoing. Next day the polypus that resulted eat: it has continued well these two months since the operation: it is grown and has put forth young ones from each of the parts of which it was formed. The two foregoing experiments do not always succeed; it often happens that the two parts will not join again.

"In order to comprehend the experiment I am now going to speak of, one should recollect that the whole body of a polypus forms only one pipe, a sort of gut or pouch.

"I have been able to turn that pouch, that body of the polypus, INSIDE OUTWARDS, AS ONE MAY TURN A STOCKING.

"I have several by me that have remained turned in this manner; THEIR INSIDE IS BECOME THEIR OUTSIDE AND THEIR OUTSIDE THEIR INSIDE: they eat, they grow, and they multiply, as if they had never been turned."

Now, in the division and subdivision of our chrysipus, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner; namely, by the metabolic or mutative, not by the sebystic or divisive. Some have indeed attempted this latter method; but, like that great philosopher the elder Pliny, they have perished in their disquisitions, as he did, by suffocation. Indeed, there is a method called the kleptistic, which hath been preferred to the metabolic; but this is too dangerous; the ingenious Gualterus never carried it farther than the metabolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the original chrysipus into twenty-two parts, and again to subdivide these into twenty-five; but this requires great art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. Trembley will, in the work he is pleased to promise us, give some account of the longevity of the polypus. As to the age of the chrysipus, it differs extremely; some being of equal duration with the life of man, and some of scarce a moment's existence. The best method of preserving them is, I believe, in bags or chests in large numbers; for they seldom live long when they are alone. The great Gualterus says he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your pockets singly or in pairs, as some do, they will last a very little while, and in some pockets not a day.

We are told of the polypus, "That they are to be looked for in such ditches whose water is stocked with small insects. Pieces of wood, leaves, aquatic plants, in short, everything is to be taken out of the water that is met with at the bottom or on the surface of the water, on the edges, and in the middle of the ditches. What is thus taken out must be put into a glass of clear water, and these insects, if there are any, will soon discover themselves; especially if the glass is let stand a little without moving it; for thus insects which contract themselves when they are first taken out, will again extend themselves when they are at rest, and become thereby so much the more remarkable."

The chrysipus is to be looked for in scrutoires, and behind wainscots in old houses. In searching for them, particular regard is to be had to the persons who inhabit or have inhabited in the same houses, by observing which rule you may often prevent throwing away your labour. They love to be rather with old than young persons, and detest finery so much that they are seldom to be found in the pockets of laced clothes, and hardly ever in gilded palaces. They are sometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reason of pieces of wood, iron, &c., which must be removed away before you can come at them. There are, however, several sure methods of procuring them, which are all ascertained in a treatise on that subject composed by Petrus Gualterus, which, now he is dead, will shortly see the light.

I come now in the last place to speak of the virtues of the chrysipus: in these it exceeds not only the polypus, of which not one single virtue is recorded, but all other animals and vegetables whatever. Indeed, I intend here only to set down some of its chief qualities; for to enumerate all would require a large volume.

First, then, A single chrysipus stuck on to the finger will make a man talk for a full hour, nay, will make him say whatever the person who sticks it on desires: and again, if you desire silence, it will as effectually stop the most loquacious tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two or even twenty are not sufficient; but if you apply the proper number they seldom or never fail of success. It will likewise make men blind or deaf as you think proper; and all this without doing the least injury to the several organs.

Secondly, It hath a most miraculous quality of turning black into white or white into black. Indeed it hath the powers of the prismatic glass, and can, from any object, reflect what colour it pleases.

Thirdly, It is the strongest love-powder in the world, and hath such efficacy on the female sex that it hath often produced love in the finest women to the most worthless and ugly, old and decrepit, of our sex.

To give the strongest idea in one instance of the salubrious quality of the chrysipus: it is a medicine which the physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a patient without swallowing a dose of it.

To conclude, facts like these I have related, to be admitted, require the most convincing proofs. I venture to say I am able to produce such proofs. In the mean time, I refer my curious reader to the treatise I have above mentioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since I composed the above treatise I have been informed that these animals swarm in England all over the country, like the locusts, once in seven years; and, like them too, they generally cause much mischief and greatly ruin the country in which they have swarmed.

THE

FIRST OLYNTHIAC OF DEMOSTHENES.

THE ARGUMENT.—Olynthus was a powerful free city of Thrace, on the confines of Macedonia. By certain alluring offers, Philip had tempted them into an alliance with him, the terms of which were a joint war against the Athenians, and, if a peace, a joint peace. The Olynthians, some time after, becoming jealous of his growing power, detach themselves from his alliance, and make a separate peace with the Athenians. Philip, exclaiming against this as a breach of their former treaty, and glad of an opportunity which he had long been seeking, immediately declares war against them, and besieges their city. Upon this they despatch an embassy to Athens for succour. The subject of this embassy coming to be debated among the Athenians, Demosthenes gives his sentiments in the following oration.

No treasures, O Athenians! can, I am confident, be so desirable in your eyes as to discover what is most advantageous to be done for this city, in the affair now before you; and, since it is of so important a nature, the strictest attention should be given to all those who are willing to deliver their opinions; for not only the salutary counsels which any one may have premeditated are to be heard and received, but I consider it as peculiar to your fortune and good genius that many things highly expedient may suggest themselves to the speakers, even extemporarily, and without premeditation; and then you may easily from the whole collect the most useful resolutions. The present occasion wants only a tongue to declare that the posture of these affairs requires your immediate application, if you have any regard for your preservation. I know not what disposition we all entertain; but my own opinion is, that we vote a supply of men to the Olynthians, and that we send them immediately; and thus, by lending them our assistance now, we shall prevent the accidents which we have formerly felt from falling again upon us. Let an embassy be despatched, not only to declare these our intentions, but to see them executed. For my greatest apprehension is, that the artful Philip, who well knows to improve ever opportunity, by concessions where they are most convenient, and by threats, which we may believe him capable of fulfilling, at the same time objecting our absence to our allies, may draw from the whole some considerable advantage to himself. This however, O Athenians! will give some comfort, that the very particular circumstance which adds the greatest strength to Philip is likewise favourable to us. In his own person he unites the several powers of general, of king, and of treasurer; he presides absolutely in all councils, and is constantly at the head of his army. This indeed will contribute greatly to his successes in the field, but will have a contrary effect with regard to that truce which he is so desirous to make with the Olynthians; who will find their contention not to be for glory, nor for the enlargement of dominion; the subversion or slavery of their country is what they fight against. They have seen in what manner he hath treated those Amphipolitans who surrendered their city to him, and those Pydnæans who received him into theirs: and indeed, universally, a kingly state is, in my opinion, a thing in which republics will never trust; and, above all, if their territories border on each other. These things, therefore, O Athenians! being well known to you, when you enter on this debate your resolutions must be for war, and to prosecute it with as much vigour as you have formerly shown on any occasion. You must resolve to raise supplies with the utmost alacrity—to muster yourselves—to omit nothing; for no longer can a reason be assigned, or excuse alleged, why you should decline what the present exigency requires. For the Olynthians, whom with such universal clamours you have formerly insisted on our fomenting against Philip, are now embroiled with him by mere accident; and this most advantageously for you, since, had they undertaken the war at your request, their alliance might have been less stable, and only to serve a present turn; but since their animosity arises from injuries offered to themselves, their hostility will be firm, as well on account of their fears as of their resentment.

The opportunity which now offers is not, O Athenians! to be lost, nor should you suffer what you have already often suffered. For had we, when we returned from succouring the Eubœans, when Hierax and Stratocles from the Amphipolitans, in this very place, besought you to sail to their assistance, and to receive their city into your protection; had we then consulted our own interest with the same zeal with which we provided for the safety of the Eubœans, we had then possessed ourselves of Amphipolis, and escaped the troubles which have since perplexed us. Again, when we were first acquainted with the sieges of Pydna, Potidæa, Methone, Pagasæ, and others (for I will not waste time in enumerating all), had we then assisted only one of these with proper vigour, we should have found Philip much humbler and easier to be dealt with: whereas now, by constantly pretermitting the opportunities when they presented themselves, and trusting in fortune for the good success of future events, we have increased the power, O Athenians! of Philip ourselves, and have raised him higher than any king of Macedonia ever was. Now then an opportunity is come. What is it? why this which the Olynthians have of their own accord offered to this city; nor is it inferior to any of those we have formerly lost. To me, O Athenians! it appears that if we settle a just account with the gods, notwithstanding all things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal thanksgivings. For, as to our losses in war, they are justly to be set down to our own neglect; but that we formerly suffered not these misfortunes, and that an alliance now appears to balance these evils, if we will but accept it:—this, in my opinion, must be referred to the benevolence of the gods. But it happens as in the affair of riches, of which I think it is proverbially said that if a man preserves the wealth he attains he is greatly thankful to fortune; but, if he insensibly consumes it, his gratitude to fortune is consumed at the same time. So in public affairs, if we make not a right improvement of opportunities, we forget the good offered us by the gods, for, from the final event, we generally form our judgments of all that preceded. It is therefore highly necessary, O Athenians! to take effectual care, that by making a right use of the occasion now offered us, we wipe off the stains contracted by our former conduct; for should we, O Athenians! desert these people likewise, and Philip be enabled to destroy Olynthus, will any man tell me what afterwards shall stop his future progress, wherever he desires to extend it? But consider, O Athenians! and see by what means this Philip, once so inconsiderable, is now become so great. He first became master of Amphipolis, secondly of Pydna, next of Potidæa, and then of Methone. After these con-

quests be turned his arms towards Thessaly, where, having reduced Phera, Pagasæ, Magnesia, he marched on to Thrace. Here, after he had dethroned some kings and given crowns to others, he fell sick. On a small amendment of health, instead of refreshing himself with repose, he fell presently on the Olynthians. His expeditions against the Illyrians, the Pæonians, against Arymba, and who can recount all the other nations I omit? But should any man say, Why therefore do you commemorate these things to us now? my answer is that you may know, O Athenians! and sensibly perceive, these two things: first, how pernicious it is to neglect the least article of what ought to be done; and, secondly, that you may discern the restless disposition of Philip to undertake, and his alacrity to execute: whence we may conclude he will never think he hath done enough, nor indulge himself in case. If then his disposition be to aim still at greater and greater conquests, and ours to neglect every brave measure for our defence, consider in what event we can hope these things should terminate! Good gods! is there any of you so infatuated that he can be ignorant that the war will come home to us if we neglect it? and if this should happen, I fear, O Athenians! that we shall imitate those who borrow money at great usury, who, for a short affluence of present wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original patrimony. So we shall be found to pay dearly for our sloth; and, by giving our minds entirely up to pleasure, shall bring on ourselves many and grievous calamities, against our will shall be at last reduced to a necessity of action, and to contend even for our own country. Perhaps some one may object, that to find fault is easy and within any man's capacity; but to advise proper measures to be taken in the present exigency is the part of a counsellor. I am not ignorant, O Athenians! that not those who have been the first causes of the misfortune, but those who have afterwards delivered their opinions concerning it, fall often under your severe displeasure, when the success doth not answer their expectations. Be that as it will, I do not so tender my own safety that from any regard to that I should conceal what I imagine may conduce to your welfare.

The measures you are to take are, in my opinion, two: first, to preserve the Olynthian cities by sending a supply of men to their assistance; secondly, to ravage the country of the enemy; and this by attacking it both by sea and land. If either of these be neglected, I much fear the success of your expedition; for should he, while you are wasting his territories, by submitting to suffer this, take Olynthus, he will be easily able to return home and defend his own. On the other hand, if you only send succours to the Olynthians, when Philip perceives himself safe at home he will set down before Olynthus, and, employing every artifice against the town, will at length master it. We must therefore assist the Olynthians with numerous forces, and in two several places. This is my advice concerning the manner of our assisting them. As for the supply of money to be raised: you have a treasure, O Athenians! you have a treasury fuller of money, set apart for military uses, than any other city of Greece: this fund you may apply according to your pleasure on this occasion: if the army be supplied this way you will want no tax; if not, you will hardly find any tax sufficient. What! says some one, do you move to have this fund applied to the army? not I, truly; I only suggest that an army should be levied—that this fund should be applied to it—that those who do their duty to the public should receive their reward from it; whereas, in celebrating the public festivals, much is received by those who do nothing for it.

As to the rest, I think, all should contribute largely, if much wanted—less, if little. Money is wanted, and without it nothing which is necessary to be done can be performed. Others propose other means of raising it; of which do you fix on that which seems most advantageous, and apply yourselves to your preservation while you have an opportunity: for you ought to consider and weigh well the posture in which Philip's affairs now stand; for it appears to me that no man, even though he hath not examined them with much accuracy, can imagine them to be in the fairest situation. He would never have entered into this war had he thought it would have been protracted: he hoped at his very entrance to have carried all things before him, which expectation hath deceived him. This, therefore, by falling out contrary to his opinion, hath given him the first shock, and much dejected him. Then the commotions in Thessaly: for these are by nature the most perfidious of mortals, and have always proved so; as such he hath now sufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand Pagasæ of him, and to forbid the fortifying Magnesia. I have moreover heard it said that the Thessalians would no longer open their ports to him, nor suffer his fleets to be victualled in their markets; for that these should go to the support of the republics of Thessaly, and not to the use of Philip. But, should he be deprived of these, he will find himself reduced to great straits to provide for his auxiliaries. And further; can we suppose that Pæonia and Illyria, and all the other cities, will choose rather to be slaves than free, and their own masters? They are not inured to bondage, and the man is, as they say, prone to insolence; which is indeed very credible, for unmerited success entirely perverts the understanding in weaker minds, whence it is often more difficult to retain advantages than it was to gain them. It is our parts then, O Athenians! to take advantage of this distress of Philip, to undertake the business with the utmost expedition; not only to despatch the necessary embassies, but to follow them with an army, and to stir up all his other enemies against him: for we may be assured of this, that had Philip the same opportunity, and the war was near our borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then ashamed through fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an opportunity, which he, had he that opportunity, would surely bring on you? Besides, let none of you be ignorant that you have now your option whether you shall attack him abroad or be attacked by him at home; for if the Olynthians, by your assistance, are preserved, the kingdom of Philip will be by your forces invaded; and you may then retain your own dominions, your own city, in safety; but should Philip once master the Olynthians, who would oppose his march hither? The Thebans? let me not be thought too bitter if I say they would be ready to assist him against us. The Phocians? they are not able to save themselves, unless you or some one else will assist them. But, my friend, says one, Philip will have no desire to invade us. I answer, it would surely be most absurd if what he imprudently now threatens us with he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the difference whether the war be here or there, there is, I think, no need of argument; for if it was necessary for you to be thirty days in the field within your own territories, and to sustain your army with your own product, supposing no enemy there at the same time; I say, the losses of your husbandmen, who

supply those provisions, would be greater than the whole expense of the preceding war. But if an actual war should come to our doors, what losses must we then expect? Add to this the insults of the enemy, and that which to generous minds is not inferior to any loss, the disgrace of such an incident. It becomes us all, therefore, when we consider all these things, to apply our utmost endeavours to expel this war from our borders; the rich, that for the many things they possess, parting with a little, they may secure the quiet possession of the rest; the young men, that having learnt experience in the art of war, at Philip's expense, in his country, they may become formidable defenders of their own; the orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the advice they have given to the republic; since according to the success of the measures taken in consequence of their opinions, so you will judge of the advisers themselves. May this success be happy for the sake of every one!

OF THE REMEDY OF AFFLICTION FOR THE LOSS OF OUR FRIENDS.

It would be a strange consideration (saith Cicero) that, while so many excellent remedies have been discovered for the several diseases of the human body, the mind should be left without any assistance to alleviate and repel the disorders which befal it. The contrary of this he asserts to be true, and prescribes philosophy to us, as a certain and infallible method to assuage and remove all those perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler part of man.

Of the same opinion were all those wise and illustrious ancients whose writings and sayings on this subject have been transmitted to us. And when Seneca tells us that *virtue* is sufficient to subdue all our passions, he means no other (as he explains it in many parts of his works) than *that exalted divine philosophy* which consisted not in vain pomp or useless curiosity, nor even in the search of more profitable knowledge, but in acquiring solid lasting habits of virtue, and engrafting them into our character. It was not the bare knowing the right way, but the constant and steady walking in it, which those glorious writers recommended and dignified by the august names of *philosophy* and *virtue*; which two words, if they did not always use in a synonymous sense, yet they all agreed in this, that virtue was the consummation of true philosophy.

Now that this supreme philosophy, this habit of virtue, which strengthened the mind of a Socrates or a Brutus, is really superior to every evil which can attack us, I make no doubt; but, in truth, this is to have a sound not a sickly constitution. With all proper deference, therefore, to such great authorities, they seem to me to assert no more than that health is a remedy against disease; for a soul once possessed of that degree of virtue which can without emotion look on poverty, pain, disgrace, and death, as things indifferent; a soul, as Horace expresses it,

Totus teres atque rotundus;

or, according to Seneca, *which derives all its comfort from* WITHIN *not from* WITHOUT; which can look down on all the ruffling billows of fortune, as from a rock on shore we survey a tempestuous sea with unconcern;—such a soul is surely in a state of health which no vigour of bodily constitution can resemble.

And as this health of the mind exceeds that of the body in degree, so doth it in constancy or duration. In the latter the transition from perfect health to sickness is easy and often sudden; whereas the former, being once firmly established in the robust state above described, is never afterwards liable to be shocked by any accident or impulse of fortune.

It must be confessed, indeed, that those great masters have pointed out the way to this philosophy, and have endeavoured to allure and persuade others into it; but, as it is certain that few of their disciples have been able to arrive at its perfection; nay, as several of the masters themselves have done little honour to their precepts by their examples, there seems still great occasion for a mental physician, who should consider the human mind (as is often the case of the body) in too weak and depraved a situation to be restored to firm vigour and sanity, and should propose rather to palliate and lessen its disorders than absolutely to cure them.

To consider the whole catalogue of diseases to which our minds are liable, and to prescribe proper remedies for them all, would require a much longer treatise than what I now intend; I shall confine myself therefore to one only, and to a particular species of that one, viz. to *affliction for the death of our friends*.

This is a malady to which the best and worthiest of men are chiefly liable. It is like a fever, the distemper of a rich and generous constitution. Indeed, we may say of those base tempers which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty physician of the last age said of a shattered and rotten carcase, that they are not worth preserving.

For this reason the calm demeanour of Stilpo the philosopher, who, when he had lost his children at the taking Megara by Demetrius, concluded, *he had lost nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him*, hath no charms for me. I am more apt to impute such sudden tranquillity at so great a loss to ostentation or obduracy than to consummate virtue. It is rather wanting the affection than conquering it. To overcome the affliction arising from the loss of our friends is great and praiseworthy; but it requires some reason and time. This sudden unruffled composure is owing to mere insensibility; to a depravity of the heart, not goodness of the understanding.

But in a mind of a different cast, in one susceptible of a tender affection, fortune can make no other ravage equal to such a loss. It is tearing the heart, the soul, from the body; not by a momentary operation, like that by which the most cruel tormentors of the body soon destroy the subject of their cruelty; but by a continued, tedious, though violent agitation; the soul having this double unfortunate superiority to the body, that its agonies, as they are more exquisite, so they are more lasting.

If, however, this calamity be not in a more humane disposition to be presently or totally removed, an attempt to lessen it is, however, worth our attention. He who could reduce the torments of the gout to one-half or a third of the pain would, I apprehend, be a physician in much vogue and request; and surely some palliative remedies are as much

worth our seeking in the mental disorder; especially if this latter should (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its anguish a hundredfold.

I will proceed, therefore, without further apology, to present my reader with the best prescriptions I am capable of furnishing; many of which have this uncommon recommendation, that I have tried them upon myself with some success. And if Montaigne be right in his choice of a physician, who had himself had the disease which he undertook to cure, I shall at least have that pretension to some confidence and regard.

And first, by way of preparative; while we yet enjoy our friends, and no immediate danger threatens us of losing them, nothing can be wholesomer than frequent reflections on the certainty of this loss, however distant it may then appear to us; for, if it be worth our while to prepare the body for diseases which may possibly (or at most probably) attack us, how much more necessary must it seem to furnish the mind with every assistance to encounter a calamity which our own death only, or the previous determination of our friendship, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the first ingredients of a *wise* man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeseen and unexpected. And this is surely the principal means of taking his happiness or misery out of the hands of fortune. Pleasure or pain which seize us unprepared and by surprise have a double force, and are both more capable of subduing the mind than when they come upon us looking for them and prepared to receive them. That pleasure is heightened by long expectation, appears to me a great though vulgar error. The mind, by constant premeditation on either, lessens the sweetness of the one and bitterness of the other. It hath been well said of lovers who for a long time procrastinate and delay their happiness, that they have loved themselves out before they come to the actual enjoyment; this is as true in the more ungrateful article of affliction. The object of our passions, as well as of our appetites, may be in a great measure devoured by imagination; and grief, like hunger, may be so palled and abated by expectation, that it may retain no sharpness when its food is set before it.

The thoughts which are to engage our consideration on this head are too various, and many of them too obvious, to be enumerated; the principal are surely, first, the certainty of the dissolution of this alliance, however sweet it be to us, or however closely the knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme shortness of its duration, even at the best. And, thirdly, the many accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an end.

Had not the wise man frequently meditated on these subjects, he would not have coolly answered the person who acquainted him with the death of his son—I KNEW *I had begot a mortal.* Whereas, by the behaviour of some on these occasions, we might be almost induced to suspect they were disappointed in their hopes of their friend's immortality; that something uncommon and beyond the general fate of men had happened to them; in a word, that they had flattered their fondness for their children and friends as enthusiastically as the poets have their works, which

——— nec Jovis ira nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

Nor is there any dissuasive from such contemplation: it is no breach of friendship nor violence of paternal fondness; for the event we dread and detest is not by these means forwarded, as simple persons think their own death would be by making a will. On the contrary, the sweetest and most rapturous enjoyments are thus promoted and encouraged; for what can be a more delightful thought than to assure ourselves, after such reflections, that the evil we apprehend, and which might so probably have happened, hath been yet fortunately escaped? If it be true that the loss of a blessing teaches us its true value, will not these ruminations on the certainty of losing our friends, and the uncertainty of our enjoyment of them, add a relish to the present possession? Shall we not, in a word, return to their conversation, after such reflections, with the same eagerness and ecstasy with which we receive those we love into our arms when we first wake from a dream which hath terrified us with their deaths?

Thus then we have a double incentive to these meditations; as they serve as well to heighten our present enjoyment as to lessen our future loss and to fortify us against it. I shall now proceed to give my reader some instructions for his conduct when this dreadful catastrophe hath actually befallen him.

And here I address myself to common men, and who partake of the more amiable weaknesses of human nature; not to those elevated souls whom the consummation of virtue and philosophy hath raised to a divine pitch of excellence, and placed beyond the reach of human calamity; for which reason I do not expect this loss shall be received with the composure of Stilpo. Nay, I shall not regard tears, lamentations, or any other indulgence to the first agonies of our grief on so dreadful an occasion, as marks of effeminacy; but shall rather esteem them as the symptoms of a laudable tenderness than of a contemptible imbecility of heart.

However, though I admit the first emotions of our grief to be so far irresistible that they are not to be instantly and absolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other side, totally to abandon ourselves to them. Wisdom is our shield against all calamity, and this we are not cowardly to throw away, though some of the sharper darts of fortune may have pierced us through it. The mind of a wise man may be ruffled and disordered, but cannot be subdued; in the former it differs from the perfection of the Deity, in the latter from the abject condition of a fool.

With whatever violence our passions at first attack us, they will in time subside. It is then that reason is to be called to our assistance, and we should use every suggestion which it can lend to our relief; our utmost force being to be exerted to repel and subdue an enemy when he begins to retreat: this, indeed, one would imagine, should want little or no persuasion to recommend it; inasmuch as we all naturally pursue happiness and avoid misery.

There are, however, two causes of our unwillingness to hearken to the voice of reason on this occasion. The first is a foolish opinion that friendship requires an exorbitant affliction of us; that we are thus discharging our duty to the dead, and offering (according to the superstition of the ancients) an agreeable sacrifice to their manes; the other, and perhaps the commoner, motive is, the immediate satisfaction we ourselves feel in this indulgence, which, though attended with very dreadful consequences, gives the same present relief to a tender disposition that air or water brings to one in a high fever.

Now what can possibly, on the least examination, appear more absurd than the former of these? When the grave, beyond which we can enter into no en-

gagement with one another, hath dissolved all bonds of friendship between us, and removed the object of our affection far from the reach of any of our offices, can anything be more vain and ridiculous, than to nourish an affliction to our own misery, by which we can convey neither profit nor pleasure to our friend? But I shall not dwell on an absurdity so monstrous in itself that the bare first mention throws it in a light which no illustration nor argument can heighten.

And as to the second, it is, as I have said, like those indulgencies which, however pleasant they may be to the distemper, serve only to increase it, and for which we are sure to pay the bitterest agonies in the end. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childish temper of mind than this conduct; by which, like infants, we reject a remedy if it be the least distasteful, and are ready to receive any grateful food without regarding the nourishment which at the same time we contribute to the disease.

Without staying, therefore, longer to argue with such, I shall first recommend to my disciple or patient of another complexion carefully to avoid all circumstances which may revive the memory of the deceased, whom it is now his business to forget as fast and as much as possible; whereas, such is the perverseness of our natures, we are constantly endeavouring, at every opportunity, to recall to our remembrance the words, looks, gestures, and other particularities of a friend. One carries about with him the picture, a second the hair, and others some little gift or token of the dead, as a memorial of their loss. What is all this less than being self-tormentors, and playing with affliction? Indeed, time is the truest and best physician on these occasions; and our wisest part is to lend him the utmost assistance we can; whereas, by pursuing the methods I have here objected to, we withstand with all our might the aid and comfort which that great reliever of human misery so kindly offers us.

Diversions of the lightest kind have been recommended as a remedy for affliction; but for my part, I rather conceive they will increase than diminish it, especially where music is to make up any part of the entertainment; for the nature of this is to sooth or inflame, not to alter our passions. Indeed, I should rather propose such diversions by way of trial than of cure; for, when they can be pursued with any good effect, our affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To say the truth, the physic for this, as well as every other mental disorder, is to be dispensed to us by philosophy and religion. The former of these words (however unhappily it hath contracted the contempt of the pretty gentlemen and fine ladies) doth surely convey, to those who understand it, no very ridiculous idea. Philosophy, in its purer and stricter sense, means no more than the love of wisdom; but in its common and vulgar acceptation it signifies the search after wisdom, or often wisdom itself; for to distinguish between wisdom and philosophy (says a great writer) is rather matter of vain curiosity than of real utility.

Now from this fountain (call it by which of the names we please) may be drawn the following considerations:—

First, the injustice of our complaint, who have been only obliged to fulfil the condition on which we first received the good whose loss we deplore, viz. that of parting with it again. We are tenants at will to Fortune, and, as we have advanced no consideration on our side, can have no right to accuse her caprice in determining our estate. However short-lived our possession hath been, it was still more than she promised, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but, like ungrateful persons, with whom one denial effaces the remembrance of an hundred benefits, we forget what we have already received, and rail at her because she is not pleased to continue those favours which of her own free-will she hath so long bestowed on us.

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the condition of our tenure long before, so, sooner or later, of necessity we must have done it. The longest term we could hope for is extremely short, and compared by Solomon himself to the length of a span. Of what duration is this life of man computed? A scrivener who sells his annuity at fourteen years and a half rejoices in his cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you at least half a year in the bargain.

But who will ensure these fourteen years? No man. On the contrary, how great is the premium for ensuring you one? and, great as it is, he who accepts it is often a loser.

I shall not go into the hackneyed common place of the numberless avenues to death; a road almost as much beaten by writers as those avenues to death are by mankind: Tibullus sums them up in half a verse:—

——— Leti mille repente viæ.

Surely no accident can befal our friend which should so little surprise us; for there is no other which he may not escape. In poverty, pain, or other instances, his lot may be harder than his neighbour's. In this the happiest and most miserable, the greatest and lowest, richest and poorest of mankind share all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be, death itself (which is a part of life) that we lament should happen to our friend, but it is the time of his dying. We desire not a pardon, we desire a reprieve only. A reprieve, for how long? *Sine die*. But if he could escape this fever, this small-pox, this inflammation of the bowels, he may live twenty years. He may so; but it is more probable he will not live ten; it is very possible, not one. But suppose he should have twenty, nay, thirty years to come. In prospect, it is true, the term seems to have some duration; but, cast your eyes backwards, and how contemptible the span appears! for it happens in life (however pleasant the journey may be) as to a weary traveller, the plain he is yet to pass extends itself much larger to his eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And suppose fortune should be so generous to indulge us in the possession of our wish, and give us this twenty years' longer possession of our friend, should we be then contented to resign? Or shall we not, in imitation of a child who desires its mamma to stay five minutes, and it will take the potion, be still as unwilling as ever? I am afraid the latter will be the case; seeing that neither our calamity nor the child's physic becomes less nauseous by the delay.

But, admitting this condition to be never so hard, will not philosophy show us the folly of immoderate affliction? Can all our sorrow mend our case? Can we wash back our friend with our tears, or waft him back with our sighs and lamentations? It is a foolish mean-spiritedness in a criminal to blubber to his judge when he knows he shall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire those more who meet their fate with a decent constancy and resignation. Were the sentences of fate capable of remission, could our sorrows or sufferings restore our friends to us, I would commend him who outdid the

fabled Niobe in weeping: but since no such event is to be expected; since *from that bourne no traveller returns*; surely it is the part of a wise man to bring himself to be content in a situation which no wit or wisdom, labour or art, trouble or pain, can alter.

And let us seriously examine our hearts, whether it is for the sake of our friends or ourselves that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated French writer, That the lamentation expressed for the loss of our dearest friends is often, in reality, for ourselves; that we are concerned at being less happy, less easy, and of less consequence than we were before; and thus the dead enjoy the honour of those tears which are truly shed on account of the living: concluding,—that in these afflictions men impose on themselves. Now, if on the inquiry this should be found to be our case, I shall leave the patient to seek his remedy elsewhere, having first recommended to him an assembly, a ball, an opera, a play, an amour, or, if he please, all of them; which will very speedily produce his cure. But, on the contrary, if after the strictest examination it should appear (as I make no doubt is sometimes the case) that our sorrow arises from that pure and disinterested affection which many minds are so far from being capable of entertaining that they can have no idea of it; in a word, if it be manifest that our fears are justly to be imputed to our friend's account, it may be then worth our while to consider the nature and degree of this misfortune which hath happened to him; and if, on duly considering it, we should be able to demonstrate to ourselves that this supposed dreadful calamity should exist only in opinion, and all its horrors vanish on being closely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very foundation of our grief will be removed, and it must, of necessary consequence, immediately cease.

I shall not attempt to make an estimate of human life, which to do in the most concise manner would fill more pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be necessary for me, since, admitting there was more real happiness in life than the wisest men have allowed; as the weakest and simplest will be ready to confess that there is much evil in it likewise; and as I conceive every impartial man will, on casting up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a balance for the former; I apprehend it will appear sufficiently for my purpose that death is not that king of terrors as he is represented to be.

Death is nothing more than the negation of life. If therefore life be no general good, death is no general evil. Now, if this be a point in judgment, who shall decide it? Shall we prefer the judgment of women and children, or of wise men? If of the latter, shall I not have all their suffrages with me? Thales, the chief of the sages, held life and death as things indifferent. Socrates, the greatest of all the philosophers, speaks of death as of a deliverance. Solomon, who had tasted all the sweets of life, condemns the whole as vanity and vexation: and Cicero (to name no more), whose life had been a very fortunate one, assures us in his old age that, *if any of the gods would frankly offer him to renew his infancy, and live his life over again, he would strenuously refuse it.*

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the face of these and numberless other such authorities; if we will still maintain that the pleasures of life have in them something truly solid and worthy our regard and desire; we shall not, however, be bold enough to say that these pleasures are lasting, certain, or the portion of many among us. We shall not, I apprehend, ensure the possession of them to our friend, nor secure him from all those evils which, as I have before said, none have ever denied the real existence of; nor shall we surely contend that he may not more likely have escaped the latter than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the most excellent of women and tenderest of mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous delivery, she was told she had a daughter, answering, "Good God! have I produced a creature who is to undergo what I have suffered!" Some years afterwards I heard the same woman, on the death of that very child, then one of the loveliest creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting that *her child could never know what it was to feel such a loss as she then lamented.*

In reality she was right in both instances; and however instinct, youth, a flow of spirits, violent attachments, and, above all, folly, may blind us, the day of death is (to most people at least) a day of more happiness than that of our birth, as it puts an end to all those evils which the other gave a beginning to. So just is that sentiment of Solon which Crœsus afterwards experienced the truth of, and which is couched in these lines:—

——— ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, postremaque funera debet.

If therefore death be no evil, there is certainly no reason why we should lament its having happened to our friend; but if there be any whom neither his own observation, nor what Plato hath advanced in his Apology for Socrates, in his Crito, and his Phædo; or Cicero, in the first and third books of his Tusculan Questions; or Montaigne (if he hath a contempt for the ancients), can convince that death is not an evil worthy our lamentation; let such a man comfort himself that the evil which his friend hath suffered he shall himself shortly have his share in. As nothing can be a greater consolation to a delicate friendship than this, so there is nothing we may so surely depend on. A few days may, and a few years most infallibly will, bring this about, and we shall then reap one benefit from the cause of our present affliction, that we are not then to be torn from the person we love.

These are, I think, the chief comforts which the voice of human philosophy can administer to us on this occasion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a most delightful assurance that our friend is not barely no loser, but a gainer, by his dissolution; that those virtues and good qualities which were the objects of our affection on earth are now become the foundation of his happiness and reward in a better world.

Lastly; it gives a hope, the sweetest, most endearing, and ravishing, which can enter into a mind capable of, and inflamed with, friendship—the hope of again meeting the beloved person, of renewing and cementing the dear union in bliss everlasting. This is a rapture which leaves the warmest imagination at a distance. Who can conceive (says Sherlock, in his Discourse on Death) the melting caresses of two souls in Paradise? What are all the trash and trifles, the bubbles, bawbles, and gewgaws of this life, to such a meeting? This is a hope which no reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor millions of such worlds as this should purchase; nor can any man show me its absolute impossibility till he can demonstrate that it is not in the power of the Almighty to bestow it on me.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER THE GREAT
AND DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

Alex. What fellow art thou who darest thus to lie at thy ease in our presence, when all others, as thou seest, rise to do us homage? Dost thou not know us?

Diog. I cannot say I do: but by the number of thy attendants, by the splendour of thy habit, but, above all, by the vanity of thy appearance and the arrogance of thy speech, I conceive thou mayst be Alexander the son of Philip.

Alex. And who can more justly challenge thy respect than Alexander, at the head of that victorious army which hath performed such wonderful exploits,* and under his conduct hath subdued the world?

Diog. Who? why the tailor who made me this old cloak.

Alex. Thou art an odd fellow, and I have a curiosity to know thy name.

Diog. I am not ashamed of it: I am called Diogenes: a name composed of as many and as well-sounding syllables as Alexander.

Alex. Diogenes, I rejoice at this encounter. I have heard of thy name, and been long desirous of seeing thee; in which wish, since fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I shall be glad of thy conversation a while: and, that thou likewise mayest be pleased with our meeting, ask me some favour; and, as thou knowest my power, so shalt thou experience my will to oblige thee.

Diog. Why, then, Alexander the Great, I desire thee to stand from between me and the sun, whose beams thou hast withheld from me some time; a blessing which it is not in thy power to recompense the loss of life.

Alex. Thou hast a very shallow opinion of my power, indeed; and, if it was a just one, I should have travelled so far, undergone so much, and conquered so many nations, to a fine purpose, truly.

Diog. That is not my fault.

Alex. Dost thou not know that I am able to give thee a kingdom?

Diog. I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me; and I shall never place any value on that which such as thou art can deprive me of.

Alex. Thou dost speak vainly in contempt of a power which no other man ever yet arrived at. Hath the Granicus yet recovered the bloody colour with which I contaminated its waves? Are not the fields of Issus and Arbela still white with human bones? Will Susa show no monuments of my victory? Are Darius and Porus names unknown to thee? Have not the groans of those millions reached thy ears who, but for the valour of this heart and the strength of this arm, had still enjoyed life and tranquillity? Hath then this son of Jupiter, this conqueror of the world, adored by his followers, dreaded by his foes, and worshipped by all, lived to hear his power contemned, and the offer of his favour slighted, by a poor philosopher, a wretched Cynic, whose cloak appears to be his only possession?

Diog. I retort the charge of vanity on thyself, proud Alexander! for how vainly dost thou endeavour to raise thyself on the monuments of thy disgrace! I acknowledge indeed all the exploits thou hast recounted, and the millions thou hast to thy eternal shame destroyed. But is it hence thou wouldst claim Jupiter for thy father? Hath not then every plague or pestilential vapour the same title? If thou art the dread of wretches to whom death appears the greatest of evils, is not every mortal disease the same? And if thou hast the adoration of thy servile followers, do they offer thee more than they are ready to pay to every tinsel ornament or empty title? Is then the fear or worship of slaves of so great honour, when at the same time thou art the contempt of every brave honest man, though, like me, an old cloak should be his only possession?

Alex. Thou seemest, to my apprehension, to be ignorant that, in professing this disregard for the glory I have so painfully achieved, thou art undermining the foundation of all that honour which is the encouragement to, and reward of, everything truly great and noble; for in what doth all honour, glory, and fame consist, but in the breath of that multitude whose estimation, with such ill-grounded scorn, thou dost affect to despise? a reward which hath ever appeared sufficient to inflame the ambition of high and exalted souls; though, from their meanness, low minds may be incapable of tasting, or rather, for which pride, from the despair of attaining it, may inspire thee to feign a false and counterfeit disdain. What other reward than this have all those heroes proposed to themselves who rejected the enjoyments which ease, riches, pleasure, and power have held forth to them in their native country, have deserted their homes and all those things which to vulgar mortals appear lovely or desirable, and, in defiance of difficulty and danger, invaded and spoiled the cities and territories of others; when their anger hath been provoked by no injury, nor their hope inspired by the prospect of any other good than of this very glory and honour, this adoration of slaves, which thou, from having never tasted its sweets, hast treated with contempt?

Diog. Thy own words have convinced me (stand a little more out of the sun, if you please) that thou hast not the least idea of true honour. Was it to depend on the suffrages of such wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible thing which you represent it to be estimated in my opinion: but true honour is of a different nature; it results from the secret satisfaction of our own minds, and is decreed us by wise men and the gods; it is the shadow of wisdom and virtue, and is inseparable from them; nor is it either in thy power to deserve, nor in that of thy followers to bestow. As for such heroes as thou hast named, who, like thyself, were born the curses of mankind, I readily agree they pursue another kind of glory, even that which thou hast mentioned, the applause of their slaves and sycophants; in this instance, indeed, their masters, since they bestow on them the reward, such as it is, of all their labours.

Alex. However, as you would persuade me you have so clear a notion of my honour, I would be glad to be on a par with you, by conceiving some idea of yours; which I can never obtain of the shadow,

* This is an anachronism; for Diogenes was of Sinope, and the meeting between him and Alexander fell out while the latter was confederating the Grecian states in the Peloponnese before his Asiatic expedition; but that season would not have furnished sufficient matter for this dialogue; we have therefore fixed the time of it at the conqueror's return from India.

till I have some clearer knowledge of the substance, and understand in what your wisdom and virtue consist.

Diog. Not in ravaging countries, burning cities, plundering and massacring mankind.

Alex. No, rather in biting and snarling at them.

Diog. I snarl at them because of their vice and folly; in a word, because there are among them many such as thee and thy followers.

Alex. If thou wouldst confess the truth, envy is the true source of all thy bitterness; it is that which begets thy hatred, and from hatred comes thy railing; whereas the thirst of glory only is my motive. I hate not those whom I attack, as plainly appears by the clemency I show to them when they are conquered.

Diog. Thy clemency is cruelty. Thou givest to one what thou hast by violence and plunder taken from another; and, in so doing, thou only raisest him to be again the mark of fortune's caprice, and to be tumbled down a second time by thyself, or by some other like thee. My snarling is the effect of my love; in order, by my invectives against vice, to frighten men from it, and drive them into the road of virtue.

Alex. For which purpose thou hast forsworn society, and art retired to preach to trees and stones.

Diog. I have left society because I cannot endure the evils I see and detest in it.

Alex. Rather because thou canst not enjoy the good thou dost covet in it. For the same reason I have left my own country, which afforded not sufficient food for my ambition.

Diog. But I come not like thee abroad to rob and plonder others. Thy ambition hath destroyed a million, whereas I have never occasioned the death of a single man.

Alex. Because thou hast not been able; but thou hast done all within thy power, by cursing and devoting to destruction almost as many as I have conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor-spirited fellow thou wouldst appear. There is more greatness of soul in thee than at present shines forth. Poor circumstances are clouds which often conceal and obscure the brightest minds. Pride will not suffer thee to confess passions which fortune hath not put in thy power to gratify. It is therefore that thou deniest ambition; for hadst thou a soul as capacious as mine, I see no better way which thy humble fortune would allow thee of feeding its ambition than what thou hast chosen; for when alone in this retreat which thou hast chosen, thou mayest contemplate thy own greatness. Here no stronger rival will contend with thee; nor can the hateful objects of superior power, riches, or happiness, invade thy sight. But, be honest and confess, had fortune placed thee at the head of a Macedonian army——

Diog. Had fortune placed me at the head of the world, it could not have raised me in my own opinion. And is this mighty soul, which is, it seems, so much more capacious than mine, obliged at last to support its superiority on the backs of a multitude of armed slaves, and who in reality have gained these conquests, and gathered all these laurels of which thou art so vain? Hadst thou alone passed into Asia, the empire of Darius had still stood unshaken. But though Alexander had never been born, who will say the same troops might not, under some other general, have done as great, or perhaps greater mischiefs? The honour, therefore, such as it is, is by no means justly thy own. Thou usurpest the whole, when thou art at most entitled to an equal share only. It is not then Alexander, but Alexander and his army are superior to Diogenes. And in what are they his superiors? In brutal strength—in which they would be again excelled by an equal number of lions, or wolves, or tigers. An army which would be able to do as much more mischief than themselves, as they are than Diogenes.

Alex. Then thy grief broke forth. Thou hatest us because we can do more mischief than thyself. And in this I see thou claimest the precedence over me—that I make use of others as the instruments of my conquests, whereas all the raillery and curses against mankind proceed only out of thy own mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the world, thou alone art able to curse it.

Diog. If I desired to curse it effectually, I have nothing more to do than to wish thee long life and prosperity.

Alex. But then thou must wish well to an individual, which is contrary to thy nature, who hatest all.

Diog. Thou art mistaken. Long life to such as thee is the greatest of curses; for, to mortify thy pride effectually, know, there is not in thy whole army, no, nor among all the objects of thy triumph one equally miserable with thyself; for, if the satisfaction of violent desires be happiness, and a total failure of success in most eager pursuits misery (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted), what can be more miserable than to entertain desires which we know never can be satisfied? And this a little reflection will teach thee is thy own case; for what are thy desires? Not pleasures; with that Macedonia would have furnished thee. Not riches; for, capacious as thy soul is, if it had been all filled with avarice, the wealth of Darius would have contented it. Not power; for then the conquest of Porus, and the extending thy arms to the farthest limits of the world,* must have satisfied thy ambition. Thy desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as fire, which still consumes whatever comes in its way, without determining where to stop. How contemptible must thy own power appear to thee, when it cannot give thee the possession of thy wish; but how much more contemptible thy understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that wish is!

Alex. I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy humour, and will deserve thy friendship. I know the Athenians have affronted thee, have contemned thy philosophy, and suspected thy morals. I will revenge thy cause on them. I will lead my army back, and punish their ill usage of thee. Thou thyself shalt accompany us; and, when thou beholdest their city in flames, shalt have the triumph of proclaiming that thy just resentment hath brought this calamity on them.

Diog. They do indeed deserve it at my hands; and, though revenge is not what I profess, yet the punishment of such dogs may be of good example. I therefore embrace thy offer; but let us not be particular, let Corinth and Lacedæmon share the same fate. They are both the nest of vermin only, and fire alone will purify them. Gods! what a delight it will be to see the rascals, who have so openly in derision called me a snarling cur, roasting in their own houses!

Alex. Yet, on a second consideration, would it not be wiser to preserve the cities, especially Corinth, which is so full of wealth, and only massacre the inhabitants?

Diog. D—n their wealth! I despise it.

Alex. Well, then, let it be given to the soldiers, as the demolition of it will not increase the punishment of the citizens when we have cut their throats.

* Which was then known to the Greeks

Diog. True.—Then you may give some of it to the soldiers; but, as the dogs have formerly insulted me with their riches, I will, if you please, retain a little—perhaps a moiety, or not much more—to my own use. It will give me at least an opportunity of showing the world I can despise riches when I possess them, as much as I did before in my poverty.

Alex. Art thou not a true dog? Is this thy contempt of wealth? This thy abhorrence of the vices of mankind? To sacrifice three of the noblest cities of the world to thy wrath and revenge! And hast thou the impudence to dispute any longer the superiority with me, who have it in my power to punish my enemies with death, while thou only canst persecute with evil wishes?

Diog. I have still the same superiority over thee which thou dost challenge over thy soldiers. I would have made thee the tool of my purpose. But I will discourse no longer with thee, for I now despise and curse thee more than I do all the world besides. And may perdition seize thee and all thy followers!

[*Here some of the army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander interposed.*

Alex. Let him alone. I admire his obstinacy; nay, I almost envy it. Farewell, old Cynic; and, if it will flatter thy pride, be assured I esteem thee so much, that *was I not Alexander I could desire to be Diogenes.*

Diog. Go to the gibbet! and take with thee as a mortification—that *was I not Diogenes I could almost content myself with being Alexander*

AN INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO, AND MERCURY;

WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY INTENDED AS AN INTRODUCTION TO A COMEDY

CALLED

JUPITER'S DESCENT ON EARTH.

SCENE I.—Jupiter, Juno.

Jup. Pray be pacified.

Juno. It is intolerable, insufferable, and I never will submit to it.

Jup. But, my dear——

Juno. Good Mr. Jupiter, leave off that odious word; you know I detest it. Use it to the trollop Venus, and the rest of your sluts. It sounds most agreeable to their ears, but it is nauseous to a goddess of strict virtue.

Jup. Madam, I do not doubt your virtue.

Juno. You don't! That is, I suppose, bumbly insinuating that others do: but who are their divinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither Diana nor Minerva, I am well assured; both of whom pity me, for they know your tricks; they can neither of them keep a maid of honour for you. I desire you will treat me with good manners at least. I should have had that if I had married a mortal, though he had spent my fortune and lain with my chambermaids, as you suffer men to do with impunity—highly to your honour be it spoken!

Jup. Faith! madam, I know but one way to prevent them, which is by annihilating mankind; and I fancy your friends below, the ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that favour at my hands.

Juno. I desire you would not reflect on my friends below; it is very well known I never showed any favour but to those of the purest unspotted characters. And all my acquaintance, when I have been on the earth, have been of that kind; for I never return a visit to any other.

Jup. Nay, I have no inclination to find fault with the women of the earth; you know I like them very well.

Juno. Yes, the trollops of the earth, such as Venus converses with. You never show any civility to my favourites, nor make the men do it.

Jup. My dear, give me leave to say, your favourites are such that man must be new made before he can be brought to give them the preference; for, when I moulded up the clay of man, I put not one ingredient in to make him in love with ugliness, which is one of the most glaring qualities in all your favourites whom I have ever seen; and you must not wonder, while you have such favourites, that the men slight them.

Juno. The men slight them! I'd have you know, sir, they slight the men; and I can, at this moment, hear not less than a thousand railing at mankind.

Jup. Ay, as I hear at this instant several grave black gentlemen railing at riches, and enjoying them, or at least coveting them, at the same time.

Juno. Very fine! Very civil! I understand your comparison.—Well, sir, you may go on giving an example of a bad husband, but I will not give the example of a tame wife; and, if you will not make men better, I will go down to the earth and make women worse—that every house may be too hot for a husband, as I will shortly make heaven for you.

Jup. That I believe you will; but, if you begin your project of making women worse, I will take Hymen, and bang him; for I will take some care of my votaries, as well as you of yours.

SCENE II.—*Enter* Apollo.

Apol. Mr. Jupiter, good-morrow to you.

Jup. Apollo, how dost thou?—You are a wise deity, Apollo; pritheo will you answer me one [question?

Apol. To my best ability.

Jup. You have been much conversant with the affairs of men:—what dost thou think the foolishest thing a man can do?

Apol. Turn poet.

Jup. That is honest enough, as it comes from the god of poets; but you have missed the mark, for certainly the foolishest thing a man can do is to marry.

Apol. Fie! What is it then in a god? Who, besides that he ought to be wiser than man, is tied for ever by his immortality, and has not the chance which you have given to man of getting rid of his wife.

Jup. Apollo, thy reproof is just: but let us talk of something else; for, when I am out of the hearing my wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

Apol. Have you read any of those books I brought you, just sent me by my votaries upon earth?

Jup. I have read them all. The poem is extremely fine, and the similes most beautiful. There is indeed one little fault in the similes.

Apol. What is that?

Jup. There is not the least resemblance between the things compared together.

Apol. One half of the simile is good, however.

Jup. The dedications please me extremely, and I am glad to find there are such excellent men upon earth. There is one whom I find two or three authors agree to be much better than any of us in heaven are. This discovery, together with my wife's tongue, has determined me to make a trip to the earth, and spend some time in such godlike company. Apollo, will you go with me?

Apol. I would with all my heart, but I shall be of disservice to you; for when I was last on earth, though I heard of these people, I could not get admission to any of them: you had better take Pluto with you—he is acquainted with them all.

Jup. Hang him, proud rascal! of all the deities he is my aversion; I would have kicked him out of heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his residence entirely upon the earth, he would foment a rebellion against me.

Apol. Your fear has too just a ground, for the god of riches has more interest there than all the other gods put together; nay, he has supplanted us in all our provinces; he gives wit to men I never heard of, and beauty to women Venus never saw. Nay, he ventures to make free with Mars himself; and sometimes, they tell me, puts men at the head of military affairs who never saw an enemy, nor of whom an enemy ever could see any other than the back.

Jup. Faith! it is suprising that a god whom I sent down to earth when I was angry with mankind, and who has done them more hurt than all the other deities, should ingratiate himself so far into their favour.

Apol. You may thank yourself, you might have made man wiser if you would.

Jup. What, to laugh at? No, Apollo, believe me, man far outdoes my intention; and when I read in those little histories called dedications how excellent he is grown, I am eager to be with him, that I may make another promotion to the stars; and here comes my son of fortune to accompany us.

SCENE III.—Mercury, Jupiter, Apollo.

Mer. (kneeling.) Pray, father Jupiter, be pleased to bless me.

Jup. I do, my boy. What part of heaven, pray, have you been spending your time in?

Mer. With some ladies of your acquaintance, Apollo. I have been at blind-man's-buff with the nine muses; but before we began to play we had charming sport between Miss Thally and one of the poets; such a scene of courtship, or invocation as you call it! "Say, O Thalia," cries the bard; and then he scratches his head; and then, "Say, O Thalia," again; and repeated it a hundred times over; but the devil a word would she say.

Apol. She's a humorsome little jade, and, if she takes it into her head to hold her tongue, not all the poets on earth can open her lips.

Jup. I wish Juno had some of her frolics, with all my heart.

Mer. No, my mother-in-law is of a humour quite contrary.

Jup. Ay; for which reason I intend to make an elopement from her, and pay a short visit to our friends on earth. Son Mercury, you shall along with me.

Mer. Sir, I am at your disposal: but pray what is the reason of this visit?

Jup. Partly my wife's temper and partly some informations I have lately received of the prodigious virtue of mankind; which if I find as great as represented, I believe I shall leave madam Juno for good-and-all, and live entirely amongst men

Mer. I shall be glad to be introduced by you into the company of these virtuous men; for I am quite weary of the little rogues you put me at the head of The last time I was on the earth I believe I had three sets of my acquaintance hanged in one year's revolution, and not one man of any reputable condition among them; there were indeed one or two condemned, but, I don't know how, they were found to be honest at last. And I must tell you, sir, I will be god of rogues no longer, if you suffer it to be an established maxim that no rich man can be a rogue.

Jup. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling clothes, order my charger, and be ready for you in half an hour.

SCENE IV.—Apollo, Mercury.

Mer. Do you know the true reason of this expedition?

Apol. The great virtue of mankind, he tells us.

Mer. The little virtue of womankind rather.—Do you know him no better than to think he would budge a step after human virtue? besides, where the devil should he find it, if he would?

Apol. You have not read the late dedications of my votaries.

Mer. Of my votaries, you mean: I hope you will not dispute my title to the dedications, as the god of thieves. You made no distinction, I hope, between robbing with a pistol and with a pen.

Apol. My votaries robbers, Mr. Mercury?

Mer. Yes, Mr. Apollo; did not my lord chancellor Midas decree me the lawyers for the same reason? Would not he be a rogue who should take a man's money for persuading him he was a lord or a baronet, when he knew he was no such thing? Is not he equally such who picks his pocket by heaping virtues on him which he knows he has no title to? These fellows prevent the very use of praise, which, while only the reward of virtue, will always invite men to it; but, when it is to be bought, will be despised by the true deserving, equally with a ribbon or a feather, which may be bought by any one in a milliner's or a minister's shop.

Apol. Very well! at this rate you will rob me of all my panegyrical writers.

Mer. Ay, and of your satirical writers too, at least a great many of them; for unjust satire is as bad as unjust panegyric.

Apol. If it is unjust indeed. But, sir, I hope you have no claim to my writers of plays, poems which have neither satire nor panegyric in 'em?

Mer. Yes, sir, to all who are thieves, and steal from one another.

Apol. Methinks, sir, you should not reflect thus on wits to me, who am the god of wit.

Mer. Heyday, sir! nor you on thieves to me, who am the god of thieves. We have no such reason to quarrel about our votaries, they are much of the same kind; for as it is a proverb, That all poets are poor, so it is a maxim, That all poor men are rogues.

Apol. Sir, sir, I have men of quality that write.

Mer. Yes, sir, and I have men of quality that rob; but neither are the one poets, nor the other rogues; for, as the one can write without wit, so can the other rob without roguery. They call it privilege, I think: Jupiter I suppose gave it them; and, instead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiser in us to unite in a petition to my father that he would revoke it, and put them on a footing with our other votaries.

Apol. It is in vain to petition him anything against mankind at present, he is in such good humour with them; if they should sour his temper, at his return perhaps he may be willing to do us justice.

Mer. It shall be my fault if he is not in a worse humour with them; at least I will take care he shall not be deceived; and that might happen; for men are such hypocrites, that the greatest part deceive even themselves, and are much worse than they think themselves to be.

Apol. And Jupiter, you know, though he is the greatest, is far from being the wisest of the gods.

Mer. His own honesty makes him the less suspicious of others; for, except in regard to women, he is as honest a fellow as any deity in all the Elysian Fields; but I shall make him wait for me. Dear Mr. Apollo, I am your humble servant.

Apol. My dear Mercury, a good journey to you; at your return I shall be glad to drink a bottle of nectar with you.

Mer. I shall be proud to kiss your hands.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

No. 1. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1745.

ILLE EGO, qui quondam ——

FASHION is the great governor of this world; it presides, not only in matters of dress and amusement, but in law, physic, politics, religion, and all other things of the gravest kind; indeed, the wisest of men would be puzzled to give any better reason why particular forms in all these have been at certain times universally received, and at others universally rejected, than that they were in or out of fashion.

Men as well as things are in like manner indebted to the favour of this *grand monarque*. It is a phrase commonly used in the polite world that such a person is in fashion; nay, I myself have known an individual in fashion, and then out of fashion, and then in fashion again. Shakspeare hath shared both these fates in poetry, and so hath Mr. Handel in music; so hath my lord Coke in law, and in physic the great Sydenham; and, as to politics and religion, I am sure every man's memory will suggest to himself very great masters in both, even in the present age, who have been in the highest degree both in and out of fashion.

It is therefore the business of every man to accommodate himself to the fashion of the times; which if he neglects, he must not be surprised if the greatest parts and abilities are totally disregarded. If Socrates himself was to go to court in an antique dress he would be neglected, or perhaps ridiculed; or if old Hippocrates was to visit the college of physicians and there talk the language of his aphorisms, he would be despised; the college, as Molière says, *having altered all that* at present.

But of all mankind there are none whom it so absolutely imports to conform to this golden rule as an author; by neglecting this Milton himself lay long in obscurity, and the world had nearly lost the best poem which perhaps it hath ever seen. On the contrary, by adhering to it Tom Durfey, whose name is almost forgot, and many others who are quite forgotten, flourished most notably in their respective ages, and eat and were read very plentifully by their contemporaries.

In strict obedience to this sovereign power, being informed by my bookseller, a man of great sagacity in his business, that nobody at present reads anything but newspapers, I have determined to conform myself to the reigning taste. The number indeed of these writers at first a little staggered us both; but, upon perusal of their works, I fancied I had discovered two or three little imperfections in them all, which somewhat diminished the force of this objection, and gave me hopes that the public will expel some of them to make room for their betters.

The first little imperfection in these writings is that there is scarce a syllable of TRUTH in any of them. If this be admitted to be a fault it requires no other evidence than themselves, and the perpetual contradictions which occur, not only on comparing one with the other, but the same author with himself at different days.

2dly. There is no SENSE in them; to prove this, likewise, I appeal to their works.

3dly. There is, in reality, NOTHING *in them at all*. And this also must be allowed by their readers, if paragraphs which contain neither wit, nor humour, nor sense, nor the least importance, may be properly said to contain nothing. Such are the arrival of my lord —— *with a great equipage*, the marriage of Miss —— *of great beauty and merit*, and the death of Mr. —— *who was never heard of in his life*, &c. &c.

Nor will this appear strange if we consider who are the authors of such tracts; namely, the journeymen of booksellers, of whom I believe much the same may be truly predicated as of these their productions.

But the encouragement with which these lucubrations are read may seem more strange and more difficult to be accounted for. And here I cannot agree with my bookseller that their eminent badness recommends them. The true reason is, I believe, simply the same which I once heard an economist assign for the content and satisfaction with which his family drank water-cider, *viz.*, because they could procure no other liquor. Indeed I make no doubt but that the understanding, as well as the palate, though it may out of necessity swallow the worse, will in general prefer the better.

In this confidence I have resolved to provide the public a better entertainment than it hath lately been dieted with; and, as it is no great assurance in an author to think himself capable of excelling such writings as have been mentioned above, so neither can he be called too sanguine in promising himself a more favourable reception from the public.

It is not usual for us of superior eminence in our profession to hang out our names on the sign-post; however, to raise some expectation in the mind of every reader, as well as to give a slight direction to those conjectures which he will be apt to make on this occasion, I shall set down some few hints by which a sagacious guesser may arrive at sufficient certainty concerning me.

And, first, I faithfully promise him that I do not live within a mile of Grub-street, nor am I acquainted with a single inhabitant of that place.

2dly. I am of no party; a word which I hope, by these my labours, to eradicate out of our constitution; this being indeed the true source of all those evils which we have reason to complain of.

3dly. I am a gentleman; a circumstance from

which my reader will reap many advantages; for, at the same time that he may peruse my paper without any danger of seeing himself or any of his friends traduced with scurrility, so he may expect, by means of my intercourse with people of condition, to find here many articles of importance concerning the affairs and transactions of the great world (which can never reach the ears of vulgar news-writers), not only in matters of state and politics, but amusement. All routs, drums, and assemblies will fall under my immediate inspection, and the adventures which happen at them will be inserted in my paper, with due regard however to the character I here profess, and with strict care to give no offence to the parties concerned.

Lastly, As to my learning, knowledge, and other qualifications for the office I have undertaken, I shall be silent, and leave the decision to my reader's judgment; of whom I desire no more than that he would not despise me before he is acquainted with me.

And to prevent this, as I have already given some account *what* I am, so I shall proceed to throw forth a few hints *who* I am; a matter commonly of the greatest importance towards the recommendation of all works of literature.

First, then, It is very probable I am lord B——ke. This I collect from my style in writing and knowledge in politics. Again, it is as probable that I am the b——p of ***, from my zeal for the protestant religion. When I consider these, together with the wit and humour which will diffuse themselves through the whole, it is more than possible I may be lord C—— himself, or at least he may have some share in my paper.

From some or all of these reasons, I am very likely Mr. W—n, Mr. D—n, Mr. L—n, Mr. F—g, Mr. T—n, or indeed any other person who hath ever distinguished himself in the republic of letters.

This at least is very probable, that some of these gentlemen may contribute a share of their abilities to the carrying on this work; in which, as nothing shall ever appear in it inconsistent with decency or the religion and true civil interest of my country, no person, how great soever, need be ashamed of being imagined to have a part, unless he should be weak enough to be ashamed of writing at all; that is, of having more sense than his neighbours, or of communicating it to them.

I come now to consider the only remaining article, viz. the price, which is one-third more than my contemporary weekly historians set on their labours.

And here I might, with modesty enough, insist that, if I am either what or who I pretend to be, I have sufficient title to this distinction. It is well known that, among mechanics, a much larger advance is often allowed only for a particular name. A genteel person would not be suspected of dealing with any other than the most eminent in his trade, though he is convinced he pays an additional price by so doing. And I hope the polite world, especially when they consider the regard to fashion which I have above professed, will not scruple to allow me the same pre-eminence.

But, in reality, this is the cheapest paper which was ever given to the public, both in quality, of which enough hath been said already, and in which light a shilling would, I apprehend, be a more moderate price than the three halfpence which is demanded by some others: and, secondly (which my bookseller chiefly insists on), in quantity—as I shall contain, he says, full three times as many letters as the above-mentioned papers; and for which reason he at first advised me to demand fourpence at least, for that one ninth part would be still abated to the public. To be serious, I would desire my reader to weigh fairly with himself whether he doth not gain six times the knowledge and amusement by my paper, compared to any other; and then I think he will have no difficulty to determine in my favour.

Indeed, the prudent part of mankind will be considerable gainers by purchasing my paper; for, as it will contain everything which is worth their knowing, all others will become absolutely needless: and I leave to their determination whether three pennyworth of truth and sense is not more worth their purchasing than all the rubbish and nonsense of the week, which will cost them twenty times as much. In other words, is it not better to give their understanding an entertainment once a-week than to surcharge it every day with coarse and homely fare?

I shall conclude the whole in the words of the fair and honest tradesman: Gentlemen, upon my word and honour, I can afford it no cheaper; and I believe there is no shop in town will use you better for the price.

No. 3. TUESDAY, November 19, 1745.

——— Furit ensis et ignis
Quo que caret flammâ scelerum est locus.—Sil. Ital.

The rebellion having long been the universal subject of conversation in this town, it is no wonder that what so absolutely engages our waking thoughts should attend us to the pillow, and represent to us in dreams or visions those ideas which fear had before suggested to our minds.

It is natural, on all occasions, to have some little attention to our private welfare; nor do I ever honour the patriot the less (I am sure I confide in him much the more) whose own good is involved in that of the public. I am not, therefore, ashamed to give the public the following dream or vision, though my own little affairs, and the private consequences which the success of this rebellion would produce to myself, form the principal object; for I believe, at the same time, there are few of my readers who will not find themselves interested in some parts of it.

Methought I was sitting in my study, meditating for the good and entertainment of the public, with my two little children (as is my usual course to suffer them) playing near me, when I heard a very hard knock at my door, and immediately afterwards several ill-looked rascals burst in upon me, one of whom seized me with great violence, saying I was his prisoner, and must go with him. I asked him for what offence. "Have you the impudence to ask that," said he, "when the words true patriot lie now before you?" I then bid him show me his warrant. He answered, "There it is," pointing to several men who were in Highland dresses, with broad swords by their sides. My children then ran towards me, and, bursting into tears, expressed their concern for their poor papa. Upon which one of the ruffians seized my little boy, and, pulling him from me, dashed him against the ground; and all immediately hurried me away out of my room and house, before I could be sensible of the effects of this barbarity.

My concern for my poor children, from whom I had been torn in the above manner, prevented me from taking much notice of any objects in the streets through which I was dragged with many insults.—Houses burnt down, dead bodies of men, women, and children strewed everywhere as we passed, and great numbers of Highlanders and popish priests in their several habits, made, however, too forcible an impression on me to be unobserved.

My guard now brought me to Newgate, where they were informed that gaol was too full to admit a single person more. I was then conducted to a large booth in Smithfield, as I thought, where I was shut in with a great number of prisoners, amongst whom were many of the most considerable persons in this kingdom. Two of these were in a very particular manner reviled by the Highland guards (for all the soldiers were in that dress), and these two I presently recollected to be the A-chh-sh-p of Y—k and the B—p of Win—r.

As there is great inconsistency of time and place in most dreams, I now found myself, by an unaccountable transition, in a court which bore some resemblance to the court of King's Bench, only a great cross was erected in the middle; and, instead of those officers of justice who usually attend that court, a number of Highlanders, with drawn swords, stood there as sentinels; the judges too were persons whose faces I had never seen before. I was obliged, I thought, to stand some time at the bar, before my trial came on, the court being busied in a cause where an abbot was plaintiff, in determining the boundaries of some abbey-land, which they decided for the plaintiff, the chief justice declaring it was his majesty's pleasure, in all doubtful cases, that judgment should be in favour of the church.

A charge of high treason was then, I dreamed, exhibited against me, for having writ in defence of his present majesty king George, and my paper of the True Patriot was produced in evidence against me.

Being called upon to make my defence, I insisted entirely on the statute of Henry VII. by which all persons are exempted from incurring the penalties of treason in defence of the king *de facto*. But the chief justice told me in broken English, that if I had no other plea they should presently overrule that; for that his majesty was resolved to make an example of all who had any ways distinguished themselves in opposition to his cause.

Methought I then replied, with a resolution which I hope every Englishman would exert on such an occasion, THAT THE LIFE OF NO MAN WAS WORTH PRESERVING LONGER THAN IT WAS TO BE DEFENDED BY THE KNOWN LAWS OF HIS COUNTRY; and that, if the king's arbitrary pleasure was to be that law, I was indifferent what he determined concerning myself.

The court, having put it to the vote (for no jury, I thought, attended), and unanimously agreed that I was guilty, proceeded to pass the sentence usual in cases of high treason, having first made many elogiums on the pope, the Roman Catholic religion, and the king, who was to support both and be supported by them.

I was then delivered into the hands of the executioner, who stood ready, and was ordered to allow me only three hours to confess myself, and be reconciled to the church of Rome. Upon which a priest, whose face I remember to have seen at a place called an oratory, and who was, for his good services, preferred to be the ordinary of Newgate, immediately advanced, and began to revile me, saying I was the wickedest heretic in the kingdom, and had exerted myself with more impudence against his majesty and his holiness than any other person whatsoever: but he added, as I had the good fortune to make some atonement for my impiety by being hanged, if I would embrace his religion, confess myself, and receive absolution, I might possibly, after some expiation in purgatory, receive a final pardon.

I was hence conducted into a dungeon, where, by a glimmering light, I saw many wretches my fellow-prisoners, who, for various crimes, were condemned to various punishments.

Among these appeared one in a very ragged plight, whom I very well knew, and who, the last time I saw him, appeared to live in great affluence and splendour. Upon my inquiring the reason of his being detained in that region of horror, he very frankly told me it was for stealing a loaf. He acknowledged the fact; but said he had been obliged to it for the relief of his indigent family. "I see," continued he, "your surprise at this change of my fortune; but, you must know, my whole estate was in the funds, by the wiping out of which I was at once reduced to the condition in which you now see me. I rose in the morning with 40,000*l*. I had a wife whom I tenderly loved, and three blooming daughters. The eldest was within a week of her marriage, and I was to have paid down 10,000*l*. with her. At noon I found a royal decree had reduced me to downright beggary. My daughter hath lost her marriage, and is gone distracted. My wife is dead of a broken heart, and my poor girls have neither clothes to cover them nor meat to feed them: so that I may truly say —

——Miser, O miser, omnia ademit
Una dies infesta mihi tot præmia vitæ."

Here methought he stopped, and a flood of tears gushed from his eyes. I should perhaps have been a greater sharer in his sorrow, had not the consideration of his children's ruin represented to me the situation of my own. Good gods! what were the agonies I then felt, though in a dream! Racks, wheels, gibbets were no longer the objects of terror. My children possessed my whole mind, and my fearful imagination ran through every scene of horror which villains can act on their fellow-creatures. Sometimes I saw their helpless hands struggling for a moment with a barbarous cut-throat. Here I saw my poor boy, my whole ambition, the hopes and prospect of my age, sprawling on the floor, and weltering in his blood; there my fancy painted my daughter, the object of all my tenderness, prostituted even in her infancy to the brutal lust of a ruffian, and then sacrified to his cruelty. Such were my terrors, when I was relieved from them by the welcome presence of the executioner, who summoned me immediately forth, telling me, since I had refused the assistance of the priest, he could grant me no longer indulgence.

The first sight which occurred to me as I passed through the streets (for common objects totally escape the observation of a man in my present temper of mind) was a young lady of quality, and the greatest beauty of this age, in the hands of two Highlanders, who were struggling with each other for their booty. The lovely prize, though her hair was dishevelled and torn, her eyes swoller with tears, her face all pale, and some marks of blood both on that and her breast, which was all naked and exposed, retained still sufficient charms to discover herself to me, who have always beheld her with wonder and admiration. Indeed, it may be questioned whether perfect beauty loses or acquires charms by distress. This sight was matter of entertainment to my conductors, who, however, hurried me presently from it, as I wish they had also from her screams, which reached my ears to a great distance.

After such a spectacle as this, the dead bodies which lay everywhere in the streets (for there had been, I was told, a massacre the night before) scarce made any impression; nay, the very fires in which protestants were roasting were, in my sense, objects of much less horror; nay, such an effect had this sight wrought on my mind, which hath been always full of the utmost tenderness for that charming sex,

that for a moment it obliterated all concern for my children, from whom I was to be hurried for ever without a farewell, or without knowing in what condition I left them, or indeed whether they had hitherto survived the cruelty which now methought raged everywhere with all the fury which rage, zeal, lust, and wanton fiereeness could inspire into the bloody hearts of popish priests, bigots, and barbarians. Of soch a scene my learned reader may see a fine picture drawn by Silius Italicos, in his second book, where he describes the sacking the brave city of Saguntum by a less savage army.

I then overheard a priest admonish the executioner to exert the utmost rigour of my sentence towards me; after which, the same priest advancing forwards, and puttiog on a look of compassion, advised me, for the sake of my soul, to embrace the holy communion. I gave him no answer, and he turned his back, thnndering forth curses against me.

At length I arrived at the fatal place which promised me a speedy end to all my sufferings. Here, methought, I saw a man who by his countenance and actions expressed the highest degree of despair. He stamped with his feet, beat his face, tore his hair, and uttered the most horrid execrations. Upon inquiring into the circumstances of this person, I was informed by one of the by-standers that he was a nonjuror, who had lent considerable assistance to the pretender's cause, out of principle, and was now lamenting the consequences which the success of it had brought on such honest gentlemen as myself. My informer added, with a smile, the wise man expected his majesty would keep his word with heretics.

The executioner then attempted to pot the rope roond my neck, when my little girl entered my bedchamber, and put an end to my dream by pulling open my eyes, and telling me that the tailor had brought home my clothes for his majesty's birthday.

The sight of my dear child, added to the name of that gracious prince, at once deprived me of every private and public fear; and the joy which now began to arise, being soon after heightened by consideration of the day, the sound of bells, and the hurry which prevailed everywhere from the eagerness of all sorts of people to demonstrate their loyalty at this season, gave me altogether as delightful a sensation as perhaps the heart of man is capable of feeling; of which I have the pleasure to know every reader must partake who hath had good-nature enough to sympathise with me in the foregoing part of this vision.

No. 4.—TUESDAY, November 26, 1745.

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimi, balatrones; hoc genus omne
Mœstum et solicitum est.—Horace.

The author of the "Serious Address to the People of Great Britain" (a pamphlet which ought to be in every man's hands at this season) hath incontestably shown the danger of this rebellion to all who have any regard for the protestant religion, or the laws and liberties of their country.

We have further endeavoured, in oor last paper, to give a lively picture of the utter misery and desolation it would introduce, and the insecurity of our estates, properties, lives, and families, under the government of an absolute popish prince (for absolute he would plainly be), introdnced by the conquering arms of France, Spain, and the Highlands. So that every good and worthy protestant in this nation whe is attached to his religion and liberties, or who hath any estate or property, either in churchlands or in the funds (which includes almost every man who hath either estate or property in the kingdom), is concerned, in the highest degree, to oppose the present rebellion.

I am, however, aware that there yet remains a party to be spoken to who are not strictly concerned in interest in any of the preceding lights: I mean those gentlemen who bave no property, nor any regard either for tbe religion or liberty of their country.

Now if I can make it appear that those persons likewise are interested in opposing the pretender's cause, I think we may then justly conclude he cannot have a single partisan in this nation (the most bigoted Roman Catholics excepted) who is sensible enough to know his own good.

And first, the most noble party of freethinkers, who have no religion, are most heartily concerned to oppose the introduction of popery, which would obtrude one on them, one not only inconsistent with freethinking, but indeed with any thinking at all. How would a man of spirit, whose principles are too elevated to worship the great Creator of the nniverse, submit to pay his adoration to a rabble of saiots, most of whom he would bave been justly ashamed to bave kept company witb while alive?

But, besides the slavish doctrioes which he must believe, or, at least, meanly pretend to believe, how would a genius who cannot conform to the little acts of decency required by a protestant church support the slavish impositions of auricular confession, penance, fasting, and all the tiresome forms and ceremonies exacted by the church of Rome?

Lastly, whereas the said freethinkers have long regarded it as an intolerable grievance that a certain body of men called *parsons* should, for the useless services of praying, preaching, catechising, and instructing the people, receive a certain fixed stipend from the public which the law foolishly allows them to call their own: how would these men brook the restoration of abbey-lands, impropriations, and the numberless flowers which tho Reformation hath lopped off from the church, aod whicb the re-establishment of popery would most infallibly restore to it?

Again, there are many worthy persons who, though very little concerned for the true liberty of their country, have, however, the utmost respect for what is by several mistaken for it; I mean licentiousness, or a free power of abosing the king, ministry, and everything great, noble, and solemn.

The impunity with which this liberty hath been of late years practised must be acknowledged by every man of the least candour. Indeed, to soch a degree, that power and government, instead of being objects of reverence and terror, have been set up as the botts of ridicule and bnffoonery, as if they were only intended to be laughed at by the people.

Now this is a liberty which hath only flourished under this royal family. His present majesty, as he hath less deserved than his predecessors to be the object of it, so he hath supported it with more dignity and contempt than they have done; but how impatient the pretender will be under this liberty, and how certainly he will abolish it, may be concluded, not only from the absolute power which he infallibly brings with him, but from the many ears and noses which his family, without such power, have heretofore sacrificed on tbese occasions

And this is a loss not only to be deplored by those men of genius who have exerted and may exert their great talents this way. There are many who, without the capacity of writing, have that of reading, and have done their utmost to support and encou-

rage such authors and their works. These will lose their favourite amusement, all those laughs and shrugs which they have formerly vented at the expense of their superiors.

But if these concerns should appear chimerical, I come now to pecuniary considerations; to a large body of men whose whole trade would be ruined by this man's success. The reader will be, perhaps, in doubt what trade can be carried on by such persons as I have described in the beginning of this paper: how much more will he be surprised to hear that it is the principal trade which of late years hath been carried on in this kingdom? To keep him therefore no longer in suspense, I mean the honest method of selling ourselves, which hath flourished so notably for a long time among us. A business which I have ventured to call honest, notwithstanding the objections raised by weak and scrupulous people against it.

I know, indeed, many answers have been given to these objections by a late philosopher of great eminence, and by the followers of his school; such as, that all mankind are rascals; that they are only to be governed by corruption, &c. But, to say the truth, there is no occasion of having recourse to these deep and obscure doctrines for this purpose; there is a much fuller and plainer answer to be given, and which is founded on principles the very reverse of those which were taught in this school, namely, the principles of common sense and common honesty; for if it be granted, as surely it will be, that we are freemen, we have certainly a right to ourselves; and whatever we have a right to we have also a right to sell. And perhaps it was a doubt in that great philosopher *whether we were freemen or no* that led him into those doctrines I have mentioned.

Now this trade, by which alone so many thousands have got an honest livelihood for themselves and families, must be totally ruined; for, if this nation should be once enslaved, it would be impossible for an honest man to carry on this business any longer. A freeman, as hath been proved, may justly sell himself, but a slave cannot.

And if a man should be so dishonourable and base as to offer at carrying on this trade in an enslaved country, contrary to all the rules of honesty and all the most solemn ties of slavery, yet who would buy him? The reasons against such a purchase are too obvious to be mentioned. Indeed, we may say in general, that, as it is dishonest in a slave to sell, so it is as foolish in a slave to buy; for, as the one hath no property to part with, so neither can the other acquire any.

For these reasons, I think it is visibly the interest of all that part of the nation to whom I have addressed myself in the beginning of this paper to exclude popery and arbitrary power.

There is, however, one objection which I foresee may and will be made to this conclusion; and that is, whereas the estates of all the lords and commons of this kingdom will be forfeited, and at the disposal of the conqueror, and the personal fortunes of all others will, in the confusion at least, be liable to plunder, that such honest gentlemen may have a sufficient chance abundantly to repair or compensate all their losses.

I own there is something very plausible in this argument, and it might, perhaps, have great force, if the pretender's son had landed in England, as he did in Scotland, and had been pleased to place that confidence in an English rabble with which he hath vouchsafed rather to honour these Highland banditti. In this case, I grant, no man could justly have been blamed who had fixed the eyes of his affection on his neighbour's estate, gardens, house, purse, wife, or daughter, for joining the young man's cause, provided the success of it had been probable; such a behaviour would then have been highly consistent with all the rules taught in that school of philosophy above mentioned, and none but a musty moralist, for whose doctrine great men have doubtless an adequate contempt, would have condemned it.

But the fact is otherwise. The Highlanders are those to whom he must owe any success he may attain; these are therefore to be served before you, and I easily refer to your own consideration, when Rome, and France, and Spain, are repaid their demands, when a vast army of hungry Highlanders, and a larger army of as hungry priests, are satisfied, how miserable a pittance will remain to your share! indeed, so small a one must this be, that the greatest adept in our philoso-political school would think it scare worth his while to sacrifice his conscience to the certainty of obtaining it.

These latter considerations I earnestly recommend to the most serious attention of the gentlemen for whose use this paper is calculated; and I am certain that any argument for the pretender's cause, drawn from the hopes of plundering their neighbours, with which, perhaps, some honest men have too fondly flattered themselves, will have very little weight with any person. Nay, I must remind them that they will not be suffered to rifle the very churches themselves, upon whose small riches most probably the said gentlemen have cast their eyes.

It appears then that none will be or can be gainers by this rebellion but popish priests and Highlanders; and I have too good an opinion of my country to apprehend that her religion, liberties, and properties, can ever be endangered by such adversaries.

No. 7. TUESDAY, December 17, 1745.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

My worthy Friend,—I received your paper, intituled the True Patriot, numbers one and two, inclosed in the franks of my great and most honoured patron, for which I have the highest thanks for you both. I am delighted, and that greatly, with many passages in these papers. The moderation which you profess towards all parties perfectly becomes a christian. Indeed I have always thought that moderation in the shepherd was the best, if not only, way to bring home all the straggling sheep to his flock. I have intimated this at the vestry, and even at visitation before the archdeacon:

Sed Cassandræ non creditum est.

I like your method of placing a motto from the classics at the head of every paper. It must give some encouragement to your readers that the author understands, at least, one line of Latin, which is perhaps more than can be safely predicated of every writer in this age.

You desire me, sir, to write you something proper to be seen *et quidem* by the public; as therefore a subject worthy their most serious attention now offers itself, *viz.* the ensuing fast ordained by authority, I have communicated my thoughts to you thereon, which you may suppress or publicate as you think meet.

——— Ἴσχυε δ' ἔργῳ
Θεῶν ἀρωξάμενος τελέσαι. Pythagoras.

——— Go upon the work,
Having first prayed to the gods for success.

As it is impossible for any man to reflect seriously

on the progress of the present unnatural rebellion without imputing such unparalleled success to some other cause than has yet appeared, some other strength than what any visible human means hath placed in the hands of the rebels; so will it be extremely difficult to assign any adequate cause whatsoever, without recurring to one of whose great efficacy we have frequent examples in sacred history; I mean the just judgment of God against an offending people.

And that this is really so, we may conclude from these two considerations: First, from the rapidity of the rebels' progress, so unaccountable from all human means; for can history produce an instance parallel to this, of six or seven men landing in a great and powerful nation, in opposition to the inclination of the people, in defiance of a vast and mighty army? —for though the greater part of this army was not then in the kingdom, it was so nearly within call that every man of them might, within the compass of a few days or weeks at farthest, have been brought home and landed in any part it? If we consider, I say, this handful of men landing in the most desolate corner, among a set of poor, naked, hungry, disarmed slaves, abiding there with impunity till they had, as it were, in the face of a large body of his majesty's troops, collected a kind of army or rather rabble together; if we view this army intimidating the king's forces from approaching them by their situation; soon afterwards quitting that situation, marching directly up to the northern capital, and entering it without surprise or without a blow. If we again view this half-armed, half-disciplined mob, without the assistance of a single piece of artillery, march up to, attack, and *smite* a superior number of the king's regular troops, with cannon in their front to defend them. If we consider them returning from this complete victory to the capital, which they had before taken, there remaining for near two months in contempt of twelve millions of people, above a hundred thousand of which have arms in their hands, and one-half of these the best troops in Europe. If we consider them afterwards at the approach of a large army under a general of great experience and approved merit, bending their course, though not in a direct line, towards this army; and then, by long and painful marches over almost inaccessible mountains, through the worst of roads in the worst of seasons; by those means, I say, slipping that army and leaving it behind them. If we view them next march on towards another army, still greater, under a young, brave, vigilant, and indefatigable prince, who were advancing in their front to meet, as the others were in their rear to pursue them. If we consider, I say, these banditti, not yet increased to full 6000, and above a third of these old men and boys not to be depended on, proceeding without a check through a long tract of country, through many towns and cities, which they plundered, at least to a degree, up within a few miles of this third army sent to oppose them; then, by the advantage of a dark night, passing by this army likewise, and by a most incredible march getting between that and the metropolis, into which they struck a terror scarce to be credited,—though, besides the two armies at their heels, there was still one in this very metropolis infinitely superior to these rebels, not only in arms and discipline, but in numbers. Who, I say, can consider such things as these, and retain the least doubt whether he shall impute them to a judgment inflicted on this sinful nation; especially when, in the second place, we must allow such judgment to be most undoubtedly our due?

To run through every species of crimes with which our Sodom abounds would fill your whole paper. Indeed, such monstrous impieties and iniquities have I both seen and heard of, within these three last years, during my sojourning in what is called the world, particularly the last winter, while I tarried in the great city, that, while I verily believe we are the silliest nation under the heaven in every other light, we are wiser than Sodom in wickedness. If we would avoid, therefore, that final judgment which was denounced against that city; if we would avoid that total destruction with which we are threatened, not remotely and at a distance, but immediately and at hand; if we would pacify that vengeance which hath already begun to operate by sending rebels, foreign enemies, pestilence, the forerunner of famine and poverty, among us; if we would pacify that vengeance which seems already bent to our destruction, by breathing the breath of folly as well as perfidy, into the nostrils of the great; what have we to do but to set about THE WORK recommended by the wise and pious, though heathen philosopher, in my motto? And what is THIS WORK but a thorough amendment of our lives, a perfect alteration of our ways? But before we begin this, let us, in obedience to the rule of that philosopher, prescribed above, first apply ourselves by fasting and prayer to the throne of offended grace. My lords the bishops have wisely set apart a particular day for this solemn service — a day which I hope will be kept universally through this kingdom, with all those marks of true piety and repentance which our present dreadful situation demands. Indeed, the wretch whose hard heart is not seriously in earnest on this occasion deserves no more the appellation of a good Englishman than of a good churchman or a true christian. All sober and wise nations have, in times of public danger, instituted certain solemn sacrifices to their gods: now the christian sacrifices are those of fasting and prayer; and if ever these were in a more extraordinary manner necessary, it is surely now, when the least reflection must convince us that we do in so eminent a manner deserve the judgment of God, and when we have so much reason to apprehend it is coming upon us. I hope, therefore (I repeat it once more), that this day will be kept by us ALL in the most solemn manner, and that not a man will dare refuse complying with those duties which the state requires of us; but I must at the same time recommend to my countrymen a caution, that they would not mistake THE WORK itself for what is only the beginning of or preface to it. Let them not vainly imagine that, when they have fasted and prayed for a day, nay even for an age, that THE WORK is done. It is a total amendment of life, a total change of manners, which can bring THE WORK to a conclusion, or produce any good effects from it. Here again, to give particular instances would be to enumerate all those vices which I have already declined recounting, and would be too prolix. They are known, they are obvious; and few men who resolve to amend their lives will, I believe, want any assistance to discover what parts of them stand in need of amendment. I shall, however, point out two or three particulars, which I the rather single out, because I have heard that there are some who dispute whether they are really vices or no, though every polity, as well as the christian, have agreed in condemning them as such. The first of these is lying. The devil himself is, in scripture, said to be the father of lies; and liars are, perhaps, some of the vilest and wickedest children he has. Nay, I think the morals of all civilised nations have

denied even the character of a gentleman to a liar. So heinous is this vice, that it has not only stigmatised particular persons, but whole communities, with infamy. And yet have we not persons, ay, and very great persons too, so famous for it, that their credit is a jest and their words mere wind? I need not point them out, for they take sufficient care to point out themselves. Luxury is a second vice which is so far from being acknowledged as criminal, that it is ostentatiously affected. Now this is not only a vice in itself, but it is in reality a privation of all virtue. For, first, in lower fortunes it prevents men from being honest; and in higher situations it excludes that virtue without which no man can be a christian, namely, charity. For, as surely as charity covereth a multitude of sins, so must a multitude of dishes, pictures, jewels, houses, horses, servants, &c., cover all charity. I remember dining last winter at a great man's table, where we had, among many others, one dish the expense of which would have provided very liberally for a poor family a whole twelvemonth. In short I never saw, during my abode in the great city, a single man who gave me reason to think that he would have enabled himself to be charitable by retrenching the most idle superfluity of his expense. Perhaps the large subscriptions which have prevailed all over the kingdom at this season may be urged as an instance of charity. To this I answer, in the words of a very great and generous friend of mine, who disclaimed all merit from a very liberal subscription, saying, "It was rather sense than goodness to sacrifice a small part for the security of the whole." Now, true charity is of another kind; it has no self-interested motives, pursues no immediate return nor worldly good, well knowing that it is laying up a much surer and much greater reward for itself. But, indeed, who wonders that men are so backward in sacrificing any of their wealth to their consciences, who before had sacrificed their consciences to the acquisition of that very wealth? Can we expect to find charity in an age when scarce any refuse to own the most profligate rapaciousness? when no man is ashamed of avowing the pursuit of riches through every dirty road and track? To speak out, in an age when everything is venal; and when there is scarce one among the mighty who would not be equally ashamed at being thought not to set *some price* on himself as he would at being imagined to set too low a one? This is an assertion whose truth is too well known. Indeed, my four years' knowledge of the world hath scarce furnished me with examples of any other kind. I believe I have already exceeded my portion of hourglass; I shall therefore reserve what I have farther to say on this subject to some other opportunity.—I am, &c.

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

No. 9. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1745.

Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit.—VIRG.

THE following letter came attended with a small present of Bologna sausages, Naples soap, Florence oil, and a paper of maccaroni:—

"SIGNIOR SAR,—Me be inform dat you be de patriat, dat is to say, van parson who take part for de muny; now, sar, dat be commodity me did forget to bring over vid me; but ven me ave got one two thousand pound me sal send yon sum; me desire, darefor, dat you woud rite sumting to recomend de opera, or begar me sal be oblige to go back to Italy like one fool as me did cum, and dey will laff at me for bring no muny from an country vich ave give so much muny for song.—Me be, signior sar, of your excellence de most umble selave,

"GIOVANI CANTILENA."

Though I by no means admit that character of patriotism which the signior hath conceived, whether in Italy or England I will not determine, yet as I think it one part of integrity to dare oppose popular clamour, I shall, in compliance with my good friend, and in return for this kind present, offer such thoughts as occur to me in favour of a diversion against which so much disgust seems to prevail at this season.

And, in the first place, I think it should be considered that these poor Italians, whose property is their throats, did not come over of their own accord, but were invited hither. Nor is the rebellion a sufficient excuse to send them back unrewarded, since the poverty and distress of this nation, even before this rebellion, occasioned by debts, wars, and almost every public calamity, must have deterred any persons from such an undertaking, who had not resolved to have an opera at any rate and in any situation.

But, perhaps, this melancholy situation of our affairs was a principal reason for the introduction of this opera. Is anything more proper to soften and compose the mind in misfortunes than music? Hath it not always been found the most effectual remedy in grief? and was accordingly used as such by the great Nero, to calm and compose the agonies of his mind while his own city was in flames; and Homer informs us that Achilles used to assuage the wrath and impetuosity of his temper by the music which old Chiron had taught him. Nay, it hath been prescribed by physicians as a medicine for a diseased mind; and we are told by Josephus that, "when Saul was agitated with fits, like a dæmoniac, his physicians, not being able to give any natural or philosophical account of the distemper, only advised the having somebody about him that could sing or play upon the harp well, that might be ready at hand to give him the diversion of an hymn or an air. This advice was taken, and David sent for, who by his voice and harp eured the patient."

The great power over the passions which the ancient philosophers assigned to music is almost too well known to be mentioned. Socrates learned to sing in his old age. Plato had so high an opinion of music that he considered the application of it to amusement only as a high perversion of its institution; for he imagined it given by the gods to men for much more divine and nobler purposes. And Pythagoras (to mention no more) is known to have held that virtue, peace, health, and all other good things, was nothing but harmony. Hence, perhaps, arose that notion maintained by some of the Greeks, from observing the sympathy between them, that the soul of man was something very like the sound of a fiddle.

And this power of music is not only capable of exercising to allay and compose, it is altogether as efficacious in rousing and animating the passions. Thus Xenophantus is recorded to have incited Alexander to arms with his music. And Plutarch, in his Laconic Apophthegms, tells us that Agesilaus being asked why the Spartans marched (or rather danced) up to the enemy to some tune? answered that music discovered the brave man from the coward; for those same notes which made the eyes of the valiant sparkle with fire overspread the timorous face with paleness, and every other mark of terror.

This, therefore, is a second good reason for an

opera at present, provided the music be properly adapted to the times, be chiefly martial, and consist mostly of trumpets and kettle-drums. The subject likewise of the drama (though that is generally considered as a matter of little consequence in those compositions) may lend some assistance; as, suppose, for instance, the famous opera in which the celebrated Nicolini formerly killed a lion with so much bravery should be revived on this occasion. Such an example would almost animate the ladies, nay, even the beaux, to take up arms in defence of their country.

And what are the objections which our antimusical enemies make to this entertainment?

First, I apprehend it hath been said that the softness of Italian music is calculated to enervate the mind. This hath been obviated already. But, admitting the objection true, where is its validity when we consider of what persons the audiences will be composed? for not only the common soldiers but all inferior officers are excluded by the price. Indeed, the audience at an opera consists chiefly of fine gentlemen, fine ladies, and their servants, and, except a few general officers, whose courage we ought to imagine superior to the power of a languishing air, scarce a person is ever present who is likely to see a camp or handle a musket; unless the opera, by being regulated as above, should inspire a martial spirit into them.

Secondly, it is said that the immoderate expense of this diversion, at a season when poverty spreads its black banner over the whole nation, and when much the greater part are reduced to the most miserable degrees of want and necessity, is an argument of most abandoned extravagance and indecent profligacy, scarce to be equalled by any example in history.

This I conceive is the objection on which our adversaries principally rely. I shall apply myself therefore in a very particular manner to answer it.

And here I must premise that this objection proceeds on a tacit admission of what is by no means true, viz., that the sums expended on an opera subscription would otherwise be employed in the public service of the nation, or at least in private charity to some of the numberless objects of it.

But this would certainly not be the case; for the person who could think of promoting such a diversion in the midst of so much calamity must have neither heart nor head good enough to feel the distresses of a fellow-creature, much less to relieve them; and surely it cannot be supposed that these people will advance anything in defence of his majesty when they fly in his sacred face by attempting an opera, though he hath himself (or I am grossly misinformed) been pleased to declare it is not now a time for operas.

We must therefore conclude that this money, if not exhausted for the present good purpose, would either remain dormant in the purse of its owner, or would otherwise be sacrificed at cards, or lavished on some less innocent article of luxury or wantonness.

The expense then of this entertainment, however great it should be, will not injure the public. On the contrary, such will be its political utility that I question whether this opera may not preserve the nation.

For, in the first place, can anything tend more to raise the public credit abroad, or so effectually to refute the slanders of those enemies who have endeavoured to represent us in a bankrupt condition, than this very undertaking? It hath been esteemed a master-stroke of Roman policy, as well as greatness, that in their highest distress they endeavoured by all kinds of art to insinuate their great strength and assert their independency; for which purpose was that ever memorable puff with which they refused the presents of king Hiero after the battle of Thrasymene.

I cannot help regarding our sending for a troop of Italian singers in this time of distress as a state puff of the same kind. Indeed I am convinced it was done with this design; for are not the very persons who are the forwardest in promoting this diversion courtiers, and consequently friends to the present establishment? Are they not people of fortune, and therefore highly interested in the preservation of national credit? Nor can I help observing, as a proof of the policy of this measure, another piece of state craft, tending to show our great inward strength and security; for, while we sent for this troop of singers into England, we left several troops of our soldiers abroad. And in what part of Europe could this policy be played off with such advantage as in Italy, where our principal enemies reside, and where the scheme of our destruction is supposed to have been laid? The success with which this scheme hath been attended must have answered our expectation, since it is apparent by the arrival of these singers that they are *fairly taken in*, and imposed upon to believe we have still as much money as ever.

In this light then the opera, and those who encourage it, will deserve our highest encomiums; and the subscription to it may be ranked with the other public subscriptions at this season. And in this light we ought to see the intention of those who have promoted it for the reasons above mentioned: to which I will add the humane maxim of always assigning the best motive possible to the actions of every one.

But, on the contrary, should we be so cruel to deny any such good purpose to be at the bottom; nay, should we derive this desire of an opera at present from the most depraved levity of mind, an utter insensibility of public good or evil, yet we may still draw advantages from our opera, though I must own I could be scarce sanguine enough to derive them from design. For could it be imagined of any nation, at such a season of danger and distress (which I decline painting at length, as the picture is disagreeable and already sufficiently known), that considerable numbers of the inhabitants, instead of contributing all the assistance in their several capacities to the public, should employ their time and their money in endeavouring to promote an expensive foreign diversion, composed of all the ingredients of softness and luxury, such a nation would not be worth invading. No powerful prince could look on such a people with any eyes of fear or jealousy, nor no wise one would send his subjects among them for fear of enervating their minds and debauching their morals.

Such a nation could inspire no other ideas into its neighbours than those of contempt and ridicule. We ought to be considered as the silly swan, whose last breath goes out in a cantata. And as nothing but wanton cruelty could move any power to attack us, so would the conquest of us be no less infamous than barbarous; and we should, from the same reason, be as safe in the neighbourhood of France as the little commonwealth of Lucca was in that of her great sister of Rome.

For all these reasons I am for an opera; but I must then insist on it that we strike up immediately, otherwise I must desire that ghost of an advertisement, calling for latter payment from the subscribers,

which hath haunted the public papers this month, without having (as it seems) been spoken to by any one, to disappear immediately; for I would by no means have all Europe imagine that we *want nothing* to establish our opera at present, *but money*.

No. 10. TUESDAY, JANUARY 7. 1746.

Te, Jupiter, quem statorem hujus urbis atque imperii verè nominamus: hunc et hujus socios à tuis aris ceterisque templis, à tectis urbis ac mœnibus, à vita fortunisque civium omnium arce ris: et omnes bonorum inimicos, hostes patriæ, latrones Italiæ, scelerum fœdere inter se ac nefaria societate conjunctos, æternis suppliciis, vivos mortuosque mactabis.—CIC. IN L. CATIL.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

Dec. 14, 1745.

Dear Sir,—Though I live on a small fortune, in great obscurity, yet I cannot but be interested in our present troubles. My thoughts sometimes lead me to meditate what we are likely to expect, should success attend the present ravagers of our country. Nay, I have even gone so far as to suppose them actual victors, and have in this light framed an imaginary journal of events, with which I here present you, as with a waking dream.

The person of my drama, or journalist, I suppose to be an honest tradesman, living in the busy part of the city.

January 1, 1746.

THIS day the supposed conqueror was proclaimed at Stocks market amidst the loud acclamations of Highlanders and friars. I was enabled, from my own windows, to view this ceremony; Walbrook church, the Mansion-house, and several others adjoining, having been burnt and razed in the massacre of last week. Father O'Blaze, an Irish dominican, read upon the occasion a speech out of a paper, which he styled an extempore address. Melancholy as I was, I could not help smiling at one of his expressions; when speaking of the new year, he talked of Janus's faces, each of which looked both backward and forward.

Jan. 2. A proclamation issued for a free parliament (according to the declaration) to meet the 20th instant. The twelve judges removed, and twelve new ones appointed; some of whom had scarce ever been in Westminster-hall before.

Jan. 3. Queen Anne's statue in St. Paul's churchyard taken away, and a large crucifix erected in its room.

Jan. 4, 5, 6. The cash, transfer-books, &c., removed to the Tower, from the Bank, South-sea, and India houses, which, 'tis reported, are to be turned into convents.

Jan. 10. Three anabaptists committed to Newgate, for pulling down the crucifix in St. Paul's churchyard.

Jan. 12. Being the first Sunday after Epiphany, father Macdagger, the royal confessor, preached at St. James's—sworn afterwards of the privy-council—arrived the French ambassador with a numerous retinue.

Jan. 20. The free parliament opened—the speech and addresses filled with sentiments of civil and religious liberty. An act of grace proposed from the crown, to pardon all treasons committed under pretext of any office, civil or military, before the first declarations being promulgated, which was in the Isle of Mull, about nineteen months ago. The judges consulted whether all persons throughout Great Britain were intended to be bound by this promulgation, as being privy to it. 'Twas held they were, because ignorantia legis non excusat.

Jan. 22. Three members, to wit, Mr. D——n, Mr. P—t, and Mr. L——n, were seized in their houses and sent to the Tower, by a warrant from a secretary of state. The same day I heard another great man was dismissed from his place, but his name I could neither learn nor guess.

Jan. 23. His highness sends a message to the house that he would make no further removals till he saw better reason.

Jan. 24. A great court at St. James's, at which were present * and * and * and * and *, and all kissed hands.

Jan. 25. The three anabaptists above mentioned tried for their offence, and sentenced to be hanged. Executed the same day, attended by Mr. Machenly the ordinary. Their teacher, Mr. Obadiah Washum, the currier, was refused access from their first commitment.

Jan. 26. This day the Gazette informs us that Portsmouth, Berwick, and Plymouth, were delivered into the hands of French commissaries, as cautionary towns; and also twenty ships of the line, with their guns and rigging, pursuant to treaty.

Jan. 27. Tom Blatch, the old smallcoal-man, committed to the Compter, for a violent assault on father Macdagger and three young friars. 'Twas the talk about town that they had attempted the chastity of his daughter Kate.

Jan. 28. A bill brought into the commons, and twice read the same day, to repeal the act of habeas corpus, and that by which the writ de hæretico comburendo was abolished. A mutiny the same day among the Highlander soldiers—quelled by doubling their pay.

Jan. 31. The above bill passed, and the royal assent given. A motion made about the restoration of abbey lands,—rejected by the lords; seven English Roman Catholic peers being in the majority.

February 1. All peerages declared void since the revolution, and 24 new peers created, without a foot of land in the island. A second mutiny among the soldiery.

Feb. 2. Long-acre and Covent-garden allotted out in portions to the Highland guards. Two watermen and a porter committed to the Lollards' tower at Lambeth for heresy.

Feb. 3. Father Poignardini, an Italian jesuit, made privy-seal. A bill proposed against the liberty of the press, and to place the nomination of jurors, except from challenge, in the crown. Several catholic lords and gentlemen, being English, quit the court and retire into the country. More heretics sent to Lambeth.

Feb. 5. A promotion of 18 general officers, three only of which were English. Lord John Drummond made colonel of the First regiment of foot guards, the duke of Perth of the second, the lord George Murray of the third.

Feb. 6. Various grants passed the privy-seal of lands in various counties to generals, ecclesiastics, and other favourites, all foreigners.

Feb. 9. A petition from various persons, sufferers by the said grants, setting forth their fidelity to the government, and that particularly in the late troubles, though they had never entered into any schemes in favour of his present highness, yet they had constantly declined all subscriptions, associations, &c., to his prejudice. Father Macdagger brought them for answer, that the associators and subscribers had at least shown their attachment to some government, but that an indifference to all government deserved favour from none, and that therefore their petition was rejected.

Feb. 13. Four heretics burnt in Smithfield.—Mr. Machenly attended them, assisted on this extraordinary occasion by father O'Blaze, the dominican.

Feb. 19. Rumours of a plot. More heretics committed. The judges declare the power of the crown to suspend laws. Father Macdagger made president of Magdalen college in Oxford.

Feb. 21. Four lords and two commoners taken into custody for the plot, all English, and two of them Roman catholics. The deanery of Christ church given to father Poignardini, and the bishoprics of Winchester and Ely to the general of the jesuits' order, resident in Italy.

Feb. 28. Six more heretics burnt in Smithfield. A fresh motion made to restore the abbey lands—carried in the lords' house, but rejected by the commons. Several members of the lower house sent to the Tower by a secretary of state's warrant, and the next day expelled, and fined by the privy council 1000*l.* each.

March 1. The French ambassador made a duke, with precedence. The motion for restoring abbey lands carried, and an address of both houses prepared upon the occasion. Cape Breton given back to the French, and Gibraltar and Port Mahon to the Spaniards.

March 2. Seven more heretics burnt. A message from the crown, desiring the advice of the free parliament touching the funds. An humble address immediately voted by way of answer, praying that his highness would take such methods as they might be effectually and speedily annihilated.

March 4. An eminent physician fined 200 marks in the king's bench, for an innendo at Batson's that Bath-water was preferable to holy-water. Three hundred Highlanders, of the opposite party, with their wives and children, massacred in Scotland. The pope's nuncio arrived this evening at Greenwich.

March 7. The pope's nuncio makes his public entry: met at the Royal Exchange by my lord mayor (a Frenchman) with the aldermen, who have all the honour to kiss his toe: proceeds to Paul's churchyard; met there by father O'Blaze, who invites him, in the name of the new vicar-general and his doctors, to a *combustio hereticorum*, just then going to be celebrated. His eminence accepts the offer kindly, and attends them to Smithfield, where the ordinary is introduced and well received. The nuncio proceeds thence to St. James's, where he had been expected for five hours—the nobility and great officers of state all admitted to kiss his toe. A grand office opened the same night in Drury-lane for the sale of pardons and indulgences.

March 9. My little boy Jacky taken ill of the itch. He had been on the parade with his godfather the day before, to see the life-guards, and had just touched one of their plaids.

March 12. His highness sends a message to the commons, acquainting them with his design of equipping a large fleet for the assistance of his good brother of France, and for that purpose demanding two millions to be immediately raised by a capitation. A warm debate thereon. His highness goes to the house of commons at 12 at night, places himself in the speaker's chair, and introduces the French ambassador. His excellency makes a long speech, setting forth the many services which his master had done this nation, and the great good-will he had always borne towards them, and concluding with many haughty menaces, in case they should prove ungrateful for all his favours. He is seconded by the laird of Keppoch, chancellor of the exchequer. The speaker stands up, and utters the word privilege, upon which he is sent to the Tower. Then Mr. chancellor of the exchequer moved that the members against the motion might have leave to withdraw; and, several having left the house, the question was put, and carried in the affirmative, *nemine contradicente*.

March 16. Lord C. J. W——les and admiral V——n hanged at Tyburn. Several others were reprieved on the merit of having been enemies to those two great men, and were only ordered to be whipped at the cart's tail.

March 17. Fresh rumours of a plot—a riot in the city—a rising in the north—a descent in the west—confusions, uproars, commitments, hangings, burnings, &c. &c.

——verbum non amplius addam.

No. 11. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1746.

Τὰ χρήματ' ἀνθρώποισιν τιμιώτατα
Δύναμίν τι τἀλίστην τῶν ἐν' ἀνθρώποις ἴχει.
EURIP. IN PHŒNISS.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

SIR,—I am a citizen, a haberdasher by trade, and one of those persons to whom the world allow the epithets of wise and prudent. And I enjoy this character the more as I can fairly assure myself I deserve it; nor am indebted on this account to anything but my own regular conduct, unless to the good instructions with which my father launched me into the world, and upon which I formed this grand principle, "That there is no real value in anything but money."

The truth of this proposition may be argued from hence, that it is the only thing in the value of which mankind are agreed; for, as to all other matters, while they are held in high estimation by some, they are disregarded and looked on as cheap and worthless by others. Nay, I believe it is difficult to find any two persons who place an equal valuation on any virtue, good or great quality, whatever.

Now, having once established this great rule, I have, by reference to it, been enabled to set a certain value on everything else; in which I have governed myself by two cautions: 1st, Never to purchase too dear; and, 2ndly (which is a more uncommon degree of wisdom), Never to overvalue what I am to sell; by which latter misconduct I have observed many persons guilty of great imprudence.

It is not my purpose to trouble you with exemplifications of the foregoing rule in my ordinary calling: I shall proceed to acquaint you with my conduct concerning those things which some silly people call invaluable, such as reputation, virtue, sense, beauty, &c., all which I have reduced to a certain standard: "for," as your friend Mr. Adams says in his letter on the late fast, "I imagine every man, woman, and thing, to have their price." His astonishment at which truth made me smile, as I dare swear it did you; it is, indeed, agreeable enough to the simplicity of his character.

But to proceed:—in my youth I fell violently in love with a very pretty woman. She had a good fortune; but it was 500*l.* less than I could with justice demand (I was heartily in love with her, that's the truth of it); I therefore took my pen and ink (for I do nothing without them), and set down the particulars in the following manner:—

Mrs. Amey Fairface debtor to Stephen Gruh.

	£.	s.	d.
For fortune, as per marriage . .	5000	00	00
Per contra creditor.			
Imprimis, to cash	4500	00	00
Item, to beauty (for she had a great ideal, and I had a great value for it)	100	00	00

Item, to wit as per conversation		2	10 00
Item, to her affection for me		30	00 00
Item, to good housewifery, a sober, chaste education, and being a good workwoman at her needle, in all		50	00 00
Item, to her skill in music		1	01 00
Item, to dancing		00	00 06
		4683	11 06
Mrs. Amey debtor		5000	00 00
Per contra creditor		4683	11 06
Due to balance		316	08 06

You see, sir, I strained as hard as possible, and placed a higher value perhaps on her several perfections than others would have done; but the balance still remained against her, and I was reduced to the necessary alternative of sacrificing that sum for ever, or of quitting my mistress. You may easily guess on which a prudent man would determine.—Indeed I had sufficient reason to be afterwards pleased with my prudence, as she proved to be a less valuable woman than I imagined; for, two years afterwards, having had a considerable loss in trade, by which the balance above was satisfied, I renewed my addresses, but the false-hearted creature (forsooth) refused to see me.

A second occasion which I had for my pen and ink, in this way, was when the situation of my affairs, after some losses, was such that I could clearly have put 1500*l.* in my pocket by breaking. The account then stood thus:—

	£.	s.	d.
Stephen Grub, debtor to cash	1500	00	00
Per contra creditor.			
To danger to soul as per perjury	105	00	00
To danger to body as per felony	1000	00	00
To loss of reputation	500	00	00
To conscience as per injuring others	00	02	06
To incidental charges, trouble, &c.	100	00	00

I am convinced you are so good a master of figures, that I need not cast up the balance, which must so visibly have determined me to preserve the character of an honest man.

Not to trouble you with more instances of a life of which you may easily guess the whole by this specimen (for it hath been entirely transacted by my golden rule), I shall hasten to apply this rule, by which I suppose many other persons in this city conduct themselves, to the present times.

And here, sir, have we not reason to suppose that some good men, for want of duly considering the danger of their property, &c., from the present rebellion and low state of public credit, have been too tenacious of their money on the present occasion; for, if we admit that the whole is in danger, surely it is the office of prudence to be generous of the lesser part, in order to secure the greater.

Let us see how this stands on paper; for thus only we can argue with certainty.

Suppose, then, the given sum of your property be 20,000*l.*

The value of securing this will be more or less, in proportion to the danger; for the truth of which I need only appeal to the common practice of insurance.

If the chance then be twenty to one, it follows that the value of insurance is at an average with 1000*l.*, and proportionally more or less as the danger is greater or less.

There are, besides, two other articles, which I had like to have forgot, to which every man almost affixes some value. These are religion and liberty. Suppose therefore we set down

	£.	s.	d.
Religion at	00	15	00
And liberty at	00	02	06

And I think none but a profligate fellow can value them at a lower rate; it follows, that to secure them from the same proportion of danger as above is worth 10½d.

Now this last sum may be undoubtedly saved, as it would not be missed or called for, if men would only seriously consider the preservation of what is so infinitely more valuable, their property, and advance their money in its defence in due proportion to the degree of its danger. And as there is nothing so pleasant as clear gain, it must give some satisfaction to every thinking man that, while he risks his money for the preservation of his property, his religion and liberty are tossed him into the bargain.

You see, sir, I have fairly balanced between those hot-headed zealots who set these conveniences above the value of money, and those profligate wicked people who treat them as matters of no concern or moment.

I have therefore been a little surprised at the backwardness of some very prudent men on this occasion; for it would be really doing them an injury to suspect they do not set a just value on money, while every action of their lives demonstrates the contrary. I can therefore impute this conduct only to a firm persuasion that there will be foolish people enow found who from loyalty to their king, zeal for their country, or some other ridiculous principle, will subscribe sufficient sums for the defence of the public; and so they might save their own money, which will still increase in value in proportion to the distress and poverty of the nation.

This would be certainly a wise and right way of reasoning, and such a conduct must be highly commendable, if the fact supposed was true; for, as nothing is so truly great as to turn the penny while the world suspects your ruin, so to convert the misfortunes of a whole community to your own emolument must be a thing highly eligible by every good man, *i. e.* every Plumb. But I am afraid this rule will reach only private persons at most, and cannot extend to those whose examples, while they keep their own purses shut, lock up the purses of all their neighbours.

A fallacy of the same kind I am afraid we fall into when we refuse to lend our money to the government at a moderate interest, in hopes of extorting more from the public purse; with which thought a very good sort of man, a Plumb, seemed yesterday to hug himself, in a conversation which we had upon this subject; but upon the nearest computation I could make with my pen, which I handled the moment he left me, I find that this very person, who proposed to gain 1 per cent. in 20,000*l.*, would, by the consequential effect on the public credit, be a clear loser of 2½.

In short, I am afraid certain persons may at this time run the hazard of a fate which too often attends very wise men, who have not on all occasions a recourse to figures, and may incur the censure of an old proverb, by being "penny wise and pound foolish." And since I may be involved against my will in the calamity, I shall be obliged to you if you will publish these cautions from, sir, your humble servant, STEPHEN GAUB.

N.B. As your paper supplies the place of three evening posts, I save 1½d. per week by it; for which pray accept my acknowledgment.

No. 13. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1746.

Qui non rectè instituunt atque erudiunt liberos, non solùm liberis sed et reipublicæ faciunt injuriam.—CICERO.

MR. ADAMS having favoured me with a second letter, I shall give it to the public without any apology. If anything in it should at first a little shock those readers who know the world better, I hope they will make allowances for the ignorance and simplicity of the writer.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,—I am concerned to find, by all our public accounts, that the rebels still continue in the land. In my last I evidently proved that their successes were owing to a judgment denounced against our sins, and concluded with some exhortations for averting the Divine anger by the only methods which suggested themselves to my mind. These exhortations, by the event, I perceive have not had that regard paid to them I had reason to expect. Indeed, I am the more confirmed in this conjecture, by a lad whom I lately met at a neighbouring baronet's, where I sojourned the two last days of the year, with my good friend Mr. Wilson.

This lad, whom I imagined to have been come from school to visit his friends for the holidays (for though he is perhaps of sufficient age, I found, on examination, he was not yet qualified for the university), is, it seems, a man *sui juris;* and is, as I gather from the young damsels, Sir John's daughters, a member of the society of *bowes*. I know not whether I spell the word right; for I am not ashamed to say I neither understand its etymology nor true import, as it hath never once occurred in any lexicon or dictionary which I have yet perused.

Whatever this society may be, either the lad with whom I communed is an unworthy member, or it would become the government to put it down by authority; for he uttered many things during our discourse for which I would have well scourged any of the youth under my care.

He had not long entered the chamber before he acquainted the damsels that he and his companions had carried the opera, in opposition to the puts; by which I afterwards learnt he meant all sober and discreet persons. "And fags!" says he (I am afraid, though, he made use of a worse word), "we expected the bishops would have interfered; but if they had we should have silenced them." I then thought to myself, Stripling, if I had you well horsed on the back of another lad, I would teach you more reverence to their lordships.

This opera, I am informed, is a diversion in which a prodigious sum of money, more than is to be collected out of twenty parishes, is lavished away on foreign eunuchs and papists, very scandalous to be suffered at any time, especially at a season when both war and famine hang over our heads.

During the whole time of our repast at dinner the young gentleman entertained us with an account of several drums and routs at which he had been present. These are, it seems, large congregations of men and women, who, instead of assembling together to hear something that is good, nay, or to divert themselves with gambols, which might be allowed now and then in holiday times, meet for no other purpose but that of gaming, for a whole guinea and much more at a stake. At this married women sit up all night, nay, sometimes till one or two in the morning, neglect their families, lose their money, and some, Mr. Wilson says, have been suspected of doing even worse than that. Yet this is suffered in a christian kingdom; nay *(quod prorsus incredibile est)*, the holy sabbath is, it seems, prostituted to these wicked revellings; and card-playing goes on as publicly then as on any other day; nor is this only among the young lads and damsels, who might be supposed to know no better, but men advanced in years, and grave matrons, are not ashamed of being caught at the same pastime. *O tempora! O mores!*

When grace was said after meat, and the damsels departed, the lad began to grow more wicked. Sir John, who is an honest Englishman, hath no other wine but that of Portugal. This our *bowe* could not drink; and when sir John very nobly declared he scorned to indulge his palate with rarities, for which he must furnish the foe with money to carry on a war with the nation, the stripling replied, "Rat the nation!" (God forgive me for repeating such words,) "I had rather live under French government than be debarred from French wine." Oho, my youth! if I had you horsed, thinks I again.—But, indeed, sir John well scourged him with his tongue for that expression, and I should have hoped he had made him ashamed, had not his subsequent behaviour shown him totally void of grace. For when sir John asked him for a toast, which you know is another word for drinking the health of one's friend or wife, or some person of public eminence, he named the health of a married woman, filled out a bumper of wine, swore he would drink her health in vinegar, and at last openly professed he would commit adultery with her if he could. *Proh pudor!* Nay, and if such a sin might admit of any aggravation, she is it seems a lady of very high degree, *et quidem*, the wife of a lord.

Et dies et charta deficerent so omnia vellem percurrere, multa quidem impura et impudica quæ memorare nefas, recitavit. Nor is this youth, it seems, a monster or prodigy in the age he lives; on the contrary, I am told he is an exemplar only of all the rest.

But I now proceed to what must surprise you. After he had spent an hour in rehearsing all the vices to which youth have been ever too much addicted, and shown us that he was possessed of them all—*Ut qui impudicus, adulter, ganeo, alea, manu, ventre pene, bona patria laceraverat*, he began to enter upon politics:

O proceres censore opus an haruspice nobis!

This stripling, this *bowe*, this rake, discovered likewise all the wickedness peculiar to age, and that he had not, with those vices which proceed from the warmth of youth, one of the virtues which we should naturally expect from the same sanguine disposition. He showed us that grey hairs could add nothing but hypocrisy to him; for he avowed public prostitution, laughed at all honour, public spirit, and patriotism; and gave convincing proofs that the most phlegmatic old miser upon earth could not be sooner tempted with gold to perpetrate the most horrid iniquities than himself.

Whether this youth be *(quod vix credo)* concerned himself in the public weal, or whether he have his information from others, I hope he greatly exceeded the truth in what he delivered on this subject; for was he to be believed, the conclusion we must draw would be, that the only concern of our great men, even at this time, was for places and pensions; that, instead of applying themselves to renovate and restore our sick and drooping commonweal, they were struggling to get closest to her heart, and, like leeches, to suck her last drop of vital blood.

I hope, however, better things, and that this lad deserves a good rod as well for lying as for all his other iniquity; and if his parents do not take care

to have it well laid ont, I can assure them they have much to answer for.

Mr. Wilson now found me grow very uneasy, as, indeed, I had heen from the beginning, nor could anything hnt respect to the company have prevented me from correcting the boy long before; he therefore endeavoured to turn the discourse, and asked our spark when he left London? To which he answered, the Wednesday before. "How, sir?" said I; "travel on Christmas-day?" "Was it so?" says he; "fags! that's more than I knew; hut why not travel on Christmas-day as well as any other?" "Why not?" said I, lifting my voice, for I had lost all patience; "was you not hrought up in the christian religion? Did you never learn your catechism?" He then hurst out into an unmannerly laugh, and so provoked me, that I should certainly have smote him, had I not laid my crahstick down in the window, and had not Mr. Wilson been fortunately placed between us. "Odso! Mr. Parson," says he, "are you there? I wonder I had not smoked you before." "Smoke me!" answered I, and at the same time leaped from my chair, my wrath being highly kindled. At whieh instant a jackanapes, who sat on my left hand, whipped my peruke from my head, which I no sooner perceived than I porrected him a remembrance over the face, which laid him sprawling on the floor. I was afterwards concerned at the hlow, though the consequence was only a hloody nose, and the lad, who was a companion of the other's, and had uttered many wicked things, which I pretermitted in my narrative, very well deserved correction.

A hustle now arose, not worth recounting, which ended in my departure with Mr. Wilson, though we had purposed to tarry there that night.

In our way home we hoth lamented the peculiar hardness of this eountry, which seems hent on its own destruction, nor will take warning hy any visitation, till the utmost wrath of Divine vengeance overtakes it.

In discoursing npon this suhject, we impnted mueh of the present profligacy to the notorious want of care in parents in the education of youth, who, as my friend Informs me, with very little school-learning, and not at all instructed *(ne minimè quidem imbuti)* in any principles of religion, virtue, and morality, are hrought to the great city, or sent to travel to other great cities abroad, before they are twenty years of age, where they become their own musters, and enervate both their bodies and minds with all sorts of diseases and vices before they are adult.

I shall conelude with a passage in Aristotle's Politics, lih. viii. cap 1. Ὅτι μὲν οὖν τὴν νομοθετὴν μαλιστα πραγματευτεον περὶ τὴν τῶν νέων παιδίαν, οὐδεὶς ἂν ἀμφισβητησειε· καὶ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς πολέσιν οὐ γιγνομενον τουτο, βλαπτει τὰς πολιτειας. Which, for the sake of women, and those few gentlemen who do not understand Greek, I have rendered somewhat paraphrastically in the vernacular:—"No man can douht hut that the education of youth ought to be the principal care of every legislator; hy the neglect of which, great mischief accrues to the civil polity in every city."

I am, while yon write like an honest man and a good ehristian, your hearty friend and well-wisher,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

No. 23. TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1746.

—— Insanus paucis videatur eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.—HOR.

I HAVE heard of a man who helieved there was no real existence in the world hut himself; and hat whatever he saw without him was mere phantom and illusion.

This philosopher, I imagine, hath not had many followers in theory; and yet, if we were to derive the principles of mankind from their practice, we should be almost persuaded that somewhat like this madness had possessed not only particular men, hut their several orders and professions. For though they do not absolutely deny all existence to other persons and things, yet it is certain they hold them of no consequence, and little worth their consideration, unless they trench somewhat towards their own order or calling.

As an instance of this, let us observe three or four members of any profession met together in a general company; though it be never so large, they make no scruple of engrossing the whole conversation, and turning it to their own profession, without the least consideration of all the other persons present.

Another example of the same temper may be seen in the monopolising particular words, and confining their meaning to their own purposes, as if the rest of the world had in reality no right to their application. A signal instance of which is in the adjective good. A word which of all others mankind would least wish to be debarred from the use of, or from appropriating to themselves and their friends.

Now, when the divine, the freethinker, the citizen, the whig, the tory, &c., pronounce such an individual to he a good man, it is plain that they have all so many different meanings; and he may he a very good man in the opinion of one in the company, who would be a very had one in that of all the others.

I remember to have supped last winter at a surgeon's where were present some others of the faculty. The gentleman of the house declared he had a very good suhject above in the garret. As the gentleman who said this was, I knew, himself as good a suhject as any in the kingdom, I could not avoid surprise at his choosing to confine such a person in a cold night in such a place; hut I soon found my mistake, and that this good suhject had been hanged the day before for a most heinous felony.

An error of the same kind once happened to me amongst some gentlemen of the army, who all agreed that one Mr. Thunderson was the best man in England. I own I was somewhat staggered when I heard he was a corporal of grenadiers; but how much more was I astonished when I found that he had half a dozen wives, and was the wickedest fellow in the whole regiment!

I cannot quit this hesd without remarking that much inconvenience may arise from these mistakes; and one indeed happened in the last-mentioned instance; for a grave wealthy widow, of ahove forty, in the town where the regiment was quartered, having douhtless heard the same character of this man from his officers, and misunderstanding them, as I myself had done before their explanation, fell in love with his goodness, and married him. A third example may be drawn from the attention of the readers of hooks, or the spectators at plays. I have somewhere heard of a geographer who received no other pleasure from the Æneid of Virgil than hy tracing out tha Voyage of Æneas in the map. To which I may add a certain coachmaker, who, having sufficient Latin to read the story of Phaëton in the Metamorphoses, shook his head that so fine a genius for making chariots as Ovid had was thrown away on making poems.

This selfish attention (if I may so call it) in the spectators at our theatres must be evident to all who have ever frequented them. Every joke on a

courtier's not paying his debts is sure to receive a thundering applause from the pit and galleries. This debt is, however, paid by the boxes, on the first facetious allusion to horns, or any other symbol of cuckoldom. Indeed, the whole house are seldom unanimous in their claps, unless when the ridicule is against the ministry, the law, or the clergy; whence, I suppose, that as government, law, and religion are looked upon as the great grievances of the nation, the whole audience think themselves alike interested in their demolition.

I knew a gentleman, who had great delight in observing the humours of the vulgar, and for that purpose used frequently to mount into the upper gallery. Here, as he told me, he once seated himself between two persons, one of whom he soon discovered to be a broken tailor, and the other a servant in a country family just arrived in town. The play was Henry the Eighth, with that august representation of the coronation. The former of these, instead of admiring the great magnificence exhibited in that ceremony, observed with a sigh "That he believed very few of those clothes were paid for." And the latter, being asked how he liked the play (being the first he had ever seen), answered, "It was all very fine; but nothing came up, in his opinion, to the ingenuity of snuffing the candles."

I cannot omit the following story, which I think a very strong example of the temper I have above remarked. I remember to have been present at a certain religious assembly of the people called Methodists where the preacher named the following text: "It is reported that fornication is among you." The whole congregation, as well as myself, expected, I believe, a wholesome dissertation on all criminal converse between the sexes; and some, who laboured under suspicions of that kind, began to express much apprehension and uneasiness in their countenances; but, to our great surprise, the sermon was entirely confined to the former part of the text, and we were only instructed in the nature and various kinds of reports. This gave me some curiosity to inquire into the character of so extraordinary a preacher, and I found, to my perfect satisfaction, that he had got his living many years by collecting articles of news for one of the public papers.

If we reflect seriously on this disposition of mankind, so universally exerted in private life, it will lead us to account for the behaviour of men and parties in public; and we shall lose much of that surprise which might otherwise naturally enough affect us, from observing the rigid adherence which men of no dishonest characters preserve to their own party and their own schemes. Hence it is that men become more the subjects of our consideration than measures; and hence it hath sometimes happened that men (and those not the worst of men neither) have been more intent on advancing their own schemes than on advancing the good of the public, and would have risked the preservation of the latter, rather than have given up the pursuit of the former. I have said it—I have invented it—I have writ upon it—are as substantial arguments with some politicians as they are with the doctor in Gil Blas, who had writ on the virtues of hot water, and therefore refused to agree with those who prescribe cold. To say the truth, this partiality to ourselves, our own opinions, and our own party, hath introduced many dangerous evils into commonwealths. It is this humour which keeps up the name of jacobitism in this kingdom; and it is this humour only from which his present majesty or his administration can derive a single enemy within it. The Opposition (if a handful of men, and those for the most part totally insignificant, as well in fortune as abilities, are worthy that name) would, I believe, be puzzled to give any better reason for their conduct than the aforesaid doctor, or than parson Adams hath done for them, who says, that opposition is derived from the verb *oppono*, and that the English of the verb *oppono* is to oppose.

No. 24. TUESDAY, April 15, 1746.

——Medici mediam pertundite venam.—Juv.

I have heard it often objected to the friends of the government, when they have expressed their apprehensions of a jacobite party in this kingdom, that these fears were counterfeited, in order to form an argument for the support of a standing army, or to excuse some other ministerial schemes; for that, in reality, the very seeds of jacobitism were destroyed, and rooted out from the minds of every protestant British subject.

I am not ashamed to own myself to have been one of the many who were imposed on by these suggestions; I am much more concerned to see that this was an imposition, and that experience should at last have convinced every man that there are still some persons (an inconsiderable party indeed, when compared to the number of loyal subjects) who profess the protestant religion, while they wish well to the designs of a popish pretender.

The principal motive which induced me to hold my former opinion was the reasonableness of it. I disbelieved the existence of protestant jacobitism from the same principles which inspire me to deny my assent to many of these strange relations which certain voyage-writers recount to us. I looked upon such an animal as a greater monster than the most romantic of these writers have ever described, and was therefore easily persuaded to credit those who very solemnly assured us there was no such to be found in the land.

I have hitherto avoided any contest with these sort of gentlemen, not from the contempt of so poor a victory, for I should think my labours well bestowed in bringing the weakest of them over to the cause of truth, but, in plain fact, they are the last persons with whom I would willingly enter the lists of disputation, from absolute despair of success; for what is so difficult to answer as nothing, or what more impossible to be evinced than the light of the sun to him who hath not eyes to discern it? I have therefore greatly admired the patriotism of those heroes who have formerly wasted much of their time to prove that millions were not intended by an all-good Being for the use and wanton disposition of one man; that a protestant church was not absolutely secure under the protection of a prince who looks on himself as bound by his religion, and that on pain of damnation, to destroy it; that a magistrate, attempting to destroy those laws and constitutions which he was sworn and obliged to defend, forfeited that power which he so entirely perverted; with numberless other propositions equally plain and demonstrable, or rather indeed self-evident. So that, if the absurdity of their tenets was not of itself sufficiently apparent, and did not glare them in the face, it hath been so irrefragably proved by the labours of those good men who have undertaken the defence of the revolution, that the jacobites of this age have no other excuse left but that of not being able to read.

This is an excuse which I am sensible may be fairly pleaded by many, and those none of the least considerable pillars of the party. There have been, however, some who have not only read, but have endeavoured to answer these writers; and have very

modestly attempted to oppose the common sense of mankind in a point wherein their highest interest is concerned.

As such performances are seldom long-lived, few of them have reached our days; but the following letter, which I look upon as a very curious piece, and which was written in the reign of the late king William, contains, I believe, the sum of all those arguments which have been ever used on the behalf of jacobitism; I shall therefore give it the reader, after having premised that it was written by a non-juror to his son at Oxford.

"Dear Son,—I received yours of the 4th past, and am so well satisfied with your conduct on the birthday of that old rump rogue with an orange, that I have sent you a draft on your tutor, according to your desire. As long as my son preserves his principles sound, I shall not be angry at any frolics of youth. Provided, therefore, you never get drunk but on holidays (as the government are pleased to call them), and in toasting the damnation of the rump, and confusion to the day, &c., you may confess yourself freely, without fear of incurring my displeasure. I approve the company you keep much. Be sure not to herd with the sons of courtiers; for there is no conscience nor honesty in them; nor will the nation ever thrive till the king enjoys his own again; a health which I never fail to drink every day of my life in a bumper, and I hope you do the like. I shall never think I can remind you often enough of these matters; for I had rather see you hanged for your true king than enjoying a place under this orange rascal, who has undone the nation. Our family have always, I thank God, been of the same kidney, and I hope will remain so to all posterity. It is the true old cause, and we will live and die by it, boy. Damn the rump! that is my motto. Old England will never see any good days till it is thoroughly roasted. Your godfather, sir John, dined with me yesterday: he asked kindly after you. We drank nine bottles apiece of stum, and talked over all matters. We scarce uttered a word for which the rascally whigs would not have hanged us; but I desire no better from fellows who would pull down the church if they had it in their power. I fear not, however, that it will be able to stand in spite of all their malice, and that I shall drink church and king as long as I live. You know what king I mean. God remove him from that side of the water on which he now is! Let every man have his own, I say, and I am sure that is the sentiment of an honest man, and of one who abhors these persecuting rascals, who make men pay for their consciences. But do thou, my boy, rather submit to their power than court their favour; for right is right; and, though might may overcome it, it can never be abolished. If kings derive their power from heaven, men can have no just pretence to deprive them of it. Orange hath no such right. We know he was made by men, and consequently his title cannot be deduced from heaven. Your tutor informs me you have been in great apprehension for the church at Oxford, and we in the country agree it is in danger: but let her enemies do what they can, honest hearts will continue to drink to her preservation; and, while the whigs see the unalterable determination of our party, they will always be afraid of executing their wicked purposes. As to taxes, we must expect them, while the government is in such hands, and the true king in banishment. A whig justice of peace at the sessions the other day had the impudence to tell me they were imposed by parliament; but how can that be a parliament which wants one part in three of its constituents; nay, and that the head? Is not the head superior to the body? And, consequently, hath not the king a better right to impose taxes than lords and commons without a king? Let right take place, say I, and then we will pay without grumbling; but to be taxed by a rump, a set of whigs and presbyterians, and fellows with an orange in their mouths—I will drink confusion to them as long as I can stand. However, I hope soon to see better times, and that we may change our healths, and drink to our friends openly; for we are assured here by some Roman catholic priests, who are honester fellows than whigs, and may be brought over to go to church in time, that the French king will do his utmost to restore us again to our liberties and properties; for which reason we always drink his health and success immediately after church and king, and confusion to the rump. I hope you will do the same at your club at Oxford; for take it from me as I have it from others, that all the hopes this nation have of being preserved is from that quarter. Indeed, there wants no other reason for our drinking him than that the whigs are his enemies; for nothing can ever be good for this nation which those rascals wish well to. I am sure no one ever suspected me of wishing well to the pope, and yet I would drink his health sooner than I would that of a presbyterian. I hope you will never converse with any such, but, when you can't find true church of Englandmen, rather choose papists, for they are less enemies to our church; and that they would destroy it must be a lie, because the whigs say it: but confusion to them, and may the king enjoy his own again, will always be the toast of," &c.

THE JACOBITE'S JOURNAL.

BY JOHN TROTT-PLAID, ESQ.

No. 15, SATURDAY, March 12, 1748.

TO THE WRITER OF THE JACOBITE JOURNAL.

Sir,—You have here a translation of a Latin poem, entitled, *De Arte Jacobitica*, in three books. I have sent you the English version of the first book, because I have been told that Jacobites are no scholars, and understand no Latin. If you like this, you may hereafter receive the translation of the second book. Meantime, I remain yours, &c.

M. O. A. J.

Horace wrote the Art of Poetry, Ovid the Art of Love, and I write the Art of Jacobitism.—Come, Tisiphone, from hell, bring with thee ill-judging zeal and obstinate bigotry, and inspire me with all thy furies, while I teach the black art of jacobitism. 'Twas thou that didst instruct the holy inquisitors, and those miscreants that belied the sacred name of Jesus, to embrue their hands in christian blood. Nor hast thou been unmindful of the English nation: we too can boast our Lauds, our Sacheverels, our **ok**ippen*. [Here several proper names were doubtless in the original, but the rats or moths have devoured them.]

First of all, learn the art of lying and misrepresenting. Fling dirt enough, and some will certainly stick. You may venture to abuse the king himself; but do this with caution, for the sake of your ears and head. But spare not his ministers; give a wrong turn to their most plausible actions. If they prosecute the war with vigour, swear they are neglectful; if they desire a peace, call them cowards; if war, call them blood-thirsty, and seekers after the ruin of their country. 'Twas by such arts as these that the brave Marlborough and the just Godolphin fell a victim to the intrigues of Harley and ***. You may add perjury to your lies. Jupiter, 'tis said, laughs at the perjury of lovers; he has many a time forsworn himself to Juno. You have Jupiter for your example: what can a pagan like yourself desire more?

The next thing you are to remember is, to feign a love to your country and religion; the less you have of both the better you can feign both. O liberty! O virtue! O my country! Remember to have such expressions as these constantly in your mouth. Words do wonders with silly people; but don't too openly discover your design of ruining your country by changing the religion of it, and introducing arbitrary power and a popish king. Don't be caught in your own trap. Remember the end of Perillus, who was burnt in his own bull; and you may be ruined yourself before you bring about the ruin of your country. Keep therefore to general terms, and never descend to particulars. You may wish things went better. You can't tell, but surely 'twas better in good Queen Anna's days, or in the bacchanalian times of Charles, or in the holy martyr's reign. At the mentioning the martyr you may drop a tear; and if you are sure of your silly company you may swear the present ministry cut off his head. Anachronism in politics is no more faulty than anachronism in poetry. If you are among good and orthodox churchmen, you may swear the church of England is in danger under a church of England king, and cannot be secure unless the popish pretender is restored. Paradoxes in conversation are to be supported with confidence and sophistry. Remember likewise that you frequently inculcate the divine right of kings to do wrong; and that they are accountable to God only for being devils upon earth.

Various people are to be taken by various methods; and a wise Proteus will turn himself into all shapes. This Proteus, the fables say, was an Egyptian conjuror, and transformed himself into what monstrous appearance he pleased; he roared a lion, he grinned a wolf, he flashed a fire, he flowed a river. This Proteus be thou; roar, grin, flash, and flow. Spread thy nets, and catch the various fry with various baits. Consider a little the dispositions of mankind; the young are open and honest, the old are cautious and wary. Old birds are not to be caught with chaff; and the old hare will be sure to double.

But you will ask, perhaps, where the proper persons are to be found to make proselytes of to jacobitism? This is an inquiry worthy a sportsman; for he is a bad huntsman who would beat about the Royal Exchange for a hare or a fox; and not a much better gunner or fisherman who goes a shooting in Somerset-gardens, or attempts to angle in the magnificent basin there. As those all know the places where their game resort, so must you. You have no occasion to go with parson Whitefield to Georgia after a young jacobite; but you may go with parson Whitefield to Kennington-common, or Bagshot-heath, or Hounslow, in quest of one; for want has made many a mar* jacobite revenge more, and ignorance thousands. Want and penury bid you hope for change. Revenge works stronger in the human heart than even penury. Who can bear to see a rival prevail? Hence the affected patriotism of ***, and **, and *. [Here likewise are many proper names lost, never to be retrieved but by conjecture.] Ignorance is the mother of jacobitism. Hence the rural sportsmen and fox-hunters will fall an easy prey; and the country will afford sufficient plenty of younger brothers whose eyes their good mothers have kept betimes from poring on Greek and Latin authors; those Greek and Latin authors which have been the bane of the jacobite cause, and inspired men with the love of Athenian liberty and old Rome, and taught them to hate tyrants and arbitrary governments. London too has all sorts of game for the net. Whores and rogues abound there; many are ruined, and most in a fair way of being so. How many disappointed out-of-place poor rogues do we every day meet! And what universal ignorance, attended with complicated impudence! in short, the variety is so great that it will even distract your choice.

But above all, in times of public calamities, then remember your lesson; say, God himself is turned our enemy. And if by chance our monarch should meditate new triumphs, and resolve on the punishment of France, then, when William the avenger is abroad, do thou raise commotions and tumults at home; whilst he, all gold, shines in the Gallic plains, carrying in his hand his father's thunder, do thou, all lies, walk the dirty streets of London; and remember, I repeat it again, fling dirt enough; blacken, lie, and defame. Perhaps some Jack Cade may arise in the glorious cause of jacobitism, and shake the throne itself; while swarms of locusts and caterpillars come from the north, and devour the fruits of England.

Part of our undertaking still remains, and part is finished; here then let us cast anchor, and moor the ship.

No. 34. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1748.

——Talem se læta ferebat
Per medios instans operi, regnisque futuris. VIRGIL.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE JACOBITE JOURNAL.

SIR,—The serious truths contained in this letter will, I hope, make an apology unnecessary. You are to know that I am of that high order of beings which the world calls a married man; that, to render my state of life happy as well as honourable, I have in everything submitted to the will of my wife; and this I can truly say, not more from a conviction of the great duty of obedience, than to avoid contention, and to promote family peace and good-humour in my house. It is now eleven years since the kindest and the loveliest of her sex honoured me with the possession of her sweetness; in all which time, till within a little more than a twelvemonth, she has condescended to make my servitude my delight, abridging me only where my wishes were strongest, and consequently leading to excess, and indulging me in everything indifferent in my own opinion or desirable in hers. This uniformity of conduct had rendered us the admiration and envy of all our acquaintance: there was hardly a married woman who visited us but proposed me as an example to her husband, and treasured up the maxims of my wife as so many lessons for her own conduct. We were, in short, a couple who left not happiness to chance; one planned what the other executed, and both enjoyed the fruits of our care. Alas! Mr. Trott-Plaid, I wish the business of this letter was only to tell you of my happiness; but that (however

well secured as you may think) has known its period, and I am at present the most miserable of all beings. It is now about a year since a grave clergyman from Oxford came to board with us. To this gentleman (though no seducer of what my wife calls her virtue) I owe all my misfortunes. He had not been a month in the family before I observed that my wife's head had taken a political turn; the affairs of her family began to be neglected; and, notwithstanding we owed our entire support to a genteel post I enjoyed under the government, I was compelled every day at table to hear that government abused. At every glass after dinner a laugh and a whispered toast between my wife and her friend gave me fresh cause of uneasiness. My eldest boy made his appearance in a plaid waistcoat, and my girl's petticoat and doll were of the same stuff. I was pleased, indeed, at first to hear the child checked by her mamma for drinking the king over the water, but was as much displeased at the reason of that check, which was, that James was a plain name, and would save the trouble of such unnecessary distinctions.

Upon this occasion it was that I took upon me, for the first time, to make a remonstrance in private to my wife; which, though I did with all the submission of a husband, I found to my cost that I had done wrong. Instead of the compliance I in some measure expected, I was upbraided by her as a mean-spirited wretch; one who was willing to subsist by shame, and to acknowledge favours from a set of men whose friendship was a disgrace to me; and that if I expected the continuance of her regard, I must think of some other means of supporting my family than by an infamous place given me by those who derived their power of bestowing it from one who wanted right to confer that power. You will judge of my concern, Mr. Trott-Plaid, at these words.—I was sorry to differ in opinion from my wife, and yet was almost apt to imagine that opinion a little unreasonable. To think of giving up my post was an impracticable thing, and to live under the displeasure of my wife an impossible one. I entreated her to proceed with the utmost caution in this affair; and, telling her I would ask her friend's advice in it, I left her to consult him.

I had the pleasure of finding this honest clergyman of a contrary opinion. He saw no objection, he said, to my holding a place under the worst of governments, provided I endeavoured as much as in me lay to act in opposition to those who had obliged me. That neither religion nor conscience required me to refuse favours from the hands of those whom it was my duty to detest. That an opposition of this kind was the more meritorious, as it was the more disinterested; and the hazard of property would be the best proof I could give of the sincerity of my zeal. That all men were under an obligation to provide for their families in the best manner they were able; but, though necessity compelled me to eat the bread of shame, yet conscience forbad me to live a life of it. It was no sin, he said, in war to plunder the enemy that we have first killed; and, by a similitude of reasoning, he conceived it was as innocent to plunder the friend we intended afterwards to kill. That measures, more than men, wanted a change; and that power was the surest means to ruin those who raised us to it. That, for his own part, he had hopes of preferment himself from the government, which he intended to accept of without scruple, as it might furnish him with the means of doing good, and of keeping weaker men from power, whose mistaken gratitude for obligations might tempt them to make unsuitable returns. For these reasons, he said, he begged leave to differ from the good lady of the house, and advised me to continue in my post, as it served me in a double capacity, both for private support and national advantage.

I cannot conceal the satisfaction of my mind at the reasoning of this worthy gentleman. I submitted entirely to his opinion; my wife, who is the best of women, was easily brought over by her friend, and domestic harmony was again restored. The groans of our bleeding country indeed were too often in our ears, and somewhat disturbed the tranquillity of our minds; but the hope that every one would have his own at last, set all things right, and we lived in expectation of the happy change.

It was about this time that my wife, who had very much improved her spelling under the tuition of her friend, commenced writer in the cause. A pamphlet called The State of the Nation, and Three Letters to the Whigs, are the product of her invention. In these she so well succeeded, that many were of opinion they wanted nothing but truth to be finished performances. Indeed that noble and free spirit of scandal, which is the characteristic of those pamphlets, is sufficient evidence that their author could be no other than a woman.

We had the pleasure soon after this to learn from the clergyman that a friend of his in the administration had presented him to a considerable benefice in the country. The good man received our congratulations upon the occasion with tears; and taking a most affectionate leave he retired to his living. The satisfaction we received in our friend's promotion would hardly have made us amends for the pains of parting with him, if an unfortunate accident, and some information that followed it, had not opened our eyes to see that worthy gentleman in his proper character.

My wife was busied in her political studies one day, with her Bailey's dictionary before her, when I received a message from above that my employment was taken from me. I inquired into the meaning of such a procedure, and I was answered that I was an infamous, ungrateful fellow; one that deserved hanging; and, if I did not mend my manners and my wife, the government might possibly take a severer notice of me. With these words the messenger left me; and I retired to my wife's apartment for comfort and advice. That heroic woman, instead of calling my dissimulation a misfortune, gloried in the occasion. It was now, she said, she would apply to the people for that emolument the enemies of their country had dispossessed me of. That she had long been solicited by the proprietors of certain newspapers to lend her abilities. That she had desired time to consider of their proposals, but was now determined; that she had, indeed, for some weeks past, administered helps to Old England, and the London Evening Post, and had occasionally furnished a few papers upon naval affairs in the Fool; but that the writers of those papers were so incorrigibly dull, that her bare intervention was of little use; she therefore declared, as the ministry had provoked her to plan their utter ruin, she would hesitate no longer to undertake the sole direction of them. That the advantages arising from such papers would treble those of the post I had lost; and that I ought to look upon myself as the happiest of men in having a head to my family who knew how to secure the emoluments of a husband by the very means that must save her dearer country from destruction.

My heart was overflowing with comfort at these assurances, when the visit of a friend interrupted the discourse. He condoled with me in the kindest

manner for the loss of my place; but how, Mr. Trott-Plaid, shall I express my astonishment when he assured me, upon his own knowledge, that my friend the clergyman, that friend I so dearly loved, was the person to whom I was indebted for this obligation! He told me that the business of this viper, during the time of his stay with us, was to pay his court to the administration, in which he so well succeeded as to obtain a promise of preferment. That, to perfect this promise, and to remove any suspicions they might possibly entertain of his principles, he had made a voluntary sacrifice of my wife and me; concluding that I was an avowed jacobite, and my wife the writer of every scurrilous pamphlet that had infested the public. I own to you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, upon this discovery I began to be ashamed of the part I had acted. It occurred to me that the principles of this man might possibly be as false as his friendship; but my wife conceived a different opinion. Bad practices, she said, were no proof of bad principles; hers she knew were right; and, however ill her friend might have treated her, his name and memory deserved respect, as by his means she was become a pillar of support to a falling nation.

I will not tire you, Mr. Trott-Plaid, with my wife's arguments, or my own submissions. The newspapers above mentioned have been ever since under her direction; but, whether from a want of taste in the public, or from a knowledge that they are the writings of a woman, the proposed advantages have fallen short, even of common subsistence. It is impossible to represent to you the distresses we have struggled with; but, what is the worst of all, I have the concern to see my children taught treason as soon as they can speak; and my little boy, just eight years old, the hopes of my family, is turned poet, and writes the verses, as he calls them, in the London Evening Post; he has just sent some lines on the eclipse* to the press. Dear sir, advise me what to do; for, though my wife hates you, and has often abused you in print, I am your affectionate friend and most humble servant, SIMON SUPPLE.

* These were printed in the London Evening Post of Saturday last, and are well enough for such a child.

THE

COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL.

BY

SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR, KNT.,

CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

No. 3. SATURDAY, *January* 11, 1752.

Majores nusquam rhonci; juvenesque, senesque,
Et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent. MART.

IN ENGLISH.

No town can such a gang of critics show;
Even boys turn up that nose they cannot blow.

By a record in the censor's office, and now in my custody, it appears that at a censorial inquisition, taken *Tricesimo qto. Eliz.* by one of my illustrious predecessors, no more than nineteen critics were enrolled in the cities of London and Westminster; whereas, at the last inquisition, taken by myself 25 *Geo. IIdi*, the number of persons claiming a right to that order appears to amount to 276,302.

This immense increase is I believe to be no otherwise accounted for than from the very blamable negligence of the last censors, who have indeed converted their office into a mere sinecure, no inquisition as I can find having been taken since the censorship of Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., in the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne.

To the same neglect are owing many encroachments on all the other orders of the society. That of gentlemen in particular I observe to have greatly increased, and that of sharpers to have decreased in the same proportion within these few years.

All these irregularities it is my firm purpose to endeavour at reforming, and to restore the high office with which I am invested to its ancient use and dignity. This, however, must be attempted with prudence and by slow degrees; for habitual and inveterate evils are to be cured by slow alteratives, and not by violent remedies. Of this the good emperor Pertinax will be a lasting example. "This worthy man," says Dion Cassius, "perished by endeavouring too hastily to reform all the evils which infested his country. He knew not, it seems, though otherwise a man of very great knowledge, that it is not safe, nor indeed possible to effect a reformation in too many matters at once: a rule which, if it holds true in private life, is much more so when it is applied to those evils that affect the public."

I thought it, therefore, not prudent in the hurry of my above inquisition to make any exceptions, but admitted all who offered to be enrolled. This is a method which I shall not pursue hereafter, being fully resolved to inquire into the qualifications of every pretender.

And that all persons may come prepared to prove their right to the order of critics, I shall here set down those several qualifications which will be insisted on before any will be admitted to that high honour. In doing this, however, I shall strictly pursue the excellent rule I have cited, and shall act with most perfect moderation: for I am willing to throw open the door as wide as I can, so that as few as possible may be rejected.

It is, I think, the sentiment of Quintilian, that no man is capable of becoming a good critic on a great poet, but he who is himself a great poet. This would, indeed, confine the critics on poetry, at least, to a very small number; and would, indeed, strike all the ancients, except only Horace and Longinus, off the roll; of the latter of whom, though he was no poet, Mr. Pope finely says,

Thee, great Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.

But with respect to so great a name as that of Quintilian, this rule appears to me much too rigid. It seems, indeed, to be little less severe than an injunction that no man should criticise on cookery but he who was himself a cook.

To require what is generally called learning in a critic is altogether as absurd as to require genius. Why should a man in this case, any more than in all others, be bound by any opinions but his own? Or why should he read by rule any more than eat

oy it? If I delight in a slice of bullock's liver, or of Oldmixon, why shall I be confined to turtle or to Swift?

The only learning therefore that I insist upon is, that my critic *be able to read;* and this is surely very reasonable; for I do not see how he can otherwise be called a reader; and if I include every reader in the name of critic, it is surely very just to confine every critic within the number of readers.

Nor do I only require the capacity of reading, but the actual exercise of that capacity; I do here strictly forbid any persons whatever to pass a definitive sentence on a book *before they have read at least ten pages in it*, under the penalty of being for ever rendered incapable of admission to the order of critics.

Thirdly, all critics who, from and after the first day of February next, shall condemn any book, shall be ready to give some reason for their judgment; nor shall it be sufficient for such critic to drivel out, "I don't know, not I; but all that I know is, I don't like it." Provided, nevertheless, that any reason, how foolish or frivolous soever, shall be allowed a good and full justification; except only the words *poor stuff, wretched stuff, bad stuff, sad stuff, low stuff, paltry stuff*. All which *stuffs* I do for ever banish from the months of all critics.

Provided also, that the last-mentioned clause do extend only to such critics as openly proclaim their censures; for it is our intention that all persons shall be at liberty to dislike privately whatever book they please, without understanding or reading one word of it, anything therein or herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

But, as it is reasonable to extend this power of judging for themselves no farther in this case of criticism than it is allowed to men in some others, I do here declare that I shall not for the future admit any males to the office of criticism till they be of the full age of eighteen, that being the age when the laws allow them to have a capacity of disposing personal chattels; for before that time they have only the power of disposing of themselves in the trifling article of marriage. Females, perhaps, I shall admit somewhat earlier, provided they be either witty or handsome, or have a fortune of five thousand pounds and upwards.

Together with childhood I exclude all other civil incapacities; and here I mean not only legal but real lunatics and idiots. In this number I include all persons who, from the whole tenor of their conduct, appear to be incapable of discerning good from bad, right from wrong, or wisdom from folly, in any instance whatever.

There are again some persons whom I shall admit only to a partial exercise of this office; as, for instance, rakes, beaux, sharpers, and fine ladies, are strictly forbidden, under penalty of perpetual exclusion, to presume to criticise on any works of religion or morality. All lawyers, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, are strictly forbidden to pass any judgment on those authors who attempt any reformation in law or physic. Officers of state, and would-be officers of state (honest men only excepted), with all their attendants and dependants, their placemen and would-be placemen, pimps, spies, parasites, informers, and agents, are forbidden, under the penalty aforesaid, to give their opinions of any work in which the good of the kingdom in general is designed to be advanced; but as for all pamphlets which anywise concern the great cause of Woodall Out and Takeall In, esqrs., full liberty is left to both parties; and the one may universally cry up and commend, and the other may universally censure and condemn, as usual. All critics offending against this clause are to be deemed infamous, and their several criticisms are hereby declared to be entirely void and of none effect.

No author is to be admitted into the order of critics until he hath read over and understood Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, in their original language; nor then without a testimonial that he hath spoken well of some living author besides himself.

Lastly, all persons are forbidden, under the penalty of our highest displeasure, to presume to criticise upon any of those works with which *we ourselves* shall think proper to oblige the public; and any person who shall presume to offend in this particular will not only be expunged from the roll of critics, but will be degraded from any other order to which he shall belong; and his name will be forthwith entered in the records of Grub-street.

ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

No. 4. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1752.

——Nanum cujusdam Atlanta vocamus:
Æthiopem Cygnum: parvam catortamque puellam
Europen. Canibus pigris scabieque vetusta
Lævibus, et siccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ
Nomen erit Pardus, Tigris, Leo; si quid adhuc est
Quod fremat in terris violentius. JUV. Sat. VIII.

"ONE may observe," says Mr. Locke, "in all languages, certain words, that, if they be examined, will be found, in their first original, and their appropriated use, not to stand for any clear and distinct ideas." Mr. Locke gives us the instances of *wisdom, glory, grace*. "Words which are frequent enough," says he, "in every man's mouth; but if a great many of those who use them should be asked what they mean by them, they would be at a stand, and not know what to answer: a plain proof that, though they have learned those sounds, and have them ready at their tongue's end, yet there are no determined ideas laid up in their minds which are to be expressed to others by them."

Besides the several causes by him assigned of the abuse of words, there is one which, though the great philosopher hath omitted it, seems to have contributed not a little to the introduction of this enormous evil. This is that privilege which divines and moral writers have assumed to themselves of doing violence to certain words in favour of their own hypotheses, and of using them in a sense often directly contrary to that which custom (the absolute lord and master, according to Horace, of all the modes of speech) hath allotted them.

Perhaps, indeed, this fault may be seen in somewhat a milder light (and I would always see the blemishes of such writers in the mildest). It may not, perhaps, be so justly owing to any designed opposition to custom as a total ignorance of it: an ignorance which is almost inseparably annexed to a collegiate life, and which any man, indeed, may venture to own without blushing.

But, whatever may be the cause of this abuse of words, the consequence is certainly very bad; for, whilst the author and the world receive different ideas from the same words, it will be pretty difficult for them to comprehend each other's meaning; and hence, perhaps, it is that so many gentlemen and ladies have contracted a general odium to all works of religion or morality; and that many others have been readers in this way all their lives without understanding what they read—consequently without drawing from it any practical use.

It would, perhaps, be an office very worthy the labour of a great commentator to explain certain hard words which frequently occur in the works of Barrow, Tillotson, Clark, and others of this kind

Such are *heaven, hell, judgment, righteousness, sin,* &c. All which, it is reasonable to believe, are at present very little understood.

Instead, however, of undertaking this task myself, at least at present, I shall apply the residue of this paper to the use of such writers only. I shall here give a short glossary of such terms as are at present greatly in use, and shall endeavour to fix to each those exact ideas which are annexed to every of them in the world; for, while the learned in colleges do, as I apprehend, consider them all in a very different light, their labours are not likely to do much service to the polite part of mankind.

A MODERN GLOSSARY.

Angel—The name of a woman, commonly of a very bad one.

Author—A laughing-stock. It means likewise a poor fellow, and in general an object of contempt.

Bear—A country gentleman; or, indeed, any animal upon two legs that doth not make a handsome bow.

Beauty—The qualification with which women generally go into keeping.

Beau—With the article A before it, means a great favourite of all women.

Brute—A word implying plain-dealing and sincerity; but more especially applied to a philosopher.

Captain } Any stick of wood with a head to it, and
Colonel } a piece of black riband upon that head.

Creature—A quality expression of low contempt, properly confined only to the mouths of ladies who are right bononrable.

Critic—Like *homo*, a name common to all the human race.

Coxcomb—A word of reproach, and yet, at the same time, signifying all that is most commendable.

Damnation—A term appropriated to the theatre; though sometimes more largely applied to all works of invention.

Death—The final end of man; as well of the thinking part of the body as of all the other parts.

Dress—The principal accomplishment of men and women.

Dulness—A word applied by all writers to the wit and humour of others.

Eating—A science.

Fine—An adjective of a very peculiar kind, destroying, or at least lessening, the force of the substantive to which it is joined; as fine gentleman, fine lady, fine house, fine clothes, fine taste—in all which *fine* is to be understood in a sense somewhat synonymous with useless.

Fool—A complex idea, compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity.

Gallantry—Fornication and adultery.

Great—Applied to a thing, signifies bigness; when to a man, often littleness or meanness.

Good—A word of as many different senses as the Greek word ἴχω, or as the Latin *ago;* for which reason it is but little used by the polite.

Happiness—Grandeur.

Honour—Duelling.

Humour—Scandalous lies, tumbling and dancing on the rope.

Judge } An old woman.
Justice }

Knave—The name of four cards in every pack.

Knowledge—In general, means knowledge of the town; as this is, indeed, the only kind of knowledge ever spoken of in the polite world.

Learning—Pedantry.

Love—A word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite objects of all our appetites.

Marriage—A kind of traffic carried on between the two sexes, in which both are constantly endeavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly losers in the end.

Mischief—Fun, sport, or pastime.

Modesty—Awkwardness, rusticity.

Nobody—All the people in Great Britain, except about 1200.

Nonsense—Philosophy; especially the philosophical writings of the ancients, and more especially of Aristotle.

Opportunity—The season of cuckoldom.

Patriot—A candidate for a place at court.

Politics—The art of getting such a place.

Promise—Nothing.

Religion—A word of no meaning, but which serves as a bugbear to frighten children with.

Riches—The only thing upon earth that is really valuable or desirable.

Rogue } A man of a different party from yourself.
Rascal }

Sermon—A sleeping-dose.

Sunday—The best time for playing at cards.

Shocking—An epithet which fine ladies apply to almost everything. It is, indeed, an interjection (if I may so call it) of delicacy.

Temperance—Want of spirit.

Taste—The present whim of the town, whatever it be.

Teasing—Advice; chiefly that of a husband.

Virtue } Subjects of discourse.
Vice }

Wit—Profaneness, indecency, immorality, scurrility, mimicry, buffoonery; abuse of all good men, and especially of the clergy.

Worth—Power, rank, wealth.

Wisdom—The art of acquiring all three.

World—Your own acquaintance.

No. 8. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1752.

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimi, balatrones; hoc genus omne.—HOR.
A motley mixture! in long wigs in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags.—DUNCIAD.

THE following is a literal copy of the fragment mentioned in my sixth paper. In what language it was originally writ is impossible to determine. To determine this would be, indeed, to ascertain who these Robinhoodians were; a point, as we shall show in our comment, of the utmost difficulty. From the apparent difference in the style and spelling of the translation, it seems to have been done into English by several hands, and probably in distant ages. I have placed my conjectures concerning some doubtful words at the bottom of the page, without venturing to disturb the text.

IMPORTINENT * QUESTIONS CUNSARNING RELIDGIN AND GUBERMINT, HANDYLED BY THE ROBINHOODIANS. March 8, 1751.

THIS evenin the qnestin at the Robinhood was, Whether relidgin was of any youse to a sosyaty; baken † bifor mee To'mmas Whytebred, baker.

James Skotchum, barber, spak as floweth: Sir, I ham of nplnion, that relidgin can be of no youse to any mortal sole; because as why, relidgin is no youse to trayd, and if relidgin be of no youse to trayd, how ist it yousefool to sosyaty? Now no body can deny but that a man maye kary on his trayd very wel without relidgin; nay, and better two, for then he maye wurk won day in a wik mor than at present; whereof no body can saye hut that seven is more than six: besides, if we haf no relidgin we

* Perhaps impertinent.
† I think this should be read *taken*, and the baker's being intent on his trade occasioned the corruption.

shall have no pairsuns,* and that will be a grate savin to the sosyaty; and it is a † maksum in trayd, that a peny sav'd is a peny got. Whereof—— The end of this speech seems to he wanting, as doth the beginuing of the next.

—— different opinion from the learned gentleman who spoke first to the question: First, I deuy that trade can he carried on without religion; for how often is the sanction of an oath necessary iu contracts, and how can we have oaths without religion? As to the gaining one day in seven, which the gentleman seems to lay much stress upon, I do admit it to be an argument of great force; hut I question, as the people have heen long used to idleness on that day, whether it would be easy to make them work upon it; and, consequently, if they had no churches to go to, whether they would not resort to some worse place. As to the expense of parsons, I cannot think it is prejudicial to the society in general; for the parsons are members of this society; and whether they who do hut little, or others who do nothing at all for their livelihood, possess their revenues, is a matter of no manner of concern to the puhlic. Indeed, what the gentleman says concerning the Dutch, I shall own is highly to the honour of those industrious people; and I question not but if religion was to interfere with any hranch of our trade, there is still so much good sense left in the nation, that we should presently sacrifice the shadow to the suhstance. But though some instances should occur in which religion may be prejudicial, it cannot be fairly argued from thence, that religion is therefore of no use to the society; and till that can be proved, I shall not give my vote for its aholition. But at present——*hammer down.*

Mr. MacFlourish, student. I shall with grete readiness undertake that task upon my seel.—Sir, the queestion, as I tak it, is, whether religion be of any use to society? And, sir, this is a queestion of that deguity, that grete emportance, that, when I conseder the matter of wheech I am to speke, the degnity of the odience before whom I am to speke, wen I refleect on the smallness of my own aheelities, weel may I be struck with the greetest awe and reveerence; for, sir, neither Demosthenes, nor Eschines, nor Cecero, nor Hortensius, ever handled a more emportant queestion; and, sir, should anything mishecoming drop from me on this grete occasion, thongh yonr candour, your heneevolenee, might encline you to extend an uumeerited attention, yet, sir, these walls, these stones, these boards, these very hracks, withute ears, withute a tongue, would tacitly express their endeegnation. Sir, it is a queestion, that whoever hath rede history, or deeved at all into the oxceelent mystery of politics, must confees, that all the grete pheelosophers, poets, orators, historians——*hammer down.*

Mr. Ocurry, solicitor. Upon my shoul I am very sorry now that the rules of this grate society forced the last very learned gentleman to sit down before he told us his opinion; hut, whatever it be, I am after heing of the saame. It is very true, upon my shoul, what he said, that it is a very grate question, and I do not well know fether I understand it as yet or no; hut this I think, that, if religion he a great hurt to the nation, I cannot for my shoul see where the good of it is. This I know very well, that there is a very good religion in Ireland, and they do call it the Roman catholic religion, and I am of it myself, thongh I don't very well know what it is. There is something about beads and masses, and patty-nosters, and ivy-marys, and I will fight for it as long as I am alive, and longer. And, upon my shoul, I will tell you a good thing; if you are afraid of your own religion, you may send for ours, for I know it will come; for father Patrick Ocain did tell me he would hring it along with him. Nay, he tould me that he had brought it hither before he did come himself. [At which there was a laugh.]

Mr. Giles Shuttle, weaver. I hope no gentleman will treat this thing as a jest, whereof I thinks it to be a very great matter of earuest. Whereof I don't much understaud your speeeh-making sort of work, hnt this I thinks, that I am as good a judge of these sort of matters, for I am worth a hundred pounds, and owes no man a farthing. Whereof I thinks I am as good a man as another; for why should not any other man have as much sense as a gentleman? I thinks I knows something of trade; that to he sure is the main article in every trading nation, wherehy——Here the first paper was hroke off. The second is as follows:—

Question.—Whether infinite power could make the world out of nothing?

The speakers to this question were, Mr. Thomas Tinderbox, the chandler; Mr. George White, boatswain's mate; Mr. Edward Peacock, victualler; Mr. Buge, the shoemaker; Mr. Goose, the tailor; Mr. Halt, the maker of pattens; and one great scholar, whose name I do not know.

It was urged, on the behalf of Infinite power, that we have no very adequate idea of it. That there are many things which we see are, and yet we cannot with any great certainty tell how they came to be. That, so far from our reason heing able to comprehend everything, some wise men have douhted whether we do with certainty comprehend anything. That, whatever we may think we know we do not know how we think. That either everything was made hy something out of nothing, or else nothing made everything either out of something or nothing. And, lastly, that infinite power might more reasonahly he supposed to create everything out of nothing, than no power at all could be supposed to make everything out of anything.

On the contrary it was well argued that nothing can he made out of nothing, for, *ex nihil*, O nothing is fit. That every day's experience must convince us of this; that hy Infinite power we only meant a very great degree of power, hut that, if the thing to he done be not the suhject of power, the smallest degree would be equal to the greatest. And it was urged with great force of wit and eloquence, by Mr. Goose, that the best tailor and the worst were alike unahle to make a coat without materials. That in this case a tailor with infinite power would be in the same condition with a tailor who had no power at all. And if so small a thing as a coat could not be made out of nothing, how could so large a thing as the world he cut out of the same no materials? The scholar gave a very good answer to what had heen offered concerning our ignorance of infinite power, and said, if he had no adequate idea of it, it was a good cause of disbelieving it; for, as reason was to be judge of all things, what was not the object of reason onght to be rejected hy it. He admitted that there were some things which did exist, and that we did not as yet know the manner in which they came to exist; hut it did not follow that such causes were above the reach of human reason, because she had not yet discovered them; for he made no donht hut that this society, hy means of their free inquiry after truth, would in the end discover the whole; and that the manner in which a man was made would be no more a mystery to posterity than it is to the present age how they make a pudding. He concluded with saying that some

* Read *parsons.* † Read *maxim.*

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very wise and learned men, who lived near three thousand years ago, had asserted that the world had existed from all eternity, which opinion seemed to solve all difficulties, and was, as it appeared, highly agreeable to the sentiments of the whole society.

Question.—Whether, in the opinion of this society the government did right in ——

Here ends this valuable fragment, on which I shall give my comment in my next paper.

No. 9. SATURDAY, February 1, 1752.

Die quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.—Virg.

Tell in what clime these people did appear,
And you shall be the laureat of next year.

It will be a very difficult matter to fix with any certainty at what place, and amongst what people, the Robinhood society was held, as we have not the least light to guess from what language the fragment which now remains to us was originally translated. Two things may be averred—that this society was held in some country where the people were extremely free; and, secondly, that it was in a country where that part of the community which the French call *la canaille* was at the head of public affairs.

From the latter of these circumstances it appears that these Robinhoodians cannot be placed among the Egyptians; for Diodorus Siculus, speaking of these people, tells us that, "Whereas in all democracies great injury is done to the state by the populace interfering in the public councils, the Egyptians very severely punished these artificers who presumed to meddle with matters of government."*

Nor can I ever believe that the question—Whether religion was of any use to society?—would ever have been supported amongst a people so highly devoted to superstition, that religion was indeed the foundation of their civil society.

The same objection will recur against placing this society in Athens; for though Pericles, in his speech to the Athenians, recorded in Thucydides, compliments his countrymen with being all politicians,—"Among us," says he, "even the mechanics are not inferior to their fellow-citizens in political knowledge,"†—yet, in a country where Socrates was put to death for attempting an innovation in religious matters, it is hard to believe that the dregs of the people would have been permitted to have questioned the very first principles of all religion with impunity.

And this objection will, I apprehend, hold likewise against all other states, not only those which we call civilised, but even the Tartars, Goths, Vandals, and Picts, &c., from the time they are recorded in history; none of these having been found without their deities, and without a very strong persuasion of the truth of some religion or other. And so far were they all from doubting whether religion was of any use, or, as the fragment hath it, *youse*, to the society, that they carried the images of their gods with them to war, and relied upon their favour and assistance for success in all affairs.

To say the truth, the only people now upon earth among whose ancestors I can suppose such an assembly to have been held are the inhabitants of a certain tract of land in Africa, bordering on the Cape of Good Hope, commonly known unto us by the name of the Hottentots.

I am, however, well aware that there are many objections to this opinion. First, that these Hottentots are supposed not to have any knowledge of religion at all, nor ever to have heard the name of the Divinity; whereas it appears manifestly that the Robinhoodians had some kind of religion even established in their country, and that the name of G—— was at least known among them.

It is unnecessary to observe, likewise, that the members of this society had more of the use of letters, and were better skilled in the rules of oratory, than the Hottentots can be conceived to have been; for as to the speech of Mr. MacFlourish, as well for the matter as for the eloquence of it, it might be spoken with great applause in many of our politest assemblies.

Upon the whole, therefore, I must confess myself entirely at a loss in forming any probable conjecture as to what part of the earth these Robinhoodians inhabited; not being able to trace the least footsteps of them in any history I have ever seen.

As to the time in which they flourished, the fragment itself will lend us some little assistance. It is dated 1 51; which figures I make no doubt should be all joined together, and then the only doubt will be from what era this reckoning began.

And here I think there can be no doubt but that the era intended was that of the general flood in the time of Noah, and that the Robinhoodians were some party of those people who are said, after the dispersion at Babel, to have been scattered over the face of the earth.

Those imperfect notions of religion which they appear to have entertained admirably well agree with this opinion; for it is very reasonable to suppose that such immediate interpositions of Providence, or, to speak more adequately, such denunciations of Divine vengeance, as were exemplified in the deluge and the dispersion at Babel, could scarce be so immediately eradicated as not to leave some little impression, some small sparks of religious veneration, in the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of those who had been spectators of such dreadful scenes; as, on the other hand, both sacred and profane history assures us that these sparks were very faint, and not sufficient to kindle any true devotion among them.

Again, as the fragment very plainly appears to have been translated by several hands, so may we very reasonably infer that it was translated out of as many various languages: another reason to fix the date of this assembly soon after the above-mentioned dispersion.

Lastly, the name of Robinhood puts the matter beyond all doubt or question; this word being, as a learned etymologist observed to me, clearly derived from the Tower of Babel; for the first, *Robin* and *Bobin* are allowed to be the same word: the first syllable then is *Bob*; change *o* into *a*, which is only a metathesis of one vowel for another, and you have *Bab*; then supply the termination *el* instead of *in* (for both are only terminations), and you have clearly the word *Babel*.

As for *h* in *hood*, it is known to be no letter at all, and therefore an etymologist may there place what letter he pleases, and why not a *t* as well as any other. Then change the final *d* into an *r*, and you have *toor*, which hath a better pretence than the known word *tor* to signify tower. Thus, by a few inconsiderable changes, the Robin-hood and Babel-tower, appear to be one and the same word.

Two objections have been made to the great antiquity of this fragment; the first is, that Ireland is mentioned in it, which, as Camden and others would make us believe, was not peopled till many ages after the era I have above mentioned; but these learned

* Diod. Sic. fol. 68. Edit. Rhod. Hannov. Πλείστας δὲ ταῖς δημοκρατουμέναις πόλεσιν, κ. τ. λ.

† Thucyd. lib. ii. c. 40 Καὶ τείχεσι πρὸς ἔργα στεφανίνεται, κ. τ. λ.

men are certainly in a mistake; for I am well assured that several Irish beggars, whose ancestors were dispossessed in the wars of the last century, are having now in their possession the title-deeds of their said estates from long before the times of Noah.

The other objection is, that the Dutch are likewise mentioned in the fragment—a people, as they are generally supposed, of a much later rise in the world than the period of time which I have endeavoured to assign to this society.

To this I answer, that, though that body of people who threw off the Spanish yoke in the time of the duke of Alva are extremely modern, yet are the Dutch themselves of very great antiquity, as hath been well proved by the learned Goropius Becanus from the history of Herodotus.

That historian tells us that one of the Assyrian kings, being desirous to discover who were the most ancient people, confined two children, a boy and a girl, till they were at the age of maturity, without suffering either of them to hear one articulate sound; having determined, I know not for what reason, that whatever language could claim their first word, the people speaking that language should be deemed the most ancient.

The word which was first pronounced by one of them was *beker*, which in the Phœnician tongue signifies bread; the Phœnicians were therefore concluded to have been the first planters of mankind.

Under this mistake the world continued many ages, till at last the learned Goropius discovered that the word beker, which in the Phœnician tongue signifies bread, did in the Dutch language signify a baker; and that, before bread was, a baker was: *Ergo*, &c.

And here I cannot help observing that this quotation, as it proves the antiquity of the Dutch, so it proves the great antiquity of bakers, to whose honour we may likewise read in Diodorus that Isis the wife of Osiris was immortalised among the Egyptians for having taught them the art of baking.

Succeeding ages, being unwilling to ascribe so great an honour to a woman, transferred it from her to her husband, and called him Bacchus, or, as it is more commonly by modern authors writ, Bakkus, and Bakus; which, being literally done into English by the change of the Latin termination, is Baker.

Indeed, it is very reasonable to imagine that, before the invention of cookery, the bakers were held in the highest honours, as the people derived from their art the greatest dainty of which their simple taste gave them an idea. And the great esteem in which cookery is held now may very well account for the preference given to bakers in those early ages, when these were the only cooks.

But if none of these reasons should be thought satisfactory to fix, with any absolute certainty, the exact era of this assembly, the following conclusions must be, I think, allowed by every reader:—

First, that some religion had a kind of establishment amongst these people.

Secondly, that this religion, whatever it was, could not have the least sway over their morals or practice.

Thirdly, that this society, in which the first principles of religion and government were debated, was the chief assembly in this country, and Mr. Whitebread, the baker, the greatest man in it.

And, lastly, I think it can create no manner of surprise in any one that such a nation as this hath been long since swept away from the face of the earth, and the very name of such a people expunged out of the memory of man.

No. 10. TUESDAY, February 4, 1752.

At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati.

HORACE.

In former times this tasteless, silly town
Too fondly prais'd Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown.

The present age seems pretty well agreed in an opinion, that the utmost scope and end of reading is amusement only; and such, indeed, are now the fashionable books, that a reader can propose no more than mere entertainment, and it is sometimes very well for him if he finds even this, in his studies.

Letters, however, were sure intended for a much more noble and profitable purpose than this. Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere jack-puddings, whose business it is only to excite laughter: this, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed and served up with graver matters, in order to titillate the palate, and to recommend wholesome food to the mind; and for this purpose it hath been used by many excellent authors: "for why," as Horace says, "should not any one promulgate truth with a smile on his countenance?" Ridicule indeed, as he again intimates, is commonly a stronger and better method of attacking vice than the severer kind of satire.

When wit and humour are introduced for such good purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the writer said to have succeeded in every point. Pleasantry (as the ingenious author of Clarissa says of a story) should be made only the vehicle of instruction; and thus romances themselves, as well as epic poems, may become worthy the perusal of the greatest of men: but when no moral, no lesson, no instruction, is conveyed to the reader, where the whole design of the composition is no more than to make us laugh, the writer comes very near to the character of a buffoon; and his admirers, if an old Latin proverb be true, deserve no great compliments to be paid to their wisdom.

After what I have here advanced I cannot fairly, I think, be represented as an enemy to laughter, or to all those kinds of writing that are apt to promote it. On the contrary, few men, I believe, do more admire the works of those great masters who have sent their satire (if I may use the expression) laughing into the world. Such are the great triumvirate, Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift. These authors I shall ever hold in the highest degree of esteem; not indeed for that wit and humour alone which they all so eminently possessed, but because they all endeavoured, with the utmost force of their wit and humour, to expose and extirpate those follies and vices which chiefly prevailed in their several countries.

I would not be thought to confine wit and humour to these writers. Shakspeare, Molière, and some other authors, have been blessed with the same talents, and have employed them to the same purposes. There are some, however, who, though not void of these talents, have made so wretched a use of them, that, had the consecration of their labours been committed to the hands of the hangman, no good man would have regretted their loss; nor am I afraid to mention Rabelais, and Aristophanes himself, in this number. For, if I may speak my opinion freely of these two last writers, and of their works, their design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all sobriety, modesty, decency, virtue, and religion, out of the world. Now, whoever reads over the five great writers first mentioned must either have a very bad head or a very bad heart if he doth not become both a wiser and a better man.

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In the exercise of the mind, as well as in the exercise of the body, diversion is a secondary consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable which is at the same time useful, to such noble purposes as health and wisdom. But what should we say to a man who mounted his chamber-hobby, or fought with his own shadow, for his amusement only? how much more absurd and weak would he appear who swallowed poison because it was sweet?

How differently did Horace think of study from our modern readers!

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum: Condo et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.

"Truth and decency are my whole care and inquiry. In this study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing that I can at any time draw forth my stores for my immediate use." The whole epistle, indeed, from which I have paraphrased this passage, is a comment upon it, and affords many useful lessons of philosophy.

When we are employed in reading a great and good author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the mind, will be of use to us on sundry occasions in our lives. If a man, for instance, should be overloaded with prosperity or adversity (both of which cases are liable to happen to us), who is there so very wise, or so very foolish, that, if he was a master of Seneca and Plutarch, could not find great matter of comfort and utility from their doctrines? I mention these rather than Plato and Aristotle, as the works of the latter are not, I think, yet completely made English, and, consequently, are less within the reach of most of my countrymen.

But perhaps it may be asked, will Seneca or Plutarch make us laugh? perhaps not; but if you are not a fool, my worthy friend, which I can hardly with civility suspect, they will both (the latter especially) please you more than if they did. For my own part, I declare, I have not read even Lucian himself with more delight than I have Plutarch; but surely it is astonishing that such scribblers as Tom Brown, Tom D'Urfey, and the wits of our age, should find readers, while the writings of so excellent, so entertaining, and so voluminous an author as Plutarch remain in the world, and, as I apprehend, are very little known.

The truth I am afraid is, that real taste is a quality with which human nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and so little known, that scarce two authors have agreed in their notions of it; and those who have endeavoured to explain it to others seem to have succeeded only in showing us that they know it not themselves. If I might be allowed to give my own sentiments, I should derive it from a nice harmony between the imagination and the judgment; and hence perhaps it is that so few have ever possessed this talent in any eminent degree. Neither of these will alone bestow it; nothing is indeed more common than to see men of very bright imaginations, and of very accurate learning (which can hardly be acquired without judgment), who are entirely devoid of taste; and Longinus, who of all men seems most exquisitely to have possessed it, will puzzle his reader very much if he should attempt to decide whether imagination or judgment shine the brighter in that inimitable critic.

But as for the bulk of mankind, they are clearly void of any degree of taste. It is a quality in which they advance very little beyond a state of infancy. The first thing a child is fond of in a book is a picture, the second is a story, and the third a jest. Here then is the true Pons Asinorum, which very few readers ever get over.

From what I have said it may perhaps be thought to appear that true taste is the real gift of nature only; and if so, some may ask to what purpose have I endeavoured to show men that they are without a blessing which it is impossible for them to attain?

Now, though it is certain that to the highest consummation of taste, as well as of every other excellence, nature must lend much assistance, yet great is the power of art, almost of itself, or at best with only slender aids from nature; and, to say the truth, there are very few who have not in their minds some small seeds of taste. "All men," says Cicero, "have a sort of tacit sense of what is right or wrong in arts and sciences, even without the help of arts." This surely it is in the power of art very greatly to improve. That most men, therefore, proceed no farther than as I have above declared, is owing either to the want of any, or (which is perhaps yet worse) to an improper education.

I shall probaoly, therefore, in a future paper, endeavour to lay down some rules by which all men may acquire at least some degree of taste. In the mean while, I shall (according to the method observed in inoculation) recommend to my readers, as a preparative for their receiving my instructions, a total abstinence from all bad books. I do therefore most earnestly entreat all my young readers that they would cautiously avoid the perusal of any modern book till it hath first had the sanction of some wise and learned man; and the same caution I propose to all fathers, mothers, and guardians.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a quotation of St. Paul from Menander. *Evil books corrupt at once both our manners and our taste.*

No. 17, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1752.

Credite, posteri. Hor.

Let posterity take my word for it.

It is a common expression with historians "That such and such facts will hardly be believed by posterity;" and yet these facts are delivered by them as undoubted truths, and very often affirmed upon their own knowledge.

But, what is much more astonishing, many of those very instances which are represented as difficult articles of truth by future ages did most probably pass as common occurrences at the time when they happened, and might seem scarce worthy of any notice to the generality of people who were eye-witnesses to the transactions.

The Cardinal de Retz, after relating the almost incredible distress of the then queen of England, who was likewise the daughter of France, and had not credit at Paris for a fagot to warm herself in the mouth of January, proceeds thus: "Nous avons horreur, en lisant les histoires, de lâchetés moins monstreuses que celle-là; et le peu de sentiment que je trouvais dans la plupart des esprits sur ce fait m'a obligé de faire, je crois, plus de mille fois cette reflexion: Que les exemples du passé touchent sans comparaison plus les hommes que ceux de leurs siecles. Nous nous accoutumons à tout ce que nous voyons; et je vous ai dit quelquefois, que je ne sais si le consulat du cheval de Caligula nous aurait autant surpris que nous nous l'imaginons."—"We are shocked, in reading history, at many less scandalous instances than this; and the little impression which I observed this made in the generality of men's minds at that time hath caused this reflection to recur to me a thousand times: That the examples

of former ages do beyond all comparison more sensibly affect us than those of our own times. Custom blinds us with a kind of glare to those objects before our eyes, and I have often doubted whether we should have been as much surprised at Caligula, when he made his horse a consul, as we are apt to imagine we should have been."

I can with truth declare that I have a thousand times reflected on the judicious discernment of this uncommon observation; the justice and excellence of which I will endeavour to illustrate to my reader, by taking once more a survey of that opinion which posterity may be reasonably supposed to entertain of the present times; and as I have formerly shown that they will probably, in some instances, believe much more than ourselves, so in others it is altogether as probable that they will believe less.

Without farther preface, then, let us suppose some great and profound critic, in the fortieth century, undertaking to comment on those historical materials relating to this kingdom with which that age may possibly furnish them; and in what manner may we conceive him more likely to write than in the following?—

ABSTRACT FROM HUMPHRET NEWMIXON'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

* * * * *

Desunt multa.

Though it is impossible to deliver anything with great certainty of those fabulous ages which a little preceded the time when universal ignorance began to overspread the face of the earth, and more especially prevailed in this island, till the restoration of learning, which first began in the thirty-sixth century; some few monuments of antiquity have however triumphed over the rage of barbarism, which may serve us to confute the horrid forgeries of that legendary Geoffry Bechard, who wrote about the year 3000.

This Geoffry, writing of the year 1751, hath the following words: "The Inglis bat set temps ware soe dicted to gameln, soe that severl off the grate menn yous'd to mak yt thee soal bisens off thayr lifa; hand knot unll thee messirs, hut also theyre ems, yous'd to splnd a hole dais hand knltts hatt thayr cartes. Les ems aussi blen ass messirs cheept thayre l'assemble forr thatt propos, hat whitch les fems hat perdus mundoy quelle thayres messirs rop koontri for get."

So far this bishop, who was reputed to be one of the most learned men of his age, *quia legere et scribere potebat*, says a contemporary author; but those who contend the most for his learning will be able, I am afraid, to say but little for his honesty; since all must allow that he was either deceived himself or hath endeavoured to deceive his readers; for I have now by me a record of undoubted antiquity, by which it appears that all kinds of gaming were, within a very few years before this period, of which this Geoffry writes, absolutely prohibited under the severest penalties. This law might indeed be infringed by some of the lowest of the people: and there is some reason to think it was so; for in a speech of George the Good, delivered from the throne in that very year 1751, a severe execution of the laws in this respect is recommended to the magistrate.

But that the great men, as the bishop says, should fly thus in the face, not only of those laws which they themselves made, but of their sovereign too, is too incredible to be imposed even on children.

Again, here is a reflection not only on the great men, but on the great ladies of those times, who are represented in a light, which I shall not affront the present virtuous and prudent matrons, their great grand-daughters in the seventieth descent, by mentioning. But how inconsistent is this character with what we find in the writings of sir Alexander Drawcansir, the only annalist of whose works any part hath descended to us, who, in one of his annals or journals, acquaints us that there was not a single lady in his time married who was not possessed of every qualification to make the marriage state happy!

The same authority is sufficient to contradict the absurd account which this Geoffry gives in another place of the ladies of those days; where he says that women of the first quality used to make nightly riots in their own houses. One passage is so ridiculous that I cannot omit it. The ladies of St. James's parish, says he, used to treat their company with drums; and this was thought one of their most elegant entertainments: some copies, I know, read drams, but the former is the true reading, nor would the letter much cure the absurdity.

A learned critic indeed of my acquaintance suspects that the above passage is corrupt, and proposes, instead of St. James's to read St. Giles's, and instead of drum to read dram; and then he says the above account will agree with a record of that age, by which it appears that the women of St. Giles's parish were notoriously addicted to dram-drinking at that time. And as for the word lady, he urges that it did not then, as it doth now, signify a woman of great rank and distinction, but was applied promiscuously to the whole female sex; to support which he produces a passage from sir Alexander Drawcansir, where the wife of a low mechanic is called a lady of great merit.

Another legend, recorded by our Geoffry, is sufficient of itself to destroy his credit. He tells us that a *herd of bucks* used to frequent all the public places; nay, he says that two or three such animals would sometimes venture among several thousands of gentlemen and ladies, and put them all into confusion and disorder. This is a very scandalous reflection on the gentlemen of those days; but it is at the same time so incredible that it needs no refutation.

The truth I believe is, that the bishop was a weak and credulous man, and very easily imposed upon, especially in those matters with which his function prevented him from being well acquainted. What he writes of their theatrical entertainments is beyond all measure ridiculous:—"De vurst a ulte of le play," says he, "d'author was a put a de stake sur on de theatre stage, dare des criticats dey palt at him, hyess him, catadecall him, off, off him, vor too dree heures. Dis he dam playe. Des critieats he de a perentice, klarque, hoo, huccuk, and gamamhler."

Now I will refer it to any one whether the historian can be conceived here to write of a civilised people, and such the Britons are allowed on all hands to have been at that time.

Monsieur de Belle Lettre, in his Mélange Critique, which he published in the year 3892, treats the whole history of this Geoffry as a romance; and, indeed, what is recorded in it concerning dogs seems sufficiently to favour this opinion. At this time, says Bechard, the chief learning among those people was among the dogs. Learning was then a common epithet to several of the canine species, and a great dispute was for a long time carried on between a French and English individual of this species. We know not in whose favour it was determined; but it is agreed on all hands that the question was, which was the most learned of the two. The historian adds that several of the most eminent writers

were of the canine kind, and were universally called mad dogs.*

The bishop concludes his history with these words: "Monstr. inered ten tousand pip. siffi nit. up got zee oostryche tap tonnobus, is pregados. dat socurn hypor hoperad abun, Idelonyeus quinto pur zin inmus fi fadon addili."

Which is so ridiculous a supposition, that I shall leave it with the reader without any remark.

No. 21. SATURDAY, March 14, 1752.

Est miserorum, ut malevolentes sint atque invideant bonis.
PLAUTUS.

It is a miserable state to be malevolent, and to envy good men.

I SHALL publish the following letter with the same design that the Spartans exposed drunken men to the view of their children. Examples may perhaps have more advantage over precepts in teaching us to avoid what is odious than in impelling us to pursue what is amiable. If the reader will peruse it with attention, he will, I conceive, discover in it a very useful moral; of which I shall give no farther hint than by desiring the reader not to be offended at the contradictions that occur in it.

MR. CENSOR,—When I first read the name of Axylus to a letter in your paper, though I easily perceived the writer to be a silly fellow, I little guessed who was the individual person; but in his second performance he hath been pleased to acquaint me who he is.

This fellow, sir, you are to know, I have employed every means in my power to persecute ever since I was acquainted with him; not because he is a fool (for I have no fixed quarrel with so numerous a body), but because he is in reality a good man.

You will, perhaps, think this a very strange confession; and so it would be if there was any possibility of your guessing from whom it came; but I have the satisfaction to be assured that, though I am actually known both to you and to your friend Axylus, I shall be the last person in the world to whom either of you will impute the character I shall here lay open. I well know that I pass upon you both, and a thousand other such wise people, for one of the best and worthiest men alive; for, as a late orator at the Robinhood said, "he had the honour to be an atheist," so I, sir, have the honour to be a most profound hypocrite. By which means I have universally obtained a good character, and perhaps a much better than what the silly Axylus hath acquired by really deserving it; for, as Plato remarks in the second book of his Republic, the just man and the unjust man are often reciprocally mistaken by mankind, and do frequently pass in the world the one for the other. The reason of which, as I take it, and as he in Plato indeed intimates, is, that the former are for the most part fools, and the latter are men of sense.

If I could so far prevail, however, as to deprive this Axylus of all the praise which he receives from his actions, and to show him in an opprobrious light to the world, I might perhaps be contented, and wish him ill no longer. And yet I am not positive that this would be the case; for what amends can it make to a man who sees his mistress in his rival's arms that the world in general are persuaded that he himself alone enjoys her? or could all the flattery of his courtiers, and all the Te Deums of his priests, satisfy Lewis the Fourteenth, and prevent his envying the duke of Marlborough? I am well apprised that the reputation of goodness is all which I aim at, and is all which a wise man would desire; notwithstanding which, I am convinced that praise sounds most harmonious to that ear where it finds an echo from within; nay, who knows the secret comforts which a good heart may dictate from within, even when all without are silent? I perceive symptoms of such inward satisfaction in Axylus, and for that reason I envy and hate him from the bottom of my soul.

You will perhaps say, why then do you not imitate him? Your servant, sir; shall I imitate a fool because I see him happy in his folly? for folly I am convinced it is to interest yourself in the happiness or in the concerns of others. Horace, who was a sensible writer, and knew the world, advises every man to roll himself up in himself, as a polished bowl, which admits of no rubs from without; and the old Greek, like a wise rogue, exclaims, "When I am dead, let the earth be consumed by fire. It is no concern of mine; all my affairs are well settled."

Here again it may be objected, why do you envy one whom you condemn as a fool? To this I own it is not easy to give an answer. In fact, nature hath moulded up with the wisest clay of man some very simple ingredients. Hence we covet those commendations which we know are seldom bestowed without a sneer, and which are annexed to characters that we despise. The truth I am afraid is, that I would willingly be this very man. That I have sometimes such a fear I confess to you, as I think it impossible you should ever guess from whence the confession comes; for I would not for ten thousand pounds that any man should know I had ever such a wish; nay, I would not for an equal sum know myself that I had it.

And from this fear, this suspicion (for I once more assure you and myself that it is no more than a suspicion), I heartily detest this Axylus. For this reason I have hitherto pursued him with the most inveterate hatred; have industriously taken every occasion to plague him, and have let slip no opportunity of ruining his reputation.

I am aware I may have let drop something which may lead you into an opinion that I really esteem this character, which I would endeavour to persuade you I despise; but, before I finish this letter, I flatter myself I shall place this fellow in so contemptible a light that I shall have no reason to apprehend your drawing any such conclusion.

First, notwithstanding all the secret comforts which Axylus pretends to receive from the energies of benevolence, as he calls them, I cannot persuade myself that there is really any pleasure in a good action. I must own to you I do not speak this absolutely on my own knowledge, for I do not remember to have done one truly good, benevolent action in my whole life. Indeed I should heartily despise myself if I had any such recollection.

And if there be no pleasure in goodness, I am sure there is no profit in it. This Axylus himself will, I doubt not, be ready to confess. No man hath ever made or improved, though many have injured, and some have destroyed, their fortunes this way.

In the last place, as to the motives which arise from our vanity, and which, as that very wise writer Mr. Mandevil observes, are much the strongest supports of what is generally called benevolence, I think to make the folly of doing good from such motives very plainly appear. I am far from being an enemy to praise, or from expressing that contempt for a good character which some have affected. But, surely, it becomes a man to purchase everything as cheap as he can. Now, why should he be at the pains and expense of being good in reality, when

* "Sad is synonymous with grave, wise. The judges were formerly called sad men of the law."

he may so certainly obtain all the applause he aims at merely by pretending to be so.

An instance of this I give you in myself, who, without having ever done a single good action, have universally a good character; and this I have acquired by only taking upon me the trouble of supporting one constant series of hypocrisy all my days.

Axylus, on the contrary, for want of undergoing this trouble, hath missed the praises he deserves. While he carelessly doth a hundred good actions, without being at the pains of displaying them, they are all overlooked by the world; nay, often by my means (for I am always watchful on such occasions) his most disinterested benevolence is seen in a disadvantageous light; and his goodness, instead of being commended, turns to his dishonour.

An example of this I saw the other day, when you published his last letter, where all that is said of an unhappy woman, drawn in to be guilty of the highest degree of wickedness by the most wicked and profligate of men, I am convinced flowed immediately from that compassion which is the constant energy of these good hearts. Now, sir, even this I turned against him. I represented it as a barbarous attempt to revile the character of a man before he had undergone his trial; and, can you believe it? such is the nature of man, I found some persons who could not, or would not, see the difference between concluding a person guilty who is in custody, and who is to undergo a legal disquisition into his crimes, and concluding one to be guilty of a fact for which he hath fled from justice, and who, even by the evidence given on oath in the solemn trial of another, appears to all the world to be guilty.

But perhaps it may be said, though the world in general do not commend your actions, still you are repaid for them sufficiently by having the esteem, the love, the gratitude, of those to whom they are done. To this purpose I will tell you a short story; the fact is true, and happened to Mr. Axylus himself.

That silly good man had done many great services to a private family. Indeed, the very bread they eat was for a long time owing to his foolish generosity, and at length, by his advice and assistance, this family was brought from a state of poverty and distress to what might be called affluence in their condition. I was acquainted with the whole scene, and often present at it, and indeed it was one of the pleasantest I ever saw; for, while the good man was rejoicing in his own goodness, and feeding his foolish vanity with fond conceits of the grateful returns which were made to him in the bosoms of the obliged, they, on the other side, were continually laughing at his folly amongst themselves, and flattering their own ingenuity with their constant impositions on his good-nature, and ascribing everything which they obtained of him to their own superior cunning and power of overreaching him.

When I had enjoyed this scene till I was weary of it, I was resolved to work myself another satisfaction out of it, by tormenting the man I hate. I accordingly communicated the secret to Axylus, and gave him almost demonstration of the truth of what I told him. He answered, with a smile, he hoped I was mistaken, but if not, he was answerable for the means only, and not for the end, and the very same day did a new favour to one of the family.

I will conclude by telling you that it was I who sent him the trial of Miss Blandy to vex him, and I hope you will print this letter, that he may have the plague of guessing at me, for I am sure he will guess wrong, and perhaps may fix on one of his best friends; which will be doing him a very great injury, and will, consequently, give great pleasure to, sir, yours. IAGO.

I cannot dismiss this letter without observing that, if there be really such a person as this writer describes himself, the possession of his own mind is a worse curse to him than he himself ever be able to inflict on the happy Axylus.

No. 23. SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1752.

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη· εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω,
Εἷς βασιλεύς, ᾧ ἔδωκε Κρόνου παῖς ἀγκυλομήτεω
Σκῆπτρόν τ' ἠδὲ θέμιστας, ἵνα σφίσιν ἰμβασιλεύῃ.

Hom.

——— Here is not allow'd
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.—POPE.

THOUGH of the three forms of government ledged in the schools, all have been very warmly opposed and as warmly defended, yet, in this point, the different advocates will, I believe, very readily agree, that there is not one of the three which is not greatly to be preferred to total anarchy; a state in which there is no subordination, no lawful power, and no settled government, but where every man is at liberty to act in whatever manner it pleaseth him best.

As this is in reality a most deplorable state, I have long lamented, with great anguish of heart, that it is at present the case of a very large body of people in this kingdom. An assertion which, as it may surprise most of my readers, I will make haste to explain, by declaring that I mean the fraternity of the quill, that body of men to whom the public assign the name of authors.

However absurd politicians may have been pleased to represent the *imperium in imperio*, it will here, I doubt not, be found on a strict examination to be extremely necessary; the commonwealth of literature being indeed totally distinct from the greater commonwealth, and no more dependent upon it than the kingdom of England is on that of France. Of this our legislature seems to have been at all times sensible, as they have never attempted any provision for the regulation or correction of this body. In one instance, it is true, there are (I should rather, I believe, say there were) some laws to restrain them; for writers, if I am not mistaken, have been formerly punished for blasphemy against God, and libels against the government; nay, I have been told that to slander the reputation of private persons was once thought unlawful here as well as among the Romans, who, as Horace tells us, had a severe law for this purpose.

In promulging these laws (whatever may be the reason of suffering them to grow obsolete) the state seems to have acted very wisely, as such kind of writings are really of most mischievous consequence to the public; but, alas! there are many abuses, many horrid evils, daily springing up in the commonwealth of literature, which appear to affect only that commonwealth, at least immediately, of which none of the political legislators have ever taken any notice; nor hath any civil court of judicature ever pretended to any cognisance of them. Nonsense and dulness are no crimes in *foro civili*: no man can be questioned for bad verses in Westminster-hall; and, amongst the many indictments for battery, not one can be produced for breaking poor Priscian's head, though it is done almost every day.

But though immediately, as I have said, these evils do not affect the greater commonwealth, yet, as they tend to the utter ruin of the lesser, so they have a remote evil consequence, even on the state itself; which seems, by having left them unprovided for, to have remitted them, for the sake of convenience, to the government of laws and to the superintendence of magistrates of this lesser com-

monwealtn; and never to have foreseen or suspected that dreadful state of anarchy which at present prevails in this lesser empire; an empire which hath formerly made so great a figure in this kingdom, and that, indeed, almost withiu our own memories.

It may appear strange that none of our English historians have spoken clearly and distinctly of this lesser empire; but this may be well accounted for when we consider that all these histories have been written hy two sorts of persoos; that is to say, either politicians or lawyers. Now, the former of these have had their imaginations so entirely filled with the affairs of the greater empire, that it is no wonder the husioess of the lesser should have totally escaped their observatiou. Aod as to the lawyers, they are well known to have been very little acquainted with the commouwealth of literature, and to have always acted and written in defiance to its laws.

From these reasons it is very diffieult to fix, with certaioty, the exact period when this commonwealth first began among us. Indeed, if the originals of all the greater empires upon earth, aud even of our own, be wrapped in such obscurity that they elude the inquiries of the most diligent sifters of antiquity, we cannot he surprised that this fate shonld attend our little empire, opposed as it hath been hy the pen of the lawyer, overlooked hy the eye of the historian, and never once smelt after by the nose of the antiquary.

In the earliest ages, the literary state seems to have been an ecclesiastical democracy; for the clergy are then said to have had all the learning among them; and the great reverence paid at that time to it hy the lalty appears from hence, that whoever could prove in a court of justice that he belonged to this state, hy only reading a single verse in the Testament, was vested with the highest privileges, and might do almost what he pleased; eveu commit murder with impnnity. And this privilege was called the benefit of the clergy.

This commonwealth, however, can scarce he said to have been in any flonrishing state of old time even among the clergy themselves; inasmuch as we are told that a reetor of a parish, going to law with his parishioners ahout paving the church, quoted this authority from St. Peter, *Paveant illi, non paveam ego.* Which he construed thus: "They are to pave the church, and not I." And this hy a judge, who was likewise an ecclesiastic, was allowed to be very good law.

The nohility had clearly no ancient connexion with this commonwealth, nor would suhmit to he bound hy any of its laws: witness that provision in an old act of parliament, "That a nohleman shall he entitled to the benefit of his clergy (the privilege above mentioned) even though he cannot read." Nay, the whole body of the laity, though they gave such honours to this commonwealth, appear to have been very few of them under its jurisdiction; as appears hy a law eited hy judge Rolls in his Abridgment, with the reason which he gives for it: "The command of the sheriff," says this writer, "to his officer, hy word of month and without writing, is good; for it may he that neither the sheriff nor his officer can write or read."

But not to dwell on these obscnre times, when so very little authentic can he found concerning this commonwealth, let us come at once to the days of Henry the Eighth, when no less a revolution happened in the lesser than io the greater empire; for the literary government became absolute, together with the political, in the hands of one and the same monarch; who was himself a writer, and dictated, not only law, hut common sense too, to all his people; suffering no one to write or speak hut according to his own will and pleasure.

After this king's demise, the literary commonwealth was again separated from the political; for I do not find that his successor on the greater throne succeeded him likewise in the lesser. Nor did either of the two queens, as I can learn, pretend to any authority in this empire, in which the Salique law hath universally prevailed; for though there have been some considerable subjects of the female sex in the literary commonwealth, I never remember to have read of a queen.

It is not easy to say with any great exactness what form of government was preserved in this commonwealth during the reigns of Edward VI., queen Mary, and queen Elizabeth; for though there were some great men in those times, none of them seem to have affected the throne of wit: nay, Shakspeare, who flourished in the latter end of the last reign, and who seemed so justly qualified to enjoy this crown, never thought of challenging it.

In the reign of James I. the literary government was an aristocracy, for I do not choose to give it the evil name of oligarchy, though it consisted only of four, namely, Master William Shakspeare, Master Benjamin Jonson, Master John Fletcher, and Master Francis Beaumont. This quadrumvirate, as they introduced a new form of government, thought proper, according to Machiavel's advice, to introduce new names; they therefore called themselves *The Wits*, a name which hath been affected since hy the reigning monarchs in this empire.

The last of this quadrumvirate enjoyed the government alone during his life; after which the troubles that shortly after ensued involved this lesser commonwealth in all the confusion and ruin of the greater, nor can anything be found of it with sufficient certainty till the *Wits*, in the reign of Charles II., after many struggles among themselves for superiority, at last agreed to elect John Dryden to he their king.

This king John had a very long reign, though a very unquiet one; for there were several pretenders to the throne of wit in his time, who formed very considerable parties against him, and gave him great uneasiness, of which his successor hath made mention in the following lines:

> Pride, folly, malice, against Dryden rose,
> In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux.

Besides which, his finances were in such disorder, that it is affirmed his treasury was more than once entirely empty.

He died, nevertheless, in a good old age, possessed of the kingdom of Wit, and was succeeded hy king Alexander, surnamed Pope.

This prince enjoyed the crown many years, and is thought to have stretched the prerogative much farther than his predecessor: he is said to have been extremely jealous of the affections of his subjects, and to have employed various spies, hy whom if he was informed of the least suggestion against his title, he never failed of branding the accused person with the word *dunce* on his forehead in broad letters; after which the unhappy culprit was obliged to lay hy his pen for ever, for no bookseller would venture to print a word that he wrote.

He did indeed put a total restraint on the liberty of the press; for no person durst read anything which was writ without his licence and approhation; and this licence he granted only to four during his reign, namely, to the celebrated Dr. Swift, to the ingenious Dr. Young, to Dr. Arhuthnot, and to one Mr. Gay, four of his principal courtiers and favourites.

But without diving any deeper into his character, we must allow that king Alexander had great merit as a writer, and his title to the kingdom of Wit was better founded at least than his enemies have pretended.

After the demise of king Alexander, the literary state relapsed again into democracy, or rather, indeed, into downright anarchy; of which, as well as of the consequences, I shall treat in a future paper.

No. 24. TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1752.

Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum.—Hor.

Trifling pursuits true wisdom casts away,
And leaves to children all their childish play.

THE mind of man is compared by Montaigne to a fertile field, which, though it be left entirely uncultivated, still retains all its genial powers, but, instead of producing anything lovely or profitable, sends forth only weeds and wild herbs of various kinds, which serve to no use or emolument whatsoever.

The human mind is, indeed, of too active a nature to content itself with a state of perfect rest or sloth. There are few men such arrant stocks or stones as to be always satisfied with idleness, or to come up to that description in Lucretius:—

Mortus est vita est prope jam vivo, atque videnti,
Qui somno partem majorem conterit ævi,
Et vigilans sterlit.

St. Paul describes these men better when, writing to the Thessalonians, he says, some of them are *μηδὲν ἐργαζόμενοι, ἀλλὰ περιεργαζόμενοι*: "Doing no work, but busying themselves in impertinence." Or, as the Latin author expresses the same sentiment, *Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens*: "Puffing and sweating to no purpose; employed about many things, and doing nothing."

The original of diversions is certainly owing to this active temper; for to what purpose were they calculated, but, as the very word in our language implies, to cast off idleness? than which, to the generality of mankind, there is not I believe a much heavier burthen.

But, if we look a little deeper into this matter, we shall find that there is implanted in our nature a great love of business, and an equal abhorrence of idleness. This discovers itself very early in children, most of whom, as I have observed, are never better pleased than when they are employed by their elders.

The same disposition we may perceive in men, in those particularly to whom fortune hath made business unnecessary, and whom nature very plainly appears never to have designed for any. And yet how common is it to see these men playing at business, if I may use the expression, and pleasing themselves all their lives with the imagination that they are not idle!

From this busy temper may be derived almost all the works with which great men have obliged the world. Hence it was that the great artifex Nero arrived at so great skill, as he himself tells us he did, in music; to which he applied with such unwearied industry on the stage, that several persons counterfeited death, in order to be carried out of the theatre from hearing him; for it would have been very unsafe for the *town* of Rome to damn his performances.

If Domitian had not been of a busy, as well as a cruel temper, he would never have employed so many hours in the ingenious employment of fly-spitting, which he is supposed to have brought to the highest degree of perfection of which the art is capable. Hence it is, so many industrious critics have spent their lives in all such reading as was never read, as Mr. Pope hath it; witness the laborious and all-read Dr. Zachary Grey, who, to compile those wonderful notes to his Hudibras, must have ransacked not only all the stalls, but all the trunks and handboxes, in the world.

Didymus, the grammarian, was another labourer of this kind. Seneca tells us "that he writ four thousand books; in some of which he inquires into the country of Homer; in others, who was the true mother of Æneas; whether Anacreon loved weeping or drinking most; whether Sappho was a common prostitute;" with other such learning, with which if you had already stuffed your head, your study ought to be how to get it out again.

Tiberius, wise as he was in policy, had a great inclination to this kind of knowledge. "He pursued it," says Suetonius, "*usque od ineptias et derisum, &c.*—to a degree of folly and ridicule; for he used to ask the grammarians, of whose company he was very fond, such kind of questions as these:—Who was the mother of Hecuba? By what name Achilles passed among the daughters of Lycomedes? What songs the Syrens used to sing?" &c.

Cardinal Chigi, who was afterwards pope Alexander VII., was a genius of this kind. He proclaimed a public prize for that learned man who could find a Latin word for the word chaise. He likewise spent seven or eight days in searching whether Musca, a fly, came from Mosco, or Mosco from Musca. De Retz, from whose memoirs I have taken this story, says that he had formerly discovered that the cardinal was *Homme de minutiis*; for that the said cardinal, in a discourse on the studies of his youth, had told De Retz that he had writ two years with the same pen.

I cannot omit the excellent remark of my author, though not to my present purpose. "It is true," says he, "this is but a trifle; but I have often observed that little things afford us truer symptoms of the dispositions of men than great ones."

What but the utmost impatience of idleness could prompt men to employ great pains and trouble, and expense too, in making large collections of butterflies, pebbles, and such other wonderful productions; while others from the same impatience have been no less busy in hunting after monsters of every kind, as if they were at enmity with Nature and desirous of exposing all her errors.

The Greeks have a word for this industry. They call it *Κνιστοσυδία*: and oftener *Πολυπραγμοσύνη*. Neither of which words I can translate without a periphrasis. By both is meant a vain curiosity and diligence in trifles.

I make no doubt but that the same industry would often make a man of a moderate capacity a very competent master of some notable science, which hath made him a proficient in some contemptible art or rather knack. The dexterous juggler might have made a complete mechanic. The same labour, and perhaps the same genius, which brings a man to a perfection at the game of chess, would make a great proficiency in the mathematics. Many a beau might have been a scholar if he had consulted books with the same attention with which he hath consulted a looking-glass; and many a fox-hunter might, to his great honour, have pursued the enemies of his country with less labour and with less danger than he hath encountered in the pursuit of foxes.

I am almost inclined to think that, if a complete history could be compiled of the eminent works of the *Κνιστοσυδοι*, the triflers, it would manifestly appear, that more labour and pains, more time (I had almost said more genius), have been employed in

the service of folly than have been employed by the greatest men in inventing and perfecting the most erudite and consummate works of art or wisdom.

I will conclude this paper with a passage from the excellent and truly learned doctor Barrow, which gives a very serious but very just turn to this subject.

"*Aliud agere*, to be impertinently busy, doing that which conduceth to no good purpose, is in some respect worse than to do nothing, or to forbear all action; for it is a positive abuse of our faculties and trifling with God's gifts: it is throwing away labour and care, things valuable in themselves; it is often a running out of the way, which is worse than standing still; it is a debasing our reason, and declining from our manhood; nothing being more foolish or childish than to be solicitous and serious about trifles; for who are more busy and active than children? Who are fuller of thoughts and designs, or more eager in prosecution of them, than they? But all is about ridiculous toys, the shadows of business, suggested to them by apish curiosity and imitation. Of such industry we may understand that of the preacher, 'The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them;' for that a man soon will be weary of that labour which yieldeth no profit or beneficial return."

No. 33. SATURDAY, April 23, 1752.

Odi profanum vulgus. Hor.
I hate profane rascals.

Sir,—In this very learned and enlightened age, in which authors are almost as numerous as booksellers, I doubt not but your correspondents furnish you with a sufficient quantity of waste paper. I perhaps may add to the heap; for, as men do not always know the motive of their own actions, I may possibly be induced, by the same sort of vanity as other puny authors have been, to desire to be in print. But I am very well satisfied with you for my judge, and if you should not think proper to take any notice of the hint I have here sent you, I shall conclude that I am an impertinent correspondent, but that you are a judicious and impartial critic. In my own defence, however, I must say that I am never better pleased than when I see extraordinary abilities employed in the support of His honour and religion, who has so bountifully bestowed them. It is for this reason that I wish you would take some notice of the character, or rather story, here sent you. In my travels westward last summer I lay at an inn in Somersetshire, remarkable for its pleasant situation and the obliging behaviour of the landlord, who, though a downright rustic, had an awkward sort of politeness arising from his good-nature that was very pleasing, and, if I may be allowed the expression, was a sort of good-breeding undressed. As I intended to make a pretty long journey the next day, I rose time enough to behold that glorious luminary the sun set out on his course, which, by-the-by, is one of the finest sights the eye can behold; and, as it is a thing seldom seen by people of fashion, unless it be at the theatre at Covent-garden, I could not help laying some stress upon it here. The kitchen in this inn was a very pleasant room; I therefore called for some tea, sat me in the window that I might enjoy the prospect which the country afforded, and a more beautiful one is not in the power of imagination to frame. This house was situated on the top of a hill; and for two miles below its meadows, enlivened with variety of cattle, and adorned with a greater variety of flowers, first caught my sight. At the bottom of this vale ran a river which seemed to promise coolness and refreshment to the thirsty cattle. The eye was next presented with fields of corn that made a kind of an ascent which was terminated by a wood, at the top of which appeared a verdant hill situate as it were in the clouds where the sun was just arrived, and, peeping o'er the summit, which was at this time covered with dew, glided it over with his rays and terminated my view in the most agreeable manner in the world. In a word, the elegant simplicity of every object round me filled my heart with such gratitude, and furnished my mind with such pleasing meditations, as made me thank Heaven I was born. But this state of joyous tranquillity was not of long duration: I had scarce begun my breakfast when my ears were saluted with a genteel whistle, and the noise of a pair of slippers descending the staircase; and soon after I beheld a contrast to my former prospect, being a very beauish gentleman, with a huge laced hat on, as big as Pistol's in the play; a wig somewhat dishevelled, and a face which at once gave you a perfect idea of emptiness, assurance, and intemperance. His eyes, which before were scarce open, he fixed on me with a stare which testified surprise, and his coat was immediately thrown open to display a very handsome second-hand gold-laced waistcoat. In one hand he had a pair of saddle-bags, and in the other a hanger of mighty size, both of which, with a graceful G—d d—n you, he placed upon a chair. Then, advancing towards the landlord, who was standing by me, he said, "By G—d, landlord, your wine is damnable strong." "I don't know," replied the landlord; "it is generally reckoned pretty good, for I have it all from London." —"Pray, who is your wine-merchant?" says the man of importance. "A very great man," says the landlord, "in his way; perhaps you may know him, sir; his name is Kirby." "Ah! what honest Tom? he and I have cracked many a bottle of claret together; he is one of the most considerable merchants in the city; the dog is hellish poor, damnable poor, for I don't suppose he is worth a farthing more than a hundred thousand pound; only a plum, that's all; he is to be our lord-mayor next year." "I ask pardon, sir, that is not the man, for our Mr. Kirby's name is not Thomas but Richard." "Ay!" says the gentleman, "that's his brother; they are partners together." "I believe," says the landlord, "you are out, sir, for that gentleman has no brother." "D—n your nonsense, with you and your onts!" says the beau; "as if I should not know better than you country puts; I who have lived in London all my lifetime." "I ask a thousand pardons," says the landlord; "I hope no offence, sir." "No, no," cries the other; "we gentlemen know how to make allowance for your country breeding." Then stepping to the kitchen-door, with an audible voice he called the ostler, and in a very graceful accent said, "D—n your blood, you cock-eyed son of a bitch, bring me my boots! did not you hear me call?" Then turning to the landlord said, "Faith! that Mr. What-de-callum, the exciseman, is a damned jolly fellow." "Yes, sir," says the landlord, "he is a merryish sort of a man." "But," says the gentleman, "as for that schoolmaster, he is the queerest bitch I ever saw; he looks as if he could not say boh to a goose." "I don't know, sir," says the landlord; "he is reckoned to be a desperate good scholiard about us, and the gentry likes him vastly, for he understands the measurement of land and timber, knows how to make dials and such things; and for ciphering, few can outdo 'en." "Ay!" says the gentleman, "he does look like a cipher indeed, for he did not speak three words all last night." The ostler now produced the boots, which the gentleman taking in his hand, and having placed

himself in the chair, addressed in the following speech: "My good friends, Mr. Boots, I tell you plainly that, if you plague me so damnably as you did yesterday morning, by G— I'll commit you to the flames; stap my vitoals! as my lord Huntingdon says in the play." He then looked full in my face, and asked the landlord if he had ever been at Drury-lane playhouse; which he answered in the negative. "What!" says he, "did you never hear talk of Mr. Garrick and king Richard?" "No, sir," says the landlord. "By G—," says the gentleman, "he is the cleverest fellow in England." He then spouted a speech out of King Richard, which begins, "Give me a horse," &c. "There," says he, "that, that is just like Mr. Garrick." Having pleased himself vastly with this performance, he shook the landlord by the hand with great good-humour, and said, "By G— you seem to be an honest fellow, and good blood; if you'll come and see me in London, I'll give you your skinful of wine, and treat you with a play and a whore every night you stay. I'll show you how it is to live, my boy. But here, bring us some paper, my girl; come, let us have one of your love-letters to air my boots." Upon which the landlord presented him with a piece of an old newspaper. "D—n you!" says the gent., "this is not half enough; have you never a Bible or Common Prayer-book in the house? Half a dozen chapters of Genesis, with a few prayers, make an excellent fire in a pair of boots." "Oh! Lord forgive you!" says the landlord; "sure you would not burn such books as those?" "No!" cries the spark; "where was you born? Go into a shop of London and buy some butter or a quartern of tea, and then you'll see what use is made of these books." "Ay!" says the landlord, "we have a saying here in our country that 'tis as sure as the devil is in London, and if he was not there they could not be so wicked as they be." Here a country fellow who had been standing up in one corner of the kitchen eating of cold bacon and beans, and who, I observed, trembled at every oath this spark swore, took his dish and pot, and marched out of the kitchen, fearing, as I afterwards learned, that the house would fall down about his ears, for he was sure, he said, "That man in the gold-laced hat was the devil." The young spark, having now displayed all his wit and humour, and exerted his talents to the utmost, thought he had sufficiently recommended himself to my favour and convinced me he was a gentleman. He therefore with an air addressed himself to me, and asked me which way I was travelling? To which I gave him no answer. He then exalted his voice; but, at my continuing silent, he asked the landlord if I was deaf. Upon which the landlord told him he did not believe the gentleman was dumb, for that he talked very well just now. The man of wit whispered in the landlord's ear, and said, "I suppose he is either a parson or a fool." He then drank a dram, observing that a man should not cool too fast; paid sixpence more than his reckoning, called for his horse, gave the ostler a shilling, and galloped out of the inn, thoroughly satisfied that we all agreed with him in thinking him a clever fellow and a man of great importance. The landlord, smiling, took up his money, and said he was a comical gentleman, but that it was a thousand pities he swore so much; if it was not for that he was a very good customer, and as generous as a prince, for that the night before he had treated everybody in the house. I then asked him if he knew that comical gentleman, as he called him? "No, really, sir," said the landlord, "though a gentleman was saying last night that he was a sort of rider or rideout to a linendraper at London." This, Mr. Censor, I have since found to be true; for, having occasion to buy some cloth, I went last week into a linendraper's shop, in which I found a young fellow whose decent behaviour and plain dress showed he was a tradesman. Upon looking full in his face I thought I had seen it before; nor was it long before I recollected where it was, and that this was the same beau I had met with in Somersetshire. The difference in the same man in London, where he was known, and in the country, where he was a stranger, was beyond expression; and, was it not impertinent to make observations to you, I could enlarge upon this sort of behaviour; for I am firmly of opinion that there is neither spirit nor good sense in oaths, nor any wit or humour in blasphemy. But as vulgar errors require an abler pen than mine to correct them, I shall leave that task to you, and am, sir, your humble servant,

R. S.

No. 34. TUESDAY, April 28, 1752.

Natio comœda est.—Juvenal.

We are a nation of players.

It is the advice of Solomon, to train up a child in the way he shall go; and this, in the opinion of Quintilian, can never be undertaken too early. He, indeed, begins his institution even with the very nurse.

The wise man here very plainly supposes a previous determination in the parent in what way he intends his child shall go; for without having fixed this with certainty it will be impossible for any man to fulfil the precept.

Now all the ways of life in which, in this country, men walk themselves, and in which they so manifestly intend to train their children, seem to me to be reducible to two; viz. the way of spending an estate, and the way of getting one. These may indeed, in this sense, be called the two great high roads in this kingdom.

As to the former, it is much the less beaten and frequented track, as it requires a certain viaticum obvious to the reader, which is not in the possession of every one: in this way, therefore, the eldest sons of great families, and heirs of great estates, can only be trained. The methods of training here are no more than two-fold, both very easy and apposite; it is therefore no wonder that they are both pursued with very little deviation by almost every parent. The one, which is universally practised in the country, contains very few rules, and these extremely simple; such as drinking, racing, cockfighting, hunting, with other rural exercises. The other, which is proper to the town, and indeed to the higher people, is somewhat more complex. This includes dancing, fencing, whoring, gaming, travelling, dressing, French connoisseurship, and perhaps two or three other less material articles.

But the great and difficult point is that of training youth in the other great road, namely in the way to get an estate. Here, as in our journey over vast and wide plains, the many different tracts are apt to beget uncertainty and confusion, and we are often extremely puzzled which of these to choose for ourselves, and which to recommend to our children.

The most beaten tracks in this road are those of the professions, such as the church, the law, the army, &c. In some one of these the younger children of the nobility and gentry have usually been trained, often with very ill success; arising sometimes from a partial opinion of the talents of

the child, and more often from flattering ourselves with hopes of more interest with the great than we have really had.

To all these professions many things may be objected, as we shall presently see, when we compare them with a path in life which I am about to recommend to my reader, and which we shall find clear from most of the objections that may be raised against any other.

Without farther preface, the way of life which I mean to recommend is that of the stage, in which I shall hope for the future to see several of our young nobility and gentry trained up, and particularly those of the most promising parts.

In the first place then, the stage at present promises a much better provision than any of the professions; for though perhaps it is true that there are in the church, the law, the state, the army, &c., some few posts which yield the professors greater profit than is to be acquired on the stage, yet these bear no proportion to the infinite numbers who are trained in the several professions, and who almost literally starve. The income of an actor of any rank is from six to twelve hundred a-year; whereas, that of two-thirds of the gentlemen of the army is considerably under one hundred; the income of nine-tenths of the clergy is less than fifty pounds a-year; and the profits in the law, to ninety-nine in a hundred, amount not to a single shilling.

And as for those few posts of great emolument, upon which we all cast our eyes, as the adventurers in a lottery do on the few great prizes, if we impartially examine our own abilities, how few of us shall dare to aspire so high! whereas on the stage scarce any abilities are required, and we see men whom nobody allows to deserve the name of actors enjoying salaries of three, four, and five hundred a-year.

Again, if we consider the great pains and time, the head-achs and the heart-achs, which lead up to the top of either the army or the law—

> Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
> Multa tulit, fecitque puer—

this consideration will sufficiently discourage our attempts, especially when, on the other hand, we may on the stage leap all at once into eminence; and, if we expect no more than four or five hundred pounds for the first year of our acting, our demands will be thought modest.

And farther, in any of the professions all our abilities will be thrown away, and all our time and labour lost, unless we have other ingredients to recommend us. Unless we have some powerful friend or relation, or some beautiful wife or sister, we shall never procure an opportunity of showing the world what we are; whereas to the stage no interest is necessary to introduce you. The publishing the name of a gentleman who never acted before in the playbills will fill the house as surely as if he proposed to get into a bottle, and no manager is ashamed of putting you at first into any of his principal parts.

And if we view this in the light of ambition, the stage will have no less advantage over the professions. To personate a great character three hours in the twenty-four is a matter of more consequence than it is generally esteemed. The world itself is commonly called a stage; and in the eye of the greatest philosophers the actions in both appear to be equally real and of equal consequence. Where then is the mighty difference between personating a great man on the great theatre, or on the less? In both cases we often assume that character when it doth not really belong to us, and a very indifferent player acts it sometimes better than his right honourable brother, and with ten thousand times the applause.

It was not therefore without reason that our worthy laureat, in the excellent apology for his life, gave thanks to Providence that he did not in his youth betake himself either to the gown or the sword. Wise, indeed, as well as happy, was his choice, as many of his contemporaries, whose ill stars led them to the way of those professions, had the question been put to them on their death-bed, must have acknowledged. How many of these his contemporaries who have professed the laws or religion of their country; how many others who have fought its battles, after an obscure and wretched life of want and misery, have bequeathed their families to the stalls and the streets!

That the reverse hath been the fate of this gentleman I need not mention, and am pleased to think. And yet in the days of his acting, nothing like to the present encouragement was given on the stage. Mrs. Oldfield herself (as I have been informed) had not half the theatrical income of our present principal actresses. To what greater height it may rise I know not; but, from the present flourishing condition of the stage, and from the proportionable decline of the learned professions, I think it may be prophesied that it will be as common hereafter to say that such a particular estate was got by the stage as it was formerly to see great houses rise by the law.

No. 35. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1752.

> Ἀπόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς
> Ὁ τὸν ἔρχεσθαι φιλήσας,
> Διὰ τοῦτο νῦν ἀδικῶς
> Διὰ τοῦτο δ' οὐ τακείς·
> Πόλιμος, φέρει δ' αὐτός.—ANACREON.

[See the translation afterwards.]

TO SIR ALEXANDER DRAWCANSIR.

Bedlam, April 1, 1752.

SIR,—I make no question but before you have read half through my letter you will be surprised at its being dated as above; and may perhaps agree with the conclusion which I have made long ago, that this place is set apart by the English for the confinement of all those who have more sense than the rest of their countrymen.

However that be, I shall begin by telling you very bluntly that, if you really intend to bring about any reformation in this kingdom, you will certainly miss your end, and for this simple reason, because you are absolutely mistaken in the means.

Physicians affirm that, before any vicious habits can be repaired in the natural constitution, it is necessary to know and to remove their cause. The same holds true in the political. Without this, in both instances we may possibly patch up and palliate, but never can effectually cure.

Now, sir, give me leave to say, you do not appear to me to have in the least guessed at the true source of all our political evils, neither do you seem to be in any likelihood of ever acquiring even a glimpse of any such knowledge. It is no wonder, therefore, that, instead of pursuing the true method of cure, you should more than once, in the course of your lucubrations, have thrown out hints which would actually tend to heighten the disease.

Know then, sir, that it is I alone who have penetrated to the very bottom of all the evil. With infinite pains and study I have discovered the certain cause of all that national corruption, luxury, and immorality, which have polluted our morals; and

of consequence it is I alone who am capable of prescribing the cure.

But, when I lay this sole claim to such discovery, I would be understood to have respect only to the moderns. To the philosophers among the ancients, and to some of their poets, I am well apprised that this invaluable secret was well known, as I could prove by numberless quotations. It occurs, indeed, so very often in their works, that I am not a little surprised how it came to escape the observation of a gentleman who seems to have been so conversant with those illustrious lamps of real knowledge and learning.

Without farther preface then, what is the true fountain of that complication of political diseases which infests this nation, but money? Money! which, as the Greek poet says in my motto, "May he perish that first invented; for this it is which destroys the relation of brother and of parent, and which introduces wars and every kind of bloodshed into the world."

If this be granted, as it surely must, where is the remedy? Is it not to remove the fatal cause, by extirpating this poisonous metal, this Pandora's box, out of the nation?

But though the advantages arising from this abolition are, in my opinion, extremely self-evident, yet, as they may possibly not strike with equal force upon the minds of others, since no man hath in my memory given the least obscure hint of such a project, I shall mention some few of the greatest; and, to avoid a commonplace of those authors I have above mentioned, I shall confine myself to such instances as particularly affect this country.

First, then, it would effectually put an end to all that corruption which every man almost complains of, and of which every man almost partakes; for by these means those contentions which have begun and continued this corruption, and which always will continue it, will immediately subside. The struggle will be then, not who shall serve their country in great and difficult posts and employments, but who shall be excused from serving it; and the people, being left to themselves, will always fix upon the most capable, who, by the fundamental laws of our constitution, will be compelled to enter into their service. Thus a certain method called election, which is of very singular use in a nation of freedom, will be again revived; otherwise it may possibly sink only to a name.

For though I admit it possible that bare ambition may incite some persons to attempt employments for which they are utterly unfit, yet the very powers of bribery would be thus taken away, or would be rendered so public that it would then be easily within the power of the law to suppress it; for no man could distribute a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep in private.

Secondly, this method would effectually put a stop to luxury, or would reduce it to that which was the luxury of our ancestors, and which may more properly be called hospitality.

Thirdly, it would be of the highest advantage to trade, for it would prevent our dealing any longer with those blood-sucking nations who take not our own commodities in barter for theirs. This kind of traffic I might perhaps be expected to speak more favourably of, as it so plainly tends to remove the evil of which I complain, and in process of time would possibly effect that excellent purpose. But I must observe that, however advantageous the end may be, the means are not so advisable; nay, if we suffer any money to remain among us, I think there may be good reasons showed why we should retain as much as we can. It is often, indeed, mischievous to do that by halves, which it would be highly useful to do effectually; for this must certainly be allowed, that, while money is permitted to be the representative of all things, as it is at present, none but a nation of idiots would constantly put it into the hands of their enemies.

Fourthly, it would restore certain excellent things, such as piety, virtue, honour, goodness, learning, &c., all which are totally abolished by money, or so counterfeited by it that no one can tell the true from the false; the word rich, indeed, is at present considered to signify them all; but of this enough may be found in the old philosophers and poets whom I have before mentioned.

Again, how desirous would the lawyers be to put a speedy end to a suit, or the physical people to a disease, if once my scheme should take place! It may be said, indeed, that they would then carry away men's goods and chattels, as they do now from those who have no money; but I answer that this is done in order to convert them into money; for otherwise they would hardly admit the ragged and lousy bed of a poor wretch into their houses.

For the same reason my scheme would effectually put an end to all robberies; a matter which seems so much to puzzle the legislature; for, though our goods are sometimes stolen as well as our money, yet the former are only taken in order to convert them into the latter. It is not the use but the value of a watch, snuff-box, or ring, that is considered by the robber, who always thinks with Hudibras,—

> What is the worth of anything
> But so much money as 'twill bring?

I shall add but one particular more—which is, that my scheme would most certainly provide for the poor, and that by an infallible (perhaps the only infallible) method, by removing the rich. Where there are no rich there will of consequence be found no poor; for Providence hath in a wonderful manner provided in every country a plentiful subsistence for all its inhabitants; and where none abound none can want.

Having long meditated on this excellent scheme—so long that, if you will believe some people, I have cracked my brain—I was resolved to acquit myself, and to show, by way of example, how fully I was convinced of the truth of my principles. I therefore converted an estate of three hundred pounds a-year into money; of this I put a competent sum in my pocket, and took my next heir with me upon the Thames, where I began to unload my pockets into the water. But I had scarce discharged three handsful before my heir seized me, and, with the assistance of the waterman, conveyed me back to shore. I was, for a day, secured in an apartment of my own house; and thence the next morning, by a conspiracy among my relations, brought hither, where I am like to remain till the rest of mankind return to their senses.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

MISAROURUS.

No. 37. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1752.

Scilicet in vulgus manant exempla regentum.
CLAUDIAN.

The creatures will endeavour to ape their betters.

THERE are many phrases that custom renders familiar to our ears, which, when looked into and closely examined, will appear extremely strange, and of which it must greatly puzzle a very learned etymologist to account for the original.

Of this sort is the term *people of fashion*: an expression of such very common use, and so universally understood, that it is entirely needless to set

down here what is meant by it; but how it first acquired its present meaning, and became a title of honour and distinction, is a point, I apprehend, of no small difficulty to determine.

I have on this occasion consulted several of my friends who are well skilled in etymology. One of these traces the word fashion through the French language up to the Latin. He brings it from the verb *facio*, which, among other things, signifies *to do*. Hence he supposes *people of fashion*, according to the old derivation of *lucus à non lucendo*, to be spoken of those who do nothing. But this is too general, and would include all the beggars in the nation.

Another carries the original no farther than the French word *façon*, which is often used to signify affectation. This likewise will extend too far, and will comprehend attorneys' clerks, apprentices, milliners, mantua-makers, and an infinite number of the lower people.

A third will bring fashion from φάσις. This, in the genitive plural, makes φάσεων, which, in English, is the very word. According to him, by people of fashion are meant people whose essence consisteth in appearances, and who, while they seem to be something, are really nothing.

But, though I am well apprised that much may be said to support this derivation, there is a fourth opinion, which, to speak in the proper language, hath yet a more smiling aspect. This supposes the word fashion to be a corruption from fascination, and that these people were formerly believed by the vulgar to be a kind of conjurors, and to possess a species of the black art.

In support of this opinion my friend urges the use which these people have always made of the word circle, and the pretence to be enclosed in a certain circle, like so many conjurors, and by such means to keep the vulgar at a distance from them.

To this purpose likewise he quotes the phrases, "a polite circle," "the circle of one's acquaintance," "people that live within a certain circle," and many others. From all which he infers that, in those dark and ignorant ages when conjurors were held in more estimation than they are at present, the credulous vulgar believed these people to be of the number, and consequently called them *people of fascination*, which hath been since corrupted into *people of fashion*.

However whimsical this opinion may seem, or however far-fetched the derivation may sound, to those who have not much considered the barbarous corruption of language, I must observe in its favour how difficult it is, by any other account, to account not only for that odd phrase, people of fashion, but likewise for that circle within which those people have always affected to live.

Even now, when conjurors have been long laughed out of the world, the pretence to the circle is nevertheless maintained, and within the circle the people of fascination do actually insist upon living at this day.

It is moreover extremely pleasant to observe what wonderful care these people take to preserve their circle safe and inviolate, and with how jealous an eye they guard against any intrusion of those whom they are pleased to call the vulgar; who are on the other hand as vigilant to watch, and as active to improve, every opportunity of invading this circle, and breaking into it.

Within the memory of many now living, the circle of the people of fascination included the whole parish of Covent-garden and great part of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; but here the enemy broke in, and the circle was presently contracted to Leicester-fields and Golden-square. Hence the people of fashion again retreated before the foe to Hanover-square, whence they were once more driven to Grosvenor-square, and even beyond it, and that with such precipitation, that, had they not been stopped by the walls of Hyde Park, it is more than probable they would by this time have arrived at Kensington.

In many other instances we may remark the same flight of these people, and the same pursuit of their enemies. They first contrived a certain vehicle called a hackney-coach, to avoid the approach of the foe in the open streets. Hence they were soon routed, and obliged to take shelter in coaches of their own. Nor did this protect them long. The enemy likewise in great numbers mounted into the same armed vehicles.* The people of fascination then betook themselves to chairs; in which their exempt privileges being again invaded, I am informed that several ladies of quality have bespoke a kind of conch somewhat like the lectica of the Romans, in which they are next winter to be carried through the streets upon men's shoulders.

The reader will be pleased to observe that, besides the local circle which I have described above, there is an imaginary or figurative one, which is invaded by every imitation of the vulgar.

Thus those people of fascination, or, if they like it better, of fashion, who found it convenient to remain still in coaches, observing that several of the enemy had lately exhibited arms on their vehicles, by which means those ornaments became vulgar and common, immediately ordered their own arms to be blotted out, and a cipher substituted in their room; perhaps cunningly contrived to represent themselves instead of their ancestors.

Numberless are the devices made use of by the people of fashion of both sexes to avoid the pursuit of the vulgar, and to preserve the purity of the circle. Sometimes the periwig covers the whole head, and he peeps forth from the midst like an owl in an ivy-bush; at other times his ears stand up behind half a dozen hairs, and give you the idea of a different animal. Sometimes a large black bag, with wings spread as broad as a raven's, adorns his back; at other times a little lank silk appears like a dead blackbird in his neck. To-day he borrows the tail of a rat, and to-morrow that of a monkey; for he will transform himself into the likeness of the vilest animal to avoid the resemblance of his own species.

Nor are the ladies less watchful of the enemy's motions, or less anxious to avoid them. What hoods and hats, and caps and coifs, have fallen a sacrifice in this pursuit! Within my memory the ladies of the circle covered their lovely necks with a cloak; this, being routed by the enemy, was exchanged for the manteel; this again was succeeded by the pelorine, the pelorine by the neckatee, the neckatee by the capuchine, which hath now stood its ground a long time, but not without various changes of colour, shape, ornaments, &c.

And here I must not pass by the many admirable arts made use of by these ladies to deceive and dodge their imitators; when they are hunted out in any favourite mode the method is to lay it by for a time, and then to resume it again all at once, when the enemy least expect it. Thus patches appear and disappear several times in a season. I have myself seen the enemy in the pit with faces all over spotted like the leopard, when the circle in the boxes have with a conscious triumph displayed their native alabaster without a simple blemish, though they had a few evenings before worn a thousand; within a month afterwards the leopards

* Rather coat of arms.

have appeared in the boxes, to the great mortification of the fair faces in the pit.

In the same manner the ruff, after a long discontinuance, some time since began to revive in the circle, and advanced downwards till it almost met the tucker. But no sooner did the enemy pursue than it vanished all at once, and the boxes became a collection of little hills of snow, extremely delightful to the eyes of every beholder.

Of all the articles of distinction the hoop hath stood the longest, and with the most obstinate resistance. Instead of giving way, this, the more it hath been pushed, hath increased the more; till the enemy hath been compelled to give over the pursuit from mere necessity; it being found impossible to convey seven yards of hoop into a hackney-coach, or to slide with it behind a counter.

But as I have mentioned some of the arts of the circle, it would not be fair to be silent as to those of the enemy, among whom a certain citizen's wife distinguished herself very remarkably, and appeared long in the very top of the mode. It was at last, however, discovered that she used a very unfair practice, and kept a private correspondence with one of those milliners who were intrusted with all the secrets of the circle.

No. 42. TUESDAY, May 26, 1752.

——— Me literulas stulti docuere parentes.—Mart.

My father was a fool
When he sent me to school.

Mr. Censor,—It hath been a common observation, "That great scholars know nothing of the world." The reason of this is not, as generally it is imagined, that the Greek and Latin languages have a natural tendency to vitiate the human understanding; but, in solemn truth, gentlemen who obtain an early acquaintance with the manners and customs of the ancients, are too apt to form their ideas of their own times on the patterns of ages which bear not the least resemblance to them. Hence they have fallen into the greatest errors and absurdities; and hence, I suppose, was derived the observation above mentioned.

Numberless are the instances which may be produced of these errors of the literati, so many indeed that I have often thought there is no less difference between those notions of the world which are drawn from letters and those which are drawn from men than there is between the ideas of the human complexion which are conceived by one in perfect health and one in the jaundice.

Let us suppose a man possessed of this jaundice of literature, conveyed into the levees of the great. What notion will be be likely to entertain of the several persons who compose that illustrious assembly, from their behaviour? How will he be puzzled when he is told that he hath before his eyes a number of freemen! How much more will he be amazed when he hears that all the servility he there beholds arises only from an eager desire of being permitted to serve the public!

Again, convey the same gentleman to a hunting-match, a horse-race, or any other meeting of patriots; will he not immediately conclude, from all the roaring and ranting, the hoilaing and huzzaing, the gaming and drinking, which he will there observe, that he is actually present at the orgia of Bacchus, or the celebration of some such festival? How then will he be astonished to find that he is in the company of a set of honest fellows who are the guardians of liberty, and are actually getting drunk in the service of their country!

Introduce him next to a drum or a rout, and, if the blaze of beauty doth not blind him to any other contemplation, how greatly superior will he think the British ladies to all those of Greece and Rome—at their needles! When he views all the exquisite decorations of art which set off the persons of his fair countrywomen, how will he despise all the compliments paid heretofore to the personages of the Greek and Roman ladies of quality, who claimed a preference over each other from their superior skill in handling their needles! But what must be his amazement when he is assured that not one of these ladies ever handled any such instrument; that all the ornaments of the best-dressed woman there are owing to the handiwork of others, and that the whole business of the lives of all present is only to toss about from the one to the other certain pieces of painted paper, being a pastime common to grown persons and children; with this difference only, that the former play for the higher wagers!

What idea can we suppose such a person could conceive of the word beau? and if he could have no adequate notion of the word, much less would he be able to obtain any such notion of the thing! Should he behold a little dapper effeminate spark, carried through the sunshine in a soft machine by two labourers; his body dressed in all the tinsel which serves to trick up a harlot, and his hair appearing to have been decked by the same tire-woman with hers; would such a sight as this recal to the mind of our learned friend any image of a Greek and Roman soldier? or could he be easily persuaded, that the insect before his eyes was a military commander; in rank a centurion or perhaps a tribune?

In one particular, and in one alone, it is possible he might form a true judgment. The many eulogiums on the chastity of the ancient Spartan and Roman dames, and on the extraordinary modesty of their young females of rank, must give him a perfect idea of our present ladies of fashion.

With this single exception, I think I may aver that a scholar, when he first comes to this town from the university, comes among a set of people as entirely unknown to him, and of whom he hath no more heard or read, than if he was to be at once translated into one of the planets; the world in the town and that in the moon being equally strange to him and equally unintelligible.

How wise therefore is the conduct of the present age in laying aside that foolish custom of our ancestors, who used to throw away many of the most precious years of their sons' lives by confining them to schools and universities, where what they learnt was so far from being of any use to them upon their coming into the world as it is called, that it served only to puzzle and mislead them! They were indeed obliged to unlearn all that had been taught them before they could acquire that useful knowledge mentioned in the beginning of my paper.

Whereas, by the present method of bringing youth to town about the age of fifteen or sixteen and entering them immediately in those several schools where the knowledge of the world is taught, such as the playhouses, gaming-houses, and bawdy-houses, a young gentleman of any tolerable docility becomes at the age of eighteen a perfect master of all the knowledge of the world at home; and it is then a proper time for him to set out on his travels into foreign parts, and to make himself acquainted with the world abroad. This completes his education, and he returns at one-and-twenty a most accomplished fine gentleman, having visited all the principal courts of Europe, and become versed in all their fashions, at a season of life when our dull forefathers knew nothing of those foreign people but

from history, nor even of their countries but from geography

It was my misfortune, however, to have a father of the antique way of thinking, by which means I lost the best part of my youth in turning over those books in which I have said there is little useful to be learned. I remember a passage out of Horace, who is the best of them, and who seems to be very particularly a favourite of yours. His words are these:

Vitæ summa brevis
Spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Which may be thus rendered after your paraphrastical manner: "The shortness of life affords no time for a tedious education." How many indeed of my own acquaintance have I known to die of old age at twenty-five! so that, by the ancient method of educating our sons at schools and universities, a great part of them will be in danger of going out of the world before they know anything of it.

Life (says Mr. Pope) can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die.

Is it not therefore the duty of a father to give his son an opportunity of looking about him as soon as he can?—I am, sir, your most humble servant,

TOM TELLTRUTH.

No. 44. TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1752.

— O bone, ne te
Frustrere, insanis et ta.—HORACE.
My good friend, do not deceive thyself, for, with all thy charity, thou art also a silly fellow.

I HAVE in a former paper endeavoured to show that a rich man without charity is a rogue; and perhaps it would be no difficult matter to prove that he is also a fool. If a man who doth not know his true interest may be thought to deserve that appellation, in what light shall we behold a christian, who neglects the cultivation of a virtue which is in scripture said *to wash away his sins*, and without which all his other good deeds cannot render him acceptable in the sight of his Creator and Redeemer?

Even in this world, it is surely much too narrow a view to confine a man's interest merely to that which loads his coffers. To pursue that which is most capable of giving him happiness is indeed the interest of every man; and there are many who find great pleasure in emptying their purses with this view to one who hath no other satisfaction than in filling his. Now, what can give greater happiness to a good mind than the reflection on having relieved the misery or contributed to the well-being of his fellow-creature? It was a noble sentiment of the worthy Mr. Thomas Firmin, "That to relieve the poor, and to provide work and subsistence for them, gave to him the same pleasure as magnificent buildings, pleasant walks, well-cultivated orchards and gardens, the jollity of music and wine, or the charms of love and study gave to others." This is recorded in the life of a plain citizen of London, and it as well deserves to be quoted as any one apophthegm that is to be found in all the works of Plutarch.

A christian therefore, or a good man, though no christian, who is void of charity, is ignorant of his own interest, and may with great propriety be called a silly fellow. Nay, if we will believe all the great writers whom I cited in my former paper, to which I might add Plato and many more, a mere human being who places all his happiness in selfish considerations, without any relative virtues, any regard to the good of others, is, in plain truth, a downright fool.

I have been encouraged to treat the want of charity with the more freedom, as I am certain of giving little offence to any of my readers by so doing. Charity is, in fact, the very characteristic of this nation at this time. I believe we may challenge the whole world to parallel the examples which we have of late given to this sensible, this noble, this christian virtue.

We cannot therefore surely be arraigned of folly from the want of charity; but is our wisdom altogether as apparent in the manner of exerting it? I am afraid the true answer here would not be so much to our advantage. Are our private donations generally directed by our judgment to those who are the properest objects? Do not vanity, whim, and weakness, too often draw our purse-strings? Do we not sometimes give because it is the fashion, and sometimes because we cannot long resist importunity? May not our charity be often termed extravagance or folly? nay, is it not often vicious and apparently tending to the increase and encouragement of idle and dissolute persons?

It would be almost endless to attempt to be particular on this head. I shall mention therefore only one instance, namely, the giving our money to common beggars. This kind of bounty is a crime against the public. It is assisting in the continuance and promotion of a nuisance. Our wise ancestors prohibited it by a law which would probably have remained in force and use to this day, had not the legislature conceived that, after the severe penalties which have been since inflicted on beggars, none would have the boldness to become such; and that, after the sufficient legal provision which hath been made for the poor, no persons would have so little regard either to common sense or to the public as to relieve them.

But, instead of staying to argue with such people, I shall hasten to the other branch of charity, which is of a public nature; of which there are many species in this kingdom.

The origin of this kind of charity was no better than priestcraft and superstition. When men began to perceive the near approach of that great enemy of human nature who was to deprive them of all their ill-gotten possessions, and not only so, but might, as they apprehended, deliver them into the hands of an Almighty Justice, to punish them for all those knavish arts by which these possessions were acquired; the priest stepped in, took advantage of the terrors of their consciences, and persuaded them that, by consigning over a great part (sometimes the whole) of their acquisitions to the use of the church, a pardon for all kind of villany was sure to be obtained.

In this attempt the priest found but little difficulty when he had to do with a mind tainted with superstition and weakened with disease; especially when he could back all his other arguments with one truth at least, namely,—Give us that *which you can by no possible means keep any longer yourself.*

Thus the unwilling will, as Dr. Barrow pleasantly calls it, was at last signed. The fruits of fraud and rapine were trusted to the use of the church, and the greatest rascals died very good saints, and their memories were consecrated to honour and good example.

How notably these attempts succeeded is well known to all who are versed either in our law or our history. So common was it for men to expiate their crimes in this manner, and to finish all their other robberies by robbing their heirs, that had not the legislature often and stoutly interfered in crushing these superstitious (or as they were called charitable) uses, they seemed to have bid fair for swallowing up the whole property of the nation.

In process of time, however, the lawyer came to

the assistance of the priest (for, like the devil, he is always ready at hand when called for), and formed a distinction between the superstitious and charitable use. Henceforward, instead of robbing their relations for the use of the church, a method was devised of robbing them for the use of the poor. Hence poorhouses, almshouses, colleges, and hospitals, began to present themselves to the view of all travellers, being always situated in the most public places, and bearing the name and title of the generous founder in vast capital letters; a kind of ΚΤΗΜΑ ΕΣ ΑΕΙ, a monument of his glory to all generations.

Thus we see the foundation of this kind of charity, and a very strong one it is, being indeed no other than fear and vanity, the two strongest passions which are to be found in human nature.

It may be thought, perhaps, that I have omitted a third, which some may imagine to be the strongest and greatest of all, and this is benevolence, or the love of doing good; but that these charitable legacies have no such motive appears to me from the following considerations:—

First, if a man was possessed of real benevolence, and had (as he must then have) a delight in doing good, he would no more defer the enjoyment of this satisfaction to his death-bed, than the ambitious, the luxurious, or the vain, would wait till that period for the gratification of their several passions.

Secondly, if the legacy be, as it often is, the first charitable donation of any consequence, I can never allow it possible to arise from benevolence; for he who hath no compassion for the distresses of his neighbours whom he hath seen, how should he have any pity for the wants of posterity which he will never see?

Thirdly, if the legacy be, as is likewise very common, to the injury of his family, or to the disappointment of his own friends in want, this is a certain proof that his motive is not benevolence; for he who loves not his own friends and relations most certainly loves no other person.

Lastly, if a man hath lived any time in the world, he must have observed such horrid and notorious abuses of all public charities, that he must be convinced (with a very few exceptions) that he will do no manner of good by contributing to them. Some, indeed, are so very wretchedly contrived in their institution, that they seem not to have had the public utility in their view, but to have been mere jobs *ab initio*. Such are all hospitals whatever, where it is a matter of favour to get a patient admitted, and where the forms of admission are so troublesome and tedious, that the properest objects (those I mean who are most wretched and friendless) may as well aspire at a place at court as at a place in the hospital.

From what I have here advanced I know I have rendered myself liable to be represented by malice and ignorance as an enemy to all public charity: I hope to obviate this opinion effectually in a future paper, in which I shall endeavour to point out who are really the objects of our benevolence, as well as to propose some expedients by which the obstructions which attend some of our best-calculated charities of the public kind may be removed. I cannot, however, conclude this without paying a compliment to the present age for two glorious benefactions, I mean that to the use of the foundling infants, and that for the accommodation of poor woman in their lying-in.

No. 47. SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1752

——Heu plebes scelerata!—SIL. ITAL.
——O ye wicked rascallions!

IT may seem strange that none of our political writers, in their learned treatises on the English constitution, should take notice of any more than three estates, namely, kings, lords, and commons, all entirely passing by in silence that very large and powerful body which form the fourth estate in this community, and have been long dignified and distinguished by the name of *the mob*.

And this will seem still the more strange when we consider that many of the great writers above mentioned have most incontestably belonged to this very body.

To say precisely at what time this fourth estate began first to figure in this commonwealth, or when the footsteps of that power which it enjoys at this day were first laid, must appear to be a matter of the highest difficulty, perhaps utterly impossible, from that deplorable silence which I have just mentioned. Certain however it is, that at the time of the Norman conquest, and long afterwards, the condition of this estate was very low and mean, those who composed it being in general called villains; a word which did not then bear any very honourable idea, though not so bad a one perhaps as it hath since acquired.

The part which this fourth estate seems anciently to have claimed was to watch over and control the other three. This, indeed, they have seldom asserted in plain words, which is possibly the principal reason why our historians have never explicitly assigned them their share of power in the constitution, though this estate have so often exercised it, and so clearly asserted their right to it by force of arms; to wit, by fists, staves, knives, clubs, scythes, and other such offensive weapons.

The first instance which I remember of this was in the reign of Richard I., when they espoused the cause of religion, of which they have been always stout defenders, and destroyed a great number of Jews.

In the same reign we have another example in William Fitz-Osborne, *alias* Longbeard, a stout asserter of the rights of the fourth estate. These rights he defended in the city of London, at the head of a large party, and by force of the arms above mentioned, but was overpowered, and lost his life by means of a wooden machine called the gallows, which hath been very fatal to the chief champions of this estate; as it was in the reign of Henry III. to one Constantine, who having, at the head of a London mob, pulled down the house of the high-steward of Westminster, and committed some other little disorders of the like kind, maintained to the chief justiciary's face "that he had done nothing punishable by law," *i.e.* "contrary to the rights of the fourth estate." He shared however the same fate with Mr. Fitz-Osborne.

We find in this reign of Henry III. the power of the fourth estate grown to a very great height indeed; for, whilst a treaty was on foot between that king and his barons, the mob of London thought proper not only to insult the queen with all manner of foul language, but likewise to throw stones and dirt at her. Of which assertion of their privilege we hear of no other consequence than that the king was highly displeased; and indeed it seems to be allowed by most writers that the mob in this instance went a little too far.

In the time of Edward II. there is another fact upon record of a more bloody kind, though perhaps not more indecent; for the bishop of Exeter being a little too busy in endeavouring to preserve the city of London for the king his master, the mob were pleased to cut his head off.

I omit many lesser instances to come to that

glorious assertion of the privileges of the moh under the great and mighty Wat Tyler, when they not only laid their claim to a share in the government, hut in truth to exclude all the other estates; for this purpose one John Staw, or Straw, or Ball, a great orator, who was let out of Maidstone gaol hy the moh, in his harangues told them, that as all men were sons of Adam there ought to be no distinction, and that it was their duty to redure all men to perfect equality. This they immediately set about; and, to do it in the most effectual manner, they cut off the heads of all the nohility, gentry, ciergy, &c., who fell into their hands.

With these designs they encamped in a large body at Blackheath, whence they sent a message to king Richard II. to come and talk with them, in order to settle the governmeut; and when this was not complied with they marched to London, and, the gates being opened by their frieuds, entered the city, hurnt and plundered the duke of Lancaster's palace, that of the areiihishop, and many other great houses, and put to death all of the other three estates with whom they met, among whom was the archhishop of Canterhury and the lord treasurer.

The unhappy end of this noble enterprise is so weii known that it need not to he mentioned. The leader being taken off hy the gallantry of the lord-mayor, the whoie army, like a body when the head is severed, feil instantly to the gronnd, whence many were afterwards lifted to that fatal machine which is ahove taken notire of.

I shaii pass hy the exploits of Cade and Ket, and othera. I think I have clearly demonstrated that there is such a fourth estate as the moh actually existing in our constitution; which, though, perhaps, for very politic reasons, they keep themselves generally like the army of Mr. Bayes, in disguise, have often issued from their lurking-piaces, and very stoutly maintained their power and their priviieges in this community.

Nor hath this estate or their ciaims heen unknown to the other three; on the contrary, we find in our statute-books numberless attempts to prevent their growing power, and to restrain them at least within some hounds; witness the many laws made against rihanda, roherdsmen, drawiatches, wasters, rogues, vagrants, vagahonds; hy ail which and many other names this fourth estate hath heen from time to time dignified and distinguished.

Under aii these appellations they are frequently named in our law-hooks; hut I do not perfectly remember to have seen them mentioned under the term of fourth estate in all my reading; nor do I recollect that any legislative or judicial power is expressiy allowed to beiong to them. And yet certain it is that they have from time immemorial been used to exercise a judicial capaeity in eertain instances wherein the ordinary courts have been deficient for want of evidence; this being no let or hindrance to the administration of justice hefore the gentlemen who compose this fourth estate, who often proceed to judgment without any evidence at all. Nor must I omit the laudahle expeditiron which is used on such occasions, their proceedings being entireiy free from all tnose delays which are so much complained of in other courts. I have indeed known a pick-pocket arrested, tried, convicted, and ducked almost to death, in less time than would have been consumed in reading his indictment at the Old Bailey. These delays they avoid chiefly by hearing only one side of the question, concluding, as judge Gripus did of old, thar the contrary method serves only to introduce incertainty and confusion.

I do not however pretend to affirm anything of the legal original of this jurisdiction. I know the learned are greatiy divided in their opinions concerning this matter, or rather perhaps in their inclinations; some being unwilling to allow any power at all to this estate, and others as stoutly contending that it would be for the puhlic good to deliver the sword of justice entirely into their hands.

So prevalent hath this latter opinion grown to he of modern days, that the fourth estate hath been permitted to encroach in a most prodigious manner. What these encroachments have been, and the particular causes which have contrihuted to them, shall be the suhject of my next Saturday's paper.

No. 48. TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1752.

Ὦ μιγίστη τῶν θεῶν
Νῦν σὺ' Ἀναίδια.—MENANDER.

O thou greate-t of all the deities,
Modern Impudence!

THERE is a certain quality which, though universal consent hath not enrolled it among the cardinal virtues, is often found sufficient of itself, not only to carry its possessor through the world, hut even to carry him to the top of it. It is almost perhaps unnecessary to inform my reader that the quality I mean is impudence; so dear is this to one female at least, that it effectually recommends a man to fortune without the assistance of any other qualificatiou. She seems indeed to think, with the poet, that

—— He who hath but impudence,
To all things hath a fair pretence;

and accordingly provides that those who want modesty shall want nothing else.

What are the particular ingredients of which this quality is eomposed, or what temper of mind is best fitted to produce it, is perhaps difficnlt to ascertain; so far I think experience may convince us, that, like some vegetables, it will flourish best in the most barren soil. To say truth, I am almost inclined to an opinion that it never arrives at any great degree of perfection unless in a mind totally unencumbered with any virtue, or with any great or good quality whatever. It would indeed seem that nature had agreed with fortune in setting a high value on impudence, and had accordingly decreed that those of her children who had received this rich gift at her hands were amply provided for without any farther portion.

And surely it is not without reason that I call this the gift of nature; indeed, genius itself is not more so. We may here apply a phrase which the French use on an occasion not so proper to be mentioned, and affirm "That it is not in the power of every man to he impudent who would he so." A man born without any genius may as reasonably hope to become such a poet as Homer, or such a critic as Longinus, as one born without impudence can pretend, without any merit, to aspire to these characters.

Though nature however must give the seeds, art may eultivate them. To improve or to depress their growth is greatly within the power of education. To lay down the proper precept for this purpose would require a large treatise, and such I may possihly puhiish hereafter. In the mean time it shall snffice to meution only two rules, which may be partly collected from what I have ahove asserted, and which are of universal use. This is with the utmost care to suppress and eradicate every seed or principle of what is anywise praiseworthy ont of the mind; and, secondiy, to preserve this in the purest state of ignoranre, than which nothing more contributes to the highest perfection and consummation ot impudentee: the more a man knows the more in-

clined is he to be modest; it is indeed within the province only of the highest human knowledge to survey its own narrow compass.

It may, I think, be predicated in favour of impudence, that it is the quality which, of all others, we are capable of carrying to the greatest height; so far, indeed, that, did not the strongest force of evidence convince us of the truth of some examples, we should be apt to doubt the possibility of their existence. What but the concurrent testimony of historians, and the indubitable veracity of records, could impel us to believe that there have been men in the world of such astonishing impudence as, in opposition to the certain knowledge of many thousands, to take upon themselves to personate kings and princes as well in their lifetime as after their death? and yet our own, as well as foreign annals, afford us such instances.

But the greatest hero in impudence whom perhaps the world ever produced appeared in France at the end of the last century. His name was Peter Mege, and he was a common soldier in the marines. This fellow had the assistance only of one who had been a footman to a certain man of quality, called Scipion le Brun de Castelane, Seigneur de Caille et de Rougon, a nobleman who had fled from France to Switzerland to avoid a religious persecution. With this confederate alone, Peter Mege had the amazing impudence to personate the young Seigneur de Caille, who was at that time dead; and this in the lifetime of the father, in defiance of all his noble relations then in possession of his forfeited estate, upon the spot where the young gentleman had lived to the age of twenty-one; and all this without the least resemblance of features, shape, or stature—without being acquainted with any part of the history of him whom he was to represent, or being able to give the least account of any of his family—indeed, without being able to write and read.

But how much more will the reader be surprised to hear that this most impudent of all attempts succeeded so far as to obtain a sentence in the parliament of Provence in favour of the soldier! And this success would have been final had not the canton of Berne interposed, and obtained an appeal to the parliament of Paris, where at last the impostor was defeated.

To account for all this, and to assuage his reader's astonishment, the very ingenious author of the trial, when he informs us that this impostor was confronted with twenty witnesses, who swore to the identity of Peter Mege, and as many more who had been fellow-students with the young nobleman, and who, on their oaths, declared that this Peter was not the person, goes on thus: "But what was most strange was the steady countenance of the soldier, which never once betrayed him, nor gave the least symptom of any doubt of his success. It is in vain to form a project of usurping the name of another, to lay your plan ever so regularly and systematically, if you do not provide yourself with a stock of impudence to support every attack to which you may be exposed. In such an attempt the forehead must be furnished as well without as within; more indeed will depend on the outside, for it is the steadiness of the front, hardiness, or downright audacity, which impose on mankind the most, and make amends for all defects in the understanding. The soldier had made many blunders; but his invincible assurance repaid all, and brought over even his enemies to his side." And, to say truth, I know scarce anything to which such a degree of assurance is not equal.

This attempt, indeed, of personating *who* you are not, seems to be attended with too great difficulties; and to succeed in it is perhaps beyond the power of impudence; we are not therefore to wonder that all the heroes in this way have been unsuccessful. In fact, we ought to fix our whole attention on the undaunted impudence of engaging in such a design, and not to suffer the defeat to lessen our admiration; but to say of such a hero, with Ovid,

——— Si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.

But if, in personating the *who*, impudence is found unequal to the task, in personating *what* we are not it is almost sure to come off triumphant. Here I believe the undertaker seldom fails, but through his own fault; that is, by not being impudent enough.

My lord Bacon advises a modest man to shelter his vices under those virtues to which they are the nearest allied. The avaricious man he would have to affect frugality; the extravagant, liberality; and so of the rest. Now the reverse of this should be the rule of our impudent man. If you are a blockhead, my friend, be sure to commence writer; and if entirely illiterate, be sure to pretend to learning. If you are a coward, be a bully, and always talk of feats of bravery; if again you are a beggar, boast of your riches. In short, whatever vice or defect you have, set up for its opposite virtue or endowment. And if you are possessed of every ill quality, you may assert your title to every good one.

The last species of impudence which I shall mention is to assert openly and boldly what you really are, let this be ever so bad. Own your vices, and be proud of them; and in time perhaps you may laugh virtue out of countenance, and bring your vices into fashion. This, however, is a little unsafe to attempt, unless you are very sure of yourself, and of the degree of impudence which you possess. A modest woman may be a w——e; but to behave with indecency in public, indeed to throw off all that would recommend a woman to a vicious man of sense and taste; to show, as De Roty says of a court lady, not the least sense of virtue in the practice of every vice; this requires the highest degree of impudence; that degree, indeed, which is inconsistent with every great or good quality whatever.

No. 49. SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1752.

Odi profanum vulgus.—Hor.
I hate the mob.

In a former paper I have endeavoured to trace the rise and progress of the power of the fourth estate in this constitution. I shall now examine that share of power which they actually enjoy at this day, and then proceed to consider the several means by which they have attained it.

First, though this estate have not *as yet* claimed that right which was insisted on by the people or mob in old Rome of giving a negative voice in the enacting laws, they have clearly exercised this power in controlling their execution. Of this it is easy to give many instances, particularly in the case of the gin-act some years ago; and in those of several turnpikes which have been erected against the good-will and pleasure of the mob, and have by them been demolished.

In opposing the execution of such laws they do not always rely on force, but have frequent recourse to the most refined policy; for sometimes, without openly expressing their disapprobation, they take the most effectual means to prevent the carrying a law into execution; those are by discountenancing all those who endeavour to prosecute the offences committed against it.

They well know that the courts of justice cannot proceed without informations; if they can stifle these, the law of course becomes dead and useless.

The informers therefore in such cases they declare to be infamous, and guilty of the crime *læsæ mobilitatis*. Of this whoever is suspected (which is with them a synonymous term with convicted) is immediately punished by huffeting, kicking, stoning, ducking, bemudding, &c.; in short, by all those means of putting (sometimes quite, sometimes almost) to death, which are called by that general phrase of mobbing.

It may, perhaps, be said that the mob do, even at this day, connive at the execution of some laws, which they can by no means be supposed to approve.

Such are the laws against robbery, burglary, and theft. This is, I confess, true; and I have often wondered that it is so. The reason perhaps is, the great love which the mob have for a holiday, and the great pleasure they take in seeing men hanged; so great, that, while they are enjoying it, they are all apt to forget that this is hereafter, in all probability, to be their own fate.

In all these matters, however, the power of this estate is rather felt than seen. It seems, indeed, to be like that power of the crown of France which cardinal de Retz compares to those religious mysteries that are performed in the *sanctum sanctorum*; and which, though it be often exercised, is never expressly claimed.

In other instances the fourth estate is much more explicit in their pretensions, and much more constant in asserting and maintaining them; of which I shall mention some of the principal.

First, they assert an exclusive right to the river of Thames. It is true, the other estates do sometimes venture themselves upon the river; but this is only upon sufferance; for which they pay whatever that branch of the fourth estate called watermen are pleased to exact of them. Nor are the mob contented with all these exactions. They grumble whenever they meet any persons in a boat whose dress declares them to be of a different order from themselves. Sometimes they carry their resentment so far as to endeavour to run against the boat, and overset it; but if they are too good-natured to attempt this, they never fail to attack the passengers with all kind of scurrilous, abusive, and indecent terms, which indeed they claim as their own, and call mob language.

The second exclusive right which they insist on is to those parts of the streets which are set apart for the foot-passengers. In asserting this privilege they are extremely rigorous; insomuch that none of the others can walk through the streets by day without being insulted, nor by night without being knocked down. And, the better to secure those foot-paths to themselves, they take effectual care to keep the said paths always well blocked up with chairs, wheelbarrows, and every other kind of obstruction, in order to break the legs of all those who shall presume to encroach upon their privileges by walking the streets.

Here it was hoped their pretensions would have stopped; but it is difficult to set any bounds to ambition; for, having sufficiently established this right, they now begin to assert their right to the whole street, and to have lately made such a disposition with their waggons, carts, and drays, that no coach can pass along without the utmost difficulty and danger. With this view we every day see them driving side by side, and sometimes in the broader streets three abreast; again, we see them leaving a cart or waggon in the middle of the street, and often set across it, while the driver repairs to a neighbouring alehouse, from the window of which he diverts himself while he is drinking with the mischief or inconvenience which his vehicle occasions.

The same pretensions which they make to the possession of the streets they make likewise to the possession of the highways. I doubt not I shall be told they claim only an equal right; for I know it is very usual, when a carter, or a drayman is civilly desired to make a little room, by moving out of the middle of the road either to the right or left, to bear the following answer:—"D—n your eyes! who are you? Is not the road, and be d—d to you, as free for me as your?" Hence it will, I suppose, be inferred that they do not absolutely exclude the other estates from the use of the common highways. But, notwithstanding this generous concession in words, I do aver this practice is different, and that a gentleman may go a voyage at sea with little more hazard than he can travel ten miles from the metropolis.

I shall mention only one claim more, and that a very new and a very extraordinary one. It is the right of excluding all women of fashion out of St. James's park on a Sunday evening. This they have lately asserted with great vehemence, and have inflicted the punishment of mobbing on several ladies who had transgressed without design, not having been apprised of the good pleasure of the mob in this point. And this I the rather publish to prevent any such transgressions for the future, since it hath already appeared that no degree of either dignity or beauty can secure the offender.*

Many things have contributed to raise this fourth estate to that exorbitant degree of power which they at present enjoy, and which seems to threaten to shake the balance of our constitution. I shall name only three, as these appear to me to have had much the greatest share in bringing it about.

The first is, that act of parliament which was made at the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, and which I cannot help considering as a kind of compromise between the other three estates and this. By this act it was stipulated that the fourth estate should annually receive out of the possessions of the others a certain large proportion yearly, upon an implied condition (for no such was expressed) that they should suffer the other estates to enjoy the rest of their property without loss or molestation.

This law gave a new turn to the minds of the mobility. They found themselves no longer obliged to depend on the charity of their neighbours, nor on their own industry, for a maintenance. They now looked upon themselves as joint proprietors in the land, and celebrated their independency in songs of triumph; witness the old ballad which was in all their mouths—

> Hang sorrow, cast away care;
> The parish is bound to find us, &c.

A second cause of their present elevation has been the private quarrels between particular members of the other estates, who, on such occasions, have done all they could on both sides to raise the power of the mob, in order to avail themselves of it, and to employ it against their enemies.

The third, and the last which I shall mention, is the mistaken idea which some particular persons have always entertained of the word liberty; but this will open too copious a subject, and shall be therefore treated in a future paper.

But before I dismiss this I must observe that there are two sorts of persons of whom this fourth estate do yet stand in some awe, and whom, consequently, they have in great abhorrence: these are a justice of peace and a soldier. To these two it is entirely owing that they have not long since rooted all the other orders out of the commonwealth.

* A lady of great quality and admirable beauty was mobbed in the park at this time.

No. 51. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1752.

Hæ tibi erunt artes ——— VIRG.

These must be your golden rules.

OF all our manufactures there is none at present in a more flourishing condition, or which hath received more considerable improvemeot of late years, than the manufacture of paper. To such perfection is this brought at present, that it almost promises to rival the great staple commodity of this kingdom.

The two principal branches of this manufacture are carried on by painting and prioting. To what a degree of excellence the artists are arrived in the former I need not mention. Our painted paper is scarcely distinguishable from the finest silk; and there is scarce a modern house which hath not one or more rooms lined with this furniture.

But, however valuable this branch may be, it is by no means equal to that which is carried on by printing. Of such consequence indeed to the public may this part of the paper manufacture be made, that I doubt not but that, with proper care, it would be capable of finding an ample provision for the poor. To which purpose it seems better adapted than any other, for a reason which I shall presently assign.

Of printing likewise there are two kinds; that of the rolling, and that of the letter-press,—or perhaps I shall be better understood by most of my readers by the terms prints and books.

The former (though of infinitely the less consequence) hath been of late much improved; and, though it doth not consume a great quantity of paper, doth however employ a great number of hands. This was formerly an inconsiderable business, and very few got their bread by it: but some ingenious persons have of late so greatly extended it that there are at present almost as many print-shops as there are bakers in this metropolis.

This improvement hath been owing to a deep penetration into human nature, by which it hath been discovered that there are two sights which the generality of mankind do hunger after with little less avidity than after their daily bread. The one is, to behold certain parts which are severally common to one-half of the species exhibited to view in the most amiable and inviting manner; the other is, to see certain faces, which belong to individuals, exposed in a ridiculous and contemptible light. By feeding both which appetites the print-makers have very plentifully fed themselves.

I come now to the second branch of printing,—namely, to that which is performed at the letter-press, and which consists of books, pamphlets, papers, &c. The flourishing state of this manufacture needs no kind of proof. It is indeed certain that more paper is now consumed this way in a week than was formerly the consumption of a year.

To this notable increase nothing perhaps hath more contributed than the new invention of writing without the qualifications of any genius or learning. The first printers, possibly misled by an old precept in one Horace, seem to have imagioed that both those ingredients were necessary in the writer, and accordingly we find they employed themselves on such samples only as were produced by men in whom genius and learning concurred; but modern times have discovered that the trade is very well to be carried on without either; and this by introducing several new kind of wares, the manufacture of which is extremely easy, as well as extremely lucrative. The principal of these are blasphemy, treason, bawdry, and scandal. For in the making up of all these the qualifications above mentioned, together with that modesty which is inseparable from them, would rather be an encumbrance than of any real use.

No sooner were these new-fashioned wares brought to market than the paper-merchants, commonly called booksellers, found so immense a demand for them, that their business was to find hands sufficient to supply the wants of the public. In this, however, they had no great difficulty, as the work was so extremely easy that no talents whatever (except that of being able to write), not even the capacity of spelling, were requisite.

The methods, however, which have been used by the paper-merchants to make these new-fashioned wares universally known are very ingenious, and worthy our notice.

The first of these methods was for the merchant himself to mount in the most public part of the town into a wooden machine called the pillory, where he stood for the space of an hour, proclaiming his goods to all that passed that way. This was practised with much success by the late Mr. Curll, Mr. Mist, and others, who never failed of selling several large bales of goods in this manner.

Notwithstanding, however, the profits arising from this method of publication, it was not without objections; for several wanton persons among the mob were used on such occasions to divert themselves by pelting the merchant, while he stood exposed on the *publishing stool*, with rotten eggs and other miscbievous implements, by which means he often came off much bedaubed, and sometimes not without bodily hurt.

Some of the more cunning, therefore, among the merchants began to decline this practice themselves, and employed their understrappers, that is to say, their writers, for such purposes; for it was conceived a piece of blasphemy, bawdry, &c., would be as well sold by exhibiting the author as by exhibiting the bookseller.

Of this, probably, they received the first hint from the case of one Mr. Richard Savage, an author whose manufactures had long lain uncalled for in the warehouse, till he happened, very fortunately for his bookseller, to be found guilty of a capital crime at the Old Bailey. The merchant instantly took the hint, and the very next day advertised the works of Mr. Savage, now under sentence of death for murder. This device succeeded, and immediately (to use their phrase) carried off the whole impression.

Encouraged by this success, the merchant, not doubting the execution of his author, had very high for his dying speech, which was accordingly penned and delivered. Savage, however, was, contrary to all expectation, pardoned, and would have returned the money; but the merchant insisted on his bargain, and published the dying speech which Mr. Savage should have made at Tyburn, of which it is probable as many were sold as there were people in town who could read.

The gallows being thus found to be a great friend to the press, the merchants, for the future, made it their chief care to provide themselves with such writers as were most likely to call in this assistance; in other words, who were in the fairest way of being hanged: and, though they have not always succeeded to their wish, yet whoever is well read in the productions of the last twenty years will be more inclined perhaps to blame the law than the sagacity of the booksellers.

The whipping-post hath been likewise of eminent use to the same purposes; and though, perhaps, this may raise less curiosity than the gallows, in one instance at least it hath visibly the advantage; for an author, though he may deserve it often, can be hanged but once, but he may be whipped several times indeed six times by one sentence, of which

we have lately seen an instance in the person of Stroud,* who is a strong proof of the great profits which the paper-merchants derive from the whipping one of their manufacturers.

Mr. Stroud, in imitation of several eminent persons, thought proper to publish an apology for his life. The public, however, were less kind to him than they have been to other great apologists, and treated his performance with contempt. But no sooner was he tied to the cart's tail than the work began to sell in great numbers; and this sale revived with every monthly whipping; so that, if he had been whipped, as some imagined he was to have been, once a-month during life, the merchant possibly might have sold as many bales of his work as have been sold of those of Swift himself.

I shall conclude with hoping that, as the merchants seem at present to have their eye chiefly on the whipping-post for the advancement of their manufactures, it is to be hoped courts of justice will do all that in them lies to encourage a trade of such wonderful benefit to the kingdom, and which seems more likely than any other to provide a maintenance for our poor; as no qualification is required to the production of these wares besides that of being able to write, nor any tools or stock to set up a manufacture besides pen and ink and a small quantity of paper; so that an author may indeed be equipped at a cheaper rate than a blacker of shoes.

No. 53. SATURDAY, July 4, 1752.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?—Hor.
What will this gascoon be able to perform after this puff?

TO THE CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir,—Your predecessors in the censorship were used to celebrate the several extraordinary personages who appeared in their time. As I doubt not to find in yourself the same good disposition, I here send you an advertisement printed in the Daily Advertiser of Monday last; the author of which must, I think, be esteemed the most extraordinary person whom any age hath produced.

"Un François, homme de lettres, est arrivé de Paris à Londres, pour y enseigner le François, la Fable, la Poësie, la Blason, la Philosophie Françoise, le Latin, sans exiger aucune étude de son disciple; l'étude étant un obstacle à sa méthode. S'il y a des tempéramens trop foibles pour les contraindre, des caractères trop vifs pour les fixer, des personnes trop agées pour s'appliquer à l'étude, et qu'ils veuillent apprendre quelqu'une de ces sciences sur une méthode si simple, plus courte, et plus solide que tout ce qui a précédé; they are desired to inquire at Mr. Bezançon's Snuff-shop in Little-Earl-street, the Black Boy, by the Seven-dials."

As it is possible that some of your readers may not have yet conversed with this surprising master, I shall, for his and their sakes, endeavour to render it in English.

Thus then it runs:

"A Frenchman, a man of learning, is arrived at London from Paris, in order to teach the French language, Fables, Poetry, Heraldry, *French Philosophy*, and the Latin tongue, without exacting any study from his scholars, *all study being an obstacle to his method*. If there be any constitutions too weak to bear contradiction, any characters too lively to be capable of attention, any persons too far advanced in life to apply themselves to study, and who are willing to learn any of the above sciences by a simple method, and one shorter as well as more solid than any which hath been hitherto practised, they are desired to inquire," &c., as above.

I must confess myself so ignorant, that till I read this wonderful performance I did not know there was a philosophy which was peculiar to France, and that went under the name of French philosophy! Perhaps this is what is meant by the French marquis de St. Evremont, when he says, "Premièrement, j'aime la guerre, après la guerre madame de ——, après madame de —— la religion, après la religion *la philosophie*.—Voilà ce que j'aime, morbleu!" "My first passion is *the war*, my second is *madame* de ——, my third is *religion*, and my fourth passion is *philosophy*. Now I have told you what my passions are, d—n me!" In which passage it seems pretty plain that *la philosophie* is no other than what the French likewise called *la danse;* and then it will be plain that the artist above mentioned is no other than a dancing-master, to whose method of teaching I do readily agree that study is often a very deplorable obstacle.

But this will by no means solve all the difficulties; for, though dancing will possibly make a man a great adept in the French philosophy, how he will be able to dance into any English science, or into the Latin tongue, is somewhat hard to conceive. Perhaps, by French philosophy the author means what is also called *l'industrie, ou l'art de voler bien les poches*, which I must beg to be excused from translating into our coarser language; in barbarous French it may be called the art of *peka de poka*. But if this be his meaning, I fancy he will be greatly deceived in his views, since I believe it is impossible to find more able masters than some of his countrymen have already shown themselves here in that art. Nor do I believe that study or intense application can be an enemy to this art, since I know several of the English who have plodded on all their lives on this very science, and have at last, by mere dint of study, become very great proficients in it.

To say the truth, I am inclined to think that by *à la philosophie Françoise* is meant no other than *la bonne assurance;* that assurance which the French alone call good, and which, it is very probable, they alone may call philosophy.

And this I the rather conclude to be the undertaker's meaning, as it is certain that to the making any considerable progress in this French philosophy study is of all things the greatest obstacle. I have, indeed, observed in a late paper that no man of learning was ever a proficient in this art. I must farther observe that the disciples which our master seems to have principally chosen, such, I mean, as can bear no contradiction, such as are incapable of any attention, and such aged persons who are willing all at once, without any labour, to leap, as it were, into science, are all excellently adapted to receive the strongest and most immediate impressions of this philosophy.

Nor can I help observing, which is a farther confirmation of my opinion, how nobly our artist hath contrived to convince the world of his fitness for the task he hath undertaken. I defy the ingenuity of man to invent a better method of conveying to the public, in so few lines, an idea of a capacity for any undertaking whatever than this astonishing Frenchman hath made use of to show this nation how well qualified he is to teach them the French philosophy, or the good assurance. I will not venture to prophesy what success may attend so new and so extraordinary a proposal. This, however, I cannot avoid remarking, that it seems to indicate what opinion of the understandings of the good people of this Island at present prevails among the French

* A noted swindler, who was ordered to be whipped several times through the streets.—C.

philosophers abroad. I am well convinced it would be extremely difficult to persuade the greatest adept in the good assurance which this kingdom ever produced to expect any success from such a proposal even among the Hottentots, if he could make himself enough understood to publish his scheme among them. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

ANTIGALLICUS.

No. 54. SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1752.

——His juventus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico. HOR.
Such were the heroes of that glorious reign
That humbled to the dust the pride of Spain.

MR. CENSOR,—You have formerly entertained the public by representing to them the opinions which posterity will be supposed to conceive of the present age; you will possibly furnish no less amusement to your readers by casting your eyes backwards into our annals, as the manners of their ancestors will, I apprehend, appear no less strange to the present age than the history of these our times can be thought hereafter.

After this short introduction, I shall present you with a curious dialogue which seems to have been written towards the end of the reign of queen Elizabeth. I have taken the liberty to modernise the language without doing the least violence to the sentiments of the original.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ENGLISH, MADAM ENGLISH, MISS BIDNY ENGLISH, AND MISTRESS PLUMTREE, THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE.

Mrs. P. I hope your ladyship is very well this morning after the fatigue of your journey.

Mad. E. Indeed, Mistress Plumtree, I never was more fatigued in my life. Four days together upon a hard trotting horse are enough to tire any one; besides my pillion was horridly uneasy, and I rode behind the footboy, who was hardly able to support my leaning against him; but here's Biddy not in the least the worse for her journey.

Miss B. Upon my word, mamma, I never was in better spirits in my life. My ride hath given me an appetite; I have ate above half-a-pound of beefsteaks this morning for breakfast.

Mrs. E. I could have gone through anything at your age, my dear, though I was never many miles from home before I was married. The young ladies have more liberty in these days than they had formerly. Indeed it was entirely owing to your father's goodness that you came to London now.

Mrs. P. O! madam, I am sure your ladyship would not have left miss in the country. It would have been barbarous not to have let her see the tower, and the abbey, and bedlam, and two or three plays.

Mrs. E. Fie! Mrs. Plumtree; with what are you filling the child's head? one play she is to see and no more. The terms are all settled. One play, one new gown, and one ruff. But now I mention these things, pray, Mrs. Plumtree, what is become of the mantua-maker I employed last parliament when I was here?

Mrs. P. Alas! poor woman, she is dead; but I can recommend your ladyship to another, one of the best in all London; she makes gowns for the lady mayoress herself.

Mrs. E. I shall be obliged to you, good Mrs. Plumtree, to send for her to-day, for I have three visits to make in London, and I shall like to do it in my new clothes. O! sir John, are you come at last? Dinner hath stayed for you till I suppose it is spoiled It is almost two o'clock.

Eng. The house is but just up, my dear. We sat very late to-day. I assure you I was invited very much to dine with one of our knights of the shire at his lodgings; he had a haunch of venison, a fat goose, and an apple-pie for dinner, and all this I left for your company.

Mrs. E. Well, sir John, I do not blame you; but parliament hours are very dreadful things.

Eng. We must suffer some inconveniences for the good of our country, and we are employed upon a scheme now that is of the utmost consequence to the nation. We are going to make such a provision for the poor, that there will never be another beggar in the kingdom.*

Mrs. P. I am heartily glad of that; and I am sure it is high time, for it was no longer ago than last summer that I saw two poor wretches in one day, actually begging in the open street.

Eng. Well, dame, and how doth my good friend master Plumtree bold it? We shall have another game at lantry-loo.

Mrs. P. Indeed, sir John, you are too hard for my husband. You won above ten shillings of him last parliament

Mrs. E. Your family is not hurt by it; for, I believe, you are as much in my debt on the same account; but I beg you will not encourage this girl to play, for she is too much inclined to idleness.

Miss B. Nay, mamma, I am sure I never desire to play but in the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. P. O! madam, miss will have something else to think on. Here is a young squire that lodges in our neighbourhood. A fine hardy young spark. There are but few, they tell me, that can either run or wrestle with him, and heir to a noble estate he is.

(At these words Miss Biddy blushed extremely.)

Eng. Well, let him look to it. Biddy won't turn her back to him. But, my dear, I have a show for you. The queen goes to the parliament-house tomorrow, and there will be all the fine lords and ladies of the court. I have hired a balcony, and my little Biddy shall go too.

Mrs. E. You see, Biddy, how good your papa is; and now I hope you will be satisfied, and not desire to go out any more, except to one play and to church, whilst you stay in London. I am sure he is so liberal he will be forced to send up for the other twenty pound.

Eng. Never mind that, my dear; your prudence in the country will soon make it up. But now I talk of court ladies, I have a piece of news for you. Indeed I can hardly believe it myself, and yet I was told it by a very great person.

Mrs. E. What can it be, my dear, that you introduce with all this preface?

Mrs. P. I hope there are no more Spanish armadas coming.

Eng. No, no! nothing of that kind. In short it is so strange a thing I scarce know how to mention it. But can you think it? they say there is a court lady that hath made a cuckold of her husband. A woman of very great quality, I assure you.

Mrs. E. This is strange news, indeed, and impossible to be true.

Eng. Hardly impossible, my dear; such things have been in nature.

Mrs. E. And what is become of the lady, pray?

Eng. Why she is at court still.

Mrs. E. Then it is impossible to be true; for, if

* By this passage it is supposed this dialogue happened in the forty-third year of queen Elizabeth, when the famous statute was made for providing for the poor, and which is the corner-stone of all our excellent poor laws.

I could believe there was one such woman of quality, I am well convinced there are no other that would own her.

Eng. I only tell you what I hear. But come, dame Plumtree, is not your dinner ready? Upon my word I have been half starved. My constituents shall find out some other to serve them in the next parliament. It is a hard duty, Mrs. Plumtree, and a very expensive one too. I never come up myself under twenty pound; and if my wife comes with me the expense is almost double.

Mrs. P. Well, sir, but you know all men must serve their country.

Eng. Yes, madam, and if all would the burthen would be less severe. But I have discovered a most wicked corruption in the borough I serve for. There are three gentlemen in the neighbourhood who have as good estates as I have, and yet, because they entertain the mayor and aldermen with more strong drink than I do, they have never once attempted to choose them. The moment there is but a discourse of an election, to toping they go; so that they are sure always of escaping, and I am likely to serve my country as long as I live.

Mrs. P. It is very hard I must confess, squire, but then you will consider you have all the honour. However, sir, dinner is upon the table at present.

Eng. Lead on then, my dame, and I will show you what a stomach I have got in the service of my country.

No. 55. SATURDAY, July 18, 1752.

—— Juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire—— Lucretius.
———— 'tis pleasant to handle
An untouched subject.

It hath been observed that characters of humour do abound more in this our island than in any other country; and this hath been commonly supposed to arise from that pure and perfect state of liberty which we enjoy in a degree greatly superior to every foreign nation.

This opinion, I know, hath great sanction, and yet I am inclined to suspect the truth of it, unless we will extend the meaning of the word liberty farther than I think it hath been yet carried, and will include in it not only an exemption from all restraint of municipal laws, but likewise from all restraint of those rules of behaviour which are expressed in the general term of good-breeding. Laws which, though not written, are perhaps better understood, and, though established by no coercive power, much better obeyed within the circle where they are received, than any of those laws which are recorded in books or enforced by public authority.

A perfect freedom from these laws, if I am not greatly mistaken, is absolutely necessary to form the true character of humour; a character which is therefore not to be met with among those people who conduct themselves by the rules of good-breeding.

For, indeed, good-breeding is little more than the art of rooting out all those seeds of humour which nature had originally implanted in our minds.

To make this evident, it seems necessary only to explain the terms, a matter in which I do not see the great difficulty which hath appeared to other writers. Some of these have spoken of the word humour as if it contained in it some mystery impossible to be revealed, and no one, as I know of, hath undertaken to show us expressly what it is, though I scarce doubt but it was amply done by Aristotle in his treatise on comedy, which is unhappily lost.

But what is more surprising is, that we find it pretty well explained in authors who at the same time tell us they know not what it is. Mr. Congreve, in a letter to Mr. Dennis, hath these words: "We cannot certainly tell what wit is, or what humour is;" and within a few lines afterwards he says, "There is a great difference between a comedy wherein there are many things humorously, as they call it, which is pleasantly spoken, and one where there are several characters of humour distinguished by the particular and different humours appropriated to the several persons represented, and which naturally arise from the different constitutions, complexions, and dispositions of men. And again, I take humour to be a singular and unavoidable manner of saying or doing anything peculiar and natural to one man only; by which his speech and actions are distinguished from those of other men. Our humour hath relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the accidents have to a substance: it is a colour, taste, and smell diffused through all; though our actions are ever so many, and different in form, they are all splinters of the same wood, and have naturally one complexion," &c.

If my reader hath any doubt whether this is a just description of humour, let him compare it with those examples of humorous characters which the greatest masters have given us, and which have been universally acknowledged as such, and he will be perhaps convinced.

Ben Jonson, after complaining of the abuse of the word, proceeds thus:—

Why humour (as 'tis ens) we thus define it,
To be a quality of air or water.
And in itself holds these two properties,
Moisture and fluxure; as for demonstration,
Pour water on this floor: 'twill wet and run:
Likewise the air fore'd thro' a horn or trumpet,
Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of dew; and hence we do conclude,
That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
As wanting power to contain itself,
Is humour. So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far,
"It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition;
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluxions all to run one way,"
This may be truly said to be a humour.
But that a rook, by wearing a pied feather,
The cable hatband, or the three-pied ruff,
A yard of shoe tie, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garters, should affect a humour!
O! it is more than most ridiculous.

This passage is in the first act of *Every Man out of his Humour*; and I question not but to some readers the author will appear to have been out of his wits when he wrote it; but others, I am positive, will discern much excellent ore shining among the rubbish. In truth, his sentiment, when let loose from that stiff boddice in which it is laced, will amount to this—that, as the term humour contains in it the ideas of moisture and fluxure, it was applied to certain moist and flux habits of the body, and afterwards metaphorically to peculiar qualities of the mind, which, when they are extremely prevalent, do, like the predominant humours of the body, flow all to one part, and, as the latter are known to absorb and drain off all the corporeal juices and strength to themselves, so the former are no less certain of engaging the affections, spirits, and powers of the mind, and of enlisting them, as it were, into their own service, and under their own absolute command.

Here then we have another pretty adequate notion of humour, which is indeed nothing more than a violent bent or disposition of the mind to some par-

ticuiar point. To enumerate, indeed, these several dispositions wouid be, as Mr. Congreve observes, as endless as to sum up the several opinions of men; nay, as he well says, the *quot homines tot sententiæ* may he more properly interpreted of their humours than their opinions.

Hitherto there is no mention of the ridiculons, the idea of which, tbougb not essential to humour, is always included in our notions of it. The ridiculous is annexed to it these two ways, either by the manner or the degree iu which it is exerted.

By either of these the very best and worthiest dispositiun of the human mind may hecome ridiculous. Excess, says Horace, even in the pursuit of virtue, will lead a wise and good man into folly and vice—so will it subject bim to ridicule; for into this, says the judicious abhé Beiiegarde, a man may tumble beadlong witb an excellent understanding and with the most laudable qualities. Piety, patriotism, ioyaity, parentai affection, &c., have all afforded characters of humour for the stage.

By the manner of exerting itself, iikewise, a humour hecomes ridicuious. By this means chiefly the tragic bumour differs from the comic; it is the same ambition whicb raises our horror in Macbeth, and our laughter at the drunken sailors in the Tempest; the same avarice wbich causes the dreadful incidents in the Fatal Curiosity of Lillo, and in the Miser of Molière; the same jealousy which forms an Othello, or a suspicious husband. No passion or humour of the miud is absoluteiy either tragic or comic in itseif. Nero had the art of making vanity the object of horror; and Domitian, in one instance at least, made cruelty ridicuious.

As these tragic modes bowever never enter into our notion of humour, I will venture to make a small addition to the sentiments of the two great masters I bave mentioned, hy which I apprehend my description of bumour will pretty well coincide with the general opinion. By bumour then, I suppose, is generaiiy intended a vioient impuise of the mind, determining it to some one particuiar point, by which a man hecomes ridiculously distinguished from all other men.

If tbere be any truth in what I have now said, nothiug can more clearly foiiow tban the manifest repugnancy between humour and good-hreeding. The iatter being the art of conducting yourself by certain common and general rules, by which means, If they were universaiiy observed, tiie whole world would appear (as aii courtiers actually do) to be, in their external behaviour at least, but one and the same person.

I have not room at present if I were able to enumerate the rules of good-hreeding: I shall only mention one, which is a summary of them ali. This is the most goiden of ail rules, no iess tban tbat of *doing to all men as you would they should do unto you.*

In the deviation from this iaw, as I hope to evince in my next, ali that we cail humour principaiiy consists. I shall at the same time I think be ahie to show that it is to this deviation we owe the general character mentioned in the beginning of this paper, as well as to assign the reasons why we of this nation have heen capahie of attracting to ourselves such merit in preference to others.

No. 56. SATURDAY, July 25, 1752.

Hoc fonte derivata —Hor.
These are the sources.

At the conelusion of my iast paper I asserted that the summary of good-breeding was no other than that comprehensive and exalted rule which the greatest authority bath told us is tba sum total of all religion and ail morality.

Here, bowever, my readers will be pieased to observe that the suhject-matter of good-hreeding heing only what is calied hehaviour, it is this only to which we are to apply it on the present occasion. Perhaps, therefore, we shall be better understood if we vary the word and read it thus: *Behave unto all men as you would they should behave unto you.*

This will most certainiy ohlige us to treat all mankind witb the utmost civility and respect, there being nothing which we desire more than to he treated so hy them. This will most effectually restrain the indnlgence of ali those violent and inordinate desires, which, as we bave endeavoured to show, are the true seeds of bumour in the buman mind; the growth of which good-breeding will be sure to obstruct, or will at ieast so overtop and shadow, that they shaii not appear. The ambitious, the covetous, the proud, the vain, the angry, the dehauchee, the glutton, are all iost in the character of the well-bred man; or, if Nature should now and then venture to peep forth, she withdraws in an instant, and doth not show enough of herself to hecome ridiculous.

Now humour arises from the very opposite behaviour, from throwing the reins on the neck of our favourite passion, and giving it a full scope and indulgence. Tbe ingeuious ahhé whom I quoted in my former paper paints this admirahly in the characters of ill-breeding, whicb he mentions as the very first scene of the ridiculous. "Ill-hreeding (l'impolitesse)," says he, "is not a single defect—it is the result of many. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indoience, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolisb vanity which hath no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humour which soars ahove all the ruies of civility; or, iastiy, it is prodnced by a meiancholy turn of mind whicb pampers itself (*qui trouve du ragoût*) with a rude and disobliging hehaviour."

Having thus shown, I think very ciearly, that good-hreeding is and must he the very bane of the ridiculous, that is to say, of ali humorous characters, it will perhaps he no difficult task to discover why this character hatb been in a singular manner attributed to this nation.

For this I shaii assign two reasons oniy, as these seem to me abundantiy satisfactory and adequate to the purpose.

The first is, that method so general in this kingdom of giving no education to the youth of both sexes; I say general only, for it is not without some few exceptions.

Much the greater part of our lads of fashion return from school at fifteen or sixteen, very iittle wiser and not at ali tbe better for having been sent thither. Part of these return to the place from whence tbey came, tbeir fathers' country seats; where racing, cock-figbting, hunting, and other rural sports, with smoking, drinking, and party, hecome their pursuit, and form the whole business and amusement of tbeir future iives. The other part escape to town, in the diversions, fashion, follies, and vices of which they are immediately initiated. In this academy some finish their studies, while others hy their wiser parents are sent abroad, to add the knowiedge of the diversions, fashions, follies, and vices of ali Europe to that of those of their country.

Hence, then, we are to derive two great general characters of humour, which are the clown and the

coxcomb, and both of these will be almost infinitely diversified according to the different passions and natural dispositions of each individual, and according to their different walks in life. Great will be the difference, for instance, whether the country gentleman be a whig or a tory; whether he prefers women, drink, or dogs: so will it be, whether the town spark be allotted to serve his country as a politician, a courtier, a soldier, a sailor, or possibly a churchman (for by draughts from this academy all these offices are supplied); or, lastly, whether his ambition shall be contented with no other appellation than merely that of a beau.

Some of our lads, however, are destined to a farther progress in learning; these are not only confined longer to the labours of a school, but are sent thence to the university. Here, if they please, they may read on; and if they please they may (as most of them do) let it alone, and betake themselves, as their fancy leads, to the imitation of their elder brothers either in town or country.

This is a matter which I shall handle very tenderly, as I am clearly of an opinion that an university education is much the best we have; for here at least there is some restraint laid on the inclinations of our youth. The sportsman, the gamester, and the sot, cannot give such a loose to their extravagance as if they were at home and under no manner of government; nor can our spark who is disposed to the town pleasures find either gaming-houses or playhouses, nor half the taverns or bawdy-houses which are ready to receive him in Covent-garden.

So far, however, I hope, I may say without offence, that, among all the schools at the universities, there is none where the science of good-breeding is taught; no lectures like the excellent lessons on the ridiculous which I have quoted above, and which I do most earnestly recommend to all my young readers. Hence the learned professions produce such excellent characters of humour; and the rudeness of physicians, lawyers, and parsons—however dignified or distinguished—affords such pleasant stories to divert private companies, and sometimes the public.

I come now to the beautiful part of the creation, who, in the sense I here use the word, I am assured can hardly (for the most part) be said to have any education.

As to the counterpart of my country squire, the country gentlewoman, I apprehend that, except in the article of the dancing-master, and perhaps in that of being barely able to read and write, there is very little difference between the education of many a squire's daughter and that of his dairy-maid, who is most likely her principal companion; nay, the little difference which there is, I am afraid, is not in the favour of the former; who, by being constantly flattered with her beauty and her wealth, is made the vainest and most self-conceited thing alive, at the same time that such care is taken to instil into her the principles of bashfulness and timidity, that she becomes ashamed and afraid of she knows not what.

If by any chance this poor creature drops afterwards, as it were, into the world, how absurd must be her behaviour! If a man looks at her she is confounded; and if he speaks to her, she is frightened out of her wits. She acts, in short, as if she thought the whole sex was engaged in a conspiracy to possess themselves of her person and fortune.

This poor girl, it is true, however she may appear to her own sex, especially if she is handsome, is rather an object of compassion than of just ridicule; but what shall we say when time or marriage have carried off all this bashfulness and fear, and when ignorance, awkwardness, and rusticity are embellished with the same degree, though perhaps not the same kind, of affectation which are to be found in a court? Here sure is a plentiful source of all that various humour which we find in the character of a country gentlewoman.

All this, I apprehend, will be readily allowed; but to deny good-breeding to the town lady may be the more dangerous attempt. Here, besides the professors of reading, writing, and dancing, the French and Italian masters, the music-master, and, of modern times, the whist-master, all concur in forming this character. The manners-master alone, I am afraid, is omitted. And what is the consequence? Not only bashfulness and fear are entirely subdued, but modesty and discretion are taken off at the same time. So far from running away from, she runs after, the men; and, instead of blushing when a modest man looks at her or speaks to her, she can bear, without any such emotion, to stare an impudent fellow in the face, and sometimes to utter what, if he be not very impudent indeed, may put him to the blush. Hence all those agreeable ingredients which form the humour of a rampant woman of—the town.

I cannot quit this part of my subject, in which I have been obliged to deal a little more freely than I am inclined with the loveliest part of the creation, without preserving my own character of good-breeding, by saying that this last excess is by much the most rare, and that every individual among my female readers either is already, or may be when she pleases, an example of a contrary behaviour.

The second general reason why humour so much abounds in this nation seems to me to arise from the great number of people who are daily raised by trade to the rank of gentry, without having had any education at all; or, to use no improper phrase, without having served any apprenticeship to this calling. But I have dwelt so long on the other branch, that I have no room at present to animadvert on this: nor is it indeed necessary I should, since most readers, with the hints I have already given them, will easily suggest to themselves a great number of humorous characters with which the public have been furnished this way. I shall conclude by wishing that this excellent source of humour may still continue to flow among us—since, though it may make us a little laughed at, it will be sure to make us the envy of all the nations of Europe.

No. 59. SATURDAY, August 15, 1752.

—— Illae lymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.—Hor.

Without a tear they fall, without a name,
Unless some sacred bard records their fame.

There is a certain affection of the mind, for which, though it be common enough in the people of this country, we have not, I think, any adequate term in our language. The Greeks, though they likewise want a name for the abstract, called a man so affected ὑπερφρων, a word which I shall not attempt to translate otherwise than by a paraphrase. I understand by it a man so intoxicated with his own great qualities, that he despises and overlooks all other men. In this sense the participle passive of the verb ὑπερφρονεω is used in Thucydides, ὑπο των ξυμμαχουντων ὑπερφρονουμενοι. The sentiment is in the mouth of Alcibiades, and it is a very fine one. "As no man," says he, "will even speak to us when we are unfortunate, so must they bear in their turn to be despised by us when we are intoxicated with our successes."

This disdainful temper, notwithstanding its haughty aspect, proceeds, if I am not much mistaken, from no higher principle than rank timidity. We endeavour to elevate ourselves and to depress others, lest they should be brought into some competition with ourselves. We are not sufficiently assured of our own footing in the ascent to greatness, and are afraid of suffering any to come too near us, lest they should pull us down and advance into our place.

Of this pitiful temper of mind there are no persons so susceptible as the brethren of the quill. Not only such authors as have been a little singular in their opinions concerning their own merit, and in whom it seems more excusable to bear a jealous eye towards others; but even those who have far outstripped their fellow-coursers in the race of glory stretch their scornful eyes behind them to express their disdain of the poor wretches who are limping and crawling on at however great a distance.

Many are the methods by which this passion is exerted. I shall mention only one, as it is much the most common, and perhaps the most invidious. This is a contemptuous silence—a treatment not much unlike to that which the Buccaneers formerly used to treat their conquered enemies, when they sunk, or as they phrased it, hid them in the sea.

How many names of great writers may we suppose to have been sunk by this base disposition! Homer, as I remember, hath not perpetuated the memory of a single writer, unless that of Thersites, who was, I make no doubt, from the character given of him in the Iliad, an author of no small estimation. And yet there were probably as many of the function in those days as there are in this; nay, Homer himself, in his Odyssey, mentions the great honours which poets then received in the courts of all princes, whence we may very reasonably conclude that they swarmed in those courts, and yet the names of three only of his contemporaries have triumphed over the injuries of time, and the malice of their brethren, so as to reach our age.

The learned Vossius, who seems to have employed no little pains in the matter, hath not been able to preserve to us many more than two hundred down to the death of Cleopatra, and yet we are assured that the famous Alexandrian library contained no less than six hundred thousand volumes, of which, as the humour of those ages ran, we may conceive a sixth part at least to have consisted of poetry.

Among the Latins, how many great names may we suppose to have been hid by the affected taciturnity of Virgil, who appears to have mentioned only those writers of quality to whom he made his court! Of his friend Horace, he had not the gratitude to take any notice; much less to repay those praises which this latter poet had so liberally bestowed on him.

Horace again, though so full of compliments to Virgil, of poor Ovid is altogether as cruelly and invidiously silent.

Ovid, who was, I am confident, one of the best-natured of human kind, was of all men most profuse in the praises of his contemporaries; and yet even he hath been guilty of sinking. Numberless were the poets in his time whose names are nowhere to be found in his works; nay, he hath played the Buccaneer with two, one of whom is celebrated by Horace, and both of them by Virgil. The learned reader well knows I mean the illustrious names of Bavius and Mævius, whose merits were so prevalent with Virgil, that, though they were both his bitter revilers, he could not refrain from transmitting them to posterity. I wish he had dealt as generously by all his censurers, and I make no doubt but we should have been furnished with some hundreds of names, *quæ nunc premit nox.*

Among our own writers, too many have been guilty of this vice. Had Dryden communicated all those who drew their pens against him, he would have preserved as many names from oblivion as a land-tax act; but he was, I am afraid, so intoxicated with his own merit, that he overlooked and despised all the great satirists who constantly abused, I had almost said libelled, his works, unless they were some other way eminent besides by their writings, such as Shadwell, who was poet-laureat, and Buckingham, who was a duke.

Of all the chief favourites and prime ministers of the muses, the late ingenious Mr. Pope was most free from this scornful silence. He employed a whole work for the purpose of recording such writers as no one without his pains, except he had lived at the same time and in the same street, would ever have heard of. He may indeed be said to have raked many out of the kennels to immortality, which, though in somewhat a stinking condition, is to an ambitious mind preferable to utter obscurity and oblivion; many, I presume, having, with the wretch who burnt the Temple of Ephesus, such a love for fame, that they are willing even to creep into her common sewer.

In humble imitation of this great man, in the only instance of which I am capable of imitating him, I intend shortly to attempt a work of the same kind, in prose I mean, and to endeavour to do justice to a great number of my contemporaries, whose names, for far the greater part, are much less known than they deserve to be. And, that I may be the better enabled to execute this generous purpose, I have employed several proper persons to find out these authors. To this end, I have ordered my bookseller to send me in the names of all these apprentices and journeymen of booksellers and printers who at present entertain and instruct the town with their productions. I have besides a very able and industrious person who hath promised me a complete list of all the hands now confined in the several bridewells in and about the city, which carry on the trade of writing in any of the branches of religion, morality, and government; in all which every day produces us some curious essay, treatise, remarks, &c., from those quarters.

I shall conclude this paper with some very fine lines from the third book of the Dunciad, which gave indeed the first hint to my charitable design; for what a melancholy consideration is it that all those armies there spoken of should perish in the jaws of utter darkness, and that the names of such worthies should be as short-lived as their works! The verses are part of a speech of Settle to his son Cibber:

> And see, my son! the hour is on its way
> That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
> This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
> Dove-like she gathers to her wings again.
> Now look thro' fate! behold the scene she draws!
> What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
> See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
> Behold, and count them as they rise to light.
> As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
> In homage to the mother of the sky,
> Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
> An hundred sons, and every son a god:
> Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
> Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round;
> And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
> Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce.

No. 60. SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1752.

Τὸν σαυτοῦ μὴ ψέρειν ἐγκώμια

Be not the trumpeter of your own praise.

A FRENCH author a great favourite of mine, and

whom I have often quoted in my lucubrations, observes, "That it is very common for men to talk of themselves, and their children, and their family, and always in the terms of commendation. But," says he, "if those who accustom themselves to such narratives could conceive how troublesome and tiresome they are to the rest of the world, they would possibly learn to contain themselves a little better, and to show more complaisance to the patience of their hearers. It is moreover matter of great astonishment to me, that men who are perpetually praising themselves scarce ever mention the name of another person but in order to abuse it. Perhaps they intend to avail themselves of the contrast, and to recommend their own conduct to general approbation by the censure of their neighbours."

The motive to the former of these vices is clearly vanity; which, as the ingenious doctor Young says,

> Makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
> And I the little hero of each tale.

The motive to the latter is malice; and, to say a plain truth, I firmly believe there is no bosom where vanity is to be found in any great degree which is not at the same time pretty considerably tainted with malice. Praise is a mistress in the pursuit of which every vain man must have many rivals, and what temper of mind men preserve to a rival need not to be here repeated.

To both these impulses of mind there is no man, I am afraid, so liable as the writer. Fame is sometimes his only pursuit; but this is always blended with his other views, even in the most mercenary—and for this simple reason, that it leads directly to pudding. He must at least respect fame, as the cit in the play doth his reputation, because the loss of it may tend to loss of money. But, in fact, his views are commonly more noble; vanity, not avarice, is the passion he would feed; and there is scarce an inhabitant of Parnassus, even among the poor of that parish, who will not be more pleased with one who commends his works than with one who gives him a dinner; which being the case, it follows of course that they must be all rivals for the aforesaid mistress, and may consequently be all suspected of bearing malice to each other.

Again, there is no writer who can so easily indulge both these inclinations as the writer of miscellaneous essays. It required the genius of Cicero or Bolinghroke to introduce their own praises into every political oration or pamphlet; or the wit of Lucian or South to drag the philosophers and dissenters into almost every subject. But such essayist, having a full liberty to write not only what, but on what he pleases, may fill up every page with his own commendations, and with the abuse of all other writers.

When I meditate on these matters I can scarce refrain from taking some praise to myself; I am even vain enough to think the public have some little obligation to me, for that silence which I have hitherto so inviolably maintained with regard to my own perfections; and perhaps the more candid among my readers would allow some applause to this forbearance if they knew what a sacrifice I make of my own inclinations by thus consulting their ease and pleasure; for surely nothing can equal the satisfaction which a man feels in writing encomiums on himself, unless it be the disgust which every other person is as sure to conceive at reading them.

In this mood of thinking, likewise, I am apt to challenge to myself some degree of merit towards my contemporary writers, especially those who write in my own way. As these gentlemen are, I doubt not, well assured of that immoderate envy which I must bear to their great genius and learning, they will certainly acknowledge, that to confine all this to myself, to smother these scorching flames within my own breast, without suffering even a spark to escape, seems a little to deserve their commendation.

But, to deal ingenuously on this occasion, I must acknowledge there are some prudential as well as generous motives to this silence. Two considerations may perhaps be suspected of having some little weight in dissuading a man, even for his own sake, from exhibiting his own praise. First, that he will be sure of being very little read, and in the next place of being much less believed. The fear of this latter fate may likewise have some share in prevailing on a man to stifle his envy, notwithstanding all the pleasure which is to be found in giving it vent. However sweet it was to those great men whose names are recorded in the preface to the Dunciad, and in the Dunciad itself, to accuse the characters of Pope and Swift, and to assert, as they did, that the one wanted humour and the other was no poet, I much doubt whether they would not have bought their pleasure too dear at the price of public scorn, even though the former had treated them with the same silent contempt with which they were treated by the latter. For this reason I shall carefully avoid any satire against the Popes and Swifts of the present age. Though envy of these great men should boil in my own bosom, I will never suffer it to boil over so as to run abroad into the public.

To suppress two such powerful passions as vanity and envy is by no means an easy task. It requires indeed little less resolution than what animated the Spartan youth who concealed a fox under his garment, and rather than he would produce him openly suffered the vermin to gnaw his very bowels. To say the truth, I am afraid I should not have been able to persevere so long, had I not contrived a certain cunning method of discharging myself in private; and which, as it is a most curious secret, I shall now communicate for the use of others, who, if they pursue the same method, will, I doubt not, meet with the same success.

I will give it by way of receipt; and can truly say it hath every quality with which remedies are usually recommended; being extremely cheap, easy, safe, and practicable.

A RECEIPT TO PREVENT THE ILL EFFECTS OF A RAGING VANITY IN AN AUTHOR.

When the fit is at the highest, take a pen, ink, and paper, Q. S. make a panegyric on yourself; stuff it well with all the cardinal virtues; season to your taste with wit, humour, and learning. You may likewise add, as you see occasion, birth, politeness, and such like.

In the choice of your ingredients be sure to have a particular regard to your sore part. If your ears be sore with any fresh pulling, or your br—ch with any fresh kicking, infuse a double portion of courage. If you have lately betrayed your ignorance so grossly as to make Ovid guilty of two false quantities in one line, dash plentifully with learning.

If you are publicly known to be an infamous liar, season very high with honour; if you are notoriously sprung from the *dunghill*, take of ancestors from the English history at the least half a dozen. *Et sic de cæteris.*

When you have writ your panegyric you may read it as often as you please; but take care that nobody hears you, and then be sure to—burn your panegyric.

This last operation I own will cause some pain,

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hut when it is considered that if you do hut hurn it yourself other people will—nay, perhaps, will treat it yet worse, and bring it to a much more dishonourahle and stinking end—a wise man will soon force himself to the resolution of putting his panegyric beyoud the reach of malice.

As to the cure of envy, I need not give the receipt for it at length; it is sufficient to direct the choice of the very contrary ingredients; that is to say, instead of all the good, mako use of all the had qualities hoth of the head and heart.

And here likewise you are to examine your own sore part; if any man hath ridiculed you with wit and humour, take of hlockhead, dunce, and fool, of each three penfuls. If another hath kicked and cuffed you lustily, he sure to becoward him well; and, lf the assault was in public, before the eyes of many gentlemen, the word coward can never he too often repeated.

But with regard to this last great caution must he had, first, that the person so to be hecowarded he first under a prosecution at law for the assault; aud secondly, that he he then out of the kingdom. These precautions are however useless, if you apply your satire as you are above advised to apply your panegyric, I mean to the flames; otherwise they will he ahundantly necessary to prevent your ears from heing pulled, till they resemhle those of the ass lately exposed at the Bedford coffee-house.

I shall conclude this paper with two quotations; the first is from the mouth of Socrates:—"Never speak of yourself; for be who commends himself is vain; and he who ahuses himself is absurd." The other is from the witty Dr. South. He advises an ahusive writer "to be of all others most circumspect as to his own nctions, seeing he is so sure of meeting with no quarter." A man must indeed be most furiously mad who sets up for a satirist, when it is scarce possihle for him to discharge a single vice at any other that will not recoil on himself. In a word, with my friend Horace, *melius non tangere clamo*. A hint which those of my contemporary writers who understand Latin will for the future I hope ohserve.

No. 61. SATURDAY, August 29, 1752.

Τὸν ἰλάττω μὴ ἀτιμαζέλίσης.—Cleobul.

Do not despise your inferiors.

There is not in human nature a more odious disposition than a proneness to contempt. Nor is there any which more certainly denotes a had mind; for in a good and benign temper there can be no room for this sensation. That which constitutes an ohject of contempt to the malevolent, hecomes the object of other passions to a worthy and good-natured man; for in such a person wickedness and vice must raise hatred and ahhorrence; and weakness and folly will he sure to excite compassion; so that he will find no object of his contempt in all the actions of men.

And however detestahle this quality, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature, may appear when considered in the serious school of Heraclitus, it will present no less absurd and ridiculous an idea to the laughing sect of Democritus, especially as we may observe that tha meanest and hasest of all human beings are generally the most forward to despise others. So that the most contemptible are generally the most contemptunus.

I have often wished that some of those curious persons who have employed their tima in inquiring into tha nature and actions of several insects, such as hees and ants, had taken some pains to examine whether they are not apt to express any contemptuons behaviour one towards another; the plain symptoms of which might possihly be discovered hy the help of microscopes. It is scarce conceivable that the queen bee, amongst the hundred gallants which she keeps for her own recreation, should not have some especial favourites, and it is full as likely that these favourites will so carry themselves towards their hrethren as to display sufficient marks of their contempt to the eye of an accurate discoverer in the manners of the reptile world. For my own part, I have remarked many instances of contempt amongst animals which I have farther observed to increase in proportion to the decrease of such species in the rank and order of the animal creation. Mr. Ellis informs me that he never could discover any the least indication of contempt in the lions under his care; the horse, I am sorry to say it, gives us some, the ass many more, the turkey-cock more still, and the toad is supposed to hurst itself frequently with the violence of this passion. To pnrsue it gradually downwards would be too tedious. It may be reasonahly supposed to arrive at a prodigious height before it descends to the louse. With what a degree of contempt may we conceive that a substantial freeholder of this kind, who is well estahlished in the head of a beggar-wench, considers a poor vagabond louse who hath strayed into the head of a woman of quality; where it is in hourly danger of being arrested hy the merciless hands of her woman!

This may perhaps seem to some a very ridiculous image, and as ridiculous as I apprehend to a heing of a superior order will appear a contemptuous man; one puffed up with some trifling, perhaps fancied superiority, and looking round him with disdain on those who are perhaps so nearly his equals, that to such a being as I have just mentioned the difference may be as inconsiderahle and imperceptible hetween the despiser and the despised as the difference between two of the meanest insects may seem to us.

And as a very good mind, as I bave before observed, will give no entertainment to any such affection, so neither will a sensible mind, I am persuaded, find more opportunity to exert it. If men would hut make a moderate nse of that self-examination which philosophers and divines have recommended to them, it would tend greatly to the cure of this dispositinn. Their contempt would then perhaps, as their charity is said to do, begin at home. To say truth, a man hath this hetter chance of despising himself than he hath of despising others, as he is likely to know himself hest.

But I am sliding into a more serious vein than I intended. In the residue of this paper, therefore, I will confine myself to one particular consideration only, one which will give as ridiculous an idea of contempt, and afford as strong dissuasives against it as any other which at present suggests itself.

The consideration I mean is, that contempt is, generally at least, mutual, and that there is scarce any one man who despises another without being at the same time despised hy him, of which I shall endeavour to produce some few instances.

As the right honourahle the lord Squanderfield, at the head of a vast retinue, passes hy Mr. Moses Buckram, citizen and tailor, in his chaise and one, "See there," says my lord, with an air of the highest contempt, "that rascal Buckram, with his fat wife; I suppose he is going to his country-house, for such fellows must have their country-house as well as their vehicle. These are the rascals that complain of want of trade." Buckram, on the other side, is no sooner recovered from the fear of being run over before he could get out of the way, than, turning to his wife he cries, "Very fine, faith; an

honest citizen is to be run over by such fellows as these, who drive about their coaches and six with other people's money. See, my dear, what an equipage he hath! and yet he cannot find money to pay an honest tradesman! He is above fifteen hundred pounds deep in my books; how I despise such lords!"

Lady Fanny Rantun, from the side-box, casting her eyes on an honest pawnbroker's wife below her, bids lady Betty, her companion, take notice of that creature in the pit: "Did you ever see, lady Betty," says she, "such a strange wretch? how the awkward monster is dressed!" The good woman, at the same time surveying lady Fanny, and offended, perhaps, at a scornful smile which she sees in her countenance, whispers her friend, "Observe lady Fanny Rantun; as great airs as that fine lady gives herself, my husband hath all her jewels under lock and key; what a contemptible thing is poor quality!"

Is there on earth a greater object of contempt than a poor scholar to a splendid beau; unless, perhaps, the splendid beau to the poor scholar? the philosopher and the world, the man of business and the man of pleasure, the beauty and the wit, the hypocrite and the profligate, the covetous and the squanderer, are all alike instances of this reciprocal contempt.

Take the same observations into the lowest life, and we shall find the same proneness to despise each other. The common soldier, who hires himself out to be shot at for five-pence a-day, who is the only slave in a free country, and is liable to be sent to any part of the world without his consent, and whilst at home subject to the severest punishments for offences which are not to be found in our law-books; yet this noble personage looks with a contemptuous air on all his brethren of that order in the commonwealth, whether of mechanics or husbandmen, from whence he was himself taken. On the other hand, however adorned with his brick-dust-coloured cloth, and bedaubed with worsted lace of a penny a-yard, the very gentleman soldier is as much despised in his turn by the whistling carter, who comforts himself that he is a free Englishman, and will live with no master any longer than he likes him; nay, and, though he never was worth twenty shillings in his life, is ready to answer a captain if he offends him, "D—n you, sir! who are you? is it not WE that pays you?"

This contemptuous disposition is, in reality, the sure attendant on a mean and bad mind in every station; on the contrary, a great and good man will be free from it, whether he be placed at the top or bottom of life. I was therefore not a little pleased with a rebuke given by a black-shoe boy to another, who had expressed his contempt of one of the modern town-smarts. "Why should you despise him, Jack?" said the honest lad; "we are all what tho Lord pleased to make us."

I will conclude this paper with a story which a gentleman of honour averred to me to be truth. His coach being stopped in Piccadilly by two or three carts, which, according to custom, were placed directly across the way, he observed a very dirty fellow, who appeared to belong to a mud-cart, give another fellow several lashes with his whip, and at the same time heard him repeat more than once, "D—n you, I will teach you manners to your betters." My friend could not easily, from these words, divine what might possibly be the station of the unhappy sufferer, till at length, to the great satisfaction of his curiosity, he discovered that he was the driver of a dust-cart drawn by asses.

AN ESSAY ON NOTHING.

THE INTRODUCTION.

It is surprising that, while such trifling matters employ the masterly pens of the present age, the great and noble subject of this essay should have passed totally neglected; and the rather, as it is a subject to which the genius of many of those writers who have unsuccessfully applied themselves to politics, religion, &c., is most peculiarly adapted.

Perhaps their unwillingness to handle what is of such importance may not improperly be ascribed to their modesty; though they may not be remarkably addicted to this vice on every occasion. Indeed I have heard it predicated of some, whose assurance in treating other subjects hath been sufficiently notable, that they have blushed at this. For such is the awe with which this Nothing inspires mankind, that I believe it is generally apprehended of many persons of very high character among us, that were title, power, or riches to allure them, they would stick at it.

But, whatever be the reason, certain it is, that, except a barly wit in the reign of Charles II., none ever hath dared to write on this subject: I mean openly and avowedly; for it must be confessed that most of our modern authors, however foreign the matter which they endeavour to treat may seem at their first setting out, they generally bring the work to this in the end.

I hope, however, this attempt will not be imputed to me as an act of immodesty; since I am convinced there are many persons in this kingdom who are persuaded of my fitness for what I have undertaken. But as talking of a man's self is generally suspected to arise from vanity, I shall, without any more excuse or preface, proceed to my Essay.

SECTION I.

Of the antiquity of Nothing.

There is nothing falser than that old proverb which (like many other falsehoods) is in every one's mouth:

Ex nihilo nihil fit.

Thus translated by Shakspeare, in Lear:

Nothing can come of nothing.

Whereas, in fact, from Nothing proceeds everything. And this is a truth confessed by the philosophers of all sects: the only point in controversy between them being, whether Something made the world out of Nothing, or Nothing out of Something. A matter not much worth debating at present, since either will equally serve our turn. Indeed the wits of all ages seem to have ranged themselves on each side of this question, as their genius tended more or less to the spiritual or material substance. For those of the more spiritual species have inclined to the former, and those whose genius hath partaken more of the chief properties of matter, such as solidity, thickness, &c., have embraced the latter.

But, whether Nothing was the *artifex* or *materies* only, it is plain in either case it will have a right to claim to itself the origination of all things.

And farther, the great antiquity of Nothing is apparent from its being so visible in the accounts we have of the beginning of every nation. This is very plainly to be discovered in the first pages, and sometimes books, of all general historians; and, indeed, the study of this important subject fills up the whole life of an antiquary, it being always at the bottom of his inquiry, and is commonly at last discovered by him with infinite labour and pains.

SECTION II.

Of the nature of Nothing.

Another falsehood which we must detect in the pursuit of this essay is an assertion "That no one can have an idea of Nothing:" but men who thus confidently deny us this idea either grossly deceive themselves, or would impose a downright cheat on the world; for, so far from having none, I believe there are few who have not many ideas of it; though perhaps they may mistake them for the idea of Something.

For instance, is there any one who hath not an idea of immaterial substance?* Now what is immaterial substance more than Nothing? But here we are artfully deceived by the use of words: for, were we to ask another what idea he had of immaterial matter or unsubstantial substance, the absurdity of affirming it to be Something would shock him, and he would immediately reply it was Nothing.

Some persons perhaps will say, "Then we have no idea of it;" but, as I can support the contrary by such undoubted authority, I shall, instead of trying to confute such idle opinions proceed to show, first, what Nothing is; secondly, I shall disclose the various kinds of Nothing; and, lastly, shall prove its great dignity, and that it is the end of everything.

As it is extremely hard to define Nothing in positive terms, I shall therefore do it in negative. Nothing then is not Something. And here I must object to a third error concerning it, which is, that it is in no place; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its existence; whereas indeed it possesses the greatest and noblest place on this earth, viz. the human brain. But indeed this mistake hath been sufficiently refuted by many very wise men; who, having spent their whole lives in the contemplation and pursuit of Nothing, have at last gravely concluded—*that there is Nothing in this world.*

Farther, as Nothing is not Something, so everything which is not Something is Nothing; and wherever Something is not Nothing is: a very large allowance in its favour, as must appear to persons well skilled in human affairs.

For instance, when a bladder is full of wind, it is full of something; but when that is let out we aptly say there is nothing in it.

The same may be as justly asserted of a man as of a bladder. However well he may be bedaubed with lace or with title, yet, if have not something in him, we may predicate the same of him as of an empty bladder.

But if we cannot reach an adequate knowledge of the true essence of Nothing, no more than we can of matter, let us, in imitation of the experimental philosophers, examine some of its properties or accidents.

And here we shall see the infinite advantages which Nothing hath over Something; for, while the latter is confined to one sense, or two perhaps at the most, Nothing is the object of them all.

For, first, Nothing may be seen, as is plain from the relation of persons who have recovered from high fevers, and perhaps may be suspected from some at least of those who have seen apparitions, both on earth and in the clouds. Nay, I have often heard it confessed by men, when asked what they saw at such a place and time, that they saw Nothing. Admitting then that there are two sights, viz. a first and second sight, according to the firm belief of some, Nothing must be allowed to have a very large share of the first, and as to the second, it hath it all entirely to itself.

Secondly, Nothing may be heard, of which the same proofs may be given as of the foregoing. The Argive mentioned by Horace is a strong instance of this:—

> —— Fuit haud ignobilis Argis
> Qui se credebat miros audire Tragœdos
> In vacuo lætus sessor, Plausorque Theatro.

That Nothing may be tasted and smelt is not only known to persons of delicate palates and nostrils. How commonly do we hear that such a thing smells or tastes of nothing! The latter I have heard asserted of a dish compounded of five or six savoury ingredients. And as to the former, I remember an elderly gentlewoman who had a great antipathy to the smell of apples, who, upon discovering that an idle boy had fastened some mellow apple to her tail, contracted a habit of smelling them whenever that boy came within her sight, though there were then none within a mile of her.

Lastly, feeling: and sure, if any sense seems more particularly the object of matter only, which must be allowed to be Something, this doth. Nay, I have heard it asserted, and with a colour of truth, of several persons, that they can feel nothing but a cudgel. Notwithstanding which, some have felt the motions of the spirit, and others have felt very bitterly the misfortunes of their friends, without endeavouring to relieve them. Now these seem two plain instances that Nothing is an object of this sense. Nay, I have heard a surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a patient's leg, that *he was sure he felt Nothing.*

Nothing is as well the object of our passions as our senses. Thus there are many who love Nothing, some who hate Nothing, and some who fear Nothing, &c.

We have already mentioned three of the properties of a noun to belong to Nothing; we shall find the fourth likewise to be as justly claimed by it, and that Nothing is as often the object of the understanding as of the senses.

Indeed some have imagined that knowledge, with the adjective *human* placed before it, is another word for Nothing. And one of the wisest men in the world declared he knew Nothing.

But, without carrying it so far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many works of our ingenious moderns, with proper attention and emolument, will, I believe, confess that, if he understands them right, he understands Nothing.

This is a secret not known to all readers, and want of this knowledge hath occasioned much puzzling; for where a book or chapter or paragraph hath seemed to the reader to contain Nothing, his modesty hath sometimes persuaded him that the true meaning of the author hath escaped him, instead of concluding, as in reality the fact was, that the author in the said book, &c., did truly and *bonâ fide* mean Nothing. I remember once, at the table of a per-

* The author would not be here understood to speak against the doctrine of immateriality, to which he is a hearty well-wisher; but to point at the stupidity of those who, instead of immaterial *essence*, which would convey a rational meaning, have substituted immaterial *substance*, which is a contradiction in terms.

son of great eminence, and one no less distinguished by superiority of wit than fortune, when a very dark passage was read out of a poet famous for being so sublime that he is often out of the sight of his reader, some persons present declared they did not understand the meaniug. The gentleman himself, castiug his eye over the performance, testified a surprise at the dulness of his company, seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than tbe meaning of the passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again, but with like success; we frankly owued wo could not find it out, and desired he would explain it. "Explain it!" said the geutleman, why, "he means Nothing."

In fact, this mistake arises from a too vulgar error among persons unacquainted with the mystery of writing, who imagine it lmpossiblo that a man should sit down to write without any meaning at all! whereas, in reality, nothing is more common: for, not to instance in myself, who have confessedly set down to write this essay with Notbing in my head, or, which is much the same thing, to write about Nothing, it may bo incontestably proved, *ab effectu*, that Nothing is commoner among tbo moderns. The inimitable author of a preface to the Posthnmour Eclogues of a late ingenious young gentleman says, "There are men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they shall write. But indeed there is a third and much more numerous sort, who never think either before they sit down or afterwards, and who, when they produce on paper what was before in their heads, are sure to produce Nothing."

Thus we have endeavoured to demonstrate the nature of Nothing, hy showing first, delinitively, *what it is not*; aud, secondly, be describing *what it is*. Tbe next thing therefore proposed is to show its various kinds.

Now somo imagine these several kinds differ in name ouly. But, without endeavouring to confute so absurd an opinion, especially as these different kinds of Nothing occur frequently in the best authors, I shall content myself with setting them down, and leave it to the determination of the distinguished reader, whether it is probable, or indeed possible, tbat they should all convey one and the samo meaning.

These are, Nothing *per se* Nothing; Nothing at all; Nothing in the least; Nothing in nature; Nothing in the world; Nothing in tho wbolo world; Nothing in tbe whole universal world. And perhaps mauy others of which we say—Notbing.

SECTION III.

Of the dignity of Nothing; and an endeavour to prove that it is the end as well as beginning of all things.

Nothing contains so much dignity as Nothing. Ask an iufamous worthless nobleman (if any such be) in what his dignity consists? It may not be perhaps consistent with bis dignity to give you an answer: but suppose he should be willing to condeseend so far, what could bc in effect say? Should ho say ho had it from his ancestors, I apprehend a lawyer would oblige him to prove that the virtues to which this dignity was annexed descended to him. If he claims it as inherent in tho title, might he not be told that a title originally lmplied dignity, as it implied the presence of those virtues to which dignity is inseparably annexed; but that no implication will fly in the face of downright positivo proof to the contrary. In short, to examine no farther, since bis eudeavour to derive it from any other fountain would be equally lmpotent, his dignity arises from Nothing, and in reality is Nothing. Yet, that this dignity really exists, that it glares in the eyes of men, and produces much good to tho person who wears it, is, I believe, incontestable.

Perbaps this may appear in the following syllogism.

The respect paid to men on a count of their titles is paid at least to the supposal of their superior virtues and abilities, or it is paid to Nothing.

But when a man is a notorious knave or fool it is impossiblo there should be any sucb supposal.

The conclusion is apparent.

Now, that no man is ashamed of either paying or receiving this respect I wonder not, since the great lmportance of Nothing seems I think to be pretty apparent: but that they should deny the Deity worshipped, and endeavour to represent Nothing as Something, is more worthy reprehension. This is a fallacy extremely common. I have seen a fellow, whom all the world knew to have Nothing in bim, not only pretend to Somethimg himself, but supported in that pretension by others who have been less liable to be deceived. Now, whence can this proceed but from their being ashamed of Nothing? A modesty very peculiar to this age.

But, notwithstanding all snch disguises and deceit, a man must have very little discernment wbo can live long in courts or populous cities without being convinced of tbe great dignity of Nothing; and thongh be should, througb corruption or necessity, comply witb the vulgar worship and adulation, he will know to wbat it is paid; namely, to Notbing.

The most astonishing lnstance of this respect, so frequently paid to Nothing, is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to something less than Nothing; when the person who receives it is not only void of the quality for whicb he is respected, but is in reality notoriously guilty of the vices directly opposite to the virtues wbose applause he receives. This is, indeed, the highest degree of Notbing, or (if I may be allowed the word), the Nothingest of all Nothings.

Here it is to be known that respect may be aimed at Something and really light on Nothing. For instance, wheu mistaking certain thlngs called gravity, canting, blustering, ostentation, pomp, and such like, for wisdom, piety, magnanimity, charity, true greatness, &c., we give to the former the honour and reverence dno to tbe latter. Not that I would be understood so far to discredit my subject as to insinuate that gravity, canting, &c., are really Nothing; on tho contrary, there is mueb more reason to suspect (if we judge from the practiee of the world) that wisdom, piety, and other virtues, have a good title to that name. But we do not, in fact, pay our respect to the former but to the latter: in other words, we pay it to that whicb is not, and consequently pay it to Nothing.

So far then for the dignity of the subject on which I am treating. I am not to show that Nothing is the end as well as beginning of all things.

That everything is resolvable, and will be resolved into its first principles, will be, I believe, readily acknowledged by all philosophers. As, therefore, we havo sufficiently proved the world camo from Nothing, it follows that it will likewise end in the same: but, as I am writing to a nation of Christians, I havo no need to be prolix on this head; since every one of my readers, by his faith, acknowledges that the world is to bavo an end, *i. e.* is to come to Nothing.

Aud, as Nothing is tho end of the world, so is it of everything in tho world. Ambition, the greatest, highest, noblest, finest, most heroic and godliko of all passions, what doth it end in?—Nothing. What

did Alexander, Cæsar, and all the rest of that heroic band who have plundered and massacred so many millions, obtain by all their care, labour, pain, fatigue, and danger?—Could they speak for themselves must they not own that the end of all their pursuit was Nothing? Nor is this the end of private ambition only. What is become of that proud mistress of the world—the *Caput triumphati orbis*—that Rome of which her own flatterers so liberally prophesied the immortality? In what hath all her glory ended? Surely in Nothing.

Again, what is the end of avarice? Not power, or pleasure, as some think; for the miser will part with a shilling for neither: not ease or happiness; for the more he attains of what he desires, the more uneasy and miserable he is. If every good in this world was put to him, he could not say he pursued one. Shall we say then he pursues misery only? That surely would be contradictory to the first principles of human nature. May we not therefore, nay, must we not confess, that he aims at Nothing? especially if he be himself unable to tell us what is the end of all this bustle and hurry, this watching and toiling, this self-denial and self-constraint?

It will not, I apprehend, be sufficient for him to plead that his design is to amass a large fortune, which he never can nor will use himself, nor would willingly quit to any other person: unless he can show us some substantial good which this fortune is to produce, we shall certainly be justified in concluding that his end is the same with that of ambition.

The great Mr. Hobbes so plainly saw this, that, as he was an enemy to that notable immaterial substance which we have here handled, and therefore unwilling to allow it the large province we have contended for, he advanced a very strange doctrine, and asserted truly,—That in all these grand pursuits the means themselves were the end proposed, viz. to ambition—plotting, fighting, danger, difficulty, and such like: to avarice—cheating, starving, watching, and the numberless painful arts by which this passion proceeds.

However easy it may be to demonstrate the absurdity of this opinion, it will be needless to my purpose, since, if we are driven to confess that the means are the only end attained, I think we must likewise confess that the end proposed is absolutely Nothing.

As I have shown the end of our two greatest and noblest pursuits, one or other of which engages almost every individual of the busy part of mankind, I shall not tire the reader with carrying him through all the rest, since I believe the same conclusion may be easily drawn from them all.

I shall therefore finish this Essay with an inference, which aptly enough suggests itself from what hath been said: seeing that such is its dignity and importance, and that it is really the end of all those things which are supported with so much pomp and solemnity, and looked on with such respect and esteem, surely it becomes a wise man to regard Nothing with the utmost awe and adoration; to pursue it with all his parts and pains; and to sacrifice to it his ease, his innocence, and his present happiness. To which noble pursuit we have this great incitement, that we may assure ourselves of never being cheated or deceived in the end proposed. The virtuous, wise, and learned may then be unconcerned at all the changes of ministries and of government; since they may be well satisfied that, while ministers of state are rogues themselves, and have inferiur knavish tools to bribe and reward, true virtue, wisdom, learning, wit, and integrity, will most certainly bring their possessors—Nothing.

A CHARGE DELIVERED TO THE GRAND JURY

AT THE

SESSIONS OF THE PEACE HELD FOR THE CITY AND LIBERTY OF WESTMINSTER, &c.,

ON THURSDAY THE 29th OF JUNE, 1749.

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury,

THERE is no part in all the excellent frame of our constitution which an Englishman can, I think, contemplate with such delight and admiration—nothing which must fill him with such gratitude to our earliest ancestors—as that branch of British liberty from which, gentlemen, you derive your authority of assembling here on this day.

The institution of juries, gentlemen, is a privilege which distinguishes the liberty of Englishmen from that of all other nations; for, as we find no traces of this in the antiquities of the Jews, or Greeks, or Romans, so it is an advantage which is at present solely confined to this country; not so much, I apprehend, from the reasons assigned by Fortescue, in his book *de Laudibus, cap.* 29, namely, "because there are more husbandmen and fewer freeholders in other countries," as because other countries have less of freedom than this; and, being for the most part subjected to the absolute wills of their governors, hold their lives, liberties, and properties, at the discretion of those governors, and not under the protection of certain laws. In such countries it would be absurd to look for any share of power in the hands of the people.

And, if juries in general be so very signal a blessing to this nation, as Fortescue, in the book I have just cited, thinks it—"A method," says he, "much more available and effectual for the trial of truth than is the form of any other laws of the world, as it is farther from the danger of corruption and subornation;"—what, gentlemen, shall we say of the institution of grand juries, by which an Englishman, so far from being convicted, cannot be even tried, nor even put on his trial in any capital case, at the suit of the crown, unless, perhaps, in one or two very special instances, till twelve men at the least have said on their oaths that there is a probable cause for his accusation? Surely we may, in a kind of rapture, cry out with Fortescue, speaking of the second jury, "Who then can unjustly die in England for any criminal offence, seeing he may have so many helps for the favour of his life, and that none may condemn him but his neighbours, good and lawful men, against whom he hath no manner of exception?"

To trace the original of this great and singular privilege, or to say when and how it began, is not an easy task; so obscure indeed are the footsteps of it through the first ages of our history, that my lord Hale, and even my lord Coke, seem to have declined it. Nay, this latter, in his account of his second or petty jury, is very succinct; and contents himself with saying, *Co. Lit.* 155. *b.*, that it is very ancient, and before the Conquest.

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Spelman, in his Life of Alfred, lib. ii. page 71, will have that prince to have been the first founder of juries, but in truth they are much older, and very probably had some existence even among the Britons. The Normans likewise had anciently the benefit of juries, as appears in the Custumier de Normandy; and somethiug like grand juries too we find in that book under the title Suit de Murdyr.

Bracton, who wrote in the reign of Henry III., in his book *de Corona, cap.* I, gives a plain account of this matter; and by him it appears that the grand juries before the justices in eyre differed very little at that time from what they now are before justices assigned to keep the peace, oyer and terminer, and gaol-delivery, unless in the manner of choosing them, and unless in one other respect; there being then a grand jury sworn for every hundred, whereas, at present, one serves for the whole county, liberty, &c.

But before this time our ancestors were sensible of the great importance of this privilege, and extremely jealous of it, as appears by the twenty-ninth chapter of the great charter, granted by king John, and confirmed by Henry III. For thus my lord Coke, 2 Inatit. 46, expounds that chapter:—*Nullus liber homo capiatur*, &c. "No man shall be taken, that is," says he, "restrained of liberty, by petition or suggestion to the king and his council, unless it be by indictment or presentment of good and lawful men, where such deeds be done."

And so just a value have our ancestors always set on this great branch of our liberties, and so jealous have they been of any attempt to diminish it, that when a commission to punish rioters in a summary way was awarded, in the second year of Richard II., "it was," says Mr. Lambard in his Eirenarcha, fol. 303, "even in the self-same year of the same king, resumed, as a thing over hard," says that writer, "to be borne, that a freeman should be imprisoned without an indictment, or other trial, by his peers, as Magna Charta speaketh; until that the experience of greater evils had prepared and made the stomach of the commouwealth able and fit to digest it."

And a hard morsel surely it must have been, when the commonwealth could not digest it in that turbulent reign, which, of all others in our history, seems to have afforded the most proper ingredients to make it palatable; in a reign, moreover, when the commonwealth seemed to have been capable of swallowing and digesting almost anything; when judges were so prostituted as to acknowledge the king to be above the law; and when a parliament, which even Echard censures, and for which Mr. Rapin, with a juster indignation, tells us he knows no name odious enough, made no scruple to sacrifice to the passions of the king and his ministers the lives of the most distinguished lords of the kingdom, as well as the liberties and privileges of the people. Even in that reign, gentlemen, our ancestors could not, as Mr. Lambard remarks, be brought by any necessity of the times to give up, in any single instance, this their invaluable privilege.

Another considerable attempt to deprive the subject of the benefit of grand juries was made in the eleventh year of Henry VII. The pretence of this act of parliament was the wilful concealment of grand jurors in their inquests; and by it "power was given to the justices of assize in their sessions, and to the justices of peace in every county, upon information for the king, to hear and determine all offences and contempts (saving treason, murder, or felony) by any person against the effect of any statute."

My lord Coke, in his 4th Institute, fol. 40, sets forth this act at large, not as a law which in his time had any force, but *in terrorem;* and, as he himself says, that the like should never be attempted in any future parliament.

"This act," says lord Coke, "had a fair flattering preamble, but in the execution tended diametrically contrary; *viz.* to the high displeasure of Almighty God, and to the great let, nay, the utter subversion, of the common law; namely, by depriving the subject of that great privilege of being indicted and tried by a jury of their countrymen."

By pretext of this law, says the great writer I have just cited, Empson and Dudley did commit upon the subject insufferable pressures and oppressions. And we read in history that, soon after the act took place, sir William Capel, alderman of London, who was made the first object of its tyranny, was fined two thousand seven hundred pounds, sixteen hundred of which he actually paid to the king, by way of composition. A vast sum, in those days, to be imposed for a crime so minute that scarce any notice is taken of it in history.

Our ancestors, however, bore not long this invasion on their liberties; for in the very first year of king Henry VIII. this flagitious act was repealed, and the advisers of all the extortions committed by it were deservedly sacrificed to the public resentment.

Gentlemen, I shall mention but two more attacks on this most valuable of all our liberties; the first of which was indeed the greatest of all—I mean that cursed court of star-chamber, which was erected under the same king.

I shall not before you, gentlemen, enter into a contest with my lord Coke whether this court had a much older existence, or whether it first began under the statute of 3 Henry VII. For my part, I clearly think the latter.

I. Because the statute which erects it mentions no such court as then existing, and most manifestly speaks the language of creation, not of confirmation.

II. Because it was expressly so understood by the judges within five years after the statute was made, as appears by the year-book of 8 Henry VII. *Pasch.* fol. 13, *Plac.* 7.

Lastly, because all our historians and law-writers before that time are silent concerning any such court; for as to the records and acts of parliament cited by my lord Coke, they are most evidently to be applied only to the king and council, to whom, in old time, complaints were, in very extraordinary cases, preferred.

This old court, my lord Coke himself confesses, sat very rarely; so rarely indeed, that there are no traces left of its proceedings, at least of any such as were afterwards had under the authority of the statute. Had this court had an original existence in the constitution, I do not see why the great lawyer is so severe against the beforementioned act of the eleventh of Henry VII. or how he can, with any propriety, call the liberty of being accused and tried only by juries the birthright of an English subject.

The other instance was that of the high commission court, instituted by parliament in the first year of queen Elizabeth.

This act likewise pretends to refer to an authority in being. The title of it is, "An act restoring to the crown the ancient jurisdiction," &c. By which, saith lord Coke, 4 Inst. 325, the nature of the act doth appear, viz. that it is an act of restitution.

And hence the court of common pleas, in the reign of James I., well argued that, tha act being meant to restore to the crown the ancient ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the commissioners could derive no other power from it than before belonged to that ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

But, however necessary, as my lord Coke says, 4 Inst. 326, this act might have been at its first creation, or however the intention of the legislature might have been to restrain it, either as to time or persons, certain it is, that the commissioners extended its jurisdiction in many cases to the great grievance of the subject, and to the depriving them of that privilege which I have just mentioned to be the birthright of an Englishman.

The uses made of these courts, and particularly under that unhappy prince Charles I., need not be mentioned. They are but too well known. Let it suffice, that the spirit of our ancestors at last prevailed over these invasions of their liberties, and these courts were for ever abolished.

And, gentlemen, if we have just reason to admire the great bravery and steadiness of those our ancestors, in defeating all the attempts of tyranny against this excellent branch of our constitution, we shall have no less reason, I apprehend, to extol that great wisdom which they have from time to time demonstrated in well ordering and regulating their juries, so as to preserve them as clear as possible from all danger of corruption. In this light, gentlemen, we ought to consider the several laws by which the morals, the character, the substance, and good demeanor of jurors are regulated. These jurors, gentlemen, must be good and lawful men, of reputation and substance in their country, chosen at the nomination of neither party, absolutely disinterested and indifferent in the cause which they are to try. Upon the whole, the excellence of our constitution, and the great wisdom of our laws, which Fortescue, my lord Coke, and many other great writers, have so highly extolled, is in no one instance so truly admirable as in this institution of our juries.

I hope, gentlemen, I shall not be thought impertinent in having taken up so much of your time to show you the great dignity and importance of that office which you are now assembled here to execute; the duties of which it is incumbent on me concisely to open to you; and this I shall endeavour in the best manner I am able.

The duty, gentlemen, of a grand juror, is to inquire of all crimes and misdemeanors whatsoever which have been committed in the county or liberty for which he serves as a grand juror, and which are anywise cognisable by the court in which he is sworn to inquire.

And this inquiry is in a twofold manner, by way of indictment and by way of presentment.

Which two words Mr. Lambard, fol. 461, thus explains:—

"A presentment," says he, "I take to be a mere determination of the jurors themselves; and an indictment is the verdict of the jurors, grounded upon the accusation of a third person; so that a presentment is but a declaration of the jurors, without any bill offered before; and an indictment is their finding a bill of accusation to be true."

The usual method of charge hath been to run over the several articles, or heads of crimes, which might possibly become subject to the inquiry of the grand jury.

This we find in Bracton, who writ so long ago as the reign of Henry III., was the practice of the justices in eyre, l. iii. c. 1. And my lord Coke says, 4 Inst. 183, that the charge to be given at the sessions of the peace consisteth of two parts—laws ecclesiastical for the peace of the church, and laws civil and temporal for the peace of the land. And Mr. Lambard, in his Eirenarcha, gives the whole form of the charge at length, in which he recapitulates every article which was at that time inquirable in the sessions.

But, gentlemen, I think I may be excused at present from taking up so much of your time; for though we are assembled to exercise the jurisdiction of a very ancient and honourable liberty, yet, as there is another sessions of justices within that county of which this liberty is a part, before whom indictments for all crimes of the deeper die are usually preferred, it seems rather to savour of ostentation than utility to run over those articles which in great probability will not come before you.

And, indeed, a perfect knowledge of the law in these matters is not necessary to a grand juror; for in all cases of indictments, whether for a greater or lesser, a public or private crime, the business of a grand jury is only to attend to the evidence for the king; and if on that evidence there shall appear a probable cause for the accusation, they are to find the bill true, without listening to any circumstances of defence, or to any matter of law.

And therefore, my lord Hale, vol. ii. fol. 158, puts this case: "If A. be killed by B., so that the person of the slayer and slain be certain, and a bill of murder be presented to the grand jury, regularly they ought to find the bill for murder, and not for manslaughter, or *se defendendo*; because otherwise offences may be smothered without due trial; and when the party comes on his trial the whole fact will be examined before the court and the petty jury; for if a man kills B. in his own defence, or *per infortunium*, or possibly in executing the process of law upon an assault made upon him, or in his own defence on the highway, or in defence of his house against those that come to rob him (in which three last cases it is neither felony nor forfeiture, but, upon not guilty pleaded, he ought to be acquitted); yet, if the grand inquest find an *ignoramus* upon the bill, or find the special matter, whereby the prisoner is dismissed and discharged, he may nevertheless be indicted for murder seven years after;" whereas, if upon a proper finding he had been acquitted, he could never afterwards be again arraigned without having the plea of *autrefoits acquit*.

This doctrine of the learned chief justice you will apply to whatever case may come before you; for wherever you shall find probable cause, upon the oaths of the king's witnesses, you will not discharge your office without finding the bill to be true, showing no regard to the nature of the crime or the degree of the guilt; which are matters proper for the cognisance and determination of the court only.

I must not, however, omit, on the authority of the last-mentioned judge, H. P. C. ii. 157, "that if, upon the hearing the king's evidence, or upon your own knowledge of the incredibility of the witnesses, you shall be dissatisfied, you may then return the bill *ignoramus*."

It is true my lord Hale confines this to indictments for capital offences; but I see no reason why it may not be extended to any indictment whatever.

One caution more occurs on this head of indictment; and it is the duty of secrecy. To have revealed the king's counsel disclosed to the grand jurors was formerly taken to be felony; nay, justice Shard, in the 27th year of the book of assizes, Placit. 63, doubted whether it was not treason; and though at this day the law be not so severe, yet is this still a very great misdemeanor, and finable as such, and is moreover a manifest breach of your oath.

I come now, gentlemen, to the second branch of your duty, namely, that of presenting all offences which shall come to your knowledge.

And this is much more painful and of greater difficulty than the former; for here you are obliged,

without any direct accusation, to inform yourselves as well as is possible of the truth of the fact, and in some measure likewise to be conusant of those laws which subject offences to your presentment.

Upon this head, therefore, I shall beg leave to remind you of those articles which seem to be most worthy of your inquiry at this time; for indeed it would be useless and tedious to enumerate the whole catalogue of misdemeanors that are to be found in our statutes; many of which, though still in force, are, by the changes of times and fashions, become antiquated, and of little use. *Cessante ratione legis, cessat et ipsa lex;* and there are some accidental and temporary evils which at particular seasons have, like an epidemic distemper, affected society, but have afterwards disappeared, or at least made very faint efforts to corrupt the public morals. The laws made to suppress such, though very wholesome and necessary at the time of their creation, become obsolete with the evil which occasioned them, and which they were intended to cure. But, gentlemen, there are evils of a more durable kind, which rather resemble chronical than epidemic diseases; and which have so inveterated themselves in the blood of the body politic, that they are perhaps never to be totally eradicated. These it will be always the duty of the magistrate to palliate and keep down as much as possible. And these, gentlemen, are the misdemeanors of which you are to present as many as come to your knowledge.

And first, gentlemen, I will remind you of presenting all offences committed immediately against the Divine Being; for, though all crimes do include in them some degree of sin, and may therefore be considered as offences against the Almighty, yet there are some more directly levelled at his honour, and which the temporal laws do punish as such.

And 1. All blasphemous expressions against any one of the Sacred Persons in the Trinity are severely punishable by the common law; for, as my lord Hale says, in Taylor's case, 1 Vent. 293. 3 Keb. 607. 621. S.C., "Such kind of wicked blasphemous words are not only an offence against God and religion, but a crime against the laws, state, and government;" and in that case the defendant for blasphemy, too horrible indeed to be repeated, was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, to pay a great fine, and to find security for his good behaviour during life.

In like manner, all scandalous and contemptuous words spoken against our holy religion are by the wisdom of the common law made liable to an indictment; for "christianity" (says that excellent chief-justice, in the case I have just cited) "is parcel of the laws of England; therefore to reproach the christian religion is to speak in subversion of the law." And to the same purpose is Atwood's case, in Cro. Jac. 421, where one was indicted before the justices of peace for saying that the religion now professed was a new religion within fifty years, &c. For as to the doubt concerning the high commissioners started in that case, and then, as it appears, overruled, that is now vanished.

Nor are our statutes silent concerning this dreadful offence; particularly by 1 Eliz. c. 2. sect. 9, a severe punishment is enacted for any person who shall, in any interludes, plays, songs, rhymes, or by other open words, declare or speak anything in derogation, depraving or despising the Book of Common Prayer, &c.

Mr. Lambard, I find, mentions this act in his charge, though the execution of it be in the counties confined to the justices of oyer and terminer, and of assize; but the 22d sect. of the statute seems to give a clear jurisdiction to this court at two of our quarter-sessions.

The last offence of this kind which the wicked tongue of man can commit is by profane cursing and swearing. This is a sin expressly against the law delivered by God himself to the Jews, and which is as expressly prohibited by our blessed Saviour in his sermon on the mount.

Many statutes have been made against this offence; and by the last of these, which was enacted in the nineteenth year of the present king, every day-labourer, common soldier, common sailor, and common seaman, forfeits one shilling; every other person under the degree of a gentleman, two shillings; and every person of or above that degree, five shillings.

And in case any person shall, after such conviction, offend again, he forfeits double; and for every offence after a second conviction, treble.

Though the execution of this act be intrusted to one single magistrate, and no jurisdiction, unless by appeal, given to the sessions; yet I could not forbear mentioning it here, when I am speaking in the presence of many peace-officers, who are to forfeit forty shillings for neglecting to put the act in execution. And I mention it the rather to inform them that, whenever the offender is unknown to any constable, petty constable, tithingman, or other peace-officer, such constable, &c., is empowered by the act, without any warrant, to seize and detain any such person, and forthwith to carry him before the next magistrate.

And if these officers would faithfully discharge the duty thus enjoined them, and which religion as well as the law requires of them, our streets would soon cease to resound with this detestable crime, so injurious to the honour of God, so directly repugnant to his positive commands, so highly offensive to the ears of all good men, and so very scandalous to the nation in the ears of foreigners.

Having despatched those misdemeanors (the principal ones at least) which are immediately committed against God, I come now to speak of those which are committed against the person of the king, which person the law wisely holds to be sacred.

Besides those heinous offences against this sacred person which are punished *ultimo supplicio*, there are many articles, some of which involve the criminal in the guilt of *præmunire*, and others are considered in law as misprisions or contempts. The former of these is by Mr. Serjeant Hawkins, in his Pleas of the Crown, divided into two general heads, viz.—

Into offences against the crown;
And offences against the authority of the king and parliament.

Under the former head he enumerates nine several articles; but as these chiefly relate to such invasions of the royal prerogative as were either made in popish ages in favour of the bishops of Rome, or in those times which bordered on the reformation in favour of the church of Rome, and are not practised, at least not openly practised, in these days, I shall have no need to repeat them here.

Under the latter head he mentions only one, which was enacted in the reign of queen Anne, 6 Ann. c. 7: "If any person shall maliciously and directly, by preaching, teaching, or advised speaking, declare, maintain, and affirm, that the pretended prince of Wales hath any right or title to the crown of these realms; or that any other person or persons hath or have any right or title to the same, otherwise than according to the acts of settlement; or that the kings or queens of this realm, with the authority of parliament, are not able to make laws to limit the

crown and the descent, &c., thereof, shall incur a præmunire."

A most wholesome and necessary law. And yet so mild hath been our government, that I remember no one instance of putting it in execution.

Misprisions or contempts are against the king's prerogative, against his title, or against his sacred person or government.

Under these heads will fall any act of public and avowed disobedience; any denying his most just and lawful title to the crown; any overt act which directly tends to encourage or promote rebellion or sedition; all false rumours against his majesty or his councils; all contemptuous language concerning his sacred person, by cursing, reviling him, &c., or by uttering anything which manifests an intention of lessening that esteem, awe, and reverence, which subjects ought to bear to the best of princes.

These are offences, gentlemen, which I must earnestly recommend to your inquiry. This, gentlemen, is your duty as grand jurors; and it must be a most pleasing task to you as you are Englishmen; for, in proportion as you love and esteem your liberties, you will be fired with love and reverence toward a prince under whose administration you enjoy them in the fullest and amplest manner.

Believe me, gentlemen, notwithstanding all which the malice of the disappointed, the madness of republicans, or the folly of jacobites, may insinuate—there is but one method to maintain the liberties of this country; and that is, to maintain the crown on the heads of that family which now happily enjoys it.

If ever subjects had reason to admire the justice of that sentiment of the poet Claudian, "That liberty never flourishes so happily as under a good king," we have reason at present for that admiration.

I am afraid, gentlemen, this word liberty, though so much talked of, is but little understood. What other idea can we have of liberty than that it is the enjoyment of our lives, our persons, and our properties in security; to be free masters of ourselves and our possessions, as far as the known laws of our country will admit; to be liable to no punishment, no confinement, no loss, but what those laws subject us to? Is there any man ignorant enough to deny that this is the description of a free people? or base enough to accuse me of panegyric when I say this is our present happy condition?

But if the blessing of liberty, like that of health, be not to be perceived by those who enjoy it, or at least must be illustrated by its opposite, let us compare our own condition with that of other countries; of those whose polity some among us pretend so much to admire, and whose government they seem so ardently to affect. *Lettres de cachet*, bastiles, and inquisitions may, perhaps, give us a livelier sense of a just and mild administration than any of the blessings we enjoy under it.

Again, gentlemen, let us compare the present times with the past. And here I need not resort back to those distant ages when our unhappy forefathers petitioned their conqueror "that he would not make them so miserable, nor be so severe to them, as to judge them by a law they understood not." These are the very words, as we find them preserved in Daniel; in return to which, the historian informs us, nothing was obtained but fair promises. I shall not dwell here on the tyranny of his immediate successor, of whom the same historian records, that, 'seeking to establish absolute power by force, he made both himself and his people miserable."

I need not, gentlemen, here remind you of the oppressions under which our ancestors have groaned in many other reigns, to shake off which the sword of civil war was first drawn in the reign of king John, which was not entirely sheathed during many successive generations.

I might, perhaps, have a fairer title to your patience in laying open the tyrannical proceedings of latter times, while the crown was possessed by four successive princes of the house of Stuart. But this, gentlemen, would be to trespass on your patience indeed; for to mention all their acts of absolute power, all their attempts to subvert the liberties of this nation, would be to relate to you the history of their reigns.

In a word, gentlemen, all the struggles which our ancestors have so bravely maintained with ambitious princes, and particularly with the last-mentioned family, was to maintain and preserve to themselves and their posterity that very liberty which we now enjoy under a prince to whom I may truly apply what the philosopher long ago said of virtue,—*That all who truly know him must love him.*

The third general head of misdemeanors, gentlemen, is of those which are committed against the subject; and these may be divided into two branches:

Into such as are committed against individuals only; and into such as affect the public in general.

The former of these will probably come before you by way of indictment; for men are apt enough to revenge their own quarrels; but offences *in commune nocumentum* do not so certainly find an avenger; and thus those crimes, which it is the duty of every man to punish, do often escape with impunity.

Of these, gentlemen, it may be therefore proper to awaken your inquiry, and particularly of such as do in a more especial manner infest the public at this time.

The first of this kind is the offence of profligate lewdness; a crime of a very pernicious nature to society, as it tends to corrupt the morals of our youth, and is expressly prohibited by the law of God, under the denunciation of the severest judgment, in the New Testament. Nay, we read in the 25th chapter of Numbers the exceeding wrath of God against the children of Israel for their fornication with the daughters of Moab. Nor did the plague which on that occasion was sent among them, and which destroyed four-and-twenty thousand, cease, till Phineas, the son of Eleazer, and grandson of Aaron, had slain the Israelite, together with his harlot.

And this, gentlemen, though a spiritual offence, and of a very high nature too, as appears from what I have mentioned, is likewise a temporal crime, and, as Mr. Lambard (122) says, against the peace.

My lord Coke, in his third Institute, 206, tells us that in ancient times adultery and fornication were punished by fine and imprisonment, and were inquirable in turns and leets. And in the year-book of Hen. VII., I H. vii. fol. 6. plac. 3, we find the custom of London pleaded for a constable to seize a woman taken in the act of adultery, and to carry her to prison.

And though later times have given up this matter in general to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, yet there are two species which remain at this day cognisable by the common law.

The first is, any open act of lewdness and indecency in public, to the scandal of good manners.

And therefore, in Michaelmas term, 15 Car. II. B. R., sir Charles Sidley was indicted for having exposed himself naked in a balcony in Covent-garden to a great multitude of people, with many indecent words and actions; and this was laid to be contrary to the king's peace, and to the great scan-

dal of christianity. He confessed the indictment; and Siderfin, 1 Sid. 168, who reports the case, tells us that the court, in consideration of his embarrassed fortune, fined him only two thousand marks, with a short imprisonment, and to be bound three years to his good behaviour. An infamous punishment for a gentleman, but far less infamous than the offence. If any facts of this nature shall come to your knowledge, you will, I make no doubt, present them, without any respect to persons. Sex or quality may render the crime more atrocious, and the example more pernicious; but can give no sanction to such infamous offences, nor will, I hope, ever give impunity.

The second species which falls under this head is the crime of keeping a brothel or bawdy-house. This is a kind of common nuisance, and is punishable by the common law.

It is true that certain houses of this kind, under the name of public stews, have been sometimes tolerated in christain countries, to the great scandal of our religion, and in direct contradiction to its positive precepts; but in the thirty-seventh year of Henry VIII. they were all suppressed by proclamation. And those infamous women who inhabited them were not, says lord Coke, either buried in christian burial when they were dead, nor permitted to receive the rites of the church while they lived.

And, gentlemen, notwithstanding the favour which the law in many cases extends to married women, yet in this case the wife is equally indictable, and may be found guilty with her husband.

Nor is it necessary that the person be master or mistress of the whole house; for if he or she have only a single room, and will therewith accommodate lewd people to perpetrate acts of uncleanness, they may be indicted for keeping a bawdy-house. And this was the resolution of the whole court, in the Queen and Person. Salk. 332.

Nor is the guilt confined to those who keep such houses; those who frequent them are no less liable to the censure of the law. Accordingly we find, in the select cases printed at the end of lord chief-justice Popham's reports, that a man was indicted in the beginning of the reign of Charles I., at the sessions of the peace for the town of Northampton, for frequenting a suspected bawdy-house. And the indictment being removed into the King's Bench, several objections were taken to it, which were all overruled, judgment was given upon it, and the defendant fined.

If you shall know therefore, gentlemen, of any such crimes, it will be your duty to present them to the court.

For however lightly this offence may be thought or spoken of by idle and dissolute persons, it is a matter of serious and weighty consideration. It is the cause, says my lord Coke, of many mischiefs, the fairest end whereof is beggary; and tends directly to the overthrow of men's bodies, to the wasting of their livelihood, and to the endangering of their souls.

To eradicate this vice out of society, however it may be the wish of sober and good men, is perhaps an impossible attempt; but to check its progress, and to suppress the open and more profligate practice of it, is within the power of the magistrate, and it is his duty. And this is more immediately incumbent upon us, in an age when brothels are become in a manner the seminaries of education, and that especially of those youths whose birth makes their right institution of the utmost consequence to the future well-being of the public; for whatever may be the education of these youths, however vitiated and enervated their minds and bodies may be with vices and diseases, they are born to be the governors of our posterity. If, therefore, through the egregious folly of their parents, this town is to be the school of such youths, it behoves us, gentlemen, to take as much care as possible to correct the morals of that school.

And, gentlemen, there are other houses, rather less scandalous, perhaps, but equally dangerous to the society; in which houses the manners of youth are greatly tainted and corrupted. These are those places of public rendezvous where idle persons of both sexes meet in a very disorderly manner, often at improper hours, and sometimes in disguised habits. These houses, which pretend to be the scenes of innocent diversion and amusement, are in reality the temples of iniquity. Such meetings are *contra bonos mores;* they are considered in law in the nature of a nuisance; and, as such, the keepers and maintainers of them may be presented and punished.

There is great difference, gentlemen, between a morose and over-sanctified spirit which excludes all kind of diversion, and a profligate disposition which hurries us into the most vicious excesses of this kind. "The common law," says Mr. Pulton in his excellent treatise *de Pace*, fol. 25 b, "allows many recreations, which be not with intent to break or disturb the peace, or to offer violence, force, or hurt to the person of any; but either to try activity, or to increase society, amity, and neighbourly friendship." He there enumerates many sorts of innocent diversions of the rural kind, and which for the most part belong to the lower sort of people. For the upper part of mankind, and in this town, there are many lawful amusements, abundantly sufficient for the recreation of any temperate and sober mind. But, gentlemen, so immoderate are the desires of many, so hungry is their appetite for pleasure, that they may be said to have a fury after it; and diversion is no longer the recreation or amusement, but the whole business, of their lives. They are not content with three theatres, they must have a fourth; where the exhibitions are not only contrary to law, but contrary to good manners, and where the stage is reduced back again to that degree of licentiousness which was too enormous for the corrupt state of Athens to tolerate; and which, as the Roman poet, rather, I think, in the spirit of a censor than a satirist, tells us, those Athenians, who were not themselves abused, took care to abolish, from their concern for the public.

Gentlemen, our newspapers, from the top of the page to the bottom, the corners of our streets up to the very eaves of our houses, present us with nothing but a view of masquerades, balls, and assemblies of various kinds, fairs, wells, gardens, &c., tending to promote idleness, extravagance, and immorality among all sorts of people.

This fury after licentious and luxurious pleasures is grown to so enormous a height, that it may be called the characteristic of the present age. And it is an evil, gentlemen, of which it is neither easy nor pleasant to foresee all the consequences. Many of them, however, are obvious; and these are so dreadful, that they will, I doubt not, induce you to use your best endeavours to check the farther increase of this growing mischief; for the rod of the law, gentlemen, must restrain those within the bounds of decency and sobriety who are deaf to the voice of reason, and superior to the fear of shame.

Gentlemen there are another sort of these tem-

ples of iniqnity, and these are gaming-houses. This vice, gentlemen, is inseparahlo from a luxurious and idle age; for, while luxury produces want, idieness forbids honest labour to suppiy it. All such houses are nuisances in the eye of the common law; and severe punishments, as well on thosa who keep them as on those who frequent and play at them, are inflicted hy many statutes. Of these houses, gentlemen, you wiil, I douht not, inquire with great dlligence; for though possihly there may he some offenders out of your reach, yet, if those within it be weii and strictly prosecuted, it may perhaps, in time, have some effect on the others. Exampie in this case may, contrary to its generai course, move upwards; and men may become ashamed of offending against those laws wlth impunity by which they see their inferiors hrought to punishment. But if this effect should not be produced, yet, gentlemen, there is no reason why you should not exert your duty as far as yon are abie, because you cannot extend it as far as you desire. And, to say the truth, to prevent gaming among the lower sort of peopie is principally the husiness of society; and for this plain reason, because they are the most useful members of the society; which, by such means, will iose the benefit of their labour. As for the rich and great, the eonsequence is generally no other than the exchange of property from the hands of a fool into those of a sharper, who is, perhaps, the more worthy of the two to enjoy it.

I will mention only ona article more, and that of a very high nature indeed. It is, gentlemen, the offence of lihelling, which is punished hy the common law, as it tends immediateiy to quarrels and breaches of the peace, and very often to bloodshed and murder itself.

The punishment of this offence, saith my lord Coke, is fine or imprisonment; and, if the case be exorbitant, hy pillory and ioss of ears.

And, gentlemen, even the last of these judgments will appear extremely mild, if we consider, in the first piace, the atrocious temper of mind from which this proceeds.

Mr. Pulton, in the beginning of his treatise *de Pace*, says of a liheiler, "that he is a secret canker, which concealeth his name, hideth himself in a corner, and privily stingeth his neighhour in his fame, reputation, and credit; who neither knows from whom nor from what cause he receiveth his biows, nor hath any means to defend himself:" And my lord Coke, in his 5th Report (125), compares him to a poisoner, who is the meanest, the vilest, and most dangerous of all murderers. Nor can I help repeating to you a most beautiful passage in the great orator Demosthenes, who compares this wretch to a viper, which man ought to crush wherever they find him, without staying till he hite them.

In the second place, if we consider the injury done by these liheilers, it must raise the indignation of every honest and good man; for what is this hut, as Mr. Pulton says, "a note of infamy, intended to defame the persou at whom it is leveiled, to tread his honour and estimation in the dust, to extirpate and root out his reputation from the face of the earth, to make him a scorn to his enemies, and to be derided and despised by his neighbours?"

If praise, and honour, and reputation, be so bigbly esteemed hy the greatest and best of men, that they are often the only rewards whlch they propose to themselves from the nohlest actions; if there be nothing too difficult, too dangerous, or too disagreeahle for men to encounter, in order to acquire and preserva these rewards; what a degree of wickedness and barharity must it be, unjustly and wantonly to strip men of that on which they place so high a value?

Nor is reputation to be considered as a chimerical good, or as merely the food of vanity and ambition. Our worldly interests are closely connected with our fame hy losing this; we are deprived of the chief comforts of society, partlcularly of that which is most dear to us, the friendship and love of all good and virtuous men. Nay, the common law indulged so great a privilege to men of good reputation in their neighhourhood, that in many actions the defendant's word was taken in his own cause, if he could hring a certain number of his neighbours to vouch that they believed him.

On the contrary, whoever rohs us of our good name doth not only expose us to puhlic contempt and avoidance, but even to punishment; for, hy the statute 34 Edward III. c. 1. the justices of the peace are empowered and directed to bind all such as he not of good fame to their good hehaviour, and if they cannot find sufficient sureties they may he committed to prison.

Seeing, therefore, the execrable mischiefs perpetrated by this secret canker, this viper, this poisoner, in society, we shall not wonder to hear him so severely condemned in Scripture; nor that Aristotle in his Poiitica should mention slander as one of those great evils which it is difficult for a legislator to guard against; that the Athenians punished it with a very severe and heavy fine, and the Romans with death.

But though the libeller of private persons be so detestahle a vermin, yet is the offence still capahle of aggravation when the poison is scattered upon pnblic persons and magistrates. All such reflections are, as my lord Coke observes, a scandal on the government itself; and such scandal tends not only to the breach of the peace, hut to raise seditions and insurrections among the whoie body of tha people.

And, gentlemen, the higher and greater the magistrates he against whom such slanders are propagated, the greater is the danger to the society; and such we find to have heen the sense of the legislature in the second year of Richard II. For in the statute of that year, chap. 5 it is said, "that hy such means discords may arise hetween the lords and commons, whereof great peril and mischief might come to all the realm, and quick subversion and destruction of the said realm." And of such conseqnence was this apprehended to be, that we find no less than four statutes to prohihit and punish it; vis. Westm. 1. c. 33; 2 R. II. c. 5; 12 R. II. 11; and 2 and 3 P. & M. c. 12. By this last statute a jurisdiction was given to the justices of peace to inquire of all such offences; and if it was hy book, hallad, letter, or writing, the offender's right hand was to he stricken off for the first offence, and for the second he was to incur a præmunire.

This last statute was afterwards prolonged in the last year of queen Mary, and in the first of Elizabeth, during the life of that princess, and of the heirs of her body.

I have mentioned these laws to you, gentlemen, to show you the sense of our ancestors of a crime which, I believe, they never saw carried to so flagitious a height as it is at present when, to the shame of the age be it spoken, there are men who make a livelihood of scandal. Most of these are persons of the lowest rank and education, men who, lazily declining the labour to which they were born and hred, save the sweat of their hrows at the expense of their consciences; and, in order to get a little better livelihood, are content to get it, perhaps, in a less

painful, hut in a haser way than the meanest mechanic.

Of these, gentlemen, it is your husiness to inquire; of the devisers, of the writers, of the printers, and of the puhlishers of all sueh libels; and I do heartily recommend this inquiry to your care.

To eonelude, gentlemen, you will eonsider yourselves as now summoned to the execution of an office of the utmost importanee to the well-being of this community; nor will you, I am confident, suffer that establishment, so wisely and carefully regulated, and so stoutly and zealously maintained, hy your wise and hrave ancestors, to degenerate into mere form and shadow. Grand jurles, gentlemen, are in reality the only censors of this nation. As sueh, the manners of the people are in your hands, and in yours only. Yon, therefore, are the only eorrectors of them. If you neglect your duty, the certain eonsequences to the puhlie are too apparent; for, as in a garden, however well cultivated at first, if the weeder s care be omitted, the whole must in time be overrun with weeds, and will resemhle the wildness and rudeness of a desert; so, if those immoralities of the people, which will sprout np in the best constitution be not from time to time corrected by the hand of justice, they will at length grow up to the most enormous vices, will overspread the whole nation, and, in the end, must produce a downright state of wild and savage barbarism.

To this eensorial offiee, gentlemen, you are called by our exeellent constitution. To execute this duty with vigilanee, you are ohliged hy the dnty you owe both to God and to your country. You are invested with full power for the purpose. This yon have promised to do, under the sacred sanction of an oath; and you are ell met, I douht not, with disposition and resolntion to perform it, with that zeal whieh I heve endeavoured to recommend, and which the peculiar lleentiousness of the age so strongly requires.

THE JOURNAL

OF A

VOYAGE TO LISBON.

DEDICATION TO THE PUBLIC.

Yoen candour is desired on the perusal of the followiag sheets, as they are the product of a genius that has long been your delight and entertainment. It must be acknowledged that a lamp almost burot out does not give so steady and uniform a light as when it blazes in its full vigour; hut yet it is well known that hy its wavering, as if struggling against its own dissolntion, it sometimes darts a ray as bright as ever. In like manner a strong and lively genius will, in its last struggles, sometimes mount aloft, and throw forth the most striking marks of its nrigiual lustre.

Wherever these are to be found, do you, the genuine patrons of extraordinary capacities, be as liberal in your applauses of him who is now no more as you were of him whiist he was yet amongst yon. And, on the other hand, if in this little work there should appear any traces of a weakened and decayed life, let yhur own imaginations place befnre your eyes a true picture in that of a hand trembling in almost its latest hour, nf a body emaciated with pains, yet struggling for your entertalement; and let this affecting picture open each tender heart, and call forth a melting tear to blot out whatever faillugs may be found in a work begun in pain, and finished almost at the same period with life.

It was thought proper by the friends of the deceased that this little piece should come into your hands as it came from the haods of the author, it being judged that you would be better pleased to have an npportunity of observing the faintest traces of a genius you have long admired than have it patched by a different hand, by which means the marks of its true author might have been effaced.

That the success of the last written, though first published, volnme of the author's posthumous pieces may be attended with some eouvenience to those innocents be hath left behind, will no donht be a motive to encourage its circulation through the kingdom, which will engage every future genius to exert itself for your pleasure.

The principles and spirit which breathe in every line of the small fragment begun in answer to lord Bolingbroke will unquestionably be a sufficient apology for its publication, although vital strength was wanting to finish a work so happily begun and so well designed.

PREFACE.

Theee would not, perhaps, be a more pleasant or profitable study, among those which have their principal end in amusement, than that of travels or voyages, if they were writ, as they might be and ought to be, with a joint view to the entertainment and lnformatioo of maakind. If the conversatiou of travellers be so eagerly sought after as it is, we may believe their books will be still more agreeable company, as they will in general be more lustnctiva and more entertaining.

Bnt when I say the conversation of travellers is usually so welcome, I must be understood to mean that only of such as have had good sense enough to apply their peregrinations to a proper use, so as to acquire from them a real and valuable knowledge of men and things, both which are best known by comparison. If the customs and manners of men were everywhere the same, there would be no office so dull as that of a traveller, for the difference in hills, valleys, rivers, in short the various views of which we may see the face of the earth would scarce afford him a pleasure worthy of his labour; and surely it would give him very little opportunity of communicating any kind of entertainment or improvement to others.

To make a traveller an agreeable companion to a man of sense, it is necessary, not only that he should have seen much, but that he should have overlooked much of what he hath seen. Nature is not, any more than a great genius, always admirable in her productions, and therefore the travellar, who may be called her commentator, should not expect to find everywhere subjects worthy of his notice.

It is certain, indeed, that one may be guilty of omission, as well as of tha opposite extreme; but a fault on that sida will be more easily pardoned, as it is better to be hungry than surfeited; and to miss your dessert at the table of a man whose gardens abound with the choicest fruits, than to have your taste affronted with every sort of trash that can be picked up at the green-stall or tha wheelbarrow.

If we should carry on the analogy between the traveller and the commentator, it is impossible to keep one's eya a moment off from the laborious much-read doctor Zachary Gray, of whose redundant notes on Hudibras I shall only say that it is, I am confidant, the single book extant in which above five hundred authors are qaoted, not one of which could be found in the collection of the late doctor Mead.

As there are few things which a traveller is to record, there are fewer on which he is to offer his observations: this is the office of the reader; and it is so pleasant a one, that he seldom chooses to have it taken from him, under tha pretence of lending him assistance. Some occasions, indeed, thare are, when proper nbservations are pertinent, and others when they are necessary; but good sense alone must point them out. I shall lay down only one general rule; which I believe to be of nalversal truth between relater and hearer, as it is between author and reader; this is, that the latter never forgive any observation of the former which doth not convey some knowledge that they are sensible they could not possibly have attained of themselves.

But all his pains in collectiog knowledge, all his judgment in selecting, and all his art in communicating it, will not suffice, unless he can maka himself, in some degree, an agreeable as well as an instructive companion. The highest instruction we can derive from the tedious tale of a dull fellow scarce ever pays us for our attention. There is nothing, I think, half so valuable as knowledge, and yet there is nothing which men will give themselves so little trouble to attain; unless it be, perhaps, that lowest degree of it which is the object of curiosity, and which hath therefore that active passion constantly employed in its service. This, indeed, it is in the power of every traveller to gratify; but it is the leading principle in weak minds only.

To render his relation agreeable to the man of sense, it is therefore necessary that the voyager should possess several eminent and rare talents; so rare indeed, that it is almost wonderful to see them ever united in the same person

And if all these talents must concur in the relator, they are certainly in a more eminent degree necessary to the writer; for here the narration admits of higher ornaments of style, and every fact and sentiment offers itself to the fullest and most deliberate examination.

It would appear, therefore, I think, somewhat strange if such writers as these should be found extremely common; since nature hath been a most parsimonious distributor of her richest talents, and hath seldom bestowed many on the same person. But, on the other hand, why there should scarce exist a single writer of this kind worthy our regard; and, whilst there is no other branch of history (for this is history) which hath not exercised the greatest pens, why this alone should be overlooked by all men of great genius and erudition, and delivered up to the Goths and Vandals as their lawful property, is altogether as difficult to determine.

And yet that this is the case, with some very few exceptions, is most manifest. Of these I shall willingly admit Burnet and Addison; if the former was not, perhaps, to be considered as a political essayist, and the latter as a commentator on the classics, rather than as a writer of travels; which last title, perhaps, they would both of them have been least ambitious to affect.

Indeed, if these two and two or three more should be removed from the mass, there would remain such a heap of dulness behind that the appellation of voyage-writer would not appear very desirable.

I am not here unapprised that old Homer himself is by some considered as a voyage-writer; and, indeed, the beginning of his Odyssey may be urged to countenance that opinion, which I shall not controvert. But, whatever species of writing the Odyssey is of, it is surely at the head of that species, as much as the Iliad is of another; and so far the excellent Longinus would allow, I believe, at this day.

But, in reality, the Odyssey, the Telemachus, and all of that kind, are to the voyage-writing I here intend what romance is to true history, the former being the confounder and corrupter of the latter. I am far from supposing that Homer, Hesiod, and the other ancient poets and mythologists, had any settled design to pervert and confuse the records of antiquity; but it is certain they have effected it; and for my part I must confess I should have honoured and loved Homer more had he written a true history of his own times in humble prose than those noble poems that have so justly collected the praise of all ages; for, though I read these with more admiration and astonishment, I still read Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon with more amusement and more satisfaction.

The original poets were not, however, without excuse. They found the limits of nature too strait for the immensity of their genius, which they had not room to exert without extending fact by fiction; and that especially at a time when the manners of men were too simple to afford that variety which they have since offered in vain to the choice of the meanest writers. In doing this they are again excusable for the manner in which they have done it.

Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promant.

They are not, indeed, so properly said to turn reality into fiction, as fiction into reality. Their paintings are so bold, their colours so strong, that everything they touch seems to exist in the very manner they represent it; their portraits are so just, and their landscapes so beautiful, that we acknowledge the strokes of nature in both, without inquiring whether Nature herself, or her journeyman the poet, formed the first pattern of the piece.

But other writers (I will put Pliny at their head) have no such pretensions to indulgence; they lie for lying sake, or in order insolently to impose the most monstrous improbabilities and absurdities upon their readers on their own authority; treating them as some fathers treat children, and as other fathers do laymen, exacting their belief of whatever they relate, on no other foundation than their own authority, without ever taking the pains of adapting their lies to human credulity, and of calculating them for the meridian of a common understanding; but, with as much weakness as wickedness, and with more impudence often than either, they assert facts contrary to the honour of God, to the visible order of the creation, to the known laws of nature, to the histories of former ages, and to the experience of our own, and which no man can at once understand and believe.

If it should be objected (and it can nowhere be objected better than where I now write,* as there is nowhere more pomp of bigotry) that whole nations have been firm believers in the most absurd suppositions, I reply, the fact is not true. They have known nothing of the matter, and have believed they knew not what. It is, indeed, with me no matter of doubt but that the pope and his clergy might teach any of those christian heterodoxies, the tenets of which are the most diametrically opposite to their own; nay, all the doctrines of Zoroaster, Confucius, and Mahomet, not only with certain and immediate success, but without one Catholic in a thousand knowing he had changed his religion.

What motive a man can have to sit down, and draw forth a list of stupid, senseless, incredible lies upon paper, would be difficult to determine, did not Vanity present herself so immediately as the adequate cause. The vanity of knowing more than other men is, perhaps, besides hunger, the only inducement to writing, at least to publishing, at all. Why then should not the voyage-writer be inflamed with the glory of having seen what no man ever did or will see but himself? This is the true source of the wonderful in the discourse and writings, and sometimes, I believe, in the actions of men. There is another fault, of a kind directly opposite to this, to which these writers are sometimes liable, when, instead of filling their pages with monsters which nobody hath ever seen, and with adventures which never have, nor could possibly have, happened to them, waste their time and paper with recording things and facts of so common a kind, that they challenge no other right of being remembered than as they had the honour of having happened to the author, to whom nothing seems trivial that in any manner happens to himself. Of such consequence do his own actions appear to one of this kind, that he would probably think himself guilty of infidelity should he omit the minutest thing in the detail of his journal. That the fact is true is sufficient to give it place there, without any consideration whether it is capable of pleasing or surprising, of diverting or informing, the reader.

I have seen a play (if I mistake not it is one of Mrs. Behn's or of Mrs. Centlivre's) where this vice in a voyage writer is finely ridiculed. An ignorant pedant, to whose government, for I know not what reason, the conduct of a young nobleman in his travels is committed, and who is sent abroad to show my lord the world, of which he knows nothing himself, before his departure from a town calls for his journal to record the goodness of the wine and tobacco, with other articles of the same importance, which are to furnish the materials of a voyage at his return home. The humour, it is true, is here carried very far; and yet, perhaps, very little beyond what is to be found in writers who profess no intention of dealing in humour at all.

Of one or other, or of both these kinds, are, I conceive, all that vast pile of books which pass under the names of voyages, travels, adventures, lives, memoirs, histories, &c., some of which a single traveller sends into the world in many volumes, and others are, by judicious booksellers, collected into vast bodies in folio, and inscribed with their own names, as if they were indeed their own travels; thus unjustly attributing to themselves the merit of others.

Now, from both these faults we have endeavoured to steer clear in the following narrative; which, however the contrary may be insinuated by ignorant, unlearned, and fresh-water critics, who have never travelled either in books or ships, I do solemnly declare doth, in my own impartial opinion, deviate less from truth than any other voyage extant; my lord Anson's alone being, perhaps, excepted.

Some few embellishments must be allowed to every historian; for we are not to conceive that the speeches in Livy, Sallust, or Thucydides, were literally spoken in the very words in which we now read them. It is sufficient that every fact hath its foundation in truth, as I do seriously aver is the case in the ensuing pages; and when it is so, a good critic will be so far from denying all kind of ornament of style or diction, or even of circumstance, to his author, that he would be rather sorry if he omitted it; for he could hence derive no other advantage than the loss of an additional pleasure in the perusal.

Again, if any merely common incident should appear in this journal, which will seldom I apprehend be the case, the candid reader will easily perceive it is not introduced for its own sake, but for some observations and reflections naturally resulting from it; and which, if but little to his amusement, tend directly to the instruction of the reader or to the information of the public; to whom if I choose to convey such instruction or information with an air of joke and laughter, none but the dullest of fellows will, I believe, censure it; but if they should, I have the authority of more than one passage in Horace to allege in my defence.

Having thus endeavoured to obviate some censures, to which a man without the gift of foresight, or any fear of the imputation of being a conjurer, might conceive this work would be liable, I might now undertake a more pleasing task, and fall at once to the direct and positive praises of the work itself; of which, indeed, I could say a thousand good things; but the task is so very pleasant that I shall leave it wholly to the reader, and it is all the task that I impose on him. A moderation for which he may think himself obliged to me when he compares it with the conduct of authors, who often fill a whole sheet with their own praises, to which they sometimes set their own real names, and sometimes a fictitious one. One hint, however, I must give the kind reader; which is, that if he should be able to find no sort of amusement in the book, he will be pleased to remember the public utility which will arise from it. If entertainment, as Mr. Richardson observes, be but a secondary consideration in a romance; with which Mr. Addison, I think,

* At Lisbon.

agrees, affirming the use of the pastry-cook to be the first; if this, I say, be true of a mere work of invention, sure it may well be so considered in a work founded, like this, on truth; and where the political reflections form so distinguishing a part.

But perhaps I may hear, from some critic of the most saturnine complexion, that my vanity must have made a horrid dupe of my judgment, if it hath flattered me with an expectation of having anything here seen in a grave light, or of conveying any useful instruction to the public, or to their guardians. I answer, with the great man whom I just now quoted, that my purpose is to convey instruction in the vehicle of entertainment; and so to bring about at once, like the revolution in the Rehearsal, a perfect reformation of the laws relating to our maritime affairs: an undertaking, I will not say more modest, but surely more feasible, than that of reforming a whole people, by making use of a vehicular story, to wheel in among them worse manners than their own.

INTRODUCTION.

In the beginning of August, 1753, when I had taken the duke of Portland's medicine, as it is called, near a year, the effects of which had been the carrying off the symptoms of a lingering imperfect gout, I was persuaded by Mr. Ranby, the king's premier serjeant-surgeon, and the ablest advice, I believe, in all branches of the physical profession, to go immediately to Bath. I accordingly writ that very night to Mrs. Bowden, who, by the next post, informed me she had taken me a lodging for a month certain.

Within a few days after this, whilst I was preparing for my journey, and when I was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street-robbers, I received a message from his grace the duke of Newcastle, by Mr. Carrington, the king's messenger, to attend his grace the next morning, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, upon some business of importance; but I excused myself from complying with the message, as, besides being lame, I was very ill with the great fatigues I had lately undergone, added to my distemper.

His grace, however, sent Mr. Carrington, the very next morning, with another summons; with which, though in the utmost distress, I immediately complied; but the duke, happening, unfortunately for me, to be then particularly engaged, after I had waited some time, sent a gentleman to discourse with me on the best plan which could be invented for putting an immediate end to those murders and robberies which were every day committed in the streets; upon which I promised to transmit my opinion, in writing, to his grace, who, as the gentleman informed me, intended to lay it before the privy council.

Though this visit cost me a severe cold, I, notwithstanding, set myself down to work; and in about four days sent the duke as regular a plan as I could form, with all the reasons and arguments I could bring to support it, drawn out in several sheets of paper; and soon received a message from the duke by Mr. Carrington, acquainting me that my plan was highly approved of, and that all the terms of it would be complied with.

The principal and most material of those terms was the immediately depositing six hundred pounds in my hands; at which small charge I undertook to demolish the then reigning gangs, and to put the civil policy into such order, that no such gangs should ever be able, for the future, to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.

I had delayed my Bath journey for some time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physical acquaintance, and to the ardent desire of my warmest friends, though my distemper was now turned to a deep jaundice; in which case the Bath waters are generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire of demolishing this gang of villains and cut-throats, which I was sure of accomplishing the moment I was enabled to pay a fellow who had undertaken, for a small sum, to betray them into the hands of a set of thief-takers whom I had enlisted into the service, all men of known and approved fidelity and intrepidity.

After some weeks the money was paid at the treasury, and within a few days after two hundred pounds of it had come to my hands the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed, seven of them were in actual custody, and the rest driven, some out of the town, and others out of the kingdom.

Though my health was now reduced to the last extremity, I continued to act with the utmost vigour against these villains; in examining whom, and in taking the depositions against them, I have often spent whole days, nay, sometimes whole nights, especially when there was any difficulty in procuring sufficient evidence to convict them; which is a very common case in street-robberies, even when the guilt of the party is sufficiently apparent to satisfy the most tender conscience. But courts of justice know nothing of a cause more than what is told them on oath by a witness; and the most flagitious villain upon earth is tried in the same manner as a man of the best character who is accused of the same crime.

Meanwhile, amidst all my fatigues and distresses, I had the satisfaction to find my endeavours had been attended with such success that this hellish society were almost utterly extirpated, and that, instead of reading of murders and street-robberies in the news almost every morning, there was, in the remaining part of the month of November, and in all December, not only no such thing as a murder, but not even a street-robbery committed. Some such, indeed, were mentioned in the public papers; but they were all found, on the strictest inquiry, to be false.

In this entire freedom from street-robberies, during the dark months, no man will, I believe, scruple to acknowledge that the winter of 1753 stands unrivalled, during a course of many years; and this may possibly appear the more extraordinary to those who recollect the outrages with which it began.

Having thus fully accomplished my undertaking, I went into the country, in a very weak and deplorable condition, with no fewer or less diseases than a jaundice, a dropsy, and an asthma, altogether uniting their forces in the destruction of a body so entirely emaciated that it had lost all its muscular flesh.

Mine was now no longer what is called a Bath case; nor, if it had been so, had I strength remaining sufficient to go thither, a ride of six miles only being attended with an intolerable fatigue. I now discharged my lodgings at Bath, which I had hitherto kept. I began, in earnest, to look on my case as desperate, and I had vanity enough to rank myself with those heroes who, of old times, became voluntary sacrifices to the good of the public.

But, lest the reader should be too eager to catch at the word *vanity*, and should be unwilling to indulge me with so sublime a gratification, for I think he is not too apt to gratify me, I will take my key a pitch lower, and will frankly own that I had a stronger motive than the love of the public to push me on: I will therefore confess to him that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they

can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking: on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practised), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about five hundred pounds * a-year of the dirtiest money upon earth to little more than three hundred pounds; a considerable proportion of which remained with my clerk; and, indeed, if the whole had done so, as it ought, he would be but ill paid for sitting almost sixteen hours in the twenty-four in the most unwholesome, as well as nauseous air in the universe, and which hath in his case corrupted a good constitution without contaminating his morals.

But, not to trouble the reader with anecdotes, contrary to my own rule laid down in my preface, I assure him I thought my family was very slenderly provided for; and that my health began to decline so fast that I had very little more of life left to accomplish what I had thought of too late. I rejoiced therefore greatly in seeing an opportunity, as I apprehended, of gaining such merit in the eye of the public, that, if my life were the sacrifice to it, my friends might think they did a popular act in putting my family at least beyond the reach of necessity, which I myself began to despair of doing. And though I disclaim all pretence to that Spartan or Roman patriotism which loved the public so well that it was always ready to become a voluntary sacrifice to the public good, I do solemnly declare I have that love for my family.

After this confession therefore, that the public was not the principal deity to which my life was offered a sacrifice, and when it is farther considered what a poor sacrifice this was, being indeed no other than the giving up what I saw little likelihood of being able to hold much longer, and which, upon the terms I held it, nothing but the weakness of human nature could represent to me as worth holding at all; the world may, I believe, without envy, allow me all the praise to which I have any title.

My aim, in fact, was not praise, which is the last gift they care to bestow; at least, this was not my aim as an end, but rather as a means of purchasing some moderate provision for my family, which, though it should exceed my merit, must fall infinitely short of my service, if I succeeded in my attempt.

To say the truth, the public never act more wisely than when they act most liberally in the distribution of their rewards; and here the good they receive is often more to be considered than the motive from which they receive it. Example alone is the end of all public punishments and rewards. Laws never inflict disgrace in resentment, nor confer honour from gratitude. "For it is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar to the late excellent judge Burnet, "to hang a poor man for stealing a horse." "You are not to be hanged, sir," answered my ever-honoured and beloved friend, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen." In like manner it might have been said to the late duke of Marlborough, when the parliament was so deservedly liberal to him, after the battle of Blenheim, "You receive not these honours and bounties on account of a victory past, but that other victories may be obtained."

I was now, in the opinion of all men, dying of a complication of disorders; and, were I desirous of playing the advocate, I have an occasion fair enough; but I disdain such an attempt. I relate facts plainly and simply as they are; and let the world draw from them what conclusions they please, taking with them the following facts for their instruction: the one is, that the proclamation offering one hundred pounds for the apprehending felons for certain felonies committed in certain places, which I prevented from being revived, had formerly cost the government several thousand pounds within a single year. Secondly, that all such proclamations, instead of curing the evil, had actually increased it; had multiplied the number of robberies; had propagated the worst and wickedest of perjuries; had laid snares for youth and ignorance, which, by the temptation of these rewards had been sometimes drawn into guilt; and sometimes, which cannot be thought on without the highest horror, had destroyed them without it. Thirdly, that my plan had not put the government to more than three hundred pounds expense, and had produced none of the ill consequences above mentioned; but, lastly, had actually suppressed the evil for a time, and had plainly pointed out the means of suppressing it for ever. This I would myself have undertaken, had my health permitted, at the annual expense of the above-mentioned sum.

After having stood the terrible six weeks which succeeded last Christmas, and put a lucky end, if they had known their own interests, to such numbers of aged and infirm valetudinarians, who might have gasped through two or three mild winters more, I returned to town in February, in a condition less despaired of by myself than by any of my friends. I now became the patient of Dr. Ward, who wished I had taken his advice earlier.

By his advice I was tapped, and fourteen quarts of water drawn from my belly. The sudden relaxation which this caused, added to my enervate, emaciated habit of body, so weakened me that within two days I was thought to be falling into the agonies of death.

I was at the worst on that memorable day when the public lost Mr. Pelham. From that day I began slowly, as it were, to draw my feet out of the grave; till in two months' time I had again acquired some little degree of strength, but was again full of water.

During this whole time I took Mr. Ward's medicines, which had seldom any perceptible operation. Those in particular of the diaphoretic kind, the working of which is thought to require a great strength of constitution to support, had so little effect on me, that Mr. Ward declared it was as vain to attempt sweating me as a deal board.

In this situation I was tapped a second time. I

* A predecessor of mine used to boast that he made one thousand pounds a-year in his office; but how he did this (if indeed he did it) is to me a secret. His clerk, now mine, told me I had more business than he had ever known there; I am sure I had as much as any man could do. The truth is, the fees are so very low, when any are due, and so much is done for nothing, that, if a single justice of peace had business enough to employ twenty clerks, neither he nor they would get much by their labour. The public will not, therefore, I hope, think I betray a secret when I inform them that I received from the government a yearly pension out of the public service-money; which, I believe, indeed, would have been larger, had my great patron been convinced of an error, which I have heard him utter more than once, that he could not indeed say that the acting as a principal justice of peace in Westminster was on all accounts very desirable, but that all the world knew it was a very lucrative office. Now to have shown him plainly that a man must be a rogue to make a very little this way, and that he could not make much by being as great a rogue as he could be, would have required more confidence than, I believe, he had in me, and more of his conversation than he chose to allow me; I therefore resigned the office and the farther execution of my plan to my brother, who had long been my assistant. And now, lest the case between me and the reader should be the same in both instances as it was between me and the great man, I will not add another word on the subject.

had one quart of water less taken from me now than before; but I bore all the consequences of the operation much better. This i attributed greatly to a dose of laudanum prescribed hy my surgeon. It first gave me the most delicious flow of spirits, and afterwards as comfortable a nap.

The month of May, which was now begun, it seemed reasonable to expect would introduce the spring, and drive off that winter which yet maintained its footing on the stage. i resolved therefore to visit a little house of mine in the country, which stands at Ealing, in the county of Middlesex, in the best air, I believe, in the whole kingdom, and far superior to that of Kensington Gravel-pits; for the gravel is here much wider and deeper, the place higher and more open towards the south, whilst it is guarded from the north wind by a ridge of hills, and from the smells and smoke of London by its distance; which last is not the fate of Kensington, when the wind blows from any corner of the east.

Obligations to Mr. Ward I shall always confess; for I am convinced that he omitted no care in endeavouring to serve me, without any expectation or desire of fee or reward.

The powers of Mr. Ward's remedies want indeed no unfair puffs of mine to give them credit; and though this distemper of the dropsy stands, I believe, first in the list of those over which he is always certain of triumphing, yet, possibly, there might be something particular in my case capable of eluding that radical force which had healed so many thousands. The same distemper, in different constitutions, may possibly be attended with such different symptoms, that to find an infallible nostrum for the curing any one distemper in every patient may be almost as difficult as to find a panacea for the cure of all.

But even such a panacea one of the greatest scholars and best of men did lately apprehend he had discovered. It is true, indeed, he was no physician; that is, he had not hy the forms of his education acquired a right of applying his skill in the art of physic to his own private advantage; and yet, perhaps, it may be truly asserted that no other modern hath contributed so much to make his physical skill useful to the public; at least, that none hath undergone the pains of communicating this discovery in writing to the world. The reader, I think, will scarce need to be informed that the writer I mean is the late bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, and the discovery that of the virtues of tar-water.

I then happened to recollect, npon a hint given me by the inimitable and shamefully-distressed anthor of the Female Quixote, that i had many years before, from curiosity only, taken a cursory view of bishop Berkeley's treatise on the virtues of tar-water, which i had formerly observed he strongly contends to be that real panacea which Sydenham supposes to have an existence in nature, though it yet remains undiscovered, and perhaps will always remain so.

Upon the reperusal of this book I fonnd the bishop only asserting his opinion that tar-water might he useful in the dropsy, since he had known it to have a surprising success in the cnre of a most stubborn anasarca, which is indeed no other than, as the word implies, the dropsy of the flesh; and this was, at that time, a large part of my complaint.

After a short trial, therefore, of a milk diet, which I presently found did not suit with my case, I betook myself to the bishop's prescription, and dosed myself every morning and evening with half a pint of tar-water.

It was no more than three weeks since my last tapping, and my belly and limbs were distended with water. This did not give me the worse opinion of tar-water; for I never supposed there could be any such virtue in tar-water as immediately to carry off a quantity of water already collected. For my delivery from this I well knew I must he again obliged to the trochar; and that if the tar-water did me any good at all it must he only hy the slowest degrees; and that if it should ever get the better of my distemper it must be by the tedious operation of undermining, and not hy a sudden attack and storm.

Some visible effects, however, and far beyond what my most sanguine hopes could with any modesty expect, I very soon experienced; the tar-water having, from the very first, lessened my illness, increased my appetite, and added, though in a very slow proportion, to my bodily strength.

But if my strength had increased a little my water daily increased much more. So that, hy the end of May, my belly became again ripe for the trochar, and I was a third time tapped; upon which, two very favourable symptoms appeared. I had three quarts of water taken from me less than bad been taken the last time; and I bore the relaxation with much less (indeed with scarce any) faintness.

Those of my physical friends on whose judgment I chiefly depended seemed to think my only chance of life consisted in having the whole summer before me; in which I might hope to gather sufficient strength to encounter the inclemencies of the ensuing winter. But this change began daily to lessen. I saw the summer mouldering away, or rather, indeed, the year passing away without intending to bring on any summer at all. In the whole month of May the sun scarce appeared three times. So that the early fruits came to the fulness of their growth, and to some appearance of ripeness, without acquiring any real maturity; having wanted the heat of the sun to soften and meliorate their juices. I saw the dropsy gaining rather than losing ground; the distance growing still shorter between the tappings. I saw the asthma likewise beginning again to become more troublesome. I saw the midsummer quarter drawing towards a close. So that I conceived, if the Michaelmas quarter should steal off in the same manner, as it was, in my opinion, very much to be apprehended it would, I should he delivered up to the attacks of winter before I recruited my forces, so as to be anywise able to withstand them.

I now began to recal an intention, which from the first dawnings of my recovery I had conceived, of removing to a warmer climate; and, finding this to be approved of by a very eminent physician, I resolved to put it into immediate execution.

Aix in Provence was the place first thought on; but the difficulties of getting thither were insuperable. The journey hy land, beside the expense of it, was infinitely too long and fatiguing; and I could hear of no ship that was likely to set out from London, within any reasonable time, for Marseilles, or any other port in that part of the Mediterranean.

Lisbon was presently fixed on in its room. The air here, as it was near four degrees to the south of Aix, must be more wild and warm, and the winter shorter and less piercing.

It was not difficult to find a ship bound to a place with which we carry on so immense a trade. Accordingly, my brother soon informed me of the excellent accommodations for passengers which were to be found on board a ship that was obliged to sail for Lisbon in three days.

I eagerly embraced the offer, notwithstanding the shortness of the time; and, having given my brother full power to contract for our passage, I began to

prepare my family for the voyage with the utmost expedition.

But our great haste was needless; for the captain having twice put off his sailing, I at length invited him to dinner with me at Fordhook, a full week after the time on which he had declared, and that with many asseverations, he must and would weigh anchor.

He dined with me according to his appointment; and when all matters were settled between us left me with positive orders to be on board the Wednesday following, when he declared he would fall down the river to Gravesend, and would not stay a moment for the greatest man in the world.

He advised me to go to Gravesend by land, and there wait the arrival of his ship, assigning many reasons for this, every one of which was, as I well remember, among those that had before determined me to go on board near the Tower.

THE VOYAGE.

Wednesday, June 26, 1754.—On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and unenred and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death.

In this situation, as I could not conquer Nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever; under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.

In two hours we arrived in Rotherhithe, and immediately went on board, and were to have sailed the next morning; but, as this was the king's proclamation-day, and consequently a holiday at the custom-house, the captain could not clear his vessel till the Thursday; for these holidays are as strictly observed as those in the popish calendar, and are almost as numerous. I might add that both are opposite to the genius of trade, and consequently *contra bonum publicum*.

To go on board the ship it was necessary first to go into a boat; a matter of no small difficulty, as I had no use of my limbs, and was to be carried by men who, though sufficiently strong for their burthen, were, like Archimedes, puzzled to find a steady footing. Of this, as few of my readers have not gone into wherries on the Thames, they will easily be able to form to themselves an idea. However, by the assistance of my friend Mr. Welch, whom I never think or speak of but with love and esteem, I conquered this difficulty, as I did afterwards that of ascending the ship, into which I was hoisted with more ease by a chair lifted with pulleys. I was soon seated in a great chair in the cabin, to refresh myself after a fatigue which had been more intolerable, in a quarter of a mile's passage from my coach to the ship, than I had before undergone in a land-journey of twelve miles, which I had travelled with the utmost expedition.

This latter fatigue was, perhaps, somewhat heightened by an indignation which I could not prevent arising in my mind. I think, upon my entrance into the boat, I presented a spectacle of the highest horror. The total loss of limbs was apparent to all who saw me, and my face contained marks of a most diseased state, if not of death itself. Indeed, so ghastly was my countenance, that timorous women with child had abstained from my house, for fear of the ill consequences of looking at me. In this condition I ran the gauntlope (so I think I may justly call it) through rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery. No man who knew me will think I conceived any personal resentment at this behaviour; but it was a lively picture of that cruelty and inhumanity in the nature of men which I have often contemplated with concern, and which leads the mind into a train of very uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts. It may be said that this barbarous custom is peculiar to the English, and of them only to the lowest degree; that it is an excrescence of an uncontrolled licentiousness mistaken for liberty, and never shows itself in men who are polished and refined in such manner as human nature requires to produce that perfection of which it is susceptible, and to purge away that malevolence of disposition of which, at our birth, we partake in common with the savage creation.

This may be said, and this is all that can be said; and it is, I am afraid, but little satisfactory to account for the inhumanity of those who, while they boast of being made after God's own image, seem to bear in their minds a resemblance of the vilest species of brutes; or rather, indeed, of our idea of devils; for I don't know that any brutes can be taxed with such malevolence.

A sirloin of beef was now placed on the table, for which, though little better than carrion, as much was charged by the master of the little paltry alehouse who dressed it as would have been demanded for all the elegance of the King's Arms, or any other polite tavern or eating-house; for, indeed, the difference between the best house and the worst is, that at the former you pay largely for luxury, at the latter for nothing.

Thursday, June 27.—This morning the captain, who lay on shore at his own house, paid us a visit in the cabin, and behaved like an angry bashaw, declaring that, had he known we were not to be pleased, he would not have carried us for five hundred pounds. He added many asseverations that he was a gentleman, and despised money; but forgetting several hints of the presents which had been made him for his cabin, of twenty, thirty, and forty guineas, by several gentlemen, over and above the sum for which they had contracted. This behaviour greatly surprised me, as I knew not how to account for it, nothing having happened since we parted from the captain the evening before in perfect good-humour; and all this broke forth on the first moment of his arrival this morning. He did not, however, suffer my amazement to have any long continuance before he clearly showed me that all this was meant only as an apology to introduce another procrastination (being the fifth) of his weighing anchor, which was now postponed till Saturday, for such was his will and pleasure.

Besides the disagreeable situation in which we then lay, in the confines of Wapping and Rotherhithe, tasting a delicious mixture of the air of both these sweet places, and enjoying the concord of sweet sounds of seamen, watermen, fish-women, oyster-women, and of all the vociferous inhabitants of both shores, composing altogether a greater variety of harmony than Hogarth's imagination hath brought together in that print of his, which is enough to make a man deaf to look at—I had a more urgent cause to press our departure, which was, that the dropsy, for which I had undergone three tappings, seemed to threaten me with a fourth discharge before I should reach Lisbon, and when I should have nobody on board capable of performing the operation; but I was obliged to hearken to the voice of reason, if I may use the captain's own words, and to rest myself contented. Indeed, there was no alternative within my reach but what would have cost me much too dear.

There are many evils in society from which people of the highest rank are so entirely exempt, that they have not the least knowledge or idea of them; nor indeed of the characters which are formed by them. Such, for instance, is the conveyance of goods and passengers from one place to another. Now there is no such thing as any kind of knowledge contemptible in itself; and, as the particular knowledge I here mean is entirely necessary to the well understanding and well enjoying this journal; and, lastly, as in this case the most ignorant will be those very readers whose amusement we chiefly consult, and to whom we wish to be supposed principally to write, we will here enter somewhat largely into the discussion of this matter; the rather, for that no ancient or modern author (if we can trust the catalogue of doctor Mead's library) hath ever undertaken it, but that it seems (in the style of don Quixote) a task reserved for my pen alone.

When I first conceived this intention I began to entertain thoughts of inquiring into the antiquity of travelling; and, as many persons have performed in this way (I mean have travelled) at the expense of the public, I flattered myself that the spirit of improving arts and sciences, and of advancing useful and substantial learning, which so eminently distinguishes this age, and hath given rise to more speculative societies in Europe than I at present can recollect the names of—perhaps, indeed, than I or any other, besides their very near neighbours, ever heard mentioned—would assist in promoting so curious a work; a work begun with the same views, calculated for the same purposes, and fitted for the same uses, with the labours which those right honourable societies have so cheerfully undertaken themselves, and encouraged in others; sometimes with the highest honours, even with admission into their colleges, and with enrolment among their members.

From these societies I promised myself all assistance in their power, particularly the communication of such valuable manuscripts and records as they must be supposed to have collected from those obscure ages of antiquity when history yields us such imperfect accounts of the residence, and much more imperfect of the travels, of the human race; unless, perhaps, as a curious and learned member of the young Society of Antiquaries is said to have hinted his conjectures, that their residence and their travels were one and the same; and this discovery (for such it seems to be) he is said to have owed to the lighting by accident on a book, which we shall have occasion to mention presently, the contents of which were then little known to the society.

The king of Prussia, moreover, who, from a degree of benevolence and taste which in either case is a rare production in so northern a climate, is the great encourager of art and science, I was well assured would promote so useful a design, and order his archives to be searched on my behalf.

But after well weighing all these advantages, and much meditation on the order of my work, my whole design was subverted in a moment by hearing of the discovery just mentioned to have been made by the young antiquary, who, from the most ancient record in the world (though I don't find the society are all agreed on this point), one long preceding the date of the earliest modern collections, either of books or butterflies, none of which pretend to go beyond the flood, shows us that the first man was a traveller, and that he and his family were scarce settled in Paradise before they disliked their own home, and became passengers to another place. Hence it appears that the humour of travelling is as old as the human race, and that it was their curse from the beginning.

By this discovery my plan became much shortened, and I found it only necessary to treat of the conveyance of goods and passengers from place to place; which, not being universally known, seemed proper to be explained before we examined into its original. There are indeed two different ways of tracing all things used by the historian and the antiquary; these are upwards and downwards. The former shows you how things are, and leaves to others to discover when they began to be so. The latter shows you how things were, and leaves their present existence to be examined by others. Hence the former is more useful, the latter more curious. The former receives the thanks of mankind; the latter of that valuable part, the virtuosi.

In explaining, therefore, this mystery of carrying goods and passengers from one place to another, hitherto so profound a secret to the very best of our readers, we shall pursue the historical method, and endeavour to show by what means it is at present performed, referring the more curious inquirer either to some other pen or to some other opportunity.

Now there are two general ways of performing (if God permit) this conveyance, *viz.* by land and water, both of which have much variety; that by land being performed in different vehicles, such as coaches, caravans, waggons, &c.; and that by water in ships, barges, and boats, of various sizes and denominations. But, as all these methods of conveyance are formed on the same principles, they agree so well together, that it is fully sufficient to comprehend them all in the general view, without descending to such minute particulars as would distinguish one method from another.

Common to all of these is one general principle, that, as the goods to be conveyed are usually the larger, so they are to be chiefly considered in the conveyance; the owner being indeed little more than an appendage to his trunk, or box, or bale, or at best a small part of his own baggage, very little care is to be taken in stowing or packing them up with convenience to himself; for the conveyance is not of passengers and goods, but of goods and passengers.

Secondly, from this conveyance arises a new kind of relation, or rather of subjection, in the society, by which the passenger becomes bound in allegiance to his conveyer. This allegiance is indeed only temporary and local, but the most absolute during its continuance of any known in Great Britain, and, to say truth, scarce consistent with the liberties of a free people, nor could it be reconciled with

them, did it not move downwards; a circumstance universally apprehended to be incompatible to all kinds of slavery; for Aristotle in his Politics hath proved abundantly to my satisfaction that no men are born to be slaves, except barbarians; and these only to such as are not themselves barbarians; and indeed Mr. Montesqueiu hath carried it very little farther in the case of the Africans; tha real truth being that no man is born to be a slave, unless to him who is able to make him so.

Thirdly, this subjection is absolute, and consists of a perfect resignation both of body and soul to the disposal of another; after which resignation, during a certain time, his subject retains no more power over his own will than an Asiatic slave, or an English wife, by the laws of both countries, and by the customs of one of them. If I should mention the instance of a stage-coachman, many of my readers would recognise the truth of what I have here observed; all, indeed, that ever have heen under the dominion of that tyrant, who in this free country is as absolute as a Turkish bashaw. In two particulars only his power is defective; he cannot press you into his service, and if you enter yourself at one place, on condition of being discharged at a certain time at another, he is obliged to perform his agreement, if God permit, but all the intermediate time you are absolutely under his government; he carries you how he will, when he will, and whither he will, provided it be not much out of the road; you have nothing to eat or to drink, but what, and when, and where he pleases. Nay, you cannot sleep unless he pleases you should; for he will order you sometimes out of bed at midnight and hurry you away at a moment's warning: indeed, if you can sleep in his vehicle he cannot prevent it; nay, indeed, to give him his due, this he is ordinarily disposed to encourage: for the earlier he forces you to rise in the morning, the more time he will give you in the heat of the day, sometimes even six hours at an ale-house, or at their doors, where ha always gives you the same indulgence which he allows himself; and for this he is generally very moderate In his demands. I have known a whole bundle of passengers charged no more than half-a-crown for being suffered to remain quiet at an ale-house door for above a whole hour, and that even in the hottest day in summer.

But as this kind of tyranny, though it hath escaped our political writers, hath been I think touched by our dramatic, and is more trite among the generality of readers; and as this and all other kinds of such subjection are alike unknown to my friends, I will quit the passengers by land, and treat of those who travel by water; for whatever is said on this subject is applicable to both alike, and we may bring them together as closely as they are brought in the liturgy, when they are recommended to the prayers of all christian congregations; and (which I have often thought very remarkable) where they are joined with other miserable wretches, such as women in labour, people in sickness, infants just born, prisoners and captives.

Goods and passengers are conveyed by water in divers vehicles, the principal of which being a ship, it shall suffice to mention that alone. Here the tyrant doth not derive his title, as the stage-coachman doth, from the vehicle itself in which he stows his goods and passengers, but he is called the captain —a word of such various use and uncertain signification, that it seems very difficult to fix any positive idea to it: if, indeed, there be any general meaning which may comprehend all its different uses, that of the head or chief of any body of men seems to be most capable of this comprehension; for whether they be a company of soldiers, a crew of sailors, or a gang of rogues, he who is at the head of them is always styled the captain.

The particular tyrant whose fortune it was to stow us aboard laid a farther claim to this appellation than the bare command of a vehicle of conveyance. He had been the captain of a privateer, which he chose to call being in the king's service, and thence derived a right of hoisting the military ornament of a cockade over the button of his hat. He likewise wore a sword of no ordinary length by his side, with which he swaggered in his cabin, among the wretches his passengers, whom he had stowed in cupboards on each side. He was a person of a very singular character. He had taken it into his head that he was a gentleman, from those very reasons that proved he was not one; and to show himself a fine gentleman, by a behaviour which seemed to insinuate he had never seen one. He was, moreover, a man of gallantry; at the age of seventy he had the finicalness of sir Courtly Nice, with the roughness of Surly; and, while he was deaf himself, had a voice capable of deafening all others.

Now, as I saw myself in danger by the delays of the captain, who was, in reality, waiting for more freight, and as the wind had been long nested, as it were, in the south-west, where it constantly blew hurricanes, I began with great reason to apprehend that our voyage might be long, and that my belly, which began already to be much extended, would require the water to be let out at a time when no assistance was at hand; though, indeed, the captain comforted me with assurances that he had a pretty young fellow on board who acted as his surgeon, as I found he likewise did as steward, cook, butler, sailor. In short, he had as many offices as Scrub in the play, and went through them all with great dexterity; this of surgeon was, perhaps, the only one in which his skill was somewhat deficient, at least that branch of tapping for the dropsy; for he very ingenuously and modestly confessed he had never seen the operation performed, nor was possessed of that chirurgical instrument with which it is performed.

Friday, June 28.—By way of prevention, therefore, I this day sent for my friend Mr. Hunter, the great surgeon and anatomist of Covent-garden; and, though my belly was not yet very full and tight, let out ten quarts of water; the young sea-surgeon attended the operation, not as a performer, but as a student.

I was now eased of the greatest apprehension which I had from the length of the passage; and I told the captain I was become indifferent as to the time of his sailing. He expressed much satisfaction in this declaration, and at hearing from me that I found myself, since my tapping, much lighter and better. In this, I believe, he was sincere; for he was, as we shall have occasion to observe more than once, a very good-natured man; and, as he was a very brave one too, I found that the heroic constancy with which I had borne an operation that is attended with scarce any degree of pain had not a little raised me in his esteem. That he might adhere, therefore, in the most religious and rigorous manner to his word, when he had no longer any temptation from interest to break it, as he had no longer any hopes of more goods or passengers, he ordered his ship to fall down to Gravesend on Sunday morning, and there to wait his arrival.

Sunday, June 30.—Nothing worth notice passed till that morning, when my poor wife, after passing a night in the utmost torments of the toothache, re-

solved to have it drawn. I despatched therefore a servant into Wapping to bring in haste the best tooth-drawer he could find. He soon found out a female of great eminence in the art; but when he brought her to the boat, at the water-side, they were informed that the ship was gone; for indeed she had set out a few minutes after his quitting her; nor did the pilot, who well knew the errand on which I had sent my servant, think fit to wait a moment for his return, or to give me any notice of his setting out, though I had very patiently attended the delays of the captain four days, after many solemn promises of weighing anchor every one of the three last.

But of all the petty bashaws or turbulent tyrants I ever beheld, this sour-faced pilot was the worst tempered; for, during the time that he had the guidance of the ship, which was till we arrived in the Downs, he complied with no one's desires, nor did he give a civil word, or indeed a civil look, to any on board.

The tooth-drawer, who, as I said before, was one of great eminence among her neighbours, refused to follow the ship; so that my man made himself the best of his way, and with some difficulty came up with us before we were got under full sail; for after that, as we had both wind and tide with us, he would have found it impossible to overtake the ship till she was come to an anchor at Gravesend.

The morning was fair and bright, and we had a passage thither, I think, as pleasant as can be conceived: for, take it with all its advantages, particularly the number of fine ships you are always sure of seeing by the way, there is nothing to equal it in all the rivers of the world. The yards of Deptford and of Woolwich are noble sights, and give us a just idea of the great perfection to which we are arrived in building those floating castles, and the figure which we may always make in Europe among the other maritime powers. That of Woolwich, at least, very strongly imprinted this idea on my mind; for there was now on the stocks there the Royal Anne, supposed to be the largest ship ever built, and which contains ten carriage-guns more than had ever yet equipped a first-rate.

It is true, perhaps, that there is more of ostentation than of real utility in ships of this vast and unwieldy burden, which are rarely capable of acting against an enemy; but if the building such contributes to preserve, among other nations, the notion of the British superiority in naval affairs, the expense, though very great, is well incurred, and the ostentation is laudable and truly political. Indeed, I should be sorry to allow that Holland, France, or Spain, possessed a vessel larger and more beautiful than the largest and most beautiful of ours; for this honour I would always administer to the pride of our sailors, who should challenge it from all their neighbours with truth and success. And sure I am that not our honest tars alone, but every inhabitant of this island, may exult in the comparison, when he considers the king of Great Britain as a maritime prince, in opposition to any other prince in Europe; but I am not so certain that the same idea of superiority will result from comparing our land forces with those of many other crowned heads. In numbers they all far exceed us, and in the goodness and splendour of their troops many nations, particularly the Germans and French, and perhaps the Dutch, cast us at a distance; for, however we may flatter ourselves with the Edwards and Henrys of former ages, the change of the whole art of war since those days, by which the advantage of personal strength is in a manner entirely lost, hath produced a change in military affairs to the advantage of our enemies. As for our successes in later days, if they were not entirely owing to the superior genius of our general, they were not a little due to the superior force of his money. Indeed, if we should arraign marshal Saxe of ostentation when he showed his army, drawn up, to our captive general, the day after the battle of La Val, we cannot say that the ostentation was entirely vain; since he certainly showed him an army which had not been often equalled, either in the number or goodness of the troops, and which, in those respects, so far exceeded ours, that none can ever cast any reflection on the brave young prince who could not reap the laurels of conquest in that day; but his retreat will be always mentioned as an addition to his glory.

In our marine the case is entirely the reverse, and it must be our own fault if it doth not continue so; for continue so it will as long as the flourishing state of our trade shall support it, and this support it can never want till our legislature shall cease to give sufficient attention to the protection of our trade, and our magistrates want sufficient power, ability, and honesty, to execute the laws: a circumstance not to be apprehended, as it cannot happen till our senates and our benches shall be filled with the blindest ignorance, or with the blackest corruption.

Besides the ships in the docks, we saw many on the water: the yachts are sights of great parade, and the king's body yacht is, I believe, unequalled in any country for convenience as well as magnificence; both which are consulted in building and equipping her with the most exquisite art and workmanship.

We saw likewise several Indiamen just returned from their voyage. These are, I believe, the largest and finest vessels which are anywhere employed in commercial affairs The colliers, likewise, which are very numerous, and even assemble in fleets, are ships of great bulk; and if we descend to those used in the American, African, and European trades, and pass through those which visit our own coasts, to the small craft that lie between Chatham and the Tower, the whole forms a most pleasing object to the eye, as well as highly warming to the heart of an Englishman who has any degree of love for his country, or can recognise any effect of the patriot in his constitution.

Lastly, the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, which presents so delightful a front to the water, and doth such honour at once to its builder and the nation, to the great skill and ingenuity of the one, and to the no less sensible gratitude of the other, very properly closes the account of this scene; which may well appear romantic to those who have not themselves seen that, in this one instance, truth and reality are capable, perhaps, of exceeding the power of fiction.

When we had passed by Greenwich we saw only two or three gentlemen's houses, all of very moderate account, till we reached Gravesend: these are all on the Kentish shore, which affords a much drier, wholesomer, and pleasanter situation, than doth that of its opposite, Essex. This circumstance, I own, is somewhat surprising to me, when I reflect on the numerous villas that crowd the river from Chelsea upwards as far as Shepperton, where the narrower channel affords not half so noble a prospect, and where the continual succession of the small craft, like the frequent repetition of all things, which have nothing in them great, beautiful, or admirable, tire the eye, and give us distaste and aversion, instead of pleasure. With some of these situations, such as Barnes, Mortlake, &c., even the shore of Essex might contend, not upon very une-

jual terms; but on the Kentish borders there are many spots to be chosen by the builder which might justly claim the preference over almost the very finest of those in Middlesex and Surrey.

How shall we account for this depravity in taste? for surely there are none so very mean and contemptible as to bring the pleasure of seeing a number of little wherries, gliding along after one another, in competition with what we enjoy in viewing a succession of ships, with all their sails expanded to the winds, bounding over the waves before us.

And here I cannot pass by another observation on the deplorable want of taste in our enjoyments, which we show by almost totally neglecting the pursuit of what seems to me the highest degree of amusement; this is, the sailing ourselves in little vessels of our own, contrived only for our ease and accommodation, to which such situations of our villas as I have recommended would be so convenient, and even necessary.

This amusement, I confess, if enjoyed in any perfection, would be of the expensive kind; but such expense would not exceed the reach of a moderate fortune, and would fall very short of the prices which are daily paid for pleasures of a far inferior rate. The truth, I believe, is, that sailing in the manner I have just mentioned is a pleasure rather unknown, or unthought of, than rejected by those who have experienced it; unless, perhaps, the apprehension of danger or sea-sickness may be supposed, by the timorous and delicate, to make too large deductions—insisting that all their enjoyments shall come to them pure and unmixed, and being ever ready to cry out,

—— Nocet empta dolore voluptas.

This, however, was my present case; for the ease and lightness which I felt from my tapping, the gaiety of the morning, the pleasant sailing with wind and tide, and the many agreeable objects with which I was constantly entertained during the whole way, were all suppressed and overcome by the single consideration of my wife's pain, which continued incessantly to torment her till we came to an anchor, when I despatched a messenger in great haste for the best reputed operator in Gravesend. A surgeon of some eminence now appeared, who did not decline tooth-drawing, though he certainly would have been offended with the appellation of tooth-drawer no less than his brethren, the members of that venerable body, would be with that of barber, since the late separation between those long-united companies, by which, if the surgeons have gained much, the barbers are supposed to have lost very little.

This able and careful person (for so I sincerely believe he is) after examining the guilty tooth, declared that it was such a rotten shell, and so placed at the very remotest end of the upper jaw, where it was in a manner covered and secured by a large fine firm tooth, that he despaired of his power of drawing it.

He said, indeed, more to my wife, and used more rhetoric to dissuade her from having it drawn, than is generally employed to persuade young ladies to prefer a pain of three moments to one of three month's continuance, especially if those young ladies happen to be past forty and fifty years of age, when, by submitting to support a racking torment, the only good circumstance attending which is, it is so short that scarce one in a thousand can cry out I feel it, they are to do a violence to their charms, and lose one of those beautiful holders with which alone sir Courtly Nice declares a lady can ever lay hold of his heart.

He said at last so much, and seemed to reason so justly, that I came over to his side, and assisted him in prevailing on my wife (for it was no easy matter) to resolve on keeping her tooth a little longer, and to apply palliatives only for relief. These were opium applied to the tooth, and blisters behind the ears.

Whilst we were at dinner this day in the cabin, on a sudden the window on one side was beat into the room with a crash as if a twenty-pounder had been discharged among us. We were all alarmed at the suddenness of the accident, for which, however, we were soon able to account, for the sash, which was shivered all to pieces, was pursued into the middle of the cabin by the bowsprit of a little ship called a cod-smack, the master of which made us amends for running (carelessly at best) against us, and injuring the ship, in the sea-way; that is to say, by damning us all to hell, and uttering several pious wishes that it had done us much more mischief. All which were answered in their own kind and phrase by our men, between whom and the other crew a dialogue of oaths and scurrility was carried on as long as they continued in each other's hearing.

It is difficult, I think, to assign a satisfactory reason why sailors in general should, of all others, think themselves entirely discharged from the common bands of humanity, and should seem to glory in the language and behaviour of savages! They see more of the world, and have, most of them, a more erudite education than is the portion of landmen of their degree. Nor do I believe that in any country they visit (Holland itself not excepted) they can ever find a parallel to what daily passes on the river Thames. Is it that they think true courage (for they are the bravest fellows upon earth) inconsistent with all the gentleness of a humane carriage, and that the contempt of civil order springs up in minds but little cultivated at the same time and from the same principles with the contempt of danger and death? Is it ——? in short, it is so; and how it comes to be so I leave to form a question in the Robin Hood Society, or to be propounded for solution among the enigmas in the Woman's Almanac for the next year.

Monday, July 1. This day Mr. Welch took his leave of me after dinner, as did a young lady of her sister, who was proceeding with my wife to Lisbon. They both set out together in a post-chaise for London.

Soon after their departure our cabin, where my wife and I were sitting together, was visited by two ruffians, whose appearance greatly corresponded with that of the sheriff's, or rather the knight-marshal's bailiffs. One of these especially, who seemed to affect a more than ordinary degree of rudeness and insolence, came in without any kind of ceremony, with a broad gold lace on his hat, which was cocked with much military fierceness on his head. An inkhorn at his button-hole and some papers in his hand sufficiently assured me what he was, and I asked him if he and his companion were not custom-house officers: he answered with sufficient dignity that they were, as an information which he seemed to conclude would strike the bearer with awe, and suppress all farther inquiry; but, on the contrary, I proceeded to ask of what rank he was in the custom-house, and, receiving an answer from his companion, as I remember, that the gentleman was a riding surveyor, I replied that he might be a riding surveyor, but could be no gentleman, for that none who had any title to that denomination would break into the presence of a lady without an apology or even moving his hat. He then took his covering from his head and laid it on the table,

saying, he asked pardon, and blamed the mate, who should, he said, have informed him if any persons of distinction were below. I told him he might guess by our appearance (which, perhaps, was rather more than could be said with the strictest adherence to truth) that he was before a gentleman and lady, which should teach him to be very civil in his behaviour, though we should not happen to be of that number whom the world calls people of fashion and distinction. However, I said, that as he seemed sensible of his error, and had asked pardon, the lady would permit him to put his hat on again if he chose it. This he refused with some degree of surliness, and failed not to convince me that, if I should condescend to become more gentle, he would soon grow more rude.

I now renewed a reflection, which I have often seen occasion to make, that there is nothing so incongruous in nature as any kind of power with lowness of mind and of ability, and that there is nothing more deplorable than the want of truth in the whimsical notion of Plato, who tells us that "Saturn, well knowing the state of human affairs, gave us kings and rulers, not of human but divine original; for, as we make not shepherds of sheep, nor oxherds of oxen, nor goatherds of goats, but place some of our own kind over all as being better and fitter to govern them; in the same manner were demons by the divine love set over us as a race of beings of a superior order to man, and who, with great ease to themselves, might regulate our affairs and establish peace, modesty, freedom, and justice, and, totally destroying all sedition, might complete the happiness of the human race. So far, at least, may even now be said with truth, that in all states which are under the government of mere man, without any divine assistance, there is nothing but labour and misery to be found. From what I have said, therefore, we may at least learn, with our utmost endeavours, to imitate the Saturnian institution; borrowing all assistance from our immortal part, while we pay to this the strictest obedience, we should form both our private economy and public policy from its dictates. By this dispensation of our immortal minds we are to establish a law and to call it by that name. But if any government be in the hands of a single person, of the few, or of the many, and such governor or governors shall abandon himself or themselves to the unbridled pursuit of the wildest pleasures or desires, unable to restrain any passion, but possessed with an insatiable bad disease; if such shall attempt to govern, and at the same time to trample on all laws, there can be no means of preservation left for the wretched people." Plato de Leg., lib. iv. p. 713, a. 714, edit. Serrani.

It is true that Plato is here treating of the highest of sovereign power in a state, but it is as true that his observations are general and may be applied to all inferior powers; and, indeed, every subordinate degree is immediately derived from the highest; and, as it is equally protected by the same force and sanctified by the same authority, is alike dangerous to the well-being of the subject.

Of all powers, perhaps, there is none so sanctified and protected as this which is under our present consideration. So numerous, indeed, and strong, are the sanctions given to it by many acts of parliament, that, having once established the laws of customs on merchandise, it seems to have been the sole view of the legislature to strengthen the hands and to protect the persons of the officers who became established by those laws, many of whom are so far from bearing any resemblance to the Saturnian institution, and to be chosen from a degree of beings superior to the rest of the human race, that they sometimes seem industriously picked out of the lowest and vilest orders of mankind.

There is, indeed, nothing so useful to man in general, nor so beneficial to particular societies and individuals, as trade. This is that *alma mater* at whose plentiful breast all mankind are nourished. It is true, like other parents, she is not always equally indulgent to all her children, but, though she gives to her favourites a vast proportion of redundancy and superfluity, there are very few whom she refuses to supply with the conveniences, and none with the necessaries, of life.

Such a benefactress as this must naturally be beloved by mankind in general; it would be wonderful, therefore, if her interest was not considered by them and protected from the fraud and violence of some of her rebellious offspring, who, coveting more than their share or more than she thinks proper to allow them, are daily employed in meditating mischief against her, and in endeavouring to steal from their brethren those shares which this great *alma mater* had allowed them.

At length our governor came on board, and about six in the evening we weighed anchor, and fell down to the Nore, whither our passage was extremely pleasant, the evening being very delightful, the moon just past the full, and both wind and tide favourable to us.

Tuesday, July 2.—This morning we again set sail, under all the advantages we had enjoyed the evening before. This day we left the shore of Essex and coasted along Kent, passing by the pleasant island of Thanet, which is an island, and that of Sheppy, which is not an island, and about three o'clock, the wind being now full in our teeth, we came to an anchor in the Downs, within two miles of Deal.—My wife, having suffered intolerable pain from her tooth, again renewed her resolution of having it drawn, and another surgeon was sent for from Deal, but with no better success than the former. He likewise declined the operation, for the same reason which had been assigned by the former; however, such was her resolution, backed with pain, that he was obliged to make the attempt, which concluded more in honour of his judgment than of his operation; for, after having put my poor wife to inexpressible torment, he was obliged to leave her tooth in *statu quo;* and she had now the comfortable prospect of a long fit of pain, which might have lasted her whole voyage, without any possibility of relief.

In these pleasing sensations, of which I had my just share, nature, overcome with fatigue, about eight in the evening resigned her to rest—a circumstance which would have given me some happiness, could I have known how to employ those spirits who were raised by it; but, unfortunately for me, I was left in a disposition of enjoying an agreeable hour without the assistance of a companion, which has always appeared to me necessary to such enjoyment; my daughter and her companion were both retired sea-sick to bed; the other passengers were a rude school-boy of fourteen years old and an illiterate Portuguese friar, who understood no language but his own, in which I had not the least smattering The captain was the only person left in whose conversation I might indulge myself; but unluckily, besides a total ignorance of everything in the world but a ship, he had the misfortune of being so deaf, that to make him hear, I will not say understand, my words, I must run the risk of conveying them to the ears of my wife, who, though in another room (called, I think, the state-room—being, indeed, a most stately apartment, capable of containing one

human body in length, if not very tall, and three bodies in breadth), lay asleep within a yard of me. In this situation necessity and choice were one and the same thing; the captain and I sat down together to a small bowl of punch, over which we both soon fell fast asleep, and so concluded the evening.

Wednesday, July 3.—This morning I awaked at four o'clock, for my distemper seldom suffered me to sleep later. I presently got up, and had the pleasure of enjoying the sight of a tempestuous sea for four hours before the captain was stirring; for he loved to indulge himself in morning slumbers, which were attended with a wind-music, much more agreeable to the performers than to the hearers, especially such as have, as I had, the privilege of sitting in the orchestra. At eight o'clock the captain rose, and sent his boat on shore. I ordered my man likewise to go in it, as my distemper was not of that kind which entirely deprives us of appetite. Now, though the captain had well victualled his ship with all manner of salt provisions for the voyage, and had added great quantities of fresh stores, particularly of vegetables, at Gravesend, such as beans and peas, which had been on board only two days, and had possibly not been gathered above two more, I apprehended I could provide better for myself at Deal than the ship's ordinary seemed to promise. I accordingly sent for fresh provisions of all kinds from the shore, in order to put off the evil day of starving as long as possible. My man returned with most of the articles I sent for, and now I thought myself in a condition of living a week on my own provisions. I therefore ordered my own dinner, which I wanted nothing but a cook to dress and a proper fire to dress it at; but those were not to be had, nor indeed any addition to my roast mutton, except the pleasure of the captain's company, with that of the other passengers; for my wife continued the whole day in a state of dozing, and my other females, whose sickness did not abate by the rolling of the ship at anchor, seemed more inclined to empty their stomachs than to fill them. Thus I passed the whole day (except about an hour at dinner) by myself, and the evening concluded with the captain as the preceding one had done; one comfortable piece of news he communicated to me, which was, that he had no doubt of a prosperous wind in the morning; but as he did not divulge the reasons of this confidence, and as I saw none myself besides the wind being directly opposite, my faith in this prophecy was not strong enough to build any great hopes upon.

Thursday, July 4.—This morning, however, the captain seemed resolved to fulfil his own predictions, whether the wind would or no; he accordingly weighed anchor, and, taking the advantage of the tide when the wind was not very boisterous, he hoisted his sails; and, as if his power had been no less absolute over Æolus than it was over Neptune, he forced the wind to blow him on in its own despite.

But as all men who have ever been at sea well know how weak such attempts are, and want no authorities of Scripture to prove that the most absolute power of a captain of a ship is very contemptible in the wind's eye, so did it befal our noble commander, who, having struggled with the wind three or four hours, was obliged to give over, and lost in a few minutes all that he had been so long gaining; in short, we returned to our former station, and once more cast anchor in the neighbourhood of Deal.

Here, though we lay near the shore, that we might promise ourselves all the emolument which could be derived from it, we found ourselves deceived; and that we might with as much convenience be out of the sight of land; for, except when the captain launched forth his own boat, which he did always with great reluctance, we were incapable of procuring anything from Deal, but at a price too exorbitant, and beyond the reach even of modern luxury—the fare of a boat from Deal, which lay at two miles' distance, being at least three half-crowns, and, if we had been in any distress for it, as many half-guineas; for these good people consider the sea as a large common appendant to their manor, in which when they find any of their fellow-creatures impounded, they conclude that they have a full right of making them pay at their own discretion for their deliverance: to say the truth, whether it be that men who live on the sea-shore are of an amphibious kind, and do not entirely partake of human nature, or whatever else may be the reason, they are so far from taking any share in the distresses of mankind, or of being moved with any compassion for them, that they look upon them as blessings showered down from above, and which the more they improve to their own use, the greater is their gratitude and piety. Thus at Gravesend a sculler requires a shilling for going less way than he would row in London for threepence; and at Deal a boat often brings more profit in a day than it can produce in London in a week, or perhaps in a month; in both places the owner of the boat founds his demand on the necessity and distress of one who stands more or less in absolute want of his assistance, and with the urgency of these always rises in the exorbitancy of his demand, without ever considering that, from these very circumstances, the power or ease of gratifying such demand is in like proportion lessened. Now, as I am unwilling that some conclusions, which may be, I am aware, too justly drawn from these observations, should be imputed to human nature in general, I have endeavoured to account for them in a way more consistent with the goodness and dignity of that nature. However it be, it seems a little to reflect on the governors of such monsters that they do not take some means to restrain these impositions, and prevent them from triumphing any longer in the miseries of those who are, in many circumstances at least, their fellow-creatures, and considering the distresses of a wretched seaman, from his being wrecked to his being barely wind-bound, as a blessing sent among them from above, and calling it by that blasphemous name.

Friday, July 5.—This day I sent a servant on board a man-of-war that was stationed here, with my compliments to the captain, to represent to him the distress of the ladies, and to desire the favour of his long-boat to conduct us to Dover, at about seven miles' distance; and at the same time presumed to make use of a great lady's name, the wife of the first lord commissioner of the admiralty, who would, I told him, be pleased with any kindness shown by him towards us in our miserable condition. And this I am convinced was true, from the humanity of the lady, though she was entirely unknown to me.

The captain returned a verbal answer to a long letter, acquainting me that what I desired could not be complied with, it being a favour not in his power to grant. This might be, and I suppose was, true; but it is as true that, if he was able to write and had pen, ink, and paper on board, he might have sent a written answer, and that it was the part of a gentleman so to have done; but this is a character seldom maintained on the watery element, especially by those who exercise any power on it. Every commander of a vessel here seems to think himself entirely free from all those rules of decency

and civility which direct and restrain the conduct of the members of a society on shore; and each, claiming absolute dominion in his little wooden world, rules by his own laws and his own discretion. I do not, indeed, know so pregnant an instance of the dangerous consequences of absolute power, and its aptness to intoxicate the mind, as that of those petty tyrants, who become such in a moment, from very well-disposed and social members of that communion in which they affect no superiority, but live in an orderly state of legal subjection with their fellow-citizens.

Saturday, July 6.—This morning our commander, declaring he was sure the wind would change, took the advantage of an ebbing tide, and weighed his anchor. His assurance, however, had the same completion, and his endeavours the same success, with his former trial; and he was soon obliged to return once more to his old quarters. Just before we let go our anchor, a small sloop, rather than submit to yield us an inch of way, ran foul of our ship, and carried off her bowsprit. This obstinate frolic would have cost those aboard the sloop very dear, if our steersman had not been too generous to exert his superiority, the certain consequence of which would have been the immediate sinking of the other. This contention of the inferior with a might capable of crushing it in an instant may seem to argue no small share of folly or madness, as well as of impudence; but I am convinced there is very little danger in it: contempt is a port to which the pride of man submits to fly with reluctance, but those who are within it are always in a place of the most assured security; for whosoever throws away his sword prefers, indeed, a less honourable but much safer means of avoiding danger than he who defends himself with it. And here we shall offer another distinction, of the truth of which much reading and experience have well convinced us, that as in the most absolute governments there is a regular progression of slavery downwards, from the top to the bottom, the mischief of which is seldom felt with any great force and bitterness but by the next immediate degree; so in the most dissolute and anarchical states there is as regular an ascent of what is called rank or condition, which is always laying hold of the head of him who is advanced but one step higher on the ladder, who might, if he did not too much despise such efforts, kick his pursuer headlong to the bottom. We will conclude this digression with one general and short observation, which will, perhaps, set the whole matter in a clearer light than the longest and most laboured harangue. Whereas envy of all things most exposes us to danger from others, so contempt of all things best secures us from them. And thus, while the dung-cart and the sloop are always meditating mischief against the coach and the ship, and throwing themselves designedly in their way, the latter consider only their own security, and are not ashamed to break the road and let the other pass by them.

Monday, July 8.—Having passed our Sunday without anything remarkable, unless the catching a great number of whitings in the afternoon may be thought so, we now set sail on Monday at six o'clock, with a little variation of wind; but this was so very little, and the breeze itself so small, that the tide was our best and indeed almost our only friend. This conducted us along the short remainder of the Kentish shore. Here we passed that cliff of Dover which makes so tremendous a figure in Shakspeare, and which whoever reads without being giddy must, according to Mr. Addison's observation, have either a very good head or a very bad one; but which, whoever contracts any such ideas from the sight of, must have at least a poetic if not a Shakspearian genius. In truth, mountains, rivers, heroes, and gods owe great part of their existence to the poets; and Greece and Italy do so plentifully abound in the former, because they furnish so glorious a number of the latter; who, while they bestowed immortality on every little hillock and blind stream, left the noblest rivers and mountains in the world to share the same obscurity with the eastern and western poets, in which they are celebrated.

This evening we beat the sea of Sussex in sight of Dungeness, with much more pleasure than progress; for the weather was almost a perfect calm, and the moon, which was almost at the full, scarce suffered a single cloud to veil her from our sight.

Tuesday, Wednesday, July 9, 10.—These two days we had much the same fine weather, and made much the same way; but in the evening of the latter day a pretty fresh gale sprung up at N. N. W., which brought us by the morning in sight of the Isle of Wight.

Thursday, July 11.—This gale continued till towards noon; when the east end of the island bore but a little ahead of us. The captain swaggered and declared he would keep the sea; but the wind got the better of him, so that about three he gave up the victory, and making a sudden tack stood in for the shore, passed by Spithead and Portsmouth, and came to an anchor at a place called Ryde on the island.

A most tragical incident fell out this day at sea. While the ship was under sail, but making as will appear no great way, a kitten, one of four of the feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water: an alarm was immediately given to the captain, who was then upon deck, and received it with the utmost concern and many bitter oaths. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favour of the poor thing, as he called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, I own, extremely surprised at all this; less indeed at the captain's extreme tenderness than at his conceiving any possibility of success; for if puss had had nine thousand instead of nine lives, I concluded they had been all lost. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes, for, having stripped himself of his jacket, breeches, and shirt, he leaped boldly into the water, and to my great astonishment in a few minutes returned to the ship, bearing the motionless animal in his mouth. Nor was this, I observed, a matter of such great difficulty as it appeared to my ignorance, and possibly may seem to that of my fresh-water reader. The kitten was now exposed to air and sun on the deck, where its life, of which it retained no symptoms, was despaired of by all.

The captain's humanity, if I may so call it, did not so totally destroy his philosophy as to make him yield himself up to affliction on this melancholy occasion. Having felt his loss like a man, he resolved to show he could bear it like one; and, having declared he had rather have lost a cask of rum or brandy, betook himself to threshing at backgammon with the Portuguese friar, in which innocent amusement they had passed about two-thirds of their time.

But as I have, perhaps, a little too wantonly endeavoured to raise the tender passions of my readers in this narrative, I should think myself unpardonable if I concluded it without giving them the satisfaction of hearing that the kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain, but to the

great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted that the drowning a cat was the very surest way of raising a favourable wind; a supposition of which, though we have heard several plausible accounts, we will not presume to assign the true original reason.

Friday, July 12.—This day our ladies went ashore at Ryde, and drank their afternoon tea at an alehouse there with great satisfaction: here they were regaled with fresh cream, to which they had been strangers since they left the Downs.

Saturday, July 13.—The wind seeming likely to continue in the same corner where it had been almost constantly for two months together, I was persuaded by my wife to go ashore and stay at Ryde till we sailed. I approved the motion much; for, though I am a great lover of the sea, I now fancied there was more pleasure in breathing the fresh air of the land; but how to get thither was the question; for, being really that dead luggage which I considered all passengers to be in the beginning of this narrative, and incapable of any bodily motion without external impulse, it was in vain to leave the ship, or to determine to do it, without the assistance of others. In one instance, perhaps, the living luggage is more difficult to be moved or removed than an equal or much superior weight of dead matter; which, if of the brittle kind, may indeed be liable to be broken through negligence; but this, by proper care, may be almost certainly prevented; whereas the fractures to which the living lumps are exposed are sometimes by no caution avoidable, and often by no art to be amended.

I was deliberating on the means of conveyance, not so much out of the ship to the boat as out of a little tottering boat to the land; a matter which, as I had already experienced in the Thames, was not extremely easy, when to be performed by any other limbs than your own. Whilst I weighed all that could suggest itself on this head, without strictly examining the merit of the several schemes which were advanced by the captain and sailors, and, indeed, giving no very deep attention even to my wife, who, as well as her friend and my daughter, were exerting their tender concern for my ease and safety, Fortune, for I am convinced she had a hand in it, sent me a present of a buck; a present welcome enough of itself, but more welcome on account of the vessel in which it came, being a large hoy, which in some places would pass for a ship, and many people would go some miles to see the sight. I was pretty easily conveyed on board this hoy; but to get from hence to the shore was not so easy a task; for, however strange it may appear, the water itself did not extend so far; an instance which seems to explain those lines of Ovid,

Omnia pontus erant, deerant quoque littora ponto,

in a less tautological sense than hath generally been imputed to them.

In fact, between the sea and the shore there was, at low water, an impassable gulf, if I may so call it, of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming; so that for near one half of the twenty-four hours Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe. But as the magistrates of this place seemed more to desire the company of the former than to fear that of the latter, they had begun to make a small causeway to the low-water mark, so that foot passengers might land whenever they pleased; but as this work was of a public kind, and would have cost a large sum of money, at least ten pounds, and the magistrates, that is to say, the churchwardens, the overseers, constable, and tithingman, and the principal inhabitants, had every one of them some separate scheme of private interest to advance at the expense of the public, they fell out among themselves; and, after having thrown away one half of the requisite sum, resolved at least to save the other half, and rather be contented to sit down losers themselves than to enjoy any benefit which might bring in a greater profit to another. Thus that unanimity which is so necessary in all public affairs became wanting, and every man, from the fear of being a bubble to another, was, in reality, a bubble to himself.

However, as there is scarce any difficulty to which the strength of men, assisted with the cunning of art, is not equal, I was at last hoisted into a small boat, and, being rowed pretty near the shore, was taken up by two sailors, who waded with me through the mud, and placed me in a chair on the land, whence they afterwards conveyed me a quarter of a mile farther, and brought me to a house which seemed to bid the fairest for hospitality of any in Ryde.

We brought with us our provisions from the ship, so that we wanted nothing but a fire to dress our dinner, and a room in which we might eat it. In neither of these had we any reason to apprehend a disappointment, our dinner consisting only of beans and bacon; and the worst apartment in his majesty's dominions, either at home or abroad, being fully sufficient to answer our present ideas of delicacy.

Unluckily, however, we were disappointed in both; for when we arrived about four at our inn, exulting in the hopes of immediately seeing our beans smoking on the table, we had the mortification of seeing them on the table indeed, but without that circumstance which would have made the sight agreeable, being in the same state in which we had despatched them from our ship.

In excuse for this delay, though we had exceeded, almost purposely, the time appointed, and our provision had arrived three hours before, the mistress of the house acquainted us that it was not for want of time to dress them that they were not ready, but for fear of their being cold or over-done before we should come; which she assured us was much worse than waiting a few minutes for our dinner; an observation so very just, that it is impossible to find any objection in it; but, indeed, it was not altogether so proper at this time, for we had given the most absolute orders to have them ready at four, and had been ourselves, not without much care and difficulty, most exactly punctual in keeping to the very minute of our appointment. But tradesmen, inn-keepers, and servants, never care to indulge us in matters contrary to our true interest, which they always know better than ourselves; nor can any bribes corrupt them to go out of their way whilst they are consulting our good in our own despite.

Our disappointment in the other particular, in defiance of our humility, as it was more extraordinary, was more provoking. In short, Mrs. Francis (for that was the name of the good woman of the house) no sooner received the news of our intended arrival than she considered more the gentility than the humanity of her guests, and applied herself not to that which kindles but to that which extinguishes fires, and, forgetting to put on her pot, fell to washing her house.

As the messenger who had brought my venison was impatient to be despatched, I ordered it to be brought and laid on the table in the room where I was seated; and the table not being large enough, one side, and that a very bloody one, was laid on the brick floor. I then ordered Mrs. Francis to be called in, in order to give her instructions concern

ing it; in partieular, what I would have roasted and what baked, concluding that she would be highly pleased with the prospect of so much money being spent in her house as she might have now reason to expect, if the wind continued only a few days longer to blow from the same points whence it had blown for several weeks past.

I soon saw good cause, I must confess, to despise my own sagacity. Mrs. Francis, having received her orders, without making any answer, snatched the side from the floor, which remained stained with blood, and, bidding a servant to take up that on the table, left the room with no pleasant countenance, muttering to herself that, "had she known the litter which was to have been made, she would not have taken such pains to wash her house that morning. If this was gentility, much good may it do such gentlefolks; for her part she had no notion of it."

From these murmurs I received two hints. The one, that it was not from a mistake of our inclination that the good woman had starved us, but from wisely consulting her own dignity, or rather perhaps her vanity, to which our hunger was offered up as a sacrifice. The other, that I was now sitting in a damp room; a circumstance, though it had hitherto escaped my notice from the colour of the bricks, which was by no means to be neglected in a valetudinary state.

My wife, who, besides discharging excellently well her own and all the tender offices becoming the female character; who, besides being a faithful friend, an amiable companion, and a tender nurse, could likewise supply the wants of a decrepit husband, and occasionally perform his part, had, before this, discovered the immoderate attention to neatness in Mrs. Francis, and provided against its ill consequences. She had found, though not under the same roof, a very snug apartment belonging to Mr. Francis, and which had escaped the mop by his wife's being satisfied it could not possibly be visited by gentlefolks.

This was a dry, warm, oaken-floored barn, lined on both sides with wheaten straw, and opening at one end with a green field and a beautiful prospect. Here, without hesitation, she ordered the cloth to be laid, and came hastily to snatch me from worse perils by water than the common dangers of the sea.

Mrs. Francis, who could not trust her own ears, or could not believe a footman in so extraordinary a phenomenon, followed my wife, and asked her if she had indeed ordered the cloth to be laid in the barn? She answered in the affirmative; upon which Mrs. Francis declared she would not dispute her pleasure, but it was the first time she believed that quality had ever preferred a barn to a house. She showed at the same time the most pregnant marks of contempt, and again lamented the labour she had undergone, through her ignorance of the absurd taste of her guests.

At length, we were seated in one of the most pleasant spots I believe in the kingdom, and were regaled with our beans and bacon, in which there was nothing deficient but the quantity. This defect was however so deplorable that we had consumed our whole dish before we had visibly lessened our hunger. We now waited with impatience the arrival of our second course, which necessity, and not luxury, had dictated. This was a joint of mutton which Mrs. Francis had been ordered to provide; but when, being tired with expectation, we ordered our servants *to see for something else*, we were informed that there was nothing else; on which Mrs. Francis, being summoned, declared there was no such thing as mutton to be had at Ryde. When I expressed some astonishment at their having no butcher in a village so situated, she answered they had a very good one, and one that killed all sorts of meat in season, beef two or three times a year, and mutton the whole year round; but that, it being then beans and peas time, he killed no meat, by reason he was not sure of selling it. This she had not thought worthy of communication, any more than that there lived a fisherman at next door, who was then provided with plenty of soles, and whitings, and lobsters, far superior to those which adorn a city feast. This discovery being made by accident, we completed the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal, with more appetite, more real solid luxury, and more festivity, than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's.

It may be wondered at, perhaps, that Mrs. Francis should be so negligent of providing for her guests, as she may seem to be thus inattentive to her own interest; but this was not the case; for, having clapped a poll-tax on our heads at our arrival, and determined at what price to discharge our bodies from her house, the less she suffered any other to share in the levy the clearer it came into her own pocket; and that it was better to get twelve pence in a shilling than ten pence, which latter would be the case if she afforded us fish at any rate.

Thus we passed a most agreeable day owing to good appetites and good humour; two hearty feeders which will devour with satisfaction whatever food you place before them; whereas, without these, the elegance of St. James's, the charde, the perigord-pie, or the ortolan, the venison, the turtle, or the custard, may titillate the throat, but will never convey happiness to the heart or cheerfulness to the countenance.

As the wind appeared still immovable, my wife proposed my lying on shore. I presently agreed, though in defiance of an act of parliament, by which persons wandering abroad and lodging in ale-houses are decreed to be rogues and vagabonds; and this too after having been very singularly officious in putting that law in execution.

My wife, having reconnoitred the house, reported that there was one room in which were two beds. It was concluded, therefore, that she and Harriot should occupy one and myself take possession of the other. She added likewise an ingenious recommendation of this room to one who had so long been in a cabin, which it exactly resembled, as it was sunk down with age on one side, and was in the form of a ship with gunwales to.

For my own part, I make little doubt but this apartment was an ancient temple, built with the materials of a wreck, and probably dedicated to Neptune in honour of THE BLESSING sent by him to the inhabitants; such blessings having in all ages been very common to them. The timber employed in it confirms this opinion, being such as is seldom used by any but ship-builders. I do not find indeed any mention of this matter in Hearn; but perhaps its antiquity was too modern to deserve his notice. Certain it is that this island of Wight was not an early convert to christianity; nay, there is some reason to doubt whether it was ever entirely converted. But I have only time to touch slightly on things of this kind, which, luckily for us, we have a society whose peculiar profession it is to discuss and develop.

Sunday, July 19. This morning early I summoned Mrs. Francis, in order to pay her the preceding day's account. As I could recollect only two or three articles I thought there was no necessity of pen and ink. In a single instance only we had exceeded

what the law allows gratis to a foot-soldier on his march, *viz.* vinegar, salt, &c., and dressing his meat. I found, however, I was mistaken in my calculation; for when the good woman attended with her bill it contained as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.
Bread and beer	0	2	4
Wind	0	2	0
Rum	0	2	0
Dressing dinner	0	3	0
Tea	0	1	6
Firing	0	1	0
Lodging	0	1	6
Servants' lodging . . .	0	0	6
	£0	13	10

Now that five people and two servants should live a day and night at a public-house for so small a sum will appear incredible to any person in London above the degree of a chimney-sweeper; but more astonishing will it seem that these people should remain so long at such a house without tasting any other delicacy than bread, small beer, a teacupfull of milk called cream, a glass of rum converted into punch by their own materials, and one bottle of *wind*, of which we only tasted a single glass, though possibly, indeed, our servants drank the remainder of the bottle.

This *wind* is a liquor of English manufacture, and its flavour is thought very delicious by the generality of the English, who drink it in great quantities. Every seventh year is thought to produce as much as the other six. It is then drank so plentifully that the whole nation are in a manner intoxicated by it; and consequently very little business is carried on at that season.

It resembles in colour the red wine which is imported from Portugal, as it doth in its intoxicating quality; hence, and from this agreement in the orthography, the one is often confounded with the other, though both are seldom esteemed by the same person. It is to be had in every parish of the kingdom, and a pretty large quantity is consumed in the metropolis, where several taverns are set apart solely for the vendition of this liquor, the masters never dealing in any other.

The disagreement in our computation produced some small remonstrance to Mrs. Francis on my side; but this received an immediate answer: "She scorned to overcharge gentlemen; her house had been always frequented by the very best gentry of the island; and she had never had a bill found fault with in her life, though she had lived upwards of forty years in the house, and within that time the greatest gentry in Hampshire had been at it; and that lawyer Willis never went to any other when he came to those parts. That for her part she did not get her livelihood by travellers, who were gone and away, and she never expected to see them more, but that her neighbours might come again; wherefore, to be sure, they had the only right to complain."

She was proceeding thus, and from her voluhility of tongue seemed likely to stretch the discourse to an immoderate length, when I suddenly cut all short by paying the bill.

This morning our ladies went to church, more, I fear, from curiosity than religion; they were attended by the captain in a most military attire, with his cockade in his hat and his sword by his side. So unusual an appearance in this little chapel drew the attention of all present, and probably disconcerted the women, who were in dishabille, and wished themselves dressed, for the sake of the curate, who was the greatest of their beholders.

While I was left alone I received a visit from Mr. Francis himself, who was much more considerable as a farmer than as an inn-holder. Indeed, he left the latter entirely to the care of his wife, and he acted wisely, I believe, in so doing.

As nothing more remarkable passed on this day I will close it with the account of these two characters, as far as a few days' residence could inform me of them. If they should appear as new to the reader as they did to me, he will not be displeased at finding them here.

This amiable couple seemed to border hard on their grand climacteric; nor indeed were they shy of owning enough to fix their ages within a year or two of that time. They appeared to be rather proud of having employed their time well than ashamed of having lived so long; the only reason which I could ever assign why some fine ladies, and fine gentlemen too, should desire to be thought younger than they really are by the contemporaries of their grandchildren. Some, indeed, who too hastily credit appearances, might doubt whether they had made so good a use of their time as I would insinuate, since there was no appearance of anything but poverty, want, and wretchedness, about their house; nor could they produce anything to a customer in exchange for his money but a few bottles of *wind*, and spirituous liquors, and some very bad ale, to drink; with rusty bacon and worse cheese to eat. But then it should be considered, on the other side, that whatever they received was almost as entirely clear profit as the blessing of a wreck itself; such an inn being the very reverse of a coffee-house; for here you can neither sit for nothing nor have anything for your money.

Again, as many marks of want abounded everywhere, so were the marks of antiquity visible. Scarce anything was to be seen which had not some scar upon it, made by the hand of Time; not a utensil, it was manifest, had been purchased within a dozen years last past; so that whatever money had come into the house during that period at least must have remained in it, unless it had been sent abroad for food, or other perishable commodities; but these were supplied by a small portion of the fruits of the farm, in which the farmer allowed he had a very good bargain. In fact, it is inconceivable what sums may be collected by starving only, and how easy it is for a man to die rich if he will but be contented to live miserable.

Nor is there in this kind of starving anything so terrible as some apprehend. It neither wastes a man's flesh nor robs him of his cheerfulness. The famous Cornaro's case well proves the contrary; and so did farmer Francis, who was of a round stature, had a plump round face, with a kind of smile on it, and seemed to borrow an air of wretchedness rather from his coat's age than from his own.

The truth is, there is a certain diet which emaciates men more than any possible degree of abstinence; though I do not remember to have seen any caution against it, either in Cheney, Arbuthnot, or in any other modern writer on regimen. Nay, the very name is not, I believe, in the learned Dr. James's Dictionary; all which is the more extraordinary as it is a very common food in this kingdom, and the college themselves were not long since very liberally entertained with it by the present attorney and other eminent lawyers in Lincoln's-inn-hall, and were all made horribly sick by it.

But though it should not be found among our English physical writers, we may be assured of

meeting with it among the Greeks; for nothing considerable in nature escapes their notice, though many things considerable in them, it is to be feared, have escaped the notice of their readers. The Greeks then, to all such as feed too voraciously on this diet, give the name of HEAUTOFAGI, which our physicians will, I suppose, translate *men that eat themselves*.

As nothing is so destructive to the body as this kind of food, so nothing is so plentiful and cheap; but it was perhaps the only cheap thing the farmer disliked. Probably living much on fish might produce this disgust; for Diodorus Sieulus attributes the same aversion in a people of Æthiopia to the same cause; he calls them the fish-eaters, and asserts that they cannot be brought to eat a single meal with the Heautofagi by any persuasion, threat, or violence whatever, not even though they should kill their children before their faces.

What hath puzzled our physicians, and prevented them from setting this matter in the clearest light, is possibly one simple mistake, arising from a very excusable ignorance; that the passions of men are capable of swallowing food as well as their appetites; that the former, in feeding, resemble the state of those animals who chew the cud; and therefore, such men, in some sense, may be said to prey on themselves, and as it were to devour their own entrails. And hence ensues a meagre aspect and thin habit of body, as surely as from what is called a consumption.

Our farmer was one of these. He had no more passion than an Ichthnofagus or Æthiopian fisher. He wished not for anything, thought not of anything; indeed, he scarce did anything or said anything. Here I cannot be understood strictly; for then I must describe a nonentity, whereas I would rob him of nothing but that free agency which is the cause of all the corruption and of all the misery of human nature. No man, indeed, ever did more than the farmer, for he was an absolute slave to labour all the week; but in truth, as my sagacious reader must have at first apprehended, when I said he resigned the care of the house to his wife, I meant more than I then expressed, even the house and all that belonged to it; for he was really a farmer only under the direction of his wife. In a word, so composed, so serene, so placid a countenance, I never saw; and he satisfied himself by answering to every question he was asked, "I don't know anything about it, sir; I leaves all that to my wife."

Now, as a couple of this kind would, like two vessels of oil, have made no composition in life, and for want of all savour must have palled every taste; nature or fortune, or both of them, took care to provide a proper quantity of acid in the materials that formed the wife, and to render her a perfect helpmate for so tranquil a husband. She abounded in whatsoever he was defective; that is to say, in almost everything. She was indeed as vinegar to oil, or a brisk wind to a standing-pool, and preserved all from stagnation and corruption.

Quin the player, on taking a nice and severe survey of a fellow-comedian, burst forth into this exclamation:—"If that fellow be not a rogue, God Almighty doth not write a legible hand." Whether he guessed right or no is not worth my while to examine; certain it is that the latter, having wrought his features into a proper harmony to become the characters of Iago, Shylock, and others of the same cast, gave us a semblance of truth to the observation that was sufficient to confirm the wit of it. Indeed, we may remark, in favour of the physiognomist, though the law has made him a rogue and vagabond, that Nature is seldom curious in her works within, without employing some little pains on the outside, and this more particularly in mischievous characters, in forming which, as Mr. Derham observes, in venomous insects, as the sting or saw of a wasp, she is sometimes wonderfully industrious. Now, when she hath thus completely armed our hero to carry on a war with man, she never fails of furnishing that innocent lambkin with some means of knowing his enemy, and foreseeing his designs. Thus she hath been observed to act in the case of a rattlesnake, which never meditates human prey without giving warning of his approach.

This observation will, I am convinced, hold most true, if applied to the most venomous individuals of human insects. A tyrant, a trickster, and a bully, generally wear the marks of their several dispositions in their countenances; so do the vixen, the shrew, the scold, and all other females of the like kind. But, perhaps, nature hath never afforded a stronger example of all this than in the case of Mrs. Francis. She was a short, squat woman; her head was closely joined to her shoulders, where it was fixed somewhat awry; every feature of her countenance was sharp and pointed; her face was furrowed with the small-pox; and her complexion, which seemed to be able to turn milk to curds, not a little resembled in colour such milk as had already undergone that operation. She appeared, indeed, to have many symptoms of a deep jaundice in her look; but the strength and firmness of her voice overbalanced them all; the tone of this was a sharp treble at a distance, for I seldom heard it on the same floor, but was usually waked with it in the morning, and entertained with it almost continually through the whole day.

Though vocal he usually put in opposition to instrumental music, I question whether this might not be thought to partake of the nature of both; for she played on two instruments, which she seemed to keep for no other use from morning till night; these were two maids, or rather scolding-stocks, who, I suppose, by some means or other, earned their board, and she gave them their lodging *gratis*, or for no other service than to keep her lungs in constant exercise.

She differed, as I have said, in every particular from her husband; but very remarkably in this, that, as it was impossible to displease him, so it was as impossible to please her; and as no art could remove a smile from his countenance, so could no art carry it into hers. If her bills were remonstrated against she was offended with the tacit censure of her fair-dealing; if they were not, she seemed to regard it as a tacit sarcasm on her folly, which might have set down larger prices with the same success. On this latter hint she did indeed improve, for she daily raised some of her articles. A pennyworth of fire was to-day rated at a shilling, to-morrow at eighteenpence; and if she dressed us two dishes for two shillings on the Saturday, we paid half a crown for the cookery of one on the Sunday; and, whenever she was paid, she never left the room without lamenting the small amount of her bill, saying, "she knew not how it was that others got their money by gentlefolks, but for her part she had not the art of it." When she was asked why she complained, when she was paid all she demanded, she answered, "she could not deny that, nor did she know she had omitted anything; but that it was but a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay."

I accounted for all this by her having heard that it is a maxim with the principal inn-holders on the continent to levy considerable sums on their guests who travel with many horses and servants, though

such guests should eat little or nothing in their houses; the method being, I believe, in such cases, to lay a capitation on the horses, and not on their masters. But she did not consider that in most of these inns a very great degree of hunger, without any degree of delicacy, may be satisfied; and that in all such inns there is some appearance, at least, of provision, as well as of a man-cook to dress it, one of the hostlers being always furnished with a cook's cap, waistcoat, and apron, ready to attend gentlemen and ladies on their summons; that the case therefore of such inns differed from hers, where there was nothing to eat or to drink, and in reality no house to inhabit, no chair to sit upon, nor any bed to lie in; that one third or fourth part therefore of the levy imposed at inns was, in truth, a higher tax than the whole was when laid on in the other, where, in order to raise a small sum, a man is obliged to submit to pay as many various ways for the same thing as he doth to the government for the light which enters through his own window into his own house, from his own estate; such are the articles of bread and beer, firing, eating and dressing dinner.

The foregoing is a very imperfect sketch of this extraordinary couple; for everything is here lowered instead of being heightened. Those who would see them set forth in more lively colours, and with the proper ornaments, may read the descriptions of the Furies in some of the classical poets, or of the Stoic philosophers in the works of Lucian.

Monday, July 20.—This day nothing remarkable passed; Mrs. Francis levied a tax of fourteen shillings for the Sunday. We regaled ourselves at dinner with venison and good claret of our own; and, in the afternoon, the women, attended by the captain, walked to see a delightful scene two miles distant, with the beauties of which they declared themselves most highly charmed at their return, as well as with the goodness of the lady of the mansion, who had slipped out of the way, that my wife and her company might refresh themselves with the flowers and fruits with which her garden abounded.

Tuesday, July 21.—This day, having paid our taxes of yesterday, we were permitted to regale ourselves with more venison. Some of this we would willingly have exchanged for mutton; but no such flesh was to be had nearer than Portsmouth, from whence it would have cost more to convey a joint to us than the freight of a Portugal ham from Lisbon to London amounts to; for though the water-carriage be somewhat cheaper here than at Deal, yet can you find no waterman who will go on board his boat, unless by two or three hours' rowing he can get drunk for the residue of the week.

And here I have an opportunity, which possibly may not offer again, of publishing some observations on that political economy of this nation, which, as it concerns only the regulation of the mob, is below the notice of our great men; though on the due regulation of this order depend many emoluments, which the great men themselves, or at least many who tread close on their heels, may enjoy, as well as some dangers which may some time or other arise from introducing a pure state of anarchy among them. I will represent the case, as it appears to me, very fairly and impartially between the mob and their betters.

The whole mischief which infects this part of our economy arises from the vague and uncertain use of a word called liberty, of which, as scarce any two men with whom I have ever conversed seem to have one and the same idea, I am inclined to doubt whether there be any simple universal notion represented by this word, or whether it conveys any clearer or more determinate idea than some of those old Punic compositions of syllables preserved in one of the comedies of Plautus, but at present, as I conceive, not supposed to be understood by any one.

By liberty, however, I apprehend, is commonly understood the power of doing what we please; not absolutely, for then it would be inconsistent with law, by whose control the liberty of the freest people, except only the Hottentots and wild Indians, must always be restrained.

But, indeed, however largely we extend, or however moderately we confine, the sense of the word, no politician will, I presume, contend that it is to pervade in an equal degree, and be, with the same extent, enjoyed by, every member of society; no such polity having been ever found, unless among those vile people just before commemorated. Among the Greeks and Romans the servile and free conditions were opposed to each other; and no man who had the misfortune to be enrolled under the former could lay any claim to liberty till the right was conveyed to him by that master whose slave he was, either by the means of conquest, of purchase, or of birth.

This was the state of all the free nations in the world; and this, till very lately, was understood to be the case of our own.

I will not indeed say this is the case at present, the lowest class of our people having shaken off all the shackles of their superiors, and become not only as free, but even freer, than most of their superiors. I believe it cannot be doubted, though perhaps we have no recent instance of it, that the personal attendance of every man who hath three hundred pounds per annum, in parliament, is indispensably his duty; and that, if the citizens and burgesses of any city or borough shall choose such a one, however reluctant he appear, he may be obliged to attend, and be forcibly brought to his duty by the serjeant-at-arms.

Again, there are numbers of subordinate offices, some of which are of burthen, and others of expense, in the civil government—all of which persons who are qualified are liable to have imposed on them, may be obliged to undertake and properly execute, notwithstanding any bodily labour, or even danger, to which they may subject themselves, under the penalty of fines and imprisonment; nay, and what may appear somewhat hard, may be compelled to satisfy the losses which are eventually incident, to that of sheriff in particular, out of their own private fortunes; and though this should prove the ruin of a family, yet the public, to whom the price is due, incurs no debt or obligation to preserve its officer harmless, let his innocence appear ever so clearly.

I purposely omit the mention of those military or militiary duties which our old constitution laid upon its greatest members. These might, indeed, supply their posts with some other able-bodied men; but if no such could have been found, the obligation nevertheless remained, and they were compellable to serve in their own proper persons.

The only one, therefore, who is possessed of absolute liberty is the lowest member of the society, who, if he prefers hunger, or the wild product of the fields, hedges, lanes, and rivers, with the indulgence of ease and laziness, to a food a little more delicate, but purchased at the expense of labour, may lay himself under a shade; nor can be forced to take the other alternative from that which he hath, I will not affirm whether wisely or foolishly, chosen.

Here I may, perhaps, be reminded of the last vagrant act, where all such persons are compellable to work for the usual and accustomed wages allowed in the place; but this is a clause little known to the

justices of the peace, and least likely to be executed by those who do know it, as they know likewise that it is formed on the ancient power of the justices to fix and settle these wages every year, making proper allowances for the scarcity and plenty of the times, the cheapness and dearness of the place; and that *the usual and accustomed wages* are words without any force or meaning, when there are no such; but every man spunges and raps whatever he can get; and will haggle as long and struggle as hard to cheat his employer of twopence in a day's labour as an honest tradesman will to cheat his customers of the same sum in a yard of cloth or silk.

It is a great pity then that this power, or rather this practice, was not revived; but, this having been so long omitted that it is become obsolete, will be best done by a new law, in which this power, as well as the consequent power of forcing the poor to labour at a moderate and reasonable rate, should be well considered and their execution facilitated; for gentlemen who give their time and labour *gratis*, and even voluntarily, to the public, have a right to expect that all their business be made as easy as possible; and to enact laws without doing this is to fill our statute-books, much too full already, still fuller with dead letter, of no use but to the printer of the acts of parliament.

That the evil which I have here pointed at is of itself worth redressing, is, I apprehend, no subject of dispute; for why should any persons in distress be deprived of the assistance of their fellow-subjects, when they are willing amply to reward them for their labour? or, why should the lowest of the people be permitted to exact ten times the value of their work? For those exactions increase with the degrees of necessity in their object, insomuch that on the former side many are horribly imposed upon, and that often in no trifling matters. I was very well assured that at Deal no less than ten guineas was required, and paid by the supercargo of an Indiaman, for carrying him on board two miles from the shore when she was just ready to sail; so that this necessity, as his pillager well understood, was absolute. Again, many others, whose indignation will not submit to such plunder, are forced to refuse the assistance, though they are often great sufferers by so doing. On the latter side, the lowest of the people are encouraged in laziness and idleness; while they live by a twentieth part of the labour that ought to maintain them, which is diametrically opposite to the interest of the public; for that requires a great deal to be done, not to be paid, for a little. And moreover, they are confirmed in habits of exaction, and are taught to consider the distresses of their superiors as their own fair emolument.

But enough of this matter, of which I at first intended only to convey a hint to those who are alone capable of applying the remedy, though they are the last to whom the notice of those evils would occur, without some such monitor as myself, who am forced to travel about the world in the form of a passenger. I cannot but say I heartily wish our governors would attentively consider this method of fixing the price of labour, and by that means of compelling the poor to work, since the due execution of such powers will, I apprehend, be found the true and only means of making them useful, and of advancing trade from its present visibly declining state to the height to which Sir William Petty, in his Political Arithmetic, thinks it capable of being carried.

In the afternoon the lady of the above-mentioned mansion called at our inn, and left her compliments to us with Mrs. Francis, with an assurance that while we continued wind-bound in that place, where she feared we could be but indifferently accommodated, we were extremely welcome to the use of anything which her garden or her house afforded. So polite a message convinced us, in spite of some arguments to the contrary, that we were not on the coast of Africa, or on some island where the few savage inhabitants have little of human in them besides their form.

And here I mean nothing less than to derogate from the merit of this lady, who is not only extremely polite in her behaviour to strangers of her own rank, but so extremely good and charitable to all her poor neighbours who stand in need of her assistance, that she hath the universal love and praises of all who live near her. But, in reality, how little doth the acquisition of so valuable a character, and the full indulgence of so worthy a disposition, cost those who possess it! Both are accomplished by the very offals which fall from a table moderately plentiful. That they are enjoyed therefore by so few arises truly from there being so few who have any such disposition to gratify, or who aim at any such character.

Wednesday, July 22.—This morning, after having been mulcted as usual, we despatched a servant with proper acknowledgments of the lady's goodness; but confined our wants entirely to the productions of her garden. He soon returned, in company with the gardener, both richly laden with almost every particular which a garden at this most fruitful season of the year produces.

While we were regaling ourselves with these, towards the close of our dinner, we received orders from our commander, who had dined that day with some inferior officers on board a man of war, to return instantly to the ship; for that the wind was become favourable, and he should weigh that evening. These orders were soon followed by the captain himself, who was still in the utmost hurry though the occasion of it had long since ceased; for the wind had, indeed, a little shifted that afternoon, but was before this very quietly set down in its old quarters.

This last was a lucky hit for me; for, as the captain, to whose orders we resolved to pay no obedience, unless delivered by himself, did not return till past six, so much time seemed requisite to put up the furniture of our bed-chamber or dining-room, for almost every article, even to some of the chairs, were either our own or the captain's property; so much more in conveying it as well as myself, as dead a luggage as any, to the shore, and thence to the ship, that the night threatened first to overtake us. A terrible circumstance to me, in my decayed condition; especially as very heavy showers of rain, attended with a high wind, continued to fall incessantly; the being carried through which two miles in the dark, in a wet and open boat, seemed little less than certain death.

However, as my commander was absolute, his orders peremptory, and my obedience necessary, I resolved to avail myself of a philosophy which hath been of notable use to me in the latter part of my life, and which is contained in this hemistich of Virgil:—

—— Superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.

The meaning of which, if Virgil had any, I think I rightly understood, and rightly applied.

As I was therefore to be entirely passive in my motion, I resolved to abandon myself to the conduct of those who were to carry me into a cart when it returned from unloading the goods.

But before this, the captain, perceiving what had happened in the clouds, and that the wind remained

as much his enemy as ever, came up stairs to me with a reprieve till the morning. This was, I own, very agreeable news, and I little regretted the trouble of refurnishing my apartment, by sending back for the goods.

Mrs. Francis was not well pleased with this. As she understood the reprieve to be only till the morning, she saw nothing but lodging to be possibly added, out of which she was to deduct fire and candle, and the remainder, she thought, would scarce pay her for her trouble. She exerted therefore all the ill-humour of which she was mistress, and did all she could to thwart and perplex everything during the whole evening.

Thursday, July 23.—Early in the morning the captain, who had remained on shore all night, came to visit us, and to press us to make haste on board. "I am resolved," says he, "not to lose a moment now the wind is coming about fair: for my own part, I never was surer of a wind in all my life." I use his very words; nor will I presume to interpret or comment upon them farther than by observing that they were spoke in the utmost hurry.

We promised to be ready as soon as breakfast was over, but this was not so soon as was expected; for, in removing our goods the evening before, the tea-chest was unhappily lost.

Every place was immediately searched, and many where it was impossible for it to lie; for this was a loss of much greater consequence than it may at first seem to many of my readers. Ladies and valetudinarians do not easily dispense with the use of this sovereign cordial in a single instance; but to undertake a long voyage, without any probability of being supplied with it the whole way, was above the reach of patience. And yet, dreadful as this calamity was, it seemed unavoidable. The whole town of Ryde could not supply a single leaf; for, as to what Mrs. Francis and the shop called by that name, it was not of Chinese growth. It did not indeed in the least resemble tea, either in smell or taste, or in any particular, unless in being a leaf; for it was in truth no other than a tobacco of the mundungus species. And as for the hopes of relief in any other port, they were not to be depended upon, for the captain had positively declared he was sure of a wind, and would let go his anchor no more till he arrived in the Tajo.

When a good deal of time had been spent, most of it indeed wasted on this occasion, a thought occurred which every one wondered at its not having presented itself the first moment. This was to apply to the good lady, who could not fail of pitying and relieving such distress. A messenger was immediately despatched with an account of our misfortune, till whose return we employed ourselves in preparatives for our departure, that we might have nothing to do but to swallow our breakfast when it arrived. The tea-chest, though of no less consequence to us than the military-chest to a general, was given up as lost, or rather as stolen; for though I would not, for the world, mention any particular name, it is certain we had suspicions, and all, I am afraid, fell on the same person.

The man returned from the worthy lady with much expedition, and brought with him a canister of tea, despatched with so true a generosity, as well as politeness, that if our voyage had been as long again we should have incurred no danger of being brought to a short allowance in this most important article. At the very same instant likewise arrived William the footman with our own tea-chest. It had been, indeed, left in the boy, when the other goods were re-landed, as William, when he first heard it was missing, had suspected; and whence, had not the owner of the boy been unluckily out of the way, he had retrieved it soon enough to have prevented our giving the lady an opportunity of displaying some part of her goodness.

To search the boy was, indeed, too natural a suggestion to have escaped any one, nor did it escape being mentioned by many of us; but we were dissuaded from it by my wife's maid, who perfectly well remembered she had left the chest in the bed-chamber; for that she had never given it out of her hand in her way to or from the boy; but William perhaps knew the maid better, and best understood how far she was to be believed; for otherwise he would hardly of his own accord, after hearing her declaration, have hunted out the boy-man, with much pains and difficulty.

Thus ended this scene, which began with such appearance of distress, and ended with becoming the subject of mirth and laughter.

Nothing now remained but to pay our taxes, which were indeed laid with inconceivable severity. Lodging was raised six-pence, fire in the same proportion, and even candles, which had hitherto escaped, were charged with a wantonness of imposition, from the beginning, and placed under the style of oversight. We were raised a whole pound, whereas we had only burnt ten, in five nights, and the pound consisted of twenty-four.

Lastly, an attempt was made which almost as far exceeds human credulity to believe as it did human patience to submit to. This was to make us pay as much for existing an hour or two as for existing a whole day; and dressing dinner was introduced as an article, though we left the house before either pot or spit had approached the fire. Here I own my patience failed me, and I became an example of the truth of the observation, "That all tyranny and oppression may be carried too far, and that a yoke may be made too intolerable for the neck of the tamest slave." When I remonstrated, with some warmth, against this grievance, Mrs. Francis gave me a look, and left the room without making any answer. She returned in a minute, running to me with pen, ink, and paper, in her hand, and desired me to make my own bill; "for she hoped," she said, "I did not expect that her house was to be dirtied, and her goods spoiled and consumed, for nothing. The whole is but thirteen shillings. Can gentlefolks lie a whole night at a public-house for less? If they can I am sure it is time to give off being a landlady: but pay me what you please; I would have people know that I value money as little as other folks. But I was always a fool, as I says to my husband, and never knows which side my bread is buttered of. And yet, to be sure, your honour shall be my warning not to be bit so again. Some folks knows better than other somehow to make their bills. Candles? why yes, to be sure; why should not travellers pay for candles? I am sure I pays for my candles, and the chandler pays the king's majesty for them; and if he did not I must, so as it comes to the same thing in the end. To be sure I am out of sixteens at present, but these burn as white and as clear, though not quite so large. I expects my chandler here soon, or I would send to Portsmouth, if your honour was to stay any time longer. But when folks stays only for a wind, you knows there can be no dependence on such!" Here she put on a little slyness of aspect, and seemed willing to submit to interruption. I interrupted her accordingly by throwing down half a guinea, and declared I had no more English money, which was indeed true; and, as she could not

immediately change the thirty-six shilling pieces, it put a final end to the dispute. Mrs. Francis soon left the room, and we soon after left the house; nor would this good woman see us or wish us a good voyage.

I must not, however, quit this place, where we had been so ill treated, without doing it impartial justice, and recording what may, with the strictest truth, be said in its favour.

First, then, as to its situation, it is, I think, most delightful, and in the most pleasant spot in the whole island. It is true it wants the advantage of that beautiful river which leads from Newport to Cowes; but the prospect here extending to the sea, and taking in Portsmouth, Spithead, and St. Helen's, would be more than a recompence for the loss of the Thames itself, even in the most delightful part of Berksbire or Buckinghamshire, though another Denham, or another Pope, should unite in celebrating it. For my own part, I confess myself so entirely fond of a sea prospect, that I think nothing on the land can equal it; and if it be set off with shipping, I desire to borrow no ornament from the *terra firma*. A fleet of ships is, in my opinion, the noblest object which the art of man hath ever produced; and far beyond the power of those architects who deal in brick, in stone, or in marble.

When the late sir Robert Walpole, one of the best of men and of ministers, used to equip us a yearly fleet at Spithead, his enemies of taste must have allowed that he, at least, treated the nation with a fine sight for their money. A much finer, indeed, than the same expense in an encampment could have produced. For what indeed is the best idea which the prospect of a number of hats can furnish to the mind, but of a number of men forming themselves into a society before the art of building more substantial houses was known? This, perhaps, would be agreeable enough; but, in truth, there is a much worse idea ready to step in before it, and that is of a body of cutthroats, the supports of tyranny, the invaders of the just liberties and properties of mankind, the plunderers of the industrious, the ravishers of the chaste, the murderers of the innocent, and, in a word, the destroyers of the plenty, the peace, and the safety, of their fellow-creatures.

And what, it may be said, are these men of war which seem so delightful an object to our eyes? Are they not alike the support of tyranny and oppression of innocence, carrying with them desolation and ruin wherever their masters please to send them? This is indeed too true; and however the ship of war may, in its hulk and equipment, exceed the honest merchantman, I heartily wish there was no necessity for it; for, though I must own the superior beauty of the object on one side, I am more pleased with the superior excellence of the idea which I can raise in my mind on the other, while I reflect on the art and industry of mankind engaged in the daily improvements of commerce to the mutual benefit of all countries, and to the establishment and happiness of social life.

This pleasant village is situated on a gentle ascent from the water, whence it affords that charming prospect I have above described. Its soil is a gravel, which, assisted with its declivity, preserves it always so dry that immediately after the most violent rain a fine lady may walk without wetting her silken shoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms, that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which, in the regularity of its plantation, vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it.

In a field in the ascent of this hill, about a quarter of a mile from the sea, stands a neat little chapel. It is very small, but adequate to the number of inhabitants; for the parish doth not seem to contain above thirty houses.

At about two miles distant from this parish lives that polite and good lady to whose kindness we were so much obliged. It is placed on a hill whose bottom is washed by the sea, and which, from its eminence at top, commands a view of great part of the island as well as it does that of the opposite shore. This house was formerly built by one Boyce, who, from a blacksmith at Gosport, became possessed, by great success in smuggling, of forty thousand pounds. With part of this he purchased an estate here, and, by chance probably, fixed on this spot for building a large house. Perhaps the convenience of carrying on his business, to which it is so well adapted, might dictate the situation to him. We can hardly, at least, attribute it to the same taste with which he furnished his house, or at least his library, by sending an order to a bookseller in London to pack him up five hundred pounds' worth of his handsomest books. They tell here several almost incredible stories of the ignorance, the folly, and the pride, which this poor man and his wife discovered during the short continuance of his prosperity; for he did not long escape the sharp eyes of the revenue solicitors, and was, by extents from the court of Exchequer, soon reduced below his original state to that of confinement in the Fleet. All his effects were sold, and among the rest his books, by an auction at Portsmouth, for a very small price; for the bookseller was now discovered to have been perfectly a master of his trade, and, relying on Mr. Boyce's finding little time to read, had sent him not only the most lasting wares of his shop, but duplicates of the same, under different titles.

His estate and house were purchased by a gentleman of these parts, whose widow now enjoys them, and who hath improved them, particularly her gardens, with so elegant a taste, that the painter who would assist his imagination in the composition of a most exquisite landscape, or the poet who would describe an earthly paradise, could nowhere furnish themselves with a richer pattern.

We left this place about eleven in the morning, and were again conveyed, with more sunshine than wind, aboard our ship.

Whence our captain had acquired his power of prophecy, when he promised us and himself a prosperous wind, I will not determine; it is sufficient to observe that he was a false prophet, and that the weathercocks continued to point as before.

He would not, however, so easily give up his skill in prediction. He persevered in asserting that the wind was changed, and, having weighed his anchor, fell down that afternoon to St. Helen's, which was at about the distance of five miles; and whither his friend the tide, in defiance of the wind, which was most manifestly against him, softly wafted him in as many hours.

Here, about seven in the evening, before which time we could not procure it, we sat down to regale ourselves with some roasted venison, which was much better dressed than we imagined it would be, and an excellent cold pasty which my wife had made at Ryde, and which we had reserved uncut to eat on board our ship, whither we all cheerfully exulted in being returned from the presence of Mrs. Francis, who, by the exact resemblance she bore to a fury, seemed to have been with no great propriety settled in paradise.

Friday, July 24.—As we passed by Spithead on the preceding evening we saw the two regiments of soldiers who were just returned from Gibraltar and Minorca; and this day a lieutenant belonging to one of them, who was the captain's nephew, came to pay a visit to his uncle. He was what is called by some a very pretty fellow; indeed, much too pretty a fellow at his years; for he was turned of thirty-four, though his address and conversation would have become him more before he had reached twenty. In his conversation, it is true, there was something military enough, as it consisted chiefly of oaths, and of the great actions and wise sayings of Jack, and Will, and Tom of our regiment, a phrase eternally in his mouth; and he seemed to conclude that it conveyed to all the officers such a degree of public notoriety and importance that it entitled him, like the head of a profession, or a first minister, to be the subject of conversation among those who had not the least personal acquaintance with him. This did not much surprise me, as I have seen several examples of the same; but the defects of his address, especially to the women, were so great that they seemed absolutely inconsistent with the behaviour of a pretty fellow, much less of one in a red coat; and yet, besides having been eleven years in the army, he had had, as his uncle informed me, an education in France. This, I own, would have appeared to have been absolutely thrown away had not his animal spirits, which were likewise thrown away upon him in great abundance, borne the visible stamp of the growth of that country. The character to which he had an indisputable title was that of a merry fellow; so very merry was he that he laughed at everything he said, and always before he spoke. Possibly, indeed, he often laughed at what he did not utter, for every speech began with a laugh, though it did not always end with a jest. There was no great analogy between the characters of the uncle and the nephew, and yet they seemed entirely to agree in enjoying the honour which the red-coat did to his family. This the uncle expressed with great pleasure in his countenance, and seemed desirous of showing all present the honour which he had for his nephew, who, on his side, was at some pains to convince us of his concurring in this opinion, and at the same time of displaying the contempt he had for the parts, as well as the occupation, of his uncle, which he seemed to think reflected some disgrace on himself, who was a member of that profession which makes every man a gentleman. Not that I would be understood to insinuate that the nephew endeavoured to shake off or disown his uncle, or indeed to keep him at any distance. On the contrary, he treated him with the utmost familiarity, often calling him Dick, and dear Dick, and old Dick, and frequently beginning an oration with d—n me, Dick.

All this condescension on the part of the young man was received with suitable marks of complaisance and obligation by the old one; especially when it was attended with evidences of the same familiarity with general officers and other persons of rank; one of whom, in particular, I know to have the pride and insolence of the devil himself, and who, without some strong bias of interest, is no more liable to converse familiarly with a lieutenant than of being mistaken in his judgment of a fool; which was not, perhaps, so certainly the case of the worthy lieutenant, who, in declaring to us the qualifications which recommended men to his countenance and conversation, as well as what effectually set a bar to all hopes of that honour, exclaimed, "No, sir, by the d— I hate all fools—No, d—n me, excuse me for that. That's a little too much, old Dick There are two or three officers of our regiment whom I know to be fools; but d—n me if I am ever seen in their company. If a man hath a fool of a relation, Dick, you know he can't help that, old boy."

Such jokes as these the old man not only took in good part, but glibly gulped down the whole narrative of his nephew; nor did he, I am convinced, in the least doubt of our as readily swallowing the same. This made him so charmed with the lieutenant, that it is probable we should have been pestered with him the whole evening, had not the north wind, dearer to our sea-captain even than this glory of his family, sprung suddenly up, and called aloud to him to weigh his anchor.

While this ceremony was performing, the sea-captain ordered out his boat to row the land-captain to shore; not indeed on an uninhabited island, but one which, in this part, looked but little better, not presenting us the view of a single house. Indeed, our old friend, when his boat returned on shore, perhaps being no longer able to stifle his envy of the superiority of his nephew, told us with a smile that the young man had a good five mile to walk before he could be accommodated with a passage to Portsmouth.

It appeared now that the captain had been only mistaken in the date of his prediction, by placing the event a day earlier than it happened; for the wind which now arose was not only favourable but brisk, and was no sooner in reach of our sails than it swept us away by the back of the Isle of Wight, and, having in the night carried us by Christchurch and Peveral-point, brought us the next noon, *Saturday, July* 29, off the island of Portland, so famous for the smallness and sweetness of its mutton, of which a leg seldom weighs four pounds. We would have bought a sheep, but our captain would not permit it; though he needed not have been in such a hurry, for presently the wind, I will not positively assert in resentment of his surliness, showed him a dog's trick, and slily slipped back again to his summer-house in the south-west.

The captain now grew outrageous, and, declaring open war with the wind, took a resolution, rather more bold than wise, of sailing in defiance of it, and in its teeth. He swore he would let go his anchor no more, but would beat the sea while he had either yard or sail left. He accordingly stood from the shore, and made so large a tack that before night, though he seemed to advance but little on his way, he was got out of sight of land.

Towards the evening the wind began, in the captain's own language, and indeed it freshened so much, that before ten it blew a perfect hurricane.

The captain having got, as he supposed, to a safe distance, tacked again towards the English shore; and now the wind veered a point only in his favour, and continued to blow with such violence, that the ship ran above eight knots or miles an hour during this whole day and tempestuous night till bed-time. I was obliged to betake myself once more to my solitude, for my women were again all down in their sea-sickness, and the captain was busy on deck; for he began to grow uneasy, chiefly, I believe, because he did not well know where he was, and would, I am convinced, have been very glad to have been in Portland-road, eating some sheep's-head broth.

Having contracted no great degree of good-humour by living a whole day alone, without a single soul to converse with, I took but ill physic to purge

it off, by a bed-conversation with he captain, who, amongst many bitter lamentations of his fate, and protesting he had more patience than a Job, frequently intermixed summous to tbe eommanding officer on the deck, who now happened to be one Morrison, a carpenter, tbe only fellow that had either common sense or common civility in tbe ship. Of Morrison he inquired every quarter of an hour concerning tbe state of affairs: the wind, the care of the ship, and other matters of navigation. The frequency of these summons, as well as the solicitude with which they were made, sufficiently testified the state of the captain's mind; be endeavoured to conceal it, and would have given no small alarm to a man wbo had either not learned what it is to die, or known what it is to be miserable. Aud my dear wife and child must pardon me, if wbat I did not conceive to be any great evil to myself I was not mucb terrified with the thoughts of happening to them; in truth, I have often thought they are both too good and too gentle to be trusted to the power of any man I know, to wbom they could possibly be so trusted.

Can I say then I had no fear? Indeed I cannot. Reader, I was afraid for thee, lest thou shouldst have been deprived of that pleasure thou art now enjoying; and that I should not live to draw out on paper that military character which thou didst peruse in tbe journal of yesterday.

From all these fears we were relieved, at six in the morning, hy the arrival of Mr. Morrison, who acquainted us that he was sure he beheld land very near; for he could not see half a mile, by reason of tlie haziness of the weatber. This land he said was, he believed, the Berry-head, which forms one side of Torbay: tbe captain declared that it was impossible, and swore, on condition he was right, he would give bim his mother for a maid. A forfeit which became afterwards strictly due and payable; for the captain, whipping on his night-gown, ran up without his breeches, and within half an hour returning iuto the cabin, wished me joy of our lying safe at auchor in the bay.

Sunday, July 26.—Things nnw began to put on an aspect very different from what they had lately worn; the news that the ship bad almost lost its mizen, and that we bad procured very fine clouted cream and fresh bread and butter from the shore, restored health and spirits to our women, and we all sat dnwn to a very cheerful breakfast.

But, bowever pleasant our stay promised to be here, we were all desirous it should he short: I resolved immediately to despatch my man into the country to purchase a present of cider for my friends of that which is called Southam, as well as to take with me a hogshead of it to Lisbou; for it is, in my opinion, much more delicious than that which is the growth of Herefordshire. I purchased three hogsheads for five pounds ten shillings, all which I should have scarce thought worth mentioning, had I not believed it might be of equal service to the honest farmer who sold it me, and who is by the neighbouring gentlemen reputed to deal in the very best; and to the reader, who, from ignorance of the means of providing better for bimself, swallows at a dearer rate the juice of Middlesex turnip, instead of that Vinum Pomonæ which Mr. Giles Leverance of Cheeshurst, near Dartmouth in Devon, will, at the price of forty shillings per hogshead, send in double casks to any part of the world. Had tha wind been very sudden in shifting, I had lost my cider by an attempt of a boatman to exact, according to custom. He required five shillings for conveying my man a mile and a half to the shore, and four more if he staid to bring him back. This I thought to be such insufferable impudence that I ordered him to be immediately chased from the ship, without any answer. Indeed, there are few inconveniences that I would not rather encounter than encourage the insolent demands of these wretches, at the expense of my own indignation, of which I own they are not the only objects, but rather those who purchase a paltry convenience by encouraging them. But of this I have already spoken very largely. I shall conclude, therefore, with the leave which this fellow took of our ship, saying be should know it again, and would not put off from the shore to relieve it in any distress whatever.

It will, doubtless, surprise many of my readers to bear that, when we lay at anchor within a mile or two of a town several days together, and even in the most temperate weather, we should frequently want fresh provisions and berbage, and other emoluments of the shore, as much as if we bad been a hundred leagues from land. And this too while numbers of boats were in our sight whose owners get their livelihood hy rowing people up and down, and could be at any time summoned by a signal to our assistance, and while the captain had a little boat of bis own, with men always ready to row it at his command.

This, however, hath been partly accounted for already by the imposing disposition of the people, who asked so much more than the proper price of their labour. And as to the usefulness of the captain's boat, it requires to be a little expatiated upon, as it will tend to lay open some of the grievances which demand the utmost regard of our legislature, as they affect the most valuable part of the king's subjects—those by whom the commerce of the nation is carried into execution.

Our captain then, who was a very good and experienced seaman, having been above thirty years the master of a vessel, part of which he had served, so he phrased it, as commander of a privateer, and had discharged himself with great courage and conduct, and with as great success, discovered the utmost aversion to the sending his boat ashore whenever we lay wind-bound in any of our harbours. This aversion did not arise from any fear of wearing out his boat hy using it, but was, in truth, the result of experience, that it was easier to send his men on shore than to recal them. They acknowledged him to be their master while they remained on shipboard, but did not allow bis power to extend to the shores, where they had no sooner set their foot than every man became *sui juris*, and thought himself at full liberty to return when he pleased. Now it is not any delight that these fellows have in the fresh air or verdant fields on the land. Every one of them would prefer his ship and his hammock to all the sweets of Arabia the Happy; but, unluckily for them, there are in every seaport in England certain houses whose chief livelihood depends on providing entertainment for the gentlemen of the jacket. For this purpose they are always well furnished with those cordial liquors which do immediately inspire the heart with gladness, banishing all careful thoughts, and indeed all others, from the mind, and opening the mouth with songs of cheerfulness and thanksgiving for the many wonderful blessings with which a seafaring life overflows.

For my own part, however whimsical it may appear, I confess I have thought the strange story of Circe in the Odyssey an other than an ingenious allegory, in which Homer intended to convey to his countrymen the same kind of instruction which we

intend to communicate to our own in this digression. As teaching the art of war to the Greeks was the plain design of the Iliad, so was teaching them the art of navigation the no less manifest intention of the Odyssey. For the improvement of this their situation was most excellently adapted; and accordingly we find Thucydides, in the beginning of his history, considers the Greeks as a set of privates or privateers, plundering each other by sea. This being probably the first institution of commerce before the Ars Cauponaria was invented, and merchants, instead of robbing, began to cheat and outwit each other, and by degrees changed the Metahletic, the only kind of traffic allowed by Aristotle in his Politics, into the Chrematistic.

By this allegory then I suppose Ulysses to have been the captain of a merchant-ship, and Circe some good ale-wife, who made his crew drunk with the spirituous liquors of those days. With this the transformation into swine, as well as all other incidents of the fable, will notably agree; and thus a key will be found out for unlocking the whole mystery, and forging at least some meaning to a story which, at present, appears very strange and absurd.

Hence, moreover, will appear the very near resemblance between the sea-faring men of all ages and nations; and here perhaps may be established the truth and justice of that observation, which will occur oftener than once in this voyage, that all human flesh is not the same flesh, but that there is one kind of flesh of landmen and another of seamen.

Philosophers, divines, and others, who have treated the gratification of human appetites with contempt, have, among other instances, insisted very strongly on that satiety which is so apt to overtake them even in the very act of enjoyment. And here they more particularly deserve our attention, as most of them may be supposed to speak from their own experience, and very probably gave us their lessons with a full stomach. Thus hunger and thirst, whatever delight they may afford while we are eating and drinking, pass both away from us with the plate and the cup; and though we should imitate the Romans, if, indeed, they were such dull beasts, which I can scarce believe, to unload the belly like a dung-pot, in order to fill it again with another load, yet would the pleasure be so considerably lessened that it would scarce repay us the trouble of purchasing it with swallowing a bason of camomile-tea. A second haunch of venison, or a second dose of turtle, would hardly allure a city glutton with its smell. Even the celebrated Jew himself, when well filled with calipash and calipee, goes contentedly home to tell his money, and expects no more pleasure from his throat during the next twenty-four hours. Hence I suppose Dr. South took that elegant comparison of the joys of a speculative man to the solemn silence of an Archimedes over a problem, and those of a glutton to the stillness of a sow at her wash. A simile which, if it became the pulpit at all, could only become it in the afternoon.

Whereas in those potations which the mind seems to enjoy, rather than the bodily appetite, there is happily no such satiety; but the more a man drinks, the more he desires; as if, like Mark Anthony in Dryden, his appetite increased with feeding, and this to such an immoderate degree, *ut nullus sit desiderio aut pudor aut modus*. Hence, as with the gang of captain Ulysses, ensues so total a transformation, that the man no more continues what he was. Perhaps he ceases for a time to be at all; or, though he may retain the same outward form and figure he had before, yet is his nobler part, as we are taught to call it, so changed, that, instead of being the same man, he scarce remembers what he was a few hours before. And this transformation, being once obtained, is so easily preserved by the same potations, which induced no satiety, that the captain in vain sends or goes in quest of his crew. They know him no longer; or, if they do, they acknowledge not his power, having indeed as entirely forgotten themselves as if they had taken a large draught of the river of Lethe.

Nor is the captain always sure of even finding out the place to which Circe hath conveyed them. There are many of those houses in every port-town. Nay, there are some where the sorceress doth not trust only to her drugs; but hath instruments of a different kind to execute her purposes, by whose means the tar is effectually secreted from the knowledge and pursuit of his captain. This would, indeed, be very fatal, was in not for one circumstance; that the sailor is seldom provided with the proper bait for these harpies. However, the contrary sometimes happens, as these harpies will bite at almost anything, and will snap at a pair of silver buttons, or buckles, as surely as at the specie itself. Nay, sometimes they are so voracious, that the very naked hook will go down, and the jolly young sailor is sacrificed for his own sake.

In vain, at such a season as this, would the vows of a pious heathen have prevailed over Neptune, Æolus, or any other marine deity. In vain would the prayers of a christian captain be attended with the like success. The wind may change how it pleases while all hands are on shore; the anchor would remain firm in the ground, and the ship would continue in durance, unless, like other forcible prison-breakers, it forcibly got loose for no good purpose.

Now, as the favour of winds and courts, and such like, is always to be laid hold on at the very first motion, for within twenty-four hours all may be changed again; so, in the former case, the loss of a day may be the loss of a voyage: for, though it may appear to persons not well skilled in navigation, who see ships meet and sail by each other, that the wind blows sometimes east and west, north and south, backwards and forwards, at the same instant; yet, certain it is that the land is so contrived, that even the same wind will not, like the same horse, always bring a man to the end of his journey; but, that the gale which the mariner prayed heartily for yesterday, he may as heartily deprecate to-morrow; while all use and benefit which would have arisen to him from the westerly wind of to-morrow may be totally lost and thrown away by neglecting the offer of the easterly blast which blows to-day.

Hence ensues grief and disreputation to the innocent captain, loss and disappointment to the worthy merchant, and not seldom great prejudice to the trade of a nation whose manufactures are thus liable to lie unsold in a foreign warehouse, the market being forestalled by some rival whose sailors are under a better discipline. To guard against these inconveniencies the prudent captain takes every precaution in his power; he makes the strongest contracts with his crew, and thereby binds them so firmly, that none but the greatest or least of men can break through them with impunity; but for one of these two reasons, which I will not determine, the sailor, like his brother fish the eel, is too slippery to be held, and plunges into his element with perfect impunity.

To speak a plain truth, there is no trusting to any contract with one whom the wise citizens of London call a bad man; for, with such a one, though your bond be ever so strong, it will prove in the end good for nothing.

What then is to be done in this case? What, indeed, but to call in the assistance of that tremendous magistrate, the justice of peace, who can, and often doth, lay good and bad men in equal durance; and, though he seldom cares to stretch his bonds to what is great, never finds anything too minute for their detention, but will bold the smallest reptile alive so fast in bis noose, that he can never get out till he is let drop through it.

Why, therefore, upon the breach of those contracts, should not an immediate application be made to the nearest magistrate of this order, who should be empowered to convey the delinquent either to ship or to prison, at the election of the captain, to be fettered by the leg in either place?

But, as the case now stands, the condition of this poor captain without any commission, and of this absolute commander without any power, is much worse than we have hitherto shown it to be; for, notwithstanding all the aforesaid contracts to sail in the good ship the Elizabeth, if the sailor should, for better wages, find it more his interest to go on board the better ship the Mary, either before their setting out or on their speedy meeting in some port, he may prefer the latter without any other danger than that of "doing what he ought not to have done," contrary to a rule which he is seldom christian enough to have much at heart, while the captain is generally too good a christian to punish a man out of revenge only, when he is to be at a considerable expense for so doing. There are many other deficiencies in our laws relating to maritime affairs, and which would probably have been long since corrected, had we any seamen in the house of commons. Not that I would insinuate that the legislature wants a supply of many gentlemen in the sea-service; but, as these gentlemen are by their attendance in the house unfortunately prevented from ever going to sea, and there learning what they might communicate to their landed brethren, these latter remain as ignorant in that branch of knowledge as they would be if none but courtiers and fox-hunters had been elected into parliament, without a single fish among them. The following seems to me to be an effect of this kind, and it strikes me the stronger as I remember the case to have happened, and remember it to have been dispunishable. A captain of a trading vessel, of which he was part owner, took in a large freight of oats at Liverpool, consigned to the market at Bear-key: this he carried to a port in Hampshire, and there sold it as his own, and, freighting his vessel with wheat for the port of Cadiz, in Spain, dropped it at Oporto in his way; and there, selling it for his own use, took in a lading of wine, with which he sailed again, and, having converted it in the same manner, together with a large sum of money with which he was intrusted, for the benefit of certain merchants, sold the ship and cargo in another port, and then wisely sat down contented with the fortune he had made, and returned to London to enjoy the remainder of his days, with the fruits of his former labours and a good conscience.

The sum he brought home with him consisted of near six thousand pounds, all in specie, and most of it in that coin which Portugal distributes so liberally over Europe.

He was not yet old enough to be past all sense of pleasure, nor so puffed up with the pride of his good fortune as to overlook his old acquaintances the journeymen tailors, from among whom he had been formerly pressed into the sea-service, and, having there laid the foundation of his future success by his shares in prizes, had afterwards become captain of a trading vessel, in which he purchased an interest, and had soon begun to trade in the honourable manner above mentioned.

The captain now took up his residence at an ale-house in Drury-lane, where, having all his money by him in a trunk, he spent about five pounds a-day among his old friends the gentlemen and ladies of those parts.

The merchant of Liverpool, having luckily had notice from a friend during the blaze of his fortune, did, by the assistance of a justice of peace, without the assistance of the law, recover his whole loss. The captain, however, wisely chose to refund no more; but, perceiving with what hasty strides Envy was pursuing his fortune, he took speedy means to retire out of her reach, and to enjoy the rest of his wealth in an inglorious obscurity; nor could the same justice overtake him time enough to assist a second merchant as he had done the first.

This was a very extraordinary case, and the more so as the ingenious gentleman had steered entirely clear of all crimes in our law.

Now, how it comes about that a robbery so very easy to be committed, and to which there is such immediate temptation always before the eyes of these fellows, should receive the encouragement of impunity, is to be accounted for only from the oversight of the legislature, as that oversight can only be, I think, derived from the reasons I have assigned for it.

But I will dwell no longer on this subject. If what I have here said should seem of sufficient consequence to engage the attention of any man in power, and should thus be the means of applying any remedy to the most inveterate evils, at least, I have obtained my whole desire, and shall have lain so long wind-bound in the ports of this kingdom to some purpose. I would, indeed, have this work—which, if I should live to finish it, a matter of no great certainty, if indeed of any great hope to me, will be probably the last I shall ever undertake—to produce some better end than the mere diversion of the reader.

Monday.—This day our captain went ashore, to dine with a gentleman who lives in these parts, and who so exactly resembles the character given by Homer of Axylus, that the only difference I can trace between them is, the one, living by the highway, erected his hospitality chiefly in favour of land travellers; and the other, living by the water-side, gratified his humanity by accommodating the wants of the mariner.

In the evening our commander received a visit from a brother hashaw, who lay wind-bound in the same harbour. This latter captain was a Swiss. He was then master of a vessel bound to Guinea, and had formerly been a privateering, when our own hero was employed in the same laudable service. The honesty and freedom of the Switzer, his vivacity, in which he was in no respect inferior to his near neighbours the French, the awkward and affected politeness, which was likewise of French extraction, mixed with the brutal roughness of the English tar—for he had served under the colours of this nation and his crew had been of the same—made such an odd variety, such a botchpotch of character, that I should have been much diverted with him had not his voice, which was as loud as a speaking-trumpet, unfortunately made my head ache. The noise which he conveyed into the deaf ears of his brother captain, who sat on one side of him, the soft addresses with which, mixed with awkward bows, he saluted the ladies on the other, were so agreeably contrasted that a man must not only have been void of all taste of humour, and insensible of

mirth, but duller than Cibber is represented in the Dunciad, who could be unentertained with him a little while; for, I confess, such entertainments should always be very short, as they are very liable to pall. But he suffered not this to happen at present; for, having given us his company a quarter of an hour only, he retired, after many apologies for the shortness of his visit.

Tuesday.—The wind being less boisterous than it had hitherto been since our arrival here, several fishing-boats, which the tempestuous weather yesterday had prevented from working, came on board us with fish. This was so fresh, so good in kind, and so very cheap, that we supplied ourselves in great numbers, among which were very large soles at four-pence a pair, and whitings of almost a preposterous size at nine-pence a score.

The only fish which bore any price was a john dory, as it is called. I bought one of at least four pounds weight for as many shillings. It resembles a turbot in shape, but exceeds it in firmness and flavour. The price had the appearance of being considerable when opposed to the extraordinary cheapness of others of value, but was, in truth, so very reasonable when estimated by its goodness, that it left me under no other surprise than how the gentlemen of this country, not greatly eminent for the delicacy of their taste, had discovered the preference of the dory to all other fish: but I was informed that Mr. Quin, whose distinguishing tooth hath been so justly celebrated, had lately visited Plymouth, and had done those honours to the dory which are so justly due to it from that sect of modern philosophers who, with sir Epicure Mammon, or sir Epicure Quin, their head, seem more to delight in a fish-pond than in a garden, as the old Epicureans are said to have done.

Unfortunately for the fishmongers of London, the dory resides only in those seas; for, could any of this company but convey one to the temple of luxury under the Piazza, where Macklin the high-priest daily serves up his rich offerings to that goddess, great would be the reward of that fishmonger, in blessings poured down upon him from the goddess, as great would his merit be towards the high-priest, who could never be thought to overrate such valuable incense.

And here, having mentioned the extreme cheapness of fish in the Devonshire seas, and given some little hint of the extreme dearness with which this commodity is dispensed by those who deal in it in London, I cannot pass on without throwing forth an observation or two, with the same view with which I have scattered my several remarks through this voyage, sufficiently satisfied in having finished my life, as I have probably lost it, in the service of my country, from the best of motives, though it should be attended with the worst of success. Means are always in our power; ends are very seldom so.

Of all the animal foods with which man is furnished, there are none so plenty as fish. A little rivulet, that glides almost unperceived through a vast tract of rich land, will support more hundreds with the flesh of its inhabitants than the meadow will nourish individuals. But if this be true of rivers, it is much truer of the sea-shores, which abound with such immense variety of fish that the curious fisherman, after he hath made his draught, often culls only the daintiest part and leaves the rest of his prey to perish on the shore.

If this be true it would appear, I think, that there is nothing which might be had in such abundance, and consequently so cheap, as fish, of which Nature seems to have provided such inexhaustible stores with some peculiar design. In the production of terrestrial animals she proceeds with such slowness, that in the larger kind a single female seldom produces more than one a-year, and this again requires three, four, or five years more to bring it to perfection. And though the lesser quadrupeds, those of the wild kind particularly, with the birds, do multiply much faster, yet can none of these bear any proportion with the aquatic animals, of whom every female matrix is furnished with an annual offspring almost exceeding the power of numbers and which, in many instances at least, a single year is capable of bringing to some degree of maturity.

What then ought in general to be so plentiful, what so cheap, as fish? What then so properly the food of the poor? So in many places they are, and so might they always be in great cities, which are always situated near the sea, or on the conflux of large rivers. How comes it then, to look no farther abroad for instances, that in our city of London the case is so far otherwise that, except that of sprats, there is not one poor palate in a hundred that knows the taste of fish?

It is true indeed that this taste is generally of such excellent flavour that it exceeds the power of French cookery to treat the palates of the rich with anything more exquisitely delicate; so that was fish the common food of the poor it might put them too much upon an equality with their betters in the great article of eating, in which, at present, in the opinion of some, the great difference in happiness between man and man consists. But this argument I shall treat with the utmost disdain: for if ortolans were as big as bustards, and at the same time as plenty as sparrows, I should hold it yet reasonable to indulge the poor with the dainty, and that for this cause especially, that the rich would soon find a sparrow, if as scarce as an ortolan, to be much the greater, as it would certainly be the rarer, dainty of the two.

Vanity or scarcity will be always the favourite of luxury; but honest hunger will be satisfied with plenty. Not to search deeper into the cause of the evil, I should think it abundantly sufficient to propose the remedies of it. And, first, I humbly submit the absolute necessity of immediately hanging all the fishmongers within the bills of mortality; and, however it might have been some time ago the opinion of mild and temporising men that the evil complained of might be removed by gentler methods, I suppose at this day there are none who do not see the impossibility of using such with any effect. *Cuncta prius tentanda* might have been formerly urged with some plausibility, but *cuncta prius tentata* may now be replied: for surely, if a few monopolising fishmongers could defeat that excellent scheme of the Westminster market, to the erecting which so many justices of peace, as well as other wise and learned men, did so vehemently apply themselves, that they might be truly said not only to have laid the whole strength of their heads, but of their shoulders too, to the business, it would be a vain endeavour for any other body of men to attempt to remove so stubborn a nuisance.

If it should be doubted whether we can bring this case within the letter of any capital law now subsisting, I am ashamed to own it cannot; for surely no crime better deserves such punishment; but the remedy may, nevertheless, be immediate; and if a law was made at the beginning of next session, to take place immediately, by which the starving thousands of poor was declared to be felony, without

benefit of clergy, the fishmongers would be hanged before the end of the session.

A second method of filling the mouths of the poor, if not with loaves at least with fishes, is to desire the magistrates to carry into execution one at least out of near a hundred acts of parliament, for preserving the small fry of the river of Thames, by which means as few fish would satisfy thousands as may now be devoured by a small number of individuals. But while a fisherman can break through the strongest meshes of an act of parliament, we may be assured he will learn so to contrive his own meshes that the smallest fry will not be able to swim through them.

Other methods may, we doubt not, be suggested by those who shall attentively consider the evil here hinted at; but we have dwelt too long on it already, and shall conclude with observing that it is difficult to affirm whether the atrocity of the evil itself, the facility of curing it, or the shameful neglect of the cure, be the more scandalous or more astonishing.

After having, however, gloriously regaled myself with this food, I was washing it down with some good claret with my wife and her friend, in the cabin, when the captain's valet-de-chambre, head cook, bouse and ship steward, footman in livery and out on't, secretary and fore-mast man, all burst into the cabin at once, being, indeed, all but one person, and, without saying by your leave, began to pack half a hogshead of small beer in bottles, the necessary consequence of which must have been either a total stop to conversation at that cheerful season when it is most agreeable, or the admitting that polyonymous officer aforesaid to the participation of it. I desired him therefore to delay his purpose a little longer, but he refused to grant my request; nor was he prevailed on to quit the room till he was threatened with having one bottle to pack more than his number, which then happened to stand empty within my reach.

With these menaces he retired at last, but not without muttering some menaces on his side, and which, to our great terror, he failed not to put into immediate execution.

Our captain was gone to dinner this day with his Swiss brother; and, though he was a very sober man, was a little elevated with some champagne, which, as it cost the Swiss little or nothing, he dispensed at his table more liberally than our hospitable English noblemen put about those bottles, which the ingenious Peter Taylor teaches a led captain to avoid by distinguishing by the name of that generous liquor which all humble companions are taught to postpone to the flavour of methuen, or honest port.

While our two captains were thus regaling themselves, and celebrating their own heroic exploits with all the inspiration which the liquor, at least, of wit could afford them, the polyonymous officer arrived, and, being saluted by the name of Honest Tom, was ordered to sit down and take his glass before he delivered his message; for every sailor is by turns his captain's mate over a can, except only that captain bashaw who presides in a man-of-war, and who upon earth has no other mate, unless it be another of the same bashaws.

Tom had no sooner swallowed his draught than he hastily began his narrative, and faithfully related what had happened on board our ship; we say faithfully, though from what happened it may be suspected that Tom chose to add perhaps only five or six immaterial circumstances, as is always I believe the case, and may possibly have been done by me in relating this very story, though it happened not many hours ago.

No sooner was the captain informed of the interruption which had been given to his officer, and indeed to his orders, for he thought no time so convenient as that of his absence for causing any confusion in the cabin, than he leaped with such haste from his chair that he had like to have broke his sword, with which he always begirt himself when he walked out of his ship, and sometimes when he walked about in it; at the same time, grasping eagerly that other implement called a cockade, which modern soldiers wear on their helmets with the same view as the ancients did their crests—to terrify the enemy, he muttered something, but so inarticulately that the word *damn* was only intelligible; he then hastily took leave of the Swiss captain, who was too well bred to press his stay on such an occasion, and leaped first from the ship to his boat, and then from his boat to his own ship, with as much fierceness in his looks as he had ever expressed on boarding his defenceless prey in the honourable calling of a privateer.

Having regained the middle-deck, he paused a moment while Tom and others loaded themselves with bottles, and then descending into the cabin exclaimed with a thundering voice, "D—n me, why arn't the bottles stowed in, according to my orders?"

I answered him very mildly that I had prevented his man from doing it, as it was at an inconvenient time to me, and as in his absence, at least, I esteemed the cabin to be my own. "Your cabin!" repeated he many times; "no, d—n me! tis my cabin. Your cabin! d—n me! I have brought my hogs to a fair market. I suppose indeed you think it your cabin, and your ship, by your commanding in it; but I will command in it, d—n me! I will show the world I am the commander, and nobody but I! Did you think I sold you the command of my ship for that pitiful thirty pounds? I wish I had not seen you nor your thirty pounds aboard of her." He then repeated the words thirty pounds often, with great disdain, and with a contempt which I own the sum did not seem to deserve in my eye, either in itself or on the present occasion; being, indeed, paid for the freight of —— weight of human flesh, which is above fifty per cent. dearer than the freight of any other luggage, whilst in reality it takes up less room; in fact, no room at all.

In truth the sum was paid for nothing more than for a liberty to six persons (two of them servants) to stay on board a ship while she sails from one port to another, every shilling of which comes clear into the captain's pocket. Ignorant people may perhaps imagine, especially when they are told that the captain is obliged to sustain them, that their diet at least is worth something, which may probably be now and then so far the case as to deduct a tenth part from the neat profits on this account; but it was otherwise at present; for when I had contracted with the captain at a price which I by no means thought moderate, I had some content in thinking I should have no more to pay for my voyage; but I was whispered that it was expected the passengers should find themselves in several things; such as tea, wine, and such like; and particularly that gentlemen should stow of the latter a much larger quantity than they could use, in order to leave the remainder as a present to the captain at the end of the voyage; and it was expected likewise that gentlemen should put aboard some fresh stores, and the more of such things were put aboard the welcomer they would be to the captain.

I was prevailed with by these hints to follow the advice proposed; and accordingly, besides tea and a large hamper of wine, with several hams and

tongues, I caused a number of live chickens and sheep to he conveyed aboard; in truth, treble the quantity of provision which would have supported the persons I took with me, had the voyage continued three weeks, as it was supposed, with a bare possibility, it might.

Indeed it continued much longer; but as this was occasioned by our being wind-bound in our own ports, it was by no means of any ill consequence to the captain, as the additional stores of fish, fresh meat, butter, bread, &c., which I constantly laid in, greatly exceeded the consumption, and went some way in maintaining the ship's crew. It is true I was not obliged to do this; but it seemed to be expected; for the captain did not think himself obliged to do it, and I can truly say I soon ceased to expect it of him. He had, I confess, on board a number of fowls and ducks sufficient for a West India voyage; all of them, as he often said, "Very fine birds, and of the largest breed." This I believe was really the fact, and I can add that they were all arrived at the full perfection of their size. Nor was there, I am convinced, any want of provisions of a more substantial kind; such as dried beef, pork, and fish; so that the captain seemed ready to perform his contract, and amply to provide for his passengers. What I did then was not from necessity, but, perhaps, from a less excusable motive, and was by no means chargeable to the account of the captain.

But, let the motive have been what it would, the consequence was still the same; and this was such that I am firmly persuaded the whole pitiful thirty pounds came pure and neat into the captain's pocket, and not only so, but attended with the value of ten pounds more in sundries into the bargain. I must confess myself therefore at a loss how the epithet *pitiful* came to be annexed to the above sum; for, not being a pitiful price for what it was given, I cannot conceive it to be pitiful in itself; nor do I believe it is thought by the greatest men in the kingdom; none of whom would scruple to search for it in the dirtiest kennel, where they had only a reasonable hope of success.

How, therefore, such a sum should acquire the idea of pitiful in the eyes of the master of a ship seems not easy to be accounted for; since it appears more likely to produce in him ideas of a different kind. Some men, perhaps, are no more sincere in the contempt for it which they express than others in their contempt of money in general; and I am the rather inclined to this persuasion, as I have seldom heard of either who have refused or refunded this their despised object. Besides, it is sometimes impossible to believe these professions, as every action of the man's life is a contradiction to it. Who can believe a tradesman who says he would not tell his name for the profit he gets by the selling such a parcel of goods, when he hath told a thousand lies in order to get it?

Pitiful, indeed, is often applied to an object not absolutely, but comparatively with our expectations, or with a greater object: in which sense it is not easy to set any bounds to the use of the word. Thus, a handful of halfpence daily appear pitiful to a porter, and a handful of silver to a drawer. The latter, I am convinced, at a polite tavern, will not tell his name (for he will not give you any answer) under the price of gold. And in this sense thirty pounds may be accounted pitiful by the lowest mechanic.

One difficulty only seems to occur, and that is this: how comes it that, if the profits of the meanest arts are so considerable, the professors of them are not richer than we generally see them? One answer to this shall suffice. Men do not become rich by what they get, but by what they keep. He who is worth no more than his annual wages or salary, spends the whole; he will be always a beggar let his income be what it will, and so will be his family when he dies. This we see daily to be the case of ecclesiastics, who, during their lives, are extremely well provided for, only because they desire to maintain the honour of the cloth by living like gentlemen, which would, perhaps, be better maintained by living unlike them.

But, to return from so long a digression, to which the use of so improper an epithet gave occasion, and to which the novelty of the subject allured, I will make the reader amends by concisely telling him that the captain poured forth such a torrent of abuse that I very hastily and very foolishly resolved to quit the ship. I gave immediate orders to summon a hoy to carry me that evening to Dartmouth, without considering any consequence. Those orders I gave in no very low voice, so that those above stairs might possibly conceive there was more than one master in the cabin. In the same tone I likewise threatened the captain with that which, he afterwards said, he feared more than any rock or quicksand. Nor can we wonder at this when we are told he had been twice obliged to bring to and cast anchor there before, and had neither time escaped without the loss of almost his whole cargo.

The most distant sound of law thus frightened a man who had often, I am convinced, heard numbers of cannon roar round him with intrepidity. Nor did he sooner see the hoy approaching the vessel than he ran down again into the cabin, and, his rage being perfectly subsided, he tumbled on his knees, and a little too abjectly implored for mercy.

I did not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain a moment in this posture, but I immediately forgave him.

And here, that I may not be thought the sly trumpeter of my own praises, I do utterly disclaim all praise on the occasion. Neither did the greatness of my mind dictate, nor the force of my christianity exact, this forgiveness. To speak truth, I forgave him from a motive which would make men much more forgiving if they were much wiser than they are, because it was convenient for me so to do.

Wednesday.—This morning the captain dressed himself in scarlet in order to pay a visit to a Devonshire squire, to whom a captain of a ship is a guest of no ordinary consequence, as he is a stranger and a gentleman, who hath seen a great deal of the world in foreign parts, and knows all the news of the times.

The squire, therefore, was to send his boat for the captain, but a most unfortunate accident happened; for, as the wind was extremely rough and against the boy, while this was endeavouring to avail itself of great seamanship in hawling up against the wind, a sudden squall carried off sail and yard, or at least so disabled them that they were no longer of any use and unable to reach the ship; but the captain, from the deck, saw his hopes of venison disappointed, and was forced either to stay on board his ship, or to hoist forth his own long-boat, which he could not prevail with himself to think of, though the smell of the venison had had twenty times its attraction. He did, indeed, love his ship as his wife, and his boats as children, and never willingly trusted the latter, poor things! to the dangers of the seas.

To say truth, notwithstanding the strict rigour with which he preserved the dignity of his station, and the hasty impatience with which he resented any affront to his person or orders, disobedience to which he could in no instance brook in any person on board, he was one of the best-natured fellows alive. He acted the part of a father to his sailors; he expressed great tenderness for any of them when ill, and never suffered any the least work of supererogation to go unrewarded by a glass of gin. He even extended his humanity, if I may so call it, to animals, and even his cats and kittens had large shares in his affections. An instance of which we saw this evening, when the cat, which had shown it could not be drowned, was found suffocated under a feather-bed in the cabin. I will not endeavour to describe his lamentations with more prolixity than barely by saying they were grievous, and seemed to have some mixture of the Irish howl in them. Nay, he carried his fondness even to inanimate objects, of which we have above set down a pregnant example in his demonstration of love and tenderness towards his boats and ship. He spoke of a ship which he had commanded formerly, and which was long since no more, which he had called the Princess of Brazil, as a widower of a deceased wife. This ship, after having followed the honest business of carrying goods and passengers for hire many years, did at last take to evil courses and turn privateer, in which service, to use his own words, she received many dreadful wounds, which he himself had felt as if they had been his own.

Thursday.—As the wind did not yesterday discover any purpose of shifting, and the water in my belly grew troublesome and rendered me short-breathed, I began a second time to have apprehensions of wanting the assistance of a trochar when none was to be found; I therefore concluded to be tapped again by way of precaution, and accordingly I this morning summoned on board a surgeon from a neighbouring parish, one whom the captain greatly recommended, and who did indeed perform his office with much dexterity. He was, I believe, likewise a man of great judgment and knowledge in the profession; but of this I cannot speak with perfect certainty, for, when he was going to open on the dropsy at large and on the particular degree of the distemper under which I laboured, I was obliged to stop him short, for the wind was changed, and the captain in the utmost hurry to depart; and to desire him, instead of his opinion, to assist me with his execution.

I was now once more delivered from my burthen, which was not indeed so great as I had apprehended, wanting two quarts of what was let out at the last operation.

While the surgeon was drawing away my water the sailors were drawing up the anchor; both were finished at the same time; we unfurled our sails and soon passed the Berry-head which forms the mouth of the bay.

We had not however sailed far when the wind, which had, though with a slow pace, kept us company about six miles, suddenly turned about, and offered to conduct us back again; a favour which, though sorely against the grain, we were obliged to accept.

Nothing remarkable happened this day; for as to the firm persuasion of the captain that he was under the spell of witchcraft, I would not repeat it too often, though indeed he repeated it an hundred times every day; in truth, he talked of nothing else, and seemed not only to be satisfied in general of his being bewitched, but actually to have fixed with good certainty on the person of the witch, whom, had he lived in the days of sir Matthew Hale, he would have infallibly indicted, and very possibly have hanged, for the detestable sin of witchcraft; but that law, and the whole doctrine that supported it, are now out of fashion; and witches, as a learned divine once chose to express himself, are put down by act of parliament. This witch, in the captain's opinion, was no other than Mrs. Francis of Ryde, who, as he insinuated, out of anger to me for not spending more money in her house than she could produce anything to exchange for, or any pretence to charge for, had laid this spell on his ship.

Though we were again got near our harbour by three in the afternoon, yet it seemed to require a full hour or more before we could come to our former place of anchoring, or berth, as the captain called it. On this occasion we exemplified one of the few advantages which the travellers by water have over the travellers by land. What would the latter often give for the sight of one of those hospitable mansions where he is assured *that there is good entertainment for man and horse;* and where both may consequently promise themselves to assuage that hunger which exercise is so sure to raise in a healthy constitution!

At their arrival at this mansion, how much happier is the state of the horse than that of the master! The former is immediately led to his repast, such as it is, and, whatever it is, he falls to it with appetite. But the latter is in a much worse situation. His hunger, however violent, is always in some degree delicate, and his food must have some kind of ornament, or, as the more usual phrase is, of dressing to recommend it. Now all dressing requires time, and therefore, though perhaps the sheep might be just killed before you came to the inn, yet in cutting him up, fetching the joint, which the landlord by mistake said he had in the house, from the butcher at two miles' distance, and afterwards warming it a little by the fire, two hours at least must be consumed, while hunger, for want of better food, preys all the time on the vitals of the man.

How different was the case with us! we carried our provision, our kitchen, and our cook with us, and we were at one and the same time travelling on our road and sitting down to a repast of fish with which the greatest table in London can scarce at any rate be supplied.

Friday.—As we were disappointed of our wind, and obliged to return back the preceding evening, we resolved to extract all the good we could out of our misfortune, and to add considerably to our fresh stores of meat and bread, with which we were very indifferently provided when we hurried away yesterday. By the captain's advice we likewise laid in some stores of butter, which we salted and potted ourselves, for our use at Lisbon, and we had great reason afterwards to thank him for his advice.

In the afternoon I persuaded my wife, whom it was no easy matter for me to force from my side, to take a walk on shore, whither the gallant captain declared he was ready to attend her. Accordingly the ladies set out, and left me to enjoy a sweet and comfortable nap after the operation of the preceding day.

Thus we enjoyed our separate pleasures full three hours, when we met again, and my wife gave the foregoing account of the gentleman whom I have before compared to Axylus, and of his habitation, to both which she had been introduced by the captain, in the style of an old friend and acquaintance, though this foundation of intimacy seemed to her to be no deeper laid than in an accidental dinner,

eaten many years before, at this temple of hospitality, when the captain lay wind-bound in the same bay.

Saturday.—Early this morning the wind seemed inclined to change in our favour. Our alert captain snatched its very first motion, and got under sail with so very gentle a breeze that, as the tide was against him, he recommended to a fishing boy to bring after him a vast salmon and some other provisions which lay ready for him on shore.

Our anchor was up at six, and before nine in the morning we had doubled the Berry-head, and were arrived off Dartmouth, having gone full three miles in as many hours, in direct opposition to the tide, which only befriended us out of our harbour; and though the wind was perhaps our friend, it was so very silent, and exerted itself so little in our favour, that, like some cool partisans, it was difficult to say whether it was with us or against us. The captain, however, declared the former to be the case during the whole three hours; but at last he perceived his error, or rather, perhaps, this friend, which had hitherto wavered in choosing his side, became now more determined. The captain then suddenly tacked about, and, asserting that he was bewitched, submitted to return to the place from whence he came. Now, though I am as free from superstition as any man breathing, and never did believe in witches, notwithstanding all the excellent arguments of my lord chief-justice Hale in their favour, and long before they were put down by act of parliament, yet by what power a ship of burthen should sail three miles against both wind and tide, I cannot conceive, unless there was some supernatural interposition in the case; nay, could we admit that the wind stood neuter, the difficulty would still remain. So that we must of necessity conclude that the ship was either bewinded or bewitched.

The captain, perhaps, had another meaning. He imagined himself, I believe, bewitched, because the wind, instead of persevering in its change in his favour, for change it certainly did that morning, should suddenly return to its favourite station, and blow him back towards the bay. But, if this was his opinion, he soon saw cause to alter; for he had not measured half the way back when the wind again declared in his favour, and so loudly, that there was no possibility of being mistaken.

The orders for the second tack were given, and obeyed with much more alacrity than those had been for the first. We were all of us indeed in high spirits on the occasion; though some of us a little regretted the good things we were likely to leave behind us by the fisherman's neglect; I might give it a worse name, for he faithfully promised to execute the commission, which he had had abundant opportunity to do; but *nautica fides* deserves as much to be proverbial as ever *Punica fides* could formerly have done. Nay, when we consider that the Carthaginians came from the Phenicians, who are supposed to have produced the first mariners, we may probably see the true reason of the adage, and it may open a field of very curious discoveries to the antiquary.

We were, however, too eager to pursue our voyage to suffer anything we left behind us to interrupt our happiness, which, indeed, many agreeable circumstances conspired to advance. The weather was inexpressibly pleasant, and we were all seated on the deck, when our canvas began to swell with the wind. We had likewise in our view above thirty other sail around us, all in the same situation. Here an observation occurred to me, which, perhaps, though extremely obvious, did not offer itself to every individual in our little fleet: when I perceived with what different success we proceeded under the influence of a superior power, which, while we lay almost idle ourselves, pushed us forward on our intended voyage, and compared this with the slow progress which we had made in the morning, of ourselves, and without any such assistance, I could not help reflecting how often the greatest abilities lie wind-bound as it were in life; or, if they venture out and attempt to beat the seas, they struggle in vain against wind and tide, and, if they have not sufficient prudence to put back, are most probably cast away on the rocks and quicksands which are every day ready to devour them.

It was now our fortune to set out *melioribus avibus*. The wind freshened so briskly in our poop that the shore appeared to move from us as fast as we did from the shore. The captain declared he was sure of a wind, meaning its continuance; but he had disappointed us so often that he had lost all credit. However, he kept his word a little better now, and we lost sight of our native land as joyfully, at least, as it is usual to regain it.

Sunday.—The next morning the captain told me he thought himself thirty miles to the westward of Plymouth, and before evening declared that the Lizard Point, which is the extremity of Cornwall, bore several leagues to leeward. Nothing remarkable passed this day, except the captain's devotion, who, in his own phrase, summoned all hands to prayers, which were read by a common sailor upon deck, with more devout force and address than they are commonly read by a country curate, and received with more decency and attention by the sailors than are usually preserved in city congregations. I am indeed assured, that if any such affected disregard of the solemn office in which they were engaged, as I have seen practised by fine gentlemen and ladies, expressing a kind of apprehension lest they should be suspected of being really in earnest in their devotion, had been shown here, they would have contracted the contempt of the whole audience. To say the truth, from what I observed in the behaviour of the sailors in this voyage, and on comparing it with what I have formerly seen of them at sea and on shore, I am convinced that on land there is nothing more idle and dissolute; in their own element there are no persons near the level of their degree who live in the constant practice of half so many good qualities. They are, for much the greater part, perfect masters of their business, and always extremely alert, and ready in executing it, without any regard to fatigue or hazard. The soldiers themselves are not better disciplined nor more obedient to orders than these whilst aboard; they submit to every difficulty which attends their calling with cheerfulness, and no less virtues than patience and fortitude are exercised by them every day of their lives.

All these good qualities, however, they always leave behind them on shipboard; the sailor out of water is, indeed, as wretched an animal as the fish out of water; for though the former bath, in common with amphibious animals, the bare power of existing on the land, yet if he be kept there any time he never fails to become a nuisance.

The ship having had a good deal of motion since she was last under sail, our women returned to their sickness, and I to my solitude; having, for twenty-four hours together, scarce opened my lips to a single person. This circumstance of being shut up within the circumference of a few yards, with a score of human creatures, with not one of whom it was possible to converse, was perhaps so rare a

scarce ever to have happened before, nor could it ever happen to one who disliked it more than myself, or to myself at a season when I wanted more food for my social disposition, or could converse less wholesomely and happily with my own thoughts. To this accident, which fortune opened to me in the Downs, was owing the first serious thought which I ever entertained of enrolling myself among the voyage-writers; some of the most amusing pages, if, indeed, there be any which deserve that name, were possibly the production of the most disagreeable hours which ever haunted the author.

Monday.—At noon the captain took an observation, by which it appeared that Usbant bore some leagues northward of us, and that we were just entering the bay of Biscay. We had advanced a very few miles in this bay before we were entirely becalmed: we furled our sails, as being of no use to us while we lay in this most disagreeable situation, more detested by the sailors than the most violent tempest: we were alarmed with the loss of a fine piece of salt beef, which had been hung in the sea to freshen it; this being, it seems, the strange property of salt-water. The thief was immediately suspected, and presently afterwards taken by the sailors. He was, indeed, no other than a huge shark, who, not knowing when he was well off, swallowed another piece of beef, together with a great iron crook on which it was hung, and by which he was dragged into the ship.

I should scarce have mentioned the catching this shark, though so exactly conformable to the rules and practice of voyage-writing, had it not been for a strange circumstance that attended it. This was the recovery of the stolen beef out of the shark's maw, where it lay unchewed and undigested, and whence, being conveyed into the pot, the flesh, and the thief that had stolen it, joined together in furnishing variety to the ship's crew.

During this calm we likewise found the mast of a large vessel, which the captain thought had lain at least three years in the sea. It was stuck all over with a little shell-fish or reptile, called a barnacle, and which probably are the prey of the rock-fish, as our captain calls it, asserting that it is the finest fish in the world; for which we are obliged to confide entirely to his taste; for, though he struck the fish with a kind of harping-iron, and wounded him, I am convinced, to death, yet he could not possess himself of his body; but the poor wretch escaped to linger out a few hours with probably great torments.

In the evening our wind returned, and so briskly, that we ran upwards of twenty leagues before the next day's [*Tuesday's*] observation, which brought us to lat. 47° 42′. The captain promised us a very speedy passage through the bay; but he deceived us, or the wind deceived him, for it so slackened at sunset, that it scarce carried us a mile in an hour during the whole succeeding night.

Wednesday.—A gale struck up a little after sun-rising, which carried us between three and four knots or miles an hour. We were this day at noon about the middle of the bay of Biscay, when the wind once more deserted us, and we were so entirely becalmed, that we did not advance a mile in many hours. My fresh-water reader will perhaps conceive no unpleasant idea from this calm; but it affected us much more than a storm could have done; for, as the irascible passions of men are apt to swell with indignation long after the injury which first raised them is over, so fared it with the sea. It rose mountains high, and lifted our poor ship up and down, backwards and forwards, with so violent an emotion, that there was scarce a man in the ship better able to stand than myself. Every utensil in our cabin rolled up and down, as we should have rolled ourselves, had not our chairs been fast lashed to the floor. In this situation, with our tables likewise fastened by ropes, the captain and myself took our meal with some difficulty, and swallowed a little of our broth, for we spilt much the greater part. The remainder of our dinner being an old, lean, tame duck roasted, I regretted but little the loss of my teeth not being good enough to have chewed it.

Our women, who began to creep out of their holes in the morning, retired again within the cabin to their beds, and were no more heard of this day, in which my whole comfort was to find by the captain's relation that the swelling was sometimes much worse; he did, indeed, take this occasion to be more communicative than ever, and informed me of such misadventures that had befallen him within forty-six years at sea as might frighten a very bold spirit from undertaking even the shortest voyage. Were these, indeed, but universally known, our matrons of quality would possibly be deterred from venturing their tender offspring at sea; by which means our navy would lose the honour of many a young commodore, who at twenty-two is better versed in maritime affairs than real seamen are made by experience at sixty.

And this may, perhaps, appear the more extraordinary, as the education of both seems to be pretty much the same; neither of them having had their courage tried by Virgil's description of a storm, in which, inspired as he was, I doubt whether our captain doth not exceed him.

In the evening the wind, which continued in the N.W., again freshened, and that so briskly, that Cape Finisterre appeared by this day's observation to bear a few miles to the southward. We now indeed sailed, or rather flew, near ten knots an hour; and the captain, in the redundancy of his good-humour, declared he would go to church at Lisbon on Sunday next, for that he was sure of a wind; and, indeed, we all firmly believed him. But the event again contradicted him; for we were again visited by a calm in the evening.

But here, though our voyage was retarded, we were entertained with a scene, which as no one can behold without going to sea, so no one can form an idea of anything equal to it on shore. We were seated on the deck, women and all, in the serenest evening that can be imagined. Not a single cloud presented itself to our view, and the sun himself was the only object which engrossed our whole attention. He did indeed set with a majesty which is incapable of description, with which, while the horizon was yet blazing with glory, our eyes were called off to the opposite part to survey the moon, which was then at full, and which in rising presented us with the second object that this world hath offered to our vision. Compared to these the pageantry of theatres, or splendour of courts, are sights almost below the regard of children.

We did not return from the deck till late in the evening; the weather being inexpressibly pleasant, and so warm that even my old distemper perceived the alteration of the climate. There was indeed a swell, but nothing comparable to what we had felt before, and it affected us on the deck much less than in the cabin.

Friday.—The calm continued till sun-rising, when the wind likewise arose, but unluckily for us it came from a wrong quarter; it was S.S.E., which is that very wind which Juno would have solicited of Æolus, had Æneas been in our latitude bound for Lisbon.

The captain now put on his most melancholy aspect, and resnmed his former opinion that he was bewitched. He declared with great solemnity that this was worse and worse, for that a wind directly in his teeth was worse than no wind at all. Had we pursued the course which the wind persuaded us to take we had gone directly for Newfoundland, if we had not fallen in with Ireland in our way. Twe ways remained te avoid this; one was te put into a port of Galicia; the other, to beat to the westward with as little sail as possible: and this was our captain's election.

As for us, poor passengers, any port would have been welcome to us; especially, as not only our fresh provisions, except a great number of old ducks and fowls, hnt even our hread was eome to an end, and nothing hut sea-hiscuit remained, which I could not chew. So that now for the first time in my life I saw what it was to want a bit ef hread.

The wind however was not so unkind as we had apprehended; hnt, having declined with the sun, it changed at the approach of the moon, and hecame again favourahle to us, though so gentle that the next day's observation carried ns very little to the southward of Cape Finisterre. This evening at six the wind, which had heen very quiet all day, rose very high, and continuing in our favour drove us seven knots an honr.

This day we saw a sail, the only one as I heard ef, we had seen in our whole passage through the hay. I mention this on account of what appeared to me somewhat extraordinary. Though she was at such a distance that I could only perceive she was a ship, the sailors discovered that she was a snow, bound to a port in Galicia.

Sunday.—After prayers, which our good captain read on the deck with an audihle voice, and with hut one mistake, of a lion for Ellas, in the second lesson for this day, we found ourselves far advaneed in 42°, and the captain declared we shonld sup off Porte. We had not much wind this day; hut, as this was directly in our favonr, we made it up with sail, of which we crowded all we had. We went only at the rate of four miles an hour, hut with so uneasy a motion, continnally rolling from side to side, that I suffered more than I had done in our whole voyage; my bowels being almost twisted out of my belly. However, the day was very serene and hright, and the eaptain, who was in high spirits, affirmed he had never passed a pleasanter at sea.

The wind continned so hrisk that we ran upward of six knots an hour the whole night.

Monday.—In the morning our captain concluded that he was got into lat. 40°, and was very little short of the Burlings, as they are called in the charts. We came np with them at five in the afternoon, heing the first land we had distinctly seen since we left Devonshire. They consist of ahundanee of little rocky islands, a little distant from the shore, three of them only showing themselves above the water.

Here the Portuguese maintain a kind of garrison, if we may allow it that name. It consists of malefactors, who are banished hither for a term, for divers small offences — a policy which they may have copied from the Egyptians, as we may read in Diodorus Siculus. That wise people, to prevent the corruption of good manners hy evil communication, built a town on the Red Sea, whither they transported a great number of their criminals, having first set an indelible mark on them, to prevent their returning and mixing with the sober part of their citizens.

These rocks lie about fifteen leagues north-west of Cape Roxent, or, as it is commonly called, the Rock of Lishon, which we passed early the next morning. The wind, indeed, would have carried us thither sooner; hut the captain was not in a hurry, as he was to lose nothing hy his delay.

Tuesday.—This is a very high mountain, situated on the northern side of the mouth of the river Tajo, which, rising about Madrid, in Spain, and soon becoming navigahle for small craft, empties itself, after a long course, into the sea, about four leagues below Lisbon.

On the summit of the rock stands a hermitage, which is now in the possession of an Englishman, who was formerly master of a vessel trading to Lishen; and, having changed his religion and his manners, the latter of which, at least, were none of the best, betook himself to this place, in order to do penance for his sins. He is now very old, and hath inhahited this hermitage for a great number of years, during which he hath received some countenance from the royal family, and particularly from the present queen dowager, whose piety refuses no trouble or expense hy which she may make a proselyte, heing used to say that the saving one soul would repay all the endeavours of her life.

Here we waited for the tide, and had the pleasure of surveying the face of the country, the soil of which, at this season, exactly resembles an old brick-kiln, or a field where the green sward is pared np and set a burning, or rather a smoking, in little heaps to manure the land. The sight will, perhaps, of all others, make an Englishman proud of, and pleased with, his own country, which in verdure excels, I believe, every other country. Another deficiency here is the want of large trees, nothing above a shrub heing here to he discovered in the circumference of many miles.

At this place we took a pilot on board, who, being the first Portuguese we spoke to, gave us an instance of that religious observance which is paid hy all nations to their laws; for, whereas it is here a capital offence to assist any person in going on shore from a foreign vessel before it hath been examined, and every person in it viewed hy the magistrates of health, as they are called, this worthy pilot, for a very small reward, rowed the Portuguese priest to shore at this place, heyond which he did not dare to advance, and in venturing whither he had given sufficient testimony of love for his native country.

We did not enter the Taje till noon, when, after passing several old castles and other hnildings which had greatly the aspect of ruins, we came to the castle of Bellisle, where we had a full prospect of Lisbon, and were, indeed, within three miles of it.

Here we were saluted with a gun, which was a signal to pass no farther till we had complied with certain ceremonies which the laws of this country require to be observed hy all ships which arrive in this port. We were obliged then to cast anchor, and expect the arrival of the officers of the customs, without whose passport no ship must proceed farther than this place.

Here likewise we received a visit from one of those magistrates of health before mentioned. He refused to come on hoard the ship till every person in her had been drawn np on deck and personally viewed hy him. This occasioned some delay on my part, as it was not the work of a minute to lift me from the cahin to the deck. The captain thought my particular case might have been excused from this ceremony, and that it would be ahundantly sufficient if the magistrate, who was obliged afterwards to visit the cahin, surveyed me there. But this did not satisfy the magistrate's strict regard to his duty.

When be was told of my lameness, he called out, with a voice of authority, "Let him be brought up," and his orders were presently complied with. He was, indeed, a person of great dignity, as well as of the most exact fidelity in the discharge of his trust. Both which are the more admirable as his salary is less than thirty pounds English per annum.

Before a ship hath been visited by one of those magistrates no person can lawfully go on board her, nor can any on board depart from her. This I saw exemplified in a remarkable instance. The young lad whom I have mentioned as one of our passengers was here met by his father, who, on the first news of the captain's arrival, came from Lisbon to Bellisle in a boat, being eager to embrace a son whom he had not seen for many years. But when he came alongside our ship neither did the father dare ascend nor the son descend, as the magistrate of health had not been yet on board.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, admire the great caution of this policy, so nicely calculated for the preservation of this country from all pestilential distempers. Others will as probably regard it as too exact and formal to be constantly persisted in, in seasons of the utmost safety, as well as in times of danger. I will not decide either way, but will content myself with observing that I never yet saw or heard of a place where a traveller had so much trouble given him at his landing as here. The only use of which, as all such matters begin and end in form only, is to put it into the power of low and mean fellows to be either rudely officious or grossly corrupt, as they shall see occasion to prefer the gratification of their pride or of their avarice.

Of this kind, likewise, is that power which is lodged with other officers here, of taking away every grain of snuff and every leaf of tobacco brought hither from other countries, though only for the temporary use of the person during his residence here. This is executed with great insolence, and, as it is in the hands of the dregs of the people, very scandalously; for, under pretence of searching for tobacco and snuff, they are sure to steal whatever they can find, insomuch that when they came on board our sailors addressed us in the Covent-garden language: "Pray, gentlemen and ladies, take care of your swords and watches." Indeed, I never yet saw anything equal to the contempt and hatred which our honest tars every moment expressed for these Portuguese officers.

At Bellisle lies buried Catharine of Arragon, widow of prince Arthur, eldest son of our Henry VII., afterwards married to, and divorced from, Henry VIII. Close by the church where her remains are deposited is a large convent of Geronymites, one of the most beautiful piles of building in all Portugal.

In the evening, at twelve, our ship, having received previous visits from all the necessary parties, took the advantage of the tide, and having sailed up to Lisbon cast anchor there, in a calm and a moonshiny night, which made the passage incredibly pleasant to the women, who remained three hours enjoying it, whilst I was left to the cooler transports of enjoying their pleasures at second-hand; and yet, cooler as they may be, whoever is totally ignorant of such sensation is, at the same time, void of all ideas of friendship.

Wednesday.—Lisbon, before which we now lay at anchor, is said to be built on the same number of hills with old Rome; but these do not all appear to the water; on the contrary, one sees from thence one vast high hill and rock, with buildings arising above one another, and that in so steep and almost perpendicular a manner, that they all seem to have but one foundation.

As the houses, convents, churches, &c., are large, and all built with white stone, they look very beautiful at a distance; but as you approach nearer, and find them to want every kind of ornament, all idea of beauty vanishes at once. While I was surveying the prospect of this city, which bears so little resemblance to any other that I have ever seen, a reflection occurred to me that, if a man was suddenly to be removed from Palmyra hither, and should take a view of no other city, in how glorious a light would the ancient architecture appear to him! and what desolation and destruction of arts and sciences would he conclude had happened between the several æras of these cities!

I had now waited full three hours upon deck for the return of my man, whom I had sent to bespeak a good dinner (a thing which had been long unknown to me) on shore, and then to bring a Lisbon chaise with him to the sea-shore; but it seems the impertinence of the providore was not yet brought to a conclusion. At three o'clock, when I was, from emptiness, rather faint than hungry, my man returned, and told me there was a new law lately made that no passenger should set his foot on shore without a special order from the providore, and that he himself would have been sent to prison for disobeying it, had he not been protected as the servant of the captain. He informed me likewise that the captain had been very industrious to get this order, but that it was then the providore's hour of sleep, a time when no man, except the king himself, durst disturb him.

To avoid prolixity, though in a part of my narrative which may be more agreeable to my reader than it was to me, the providore, having at last finished his nap, despatched this absurd matter of form, and gave me leave to come, or rather to be carried, on shore.

What it was that gave the first hint of this strange law is not easy to guess. Possibly, in the infancy of their defection, and before their government could be well established, they were willing to guard against the bare possibility of surprise, of the success of which bare possibility the Trojan horse will remain for ever on record, as a great and memorable example. Now the Portuguese have no walls to secure them, and a vessel of two or three hundred tons will contain a much larger body of troops than could be concealed in that famous machine, though Virgil tells us (somewhat hyperbolically, I believe) that it was as big as a mountain.

About seven in the evening I got into a chaise on shore, and was driven through the nastiest city in the world, though at the same time one of the most populous, to a kind of coffee-house, which is very pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill, about a mile from the city, and hath a very fine prospect of the river Tajo from Lisbon to the sea.

Here we regaled ourselves with a good supper for which we were as well charged as if the hill had been made on the Bath-road, between Newbury and London.

And now we could joyfully say,

Egressi optata Troes potiuntur arena.

Therefore, in the words of Horace,

—hic Finis chartæque viæque.

A FRAGMENT OF A COMMENT

ON

LORD BOLINGBROKE'S ESSAYS.

I MUST confess myself to be one of those who brought with me to the perusal of the late published volumes of lord Bolingbroke a very high prejudice to the doctrines said to have been established in them; but, at the same time, can as truly assert that I had the highest and strongest prepossession in favour of the abilities of the author. Such, indeed, was this prepossession, that it might, I think, be a sufficient warrant of a man's candour against any prejudice whatever; and it is in the true spirit of this candour that I declare, upon the perusal, I have found my prepossessions greatly abated, and my prejudices not in the least removed.

Could it therefore be supposed that all mankind were alike able to try the cause of truth, and to form their judgment on the weight of argument and evidence only, I think there could be no danger in leaving the decision of this matter upon his lordship's own reasoning, without any attempt to answer him. But when we consider how very weak the abilities of mankind in general are in disquisitions of this nature; how much weaker they are rendered for this purpose by want of due attention; and, lastly, how apt they are to carry any little partiality which they have preconceived before the examination of a cause up to the final decision of it in their minds; it may possibly be very dangerous to the society to suffer such pernicious doctrines to stand unobjected to with so great a name at their head. Many, I am convinced, will think the authority of this name alone sufficient to establish their own belief upon, without any farther inquiry at all. Many others will imagine very little inquiry necessary, and, though they did not entirely acquiesce in taking his word, will be easily cajoled with his reasons, which, however little they may have of substance, have much of the specious ornaments of wit and language, with all the allurements of novelty both of style and manner; and, finally, with an appearance, at least, of reading very singular and extensive.

From which last particular may arise a third sort, very worthy of receiving some assistance on this occasion; such, I mean, as have not the least inclination to his lordship's doctrines, nor would, indeed, assent to them on the authority of any man breathing, who may yet have wanted leisure or opportunity sufficient to provide themselves with a proper fund of knowledge to give a ready answer to various assertions which will occur in the works now under consideration, and which, though they have the worst of tendencies, have in reality themselves no better support (and not always so good a one) than some very weak and slender hypotheses, and are at other times built on the revival of old chimerical principles which have been confuted and exploded long ago.

Now to all these different constitutions we shall endeavour to apply our several antidotes. And here, luckily for us, we are provided with an argument which must most effectually silence those who are the most difficult of all others to be usually dealt with in the way of reasoning; such are the persons I mentioned in the first class, who believe from authority only, and who have not yet, with the schools, given up the irresistible argument of "He himself said it"

The force of this argument, however, even in the days when it flourished most, drew all its strength from a supposition that, if he himself said it, he himself believed it: for, if it could have been proved of Aristotle that he had asserted *pro* and *con*, and had, with the same clearness, affirmed in one part of his works the same thing to be, and in another the same thing not to be, none of his scholars would have known which he believed, and all others would, perhaps, have thought that he had no belief at all in, nor indeed any knowledge of, the matter.

If, therefore, his lordship shall appear to have made use of this duplicity of assertion, and that not in one or two but in many instances, may we not draw the like conclusions? Luckily, perhaps, for his lordship, we may not be driven to the same absolute degree of uncertainty as must have resulted from the case of Aristotle, as I have put it above; since our noble author himself seems to have left us a kind of clue, which will sufficiently lead to the discovery of his meaning, and will show us as often as he is pleased to assert both sides of a contradiction on which side we are to believe him.

And here I shall premise two cautions: one of which I shall borrow from the rules established among writers; the reasonableness of the other I shall endeavour to evince from a rule given us by one of the greatest lawyers whom this kingdom ever bred.

The first is, that of interpreting the sense of an author with the utmost candour, so as not to charge him with any gross and invidious meaning when his words are susceptible of a much more benign and favourable sense.

The second is, the observation formed upon the works of judge Littleton by lord chief-justice Coke; that is, that whenever that great lawyer is pleased to put down two opinions directly contradicting each other, that the latter opinion is always the best, and always his own.

To apply these to the present purpose, I first of all recommend to the candour of the reader, that whenever he shall find two assertions directly contrary to each other (and many such we do promise to produce to him), one of which directly tends to take away all religion whatever, and the other as directly to establish natural religion at least, that he will be so kind, since it is impossible that my lord should have believed both, to imagine that he rather believed the latter; especially as this latter, from its contradicting the apparent purpose of the author, appears to have been last set down, and, consequently, will have my lord Coke's sanction in favour of the superior authority.

Lastly, if it should ever happen that his lordship's sentiments should be more clearly expressed in favour of the worse than of the better doctrine, we will endeavour all that in us lies to explain and illustrate those hints by which we trust he will always assist a careful and accurate examiner in rescuing the esoteric purity of his doctrines from that less amiable appearance in which their exoteric garb represents them.

In short, we doubt not but to make it appear as a fact beyond all contest that his lordship was in jest through the whole work which we have undertaken

to examine. If an inflamed zealot should in his warmth compare such jesting to his in the Psalmist, or if a cooler disposition should ask how it was possible to jest with matters of such importance, I confess I have no defence against the accusation, nor can give any satisfactory answer to the question. To this, indeed, I could say, and it is all that I could say, that my lord Bolinghroke was a great genius, sent into the world for great and astonishing purposes. That the ends, as well as means, of actiun in snch personages are ahove the comprehension of the vulgar. That his life was one scene of the wonderful throughout. That, as the temporal happiness, the civil liherties and properties, of Europe, were the game of his earliest youth, there could he no sport so adequate to the entertainment of his advanced age as the eternal and final happiness of all mankind. That this is the noblest conservation of character, and might, if perceived in himself, possihly lead our great genius to see the Supreme Being in the light of a dramatic poet, aud that part of his works which we inhabit as a drama. "The sensitive inhabitants of our globe," says lord Bolinghroke,* "like the *dramatis personæ*, have different characters, and are applied to different purposes of action in every scene. The several parts of tha material world, like the machines of a theatre, were contrived not for the actors hut for the action; and tha whole order and system of the drama would be disordered and spoiled if any alteration was made in either. The nature of every creature, his manner of being, is adapted to his state here, to the place he is to inhabit, and, as we may say, to the part he is to act." It hath heen, I think, too common with poets to aggrandise their profession with such kind of similes, and I have, somewhere in an English dramatic writer, met with one so nearly resemhling the above, that his lordship might he almost suspected to have read it likewise; hut such conceits are inconsistent with any (even the least) pretence to philosophy. I recollect, indeed, a single instance, in the writings of Jordano Bruno, who was hurnt at Rome for heresy, or, if we believe Scioppius, for most horrid hlasphemy, the latter end of the fifteenth century; and who, from a want of a due correspondence between the passive powers of matter and tha active power of God, compares the Supreme Being to a fiddler who hath skill to play, hut cannot for want of a fiddle. This, it must be confessed, is going somewhat farther; as much farther, in reality, as to descend from the stage to the orchestra. This ludierous treatment of the Being so universally (for half a dozen madmen must not be allowed to strip any opinion of universality) acknowledged to he the cause of all things, whilst it sounds so ill in the grave voiee of reason, very well becomes the lips of a droll: for novelty, boldness, and even absurdity, as they all tend to surprise, do often give a poignancy to wit, and serve to enhance a jest. This affords a second reason why we may suspect his lordship was not over-serious in the work before us.

Thirdly, that his lordship never thought proper to revise this performanee is a very strong argument that he could not be in earnest either in believing himself in his own doctrines, or in endeavonring to imprint such a belief on others. That he did not in fact revise his works is manifest, from the numerous contradietions that occur in them, and these often in the same page; so that, for the most part, they could not escape the dullest and bluntest degree of penetration. Surely we cannot impute such repeated oversights to one who hath so explicitly asserted,† That to he liable to contradict yourself is to be liable to one of the greatest of human imperfections' An auther, in the first hurry of setting down his thoughts on a subject which warms him may possihly, indeed, assert two opinions not perfectly reconcilahle with each other; nay, there are some writers from whom we can reasonahly expect no less, since, as archhishop Tillotson observes, it is hard to contradict truth and nature without contradicting oneself. But to expunge such mistakes is the office of revisal and correction; and therefore a work in which these mistakes abound is very justly called an incorrect performance. As this work therefore doth, more than any which I ever saw, afford us instances of what his lordship calls the greatest human imperfection, charity shows me no more candid way of accounting for them than this which I have mentioned.

Lastly, the very form and title under which the noble lord hath thought proper to introduce his philosophy intu the world is a very strong evidence of the justice of all the foregoing observations. We may form, I think, one general precept from the trite story of Archimedes; this is, not to undertake any great work without preconcerting such means as may be adequate to the execution. Now, to turn the material world topsy-turvy is a project scarce more difficult in appearance than to perform tha same notahle exploit in the intellectual. And yet Archimedes might as jndiciously have fixed his machina *in vacuo* as his lordship hath chosen to argue against the heat-estahlished systems in the intellectual world in fragments of essays. This method, not to mention the indignity it offers to the subject in dispute, is treating the whole body of the learned with more supercilious disrespect than nature seems yet to hava qualified any member of that body to express towards the rest of his hrethren; and which must appear to he wonderful, if serious, in one who expresses so modest an opinion of his own critical taleuts; though, as to his modesty, it must iodeed he confessed to be somewhat seasoned with a due mixture of contempt.

But, whatever may lessen the idea of his lordship's modesty, there is only one way to lessen that of his absurdity; this is, to conclude that he was in jest: nay, there is one way to see this absurdity in an amiable light; for in such a light will he appear if we suppose that he puts on the jack-pudding's coat with the noble view of exposing and ridiculing those pernicious tenets which have lately been propagated with a zeal more difficult to be accounted for than its success.

That such an attempt of exposing any popular error would always prove victorious is, I think, extremely probable. My lord Shafteshury hath been hlamed for saying, "That ridicule is one of those principal lights or natural mediums hy which things are to he viewed, in order to a thorough recognition: for that truth, it is supposed, may hear all lights."‡ Perhaps there may be some justice in this censure, as truth may by such a trial he suhjected to misrepresentation, and become a more easy prey to the malice of its enemies; a flagrant instance of which we have in the case of Socrates.

But whatever objection there may be against trying truth hy ridieule, there can he none, I apprehend, of making use of its assistance in expelling and banishing all falsehood and imposture, when once fairly convicted, out of society† and, as this method is for this purpose very unexceptionable, so is it generally the most efficacious that can he invented; as will appear hy some examples which will occur in the course of our comment on his lordship's essays,

* Vol. v. p. 377. † Essays, p 161.

‡ Essay on the freedom of wit and humour, part i. sect. 1.

or fragments of essays, on which we shall now enter without farther preface or apology.

SECTION I.—And here, as a proof that we are as liable to be corrupted by our books as by our companions, I am in danger of setting out with a contradiction. Nay, I must yet venture to do this in some degree with my eyes open, and must lay my defence on a distinction rather too nice, and which relies too much on the candour of my reader.

The truth is, our noble author's chief strength lies n that very circumstance which I have before asserted to be of itself alone a sufficient argument of his weakness; whereas, on the contrary, his manner affords such a protection to his matter, that, if he had designed to reserve to himself the sole privilege of answering his own doctrine, he could not have invented a more ingenious or effectual contrivance. It hath been alleged, as a good reason for not answering certain books, that one must be obliged first to read them; but surely we shall find few men so very charitable, or so much our friends, to give them order and method with a view only of complimenting them with an answer.

This, however, I attempted, though I own with no great success; and that not so much, I apprehend, from want of sufficient matter to make out such colourable systems as may be expected in such a writer, as from a certain dark, cautious, and loose manner of expressing his sentiments, which must arise either from a writer's desire of not being very easily explained, or from an incapacity of making himself very clearly understood. The difficulties arising to the commentator on these fragments will appear to be assignable only to the former cause: for a very indifferent reader will be seldom at a loss in comprehending his lordship in his own works; but to transfer his doctrines with their authority (i. e. the *ipse dixit* of the author) into another work is often very difficult, and, without long quotations, too apt to tire the reader, impossible. In this light a very fine thought of Mr. Pope's occurs to my memory:—

> "Tho' index-learning turns no student pale,
> It holds the eel of science by the tail."

The best way then of proceeding with so slippery a reasoner—the only way, indeed, in which I see any possibility of proceeding with him—is first to lay down some general rules, all of which will hereafter be proved out of his writings, and then, pursuing him chapter by chapter, to extract the several proofs, however scattered and dispersed, which tend to establish both parts of the contradictions which I shall now set down.

Our noble author sets out in his first section with a sly insinuation that it is possible for the gravest of philosophers on the gravest of subjects to advance propositions in jest. "It is more probable," says lord B——, "and it is more candid to believe, that this philosopher (Descartes) was in earnest, than that he was in jest, when he advanced this proposition,"* *concerning the immutability and eternity of certain mathematical truths.* I will add, that I believe that an idea of such jesting had never any footing in the human head, till it first found admission into that of this noble lord.

In the same section his lordship proceeds thus:—"The ancients thought matter eternal, and assumed that the Demiurgus, or Divine Architect, composed the frame of the world with materials which were ready prepared, and independently on him, in a confused chaos. Much in the same manner such metaphysicians as the learned Cudworth have imagined a sort of intellectual chaos, a chaos of eternal ideas, of incorporeal essences, independent on God, self-existent, and therefore coeval with the Supreme Being, and therefore anterior to all other natures. In this intellectual chaos God sees, and man must endeavour to see, the natures, the real essences of things; and thus the foundations of morality are laid higher than the existence of any moral agents, before there was any system of being from which the obligations to it could result, or to which they could be applied; just as the same philosophers suppose the incorporeal essences of white and black to have existed when there was no such thing as colour, and those of a square and circle when there was neither form nor figure."*

Here I am afraid the learned peer hath gone no farther for his erudition than the first or second pages of Ovid's Metamorphoses; for, could he be recalled from the dead, contrary to his own doctrine, as he hath recalled Descartes, and were asked whom he meant by the ancients, he could not certainly answer, in general, the ancient philosophers, for then the whole tribe of atheists would be ready to testify against him. If he should answer that he meant the ancient theists only, and less he cannot be supposed to mean by those who are well-bred enough to suppose he meant anything, he will be far from finding even among these an universal concurrence with his opinion. Thales, the chief of the Grecian sages, and who is said to have first turned his thoughts to physiological inquiries, affirmed the independent pre-existence of God from all eternity. The words of Laertius are remarkable, and I will render them with the most literal exactness in my power. "He asserted," says Laertius, "that God was the oldest of all beings, for he existed *without a previous cause* EVEN IN THE WAY OF GENERATION; that the world was the most beautiful of all things for *it was* CREATED BY GOD, &c."† This notion of the creation, Aristotle tells us, was agreeable to the concurrent voice of all antiquity: "All," says he, "assert the creation of the world; but they differ in this, that some will have the world susceptible of dissolution, which others deny."‡ On this occasion Aristotle names Empedocles and Heraclitus, but, which is somewhat remarkable, never mentions Thales. The opinion itself is opposed by the Stagyrite; and this opposition he was forced to maintain, or he must have given up the eternity of the world, which he very justly asserts to be inconsistent with any idea of its creation. But we will dismiss the ancients from the bar, and see how his lordship will support his arraignment of the moderns. The charge against them is, that they have holden certain ideas, or incorporeal essences, to be self-existent. Concerning these doctrines his lordship thus harangues in the very same page:§—"Mr. Locke observes, how impossible it is for us to conceive certain relations, habitudes, and connexions, visibly included in some of our ideas, to be separable from them even by infinite power. Let us observe, on this occasion, how impossible, or, at least, how extremely difficult, it is for us to separate the idea of eternity from certain moral and mathematical truths, as well as from such as are called necessary, and are self-evident on one hand; and, on the other, how impossible it is to conceive that truths should exist before the things to which they are relative, or par-

* Essays, p. 4.

* Essays, p. 6.

† Diog. Laert lib. i. sec. 35, where I submit to the learned reader the construction he will observe I have given to the different import of those terms ἀγένητον and ποίημα; the first of which may be considered as a qualified, the latter as an absolute cause

‡ Aristot de Cœlo, b. i. cap. 10. § Essay, p. 5.

ticular natures and essences, before the system of universal nature, and when there was no being but the super-essential Being."*

If I had any inclination to cavil I might, with truth, assert that no such passage is to be found in Mr. Locke. His words are—"In some of our ideas there are certain relations, habitudes, and connections, so visibly included in the nature of the ideas themselves, that we cannot conceive them separable from them by any power whatsoever." It may be answered, perhaps, that the violence is done rather to the expression than to the meaning of this truly great man; but if I should candidly admit that he seems, from the immediate context, to mean no less (I say seems to mean; for whoever will carefully compare what is said, in another part of the same book,† of the powers of the mind in forming the archetypes of its complex ideas of mixed modes, may possibly think he sees sufficient reason for resolving what is here affirmed of arbitrary, not infinite power into the human mind only), I may yet reply that such a violence, even to the expression of such a writer on such a subject, is by no means void of blame, nor even of suspicion, when it is left without a reference to conceal itself in a large folio, where it will not be easily detected by any but those who are pretty familiarly acquainted with the original.

But it is time to close this article, which, I think, seems to establish contradiction the first; for under what other term shall we range the arguing *pro* and *con* in the same breath? for where is the force of the accusation, or, as a lawyer would call it, the gist of the indictment, against poor Cudworth? is it not (to use my lord's own phrase) "the laying the foundations of morality higher than the existence of any moral agents?" And what says my lord to enforce the charge? Why, truly, he alleges, in defence of the accused, that it was impossible for him to have done otherwise, and produces the authority of Mr. Locke to confirm this impossibility.

The generosity of this sudden transition from accuser to advocate would convince all men on which side his lordship had here delivered his real sentiments, was it not somewhat controlled by his having concealed from his readers that the philosopher, a little afterwards, in the same book,* hath endeavoured to prove, and, I think, actually hath proved, that there is no absurdity in what my lord Bolingbroke objects, provided the doctrine be rightly understood, so as not to establish innate principles; that the actual existence of the subjects of mathematical or moral ideas is not in the least necessary to give us a sufficient evidence of the necessity of those ideas; and that, in the disputes of the mathematician, as well as of the moralist, the existence of the subject-matter is rarely called in question, nor is it more necessary to their demonstrations and conclusions than it would be to prove the truth of Tully's Offices, to show that there was some man who lived up to that idea of perfect goodness, of which Tully hath given us a pattern. There is somewhat very mysterious in all this; but we have not promised to explain contradictions farther than by showing to which side his lordship's authority seems to incline. And surely it is better to decide in favour of possibility, and to lay the foundations of morality too high, than to give it no foundation at all.

Desunt cætera.

* Essay on Human Understanding, l. iv. cap. 3, § 29.
† Locke's Essay, l. ii. cap. 31.

* Locke's Essays, lib. iv. cap. 9.

AN INQUIRY

INTO THE CAUSES OF

THE LATE INCREASE OF ROBBERS, &c.

WITH SOME PROPOSALS FOR REMEDYING THE GROWING EVIL

IN WHICH THE PRESENT REIGNING VICES ARE IMPARTIALLY EXPOSED; AND THE LAWS THAT RELATE TO THE PROVISION FOR THE POOR, AND TO THE PUNISHMENT OF FELONS ARE LARGELY AND FREELY EXAMINED.

Non jam sunt mediocres hominum libidines, non humanæ audaciæ ac tolerandæ. Nihil cogitant nisi cædem, nisi incendia, nisi rapinas.—Cic. in Catil. 2da.

TO THE RIGHT HON. PHILIP LORD HARDWICKE, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

My Lord,

As the reformation of any part of our civil polity requires as much the knowledge of the statesman as of the lawyer, the following sheets are, with the strictest propriety, addressed to a person of the highest eminence in both these capacities.

The subject of this treatise cannot be thought unworthy of such a protection because it touches only those evils which have arisen in the lower branches of our constitution. This consideration will account for their having hitherto escaped your lordship's notice, and that alone will account for their having so long prevailed; but your lordship will not, for this reason, think it below your regard; since, however ignoble the parts may be in which the disease is first engendered, it will in time be sure to affect the whole body.

The subject, indeed, is of such importance, that we may truly apply to it those words of Cicero, in his first book of laws:—"Ad reipublicæ formandas et stabiliendas vires, et ad sanandos populos omnis pergit oratio." How far I have been able to succeed in the execution must be submitted to your lordship's candour. I hope I have no immodest opinion of my own abilities; but, in truth, I have much less confidence in my authority. Indeed, the highest authority is necessary to any degree of success in an attempt of this kind. Permit me, therefore, my lord, to fly to the protection of the highest which doth now exist, or which perhaps ever did exist, in this kingdom.

This great sanction is, I am convinced, always ready to support what really tends to the public utility: if I fail, therefore, of obtaining the honour of it, I shall be fully satisfied that I do not deserve it, and shall sit down contented with the merit of a good intent; for surely there is some praise due to the bare design of doing a service to the public. Nor can my enemies, I think, deny that I am entirely disinterested in my endeavour, unless they should discover the gratification which my ambition finds in the opportunity of this address. I am, with the most profound respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most devoted, humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING

PREFACE.

THERE is nothing so much talked of and so little understood in this country as the *constitution*. It is a word in the mouth of every man: and yet, when we come to discourse of the matter, there is no subject on which our ideas are more confused and perplexed. Some, when they speak of the constitution, confine their notions to the law; others to the legislature; others, again, to the governing or executive part; and many there are who jumble all these together in one idea. One error, however, is common to them all; for all seem to have the conception of something uniform and permanent, as if the constitution of England partook rather of the nature of the soil than of the climate, and was as fixed and constant as the former, not as changing and variable as the latter.

Now in this word, *the constitution*, are included the original and fundamental law of the kingdom, from whence all powers are derived, and by which they are circumscribed; all legislative and executive authority; all those municipal provisions which are commonly called *the laws;* and, lastly, the customs, manners, and habits of the people. These, joined together, do, I apprehend, from the political, as the several members of the body, the animal economy, with the humours and habit, compose that which is called the natural constitution.

The Greek philosophy will, perhaps, help us to a better idea; for neither will the several constituent parts, nor the contexture of the whole, give an adequate notion of the word. By the *constitution* is, indeed, rather meant something which results from the order and disposition of the whole; something resembling that harmony for which the Theban in Plato's Phædo contends; which he calls *ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον, something invincible and incorporeal.* For many of the Greeks imagined the soul to result from the *κρασις*, or composition of the parts of the body, when these were properly tempered together; as harmony doth from the proper composition of the several parts in a well-tuned musical instrument: In the same manner, from the disposition of the several parts in a state arises that which we call the *constitution.*

In this disposition the laws have so considerable a share, that, as no man can perfectly understand the whole, without knowing the parts of which it is composed, it follows that, to have a just notion of our constitution, without a competent knowledge of the laws, is impossible. Without this, the reading over our historians may afford amusement, but will very little instruct us in the true essentials of our constitution. Nor will this knowledge alone serve our purpose. The mere lawyer, however skilful in his profession, who is not versed in the genius, manners, and habits of the people, makes but a wretched politician. Hence the historian, who is ignorant of our law, and the lawyer, who is ignorant of our history, have agreed in that common error, remarked above, of considering our constitution as something fixed and permanent; for the exterior form of government (however the people are changed) still, in a great degree, remains what it was; and the same, notwithstanding all its alterations, may be said of the law.

To explain this a little farther: From the original of the lower house of parliament to this day, the supreme power hath been vested in the king and the two houses of parliament. These two houses have, each at different times, carried very different weights in the balance, and yet the form of government remained still one and the same: so hath it happened to the law; the same courts of justice, the same form of trials, &c., have preserved the notion of identity, though, in real truth, the present governing powers, and the present legal provisions, bear so little resemblance to those of our ancestors in the reign of king John, or indeed in later times, that, could any lawyer or statesman of those days be recalled to life, he would make, I believe, a very indifferent figure in Westminster-hall, or in any of the parts there adjacent.

To perceive the alterations in our constitution doth, in fact, require a pretty just knowledge both of the people and of the laws; for either of these may be greatly changed without producing any immediate effect on the other. The alterations in the great wheels of state above mentioned, which are so visible in our historians, are not noticed in our laws, as very few of the great changes in the law have fallen under the eye of our historians.

Many of both kinds have appeared in our constitution; but I shall at present confine myself to one only, as being that which principally relates to the subject of the following treatise.

If the constitution, as I have above asserted, be the result of the disposition of the several parts before mentioned, it follows that this disposition can never be altered without producing a proportional change to the constitution. "If the soul," says Simmias, in Plato, "be a harmony resulting from the disposition of the corporeal parts, it follows that, when this disposition is confounded, and the body is torn by diseases or other evils, the soul immediately (whatever be her divinity) must perish." This will be apparent if we cast our eyes a moment towards the animal economy; and it is no less true in the political.

The customs, manners, and habits of the people do, as I have said, form one part of the political constitution: if these are altered, therefore, this must be changed likewise; and here, as in the natural body, the disorder of any part will, in its consequence, affect the whole.

One known division of the people in this nation is into the nobility, the gentry, and the commonalty. What alterations have happened among the two former of these I shall not at present inquire; but that the last, in their customs, manners, and habits, are greatly changed from what they were, I think to make appear.

If we look into the earliest ages we shall find the condition of this third part to have been very low and mean. The highest order of this rank, before the Conquest, were those tenants in socage who held their lands by the service of the plough; who, as Lyttleton tells us, "were to come with their plough for certain days in the year, to plough and sow the demesne of the lords;" as the villans, saith the same author, "were to carry and recarry the dung of their lord, spread it upon his land, and to perform such-like services."

This latter was rightly accounted a slavish tenure. The villans were indeed considered in law as a kind of chattel belonging to their masters; for, though these had not the power of life and death over them, nor even of maiming them with impunity, yet these villans had not even the capacity of purchasing lands or goods; but the lord, on such purchase, might enter into the one, and seize the other for his own use. And as for the land which they held in villenage, though lord Coke says it was not only held at the will of the lord, but according to the custom of the manor; yet, in ancient times, if the lord ejected them, they were manifestly without remedy.

And as to the former, though they were accounted freemen, yet were they obliged to swear fealty to

their lord; and though Mr. Rapin be mistaken when he says they could not alienate the land (for before the statute of *Magna Charta*, chap. 32, they could have given or sold the whole, but without any alteration of the tenure), yet was the estate of these but very mean. "Though they are called freemen," says lord Coke, "yet they ploughed, harrowed, reaped, and mowed, &c., for the lord;" and Bracton, "*Dicuntur socmanni eo quod deputati sunt tantummodo ad culturam.*"

Besides such as were bound by their tenures to the service of agriculture, the number of freemen below the degree of gentry, and who got their livelihood in the mercantile or mechanical way, was very inconsiderable. As to the servants, they were chiefly bound by tenure, and those of the lower sort differed very little from slaves.

That this estate of the commonalty is greatly changed is apparent; and to this alteration many causes in subsequent ages have contributed.

First, The oath of fealty, or fidelity, which of old time was administered with great ceremony, became afterwards to be omitted; and though this fealty still remained incident to every socage tenure, yet the omission of the form was not without its consequences; for, as lord Coke says, speaking of homage, "Prudent antiquity did, for the more solemnity and better memory and observation of that which is to be done, express substances under ceremonies."

Secondly, Whereas in the ancient tenures the principal reservation was of personal services from the inferior tenants, the rent being generally trifling, such as hens, capons, roses, spurs, hawks, &c., afterwards the avarice or necessity of the lords incited them to convert these for the most part into money, which tended greatly to weaken the power of the lord, and to raise the freedom and independency of the tenant.

Thirdly, The dismembering manors by leases for years, as it flowed from the same sources, so it produced the same effects. These were probably very rare before the reign of Edward I., at which time the statute of Gloucester secured the estate of this tenant.

Fourthly, The estate of the villain or copyhold seems clearly, as I have said, to have originally been holden only at the will of the lord; but the law was afterwards altered, and in the reign of Edward IV. some of the best judges were of opinion that, if the copyholder was unlawfully ejected by his lord, he should have an action of trespass against him at the common law.

From this time the estate of the copyholder (which, as Britton tells us, was formerly a base tenure) began to grow into repute, and, though still distinguished in some privileges from a freehold, became the possession of many opulent and powerful persons.

By these and such like means the commonalty, by degrees, shook off their vassalage, and became more and more independent on their superiors. Even servants, in process of time, acquired a state of freedom and independency unknown to this rank in any other nation; and which, as the law now stands, is inconsistent with a servile condition.

But nothing hath wrought such an alteration in this order of people as the introduction of trade. This hath indeed given a new face to the whole nation, hath in a great measure subverted the former state of affairs, and hath almost totally changed the manners, customs, and habits of the people, more especially of the lower sort. The narrowness of their fortune is changed into wealth, the simplicity of their manners into craft, their frugality into luxury, their humility into pride, and their subjection into equality.

The philosopher, perhaps, will think this a bad exchange, and may be inclined to cry out with the poet,

> ——Savior armis
> Luxuria incubuit.——
> Nullum crimen abest, facinusque libidinis, ex quo
> Paupertas Romana perit.

Again,

> Prima peregrinos obscena pecunia mores
> Intulit, et turpi fregerunt sæcula luxu
> Divitiæ molles.——

But the politician finds many emoluments to compensate all the moral evils introduced by trade, by which the grandeur and power of the nation is carried to a pitch that it could never otherwise have reached; arts and sciences are improved, and human life is embellished with every ornament, and furnished with every comfort, which it is capable of tasting.

In all these assertions he is right; but surely he forgets himself a little when he joins the philosopher in lamenting the introduction of luxury as a casual evil; for, as riches are the *certain* consequence of trade, so is luxury the no less *certain* consequence of riches; nay, trade and luxury do indeed support each other; and this latter, in its turn, becomes as useful to trade as trade had been before to the support of luxury.

To prevent this consequence therefore of a flourishing commerce is totally to change the nature of things, and to separate the effect from the cause. A matter as impossible in the political body as in the natural. Vices and diseases, with like physical necessity, arise from certain habits in both; and to restrain and palliate the evil consequences is all that lies within the reach of art. How far it is the business of the politician to interfere in the case of luxury, we have attempted to show in the following treatise.

Now, to conceive that so great a change as this in the people should produce no change in the constitution, is to discover, I think, as great ignorance as would appear in the physician who should assert that the whole state of the blood may be entirely altered from poor to rich, from cool to inflamed, without producing any alteration in the constitution of the man.

To put this in the clearest light: there appear to me to be four sorts of political power; that of bodily strength, that of the mind, the power of the purse, and the power of the sword. Under the second of these divisions may be ranged all the art of the legislator and politician, all the power of laws and government. These do constitute the civil power; and a state may then be said to be in good order when all the other powers are subservient to this; when they own its superior excellence and energy, pay it a ready obedience, and all unite in support of its rule.

But so far are these powers from paying such voluntary submission, that they are all extremely apt to rebel, and to assert their own superiority; but none is more rebellious in its nature, or more difficult to be governed, than that of the purse or money. Self-opinion, arrogance, insolence, and impatience of rule, are its almost inseparable companions.

Now, if these assertions are true, what an immense accession of this power hath accrued to the commonalty by the increase of trade; for though the other orders have acquired an addition by the same means, yet this is not in the same proportion, as every reader, who will revolve the proposition but a moment in his own mind, must be satisfied

And what may we hence conclude? Is that civil power, which was adapted to the government of this order uf people in that state in which they were at the conquest, capable of ruling them in their present situation? Hath this civil power kept equal paco with them in the increase of its forec, or hath it not rather, hy the remissness of tho magistrate, lost much of its ancient energy? Where is now that power of the sheriff which could formerly awaken and arm a wholo county in an instant? where is that *posse comitatûs* which attended at his beck? What is become of the constitutiuns of Alfred, which the reader will find set forth at large in the following treatise? what of the ancient conservators of the peace? Have the justices, on whom this wholo power devolves, an authority sufficient for the purpose? In some counties, perhaps, you may find an overgrown tyrant, who lords it over his neighbours and tenants with despotic sway, and who is as regardless of tho law as he is ignorant of it; hut as to the magistrate of a less fortune and more knowledge, every riotous independent hutcher or baker, with two or three thousand pounds in his pocket, laughs at his power, and every pettifogger makes him tremhle.

It is a common and popular complaint that the justices of peace have already too much power. Indeed, a very little is too much if it ho ahused; hut, in truth, this complaint proceeds from a mistake of husiness for power: the business of the justice is indeed multiplied by a great number of statutes; hut I know not of any (the riot-act perhaps excepted) which hath at all enlarged his power. And what tho force of that act is, and how ahle the magistrate is hy means of the civil power alone to execute it in any popular commotion, I havo myself experienced. But when a mob of chairmen or servants, or a gang of thieves and sharpers, are almost too hig for the civil authority to suppress, what must be the case in a seditious tumult, or general riot of the peoplo?

From what hath been said I may, I think, conclude that the constitution of this country is altered from its ancient state.

2dly. That the power of the commonalty hath received an immense addition; and that the civil power, having not increased, hut decreased, in tho same proportion, is not ahle to guvern them.

What may and must be the consequences of this, as well as what remedy can he applied to it, I leavo to the consideration of others: I have proceeded far enough already on the suhject to draw suffielent ill-will on myself from nnmeaning or ill-meaning people, who either do not foresee the mischievous tendency of a total relaxation of government, or who havo some private wicked purpose to effect from public confusion.

In plain truth, the principal design of this wholo work is to rouse the CIVIL power from its present lethargic state. A design whieh alike opposes those wild notions of liberty that are inconsistent with all government, and those pernicious schemes of government which are destructive of true liherty. However contrary indeed these principles may seem to each other, they have hoth the same common interest; or, rather, the former are the wretched tools of the latter; for anarchy is almost sure to end in somo kind of tyranny.

Dr. Middleton, in his Life of Cicero, hath a fine observation to my present purpose, with which I will conclude this preface.

"From the raileries of the Romans," says he, "on the *barbarity and misery of our island*, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms; how Rome, once the mistress of tho world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty; enslaved to the most cruel, as well as to the most contemptible, of tyrants, *superstition*, and *religious imposture* while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of *the polite Romans*, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters, flourishing in all tho arts and refinements of civil life, yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it; from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline and corruption of morals; till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it falls a prey at last to somo hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty, losing everything else that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barharism."

INTRODUCTION.

THE great increase of robberies within these few years is an evil which to me appears to deserve somo attention; and the rather as it seems (though already becomo so flagraut) not yet to have arrived to that height of which it is capable, and which it is likely to attain; for diseases in the political, as in tho natural hody, seldom fail going on to their crisis, especially when nourished and encouraged hy faults in the constitution. In fact, I mako no douht hut that the streets of this town, and the roads leading to it, will shortly be impassahle without the utmost hazard; nor are we threatened with seeing less dangerous gangs of rogues among us than those which the Italians call the banditti.

Should this ever happen to be the case, we shall have sufficient reason to lament that remissness hy whieh this evil was suffered to grow to so great a height. All distempers, if I may once more resumo the allusion, the sooner they are opposed, admit of the easier and the safer eure. The great difficulty of extirpating desperate gangs of robbers, when once collected into a body, appears from our own history in former times. France hath given us a later example in the long reign of Cartouche and his handitti; and this under an absolute monarchy, whieh affords much more speedy and efficacious remedies against these political disorders than can be administered in a free state, whose forms of correction are extremely slow and uncertain, and whose punishments are the mildest and the most void of terror of any other in the known world.

For my own part, I cannot help regarding these depredations in a most serious light; nor can I help wondering that a nation so jealous of her liberties, that from the slightest cause, and often without any cause at all, we are always murmuring at our superiors, should tamely and quietly support the invasion of her properties hy a few of the lowest and vilest among us: doth not this situation in reality level us with the most enslaved countries? If I am to be assaulted, and pillaged, and plundered; if I can neither sleep in my own house, nor walk the streets, nor travel in safety; is not my condition almost equally bad whether a licensed or unlicensed rogue, a dragoon or a robber, be the person who assaults and plunders me? The only difference which I can perceive is, that the latter evil appears to be more easy to remove.

If this be, as I clearly think it is, the case, surely there are few matters of more general concern than to put an immediate end to these outrages, which are already become so notorious, and which, as I have observed, seem to threaten us with such a dangerous increase. What indeed may not the public apprehend, when they are informed, as an unquestionable

fact, that there are at this time a great gang of rogues, whose number falls little short of a hundred, who are incorporated in one body, have officers and a treasury, and have reduced theft and robbery into a regular system? There are of this society men who appear in all disguises and mix in most companies. Nor are they better versed in every art of cheating, thieving, and robbing, than they are armed with every method of evading the law, if they should ever be discovered, and an attempt made to bring them to justice. Here, if they fail in rescuing the prisoner, or (which seldom happens) in bribing or deterring the prosecutor, they have for their last resource some rotten members of the law to forge a defence for them, and a great number of false witnesses ready to support it.

Having seen the most convincing proofs of all this, I cannot help thinking it high time to put some stop to the farther progress of such impudent and audacious insults, not only on the properties of the subject, but on the national justice, and on the laws themselves. The means of accomplishing this (the best which suggest themselves to me) I shall submit to the public consideration, after having first inquired into the causes of the present growth of this evil, and whence we have great reason to apprehend its farther increase. Some of these I am too well versed in the affairs of this world to expect to see removed; but there are others which, without being over sanguine, we may hope to remedy; and thus perhaps one ill consequence, at least, of the more stubborn political diseases may cease.

SECTION I.

Of too frequent and expensive diversions among the lower kind of people.

First, then, I think that the vast torrent of luxury which of late years hath poured itself into this nation hath greatly contributed to produce, among many others, the mischief I here complain of. I am not here to satirise the great, among whom luxury is probably rather a moral than a political evil. But vices no more than diseases will stop with them; for bad habits are as infectious by example as the plague itself by contact. In free countries, at least, it is a branch of liberty claimed by the people to be as wicked and as profligate as their superiors. Thus, while the nobleman will emulate the grandeur of a prince, and the gentleman will aspire to the proper state of the nobleman, the tradesman steps from behind his counter into the vacant place of the gentleman. Nor doth the confusion end here; it reaches the very dregs of the people, who, aspiring still to a degree beyond that which belongs to them, and not being able by the fruits of honest labour to support the state which they affect, they disdain the wages to which their industry would entitle them; and, abandoning themselves to idleness, the more simple and poor-spirited betake themselves to a state of starving and beggary, while those of more art and courage become thieves, sharpers, and robbers.

Could luxury be confined to the palaces of the great, the society would not, perhaps, be much affected with it; at least the mischiefs which I am now intending to obviate can never be the consequence. For though, perhaps, there is not more of real virtue in the higher state, yet the sense of honour is there more general and prevalent. But there is a much stronger reason. The means bear no probable proportion to the end; for the loss of thousands, or of a great estate, is not to be relieved or supplied by any means of common theft or robbery. With regard to such evils, therefore, the legislature might be justified in leaving the punishment, as well as the pernicious consequence, to end in the misery, distress, and sometimes utter ruin, of a private family. But when this vice descends downward to the tradesman, the mechanic, and the labourer, it is certain to engender many political mischiefs, and among the rest it is most evidently the parent of theft and robbery, to which not only the motive of want but of shame conduces; for there is no greater degree of shame than the tradesman generally feels at the first inability to make his regular payments; nor is there any difficulty which he would not undergo to avoid it. Here then the highway promises, and hath, I doubt not, often given, relief. Nay, I remember very lately a highwayman who confessed several robberies before me, his motive to which, he assured me (and so it appeared), was to pay a bill that was shortly to become due. In this case, therefore, the public becomes interested, and consequently the legislature is obliged to interpose.

To give a final blow to luxury by any general prohibition, if it would be advisable, is by no means possible. To say the truth, bad habits in the body politic, especially if of any duration, are seldom to be wholly eradicated. Palliatives alone are to be applied; and these too in a free constitution must be of the gentlest kind, and as much as possible adapted to the taste and genius of the people.

The gentlest method which I know, and at the same time perhaps one of the most effectual, of stopping the progress of vice, is by removing the temptation. Now, the two great motives to luxury in the mind of men are vanity and voluptuousness. The former of these operates but little in this regard with the lower order of people. I do not mean that they have less of this passion than their betters; but the apparent impossibility of gratifying it this way deters them, and diverts at least this passion into another channel; for we find it puts them rather on vying with each other in the reputation of wealth than in the outward appearance of show and grandeur. Voluptuousness, or the love of pleasure, is that alone which leads them into luxury. Here, then, the temptation is with all possible care to be withdrawn from them.

Now, what greater temptation can there be to voluptuousness than a place where every sense and appetite of which it is compounded are fed and delighted; where the eyes are feasted with show, and the ears with music, and where gluttony and drunkenness are allured by every kind of dainty; nay, where the finest women are exposed to view, and where the meanest person who can dress himself clean may in some degree mix with his betters, and thus perhaps satisfy his vanity as well as his love of pleasure?

It may possibly be said that these diversions are cheap: I answer that is one objection I have to them; was the price as high as that of a ridotto or an opera, it would, like these diversions, be confined to the higher people only; besides, the cheapness is really a delusion. Unthinking men are often deceived into expense, as I once knew an honest gentleman, who carried his wife and two daughters to a masquerade, being told that he could have four tickets for four guineas; but found afterwards that, in dresses, masques, chairs, &c., the night's entertainment cost him almost twelve. I am convinced that many thousands of honest tradesmen have found their expenses exceed their computation in a much greater proportion. And the sum of seven or eight shillings (which is a very moderate allowance for the entertainment of the smallest family) repeated, once or twice a-week through a summer, will make too large a deduction from the reasonable profits of any low mechanic.

Besides the actual expense in attending these places

of pleasure, the loss of time and neglect of business are consequences which the inferior tradesman can by no means support. To be born for no other purpose than to consume the fruits of the earth is the privilege (if it may be really called a privilege) of very few. The greater part of mankind must sweat hard to produce them, or society will no longer answer the purposes for which it was ordained. *Six days shalt thou labour* was the positive command of God in his own republic. A severity, however, which the divine wisdom was pleased somewhat to relax, and appointed certain times of rest and recreation for his people. Such were the feast of the unleavened bread, the feast of the weeks, and the feast of the tabernacles. On which occasions it is written, *Thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy servant, and thy maid, and the Levite that is within thy gates, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow.**

All other nations have imitated this divine institution. It is true, among the Greeks, arising from the nature of their superstition, there were many festivals; yet scarce any of these were universal, and few attended with any other than religious ceremonies.† The Roman calender is thinner strewed with these seasons of idleness. Indeed there seems to have been one only kind of universal sport and revelling amongst them, which they called the *Saturnalia*, when much too great indulgence was given to all kinds of licentiousness. Public scenes of rendezvous they had none. As to the Grecian women, it is well known they were almost entirely confined to their own houses; where the very entertainment of their finest ladies was only works of the finer sort. And the Romans by the Orchian law, which was made among many others for the suppression of luxury, and was published in the third year from Cato's censorship, thought proper to limit the number of persons who were to assemble even at any private feast.‡ Nay, the exhibitions of the theatre were suffered only at particular seasons, and on holidays.

Nor are our own laws silent on this head, with regard at least to the lowest sort of people, whose diversions have been confined to certain stated times. Mr. Pulton,§ speaking of those games and assemblies of the people which are lawful, says that they are lawful at certain places and seasons of the year, allowed by old and ancient customs. The statute of Henry VIII.‖ goes farther, and expressly enacts that no manner of artificer or craftsman, of any handicraft or occupation, husbandman, apprentice, &c., shall play at the tables, tennis, dice, cards, bowls, &c., out of Christmas, under the penalty of 20*s*.

Thus we find that by divine as well as human institution, as well by our own laws as those of other countries, the diversions of the people have been limited and restrained to certain seasons; under which limitations, Seneca calls these diversions the necessary temperament of labour. "Some remission," says he, "must be given to our minds, which will spring up the better and more brisk from rest. It is with the mind as with a fruitful field, whose fertility will be exhausted if we give it no intermission. The same will accrue to the mind by incessant labours, whereas both from gentle remission will acquire strength. From constant labour arises a certain dulness and languor of the spirits; nor would men with such eagerness affect them if sport or merriment had not a certain natural sweetness inherent in themselves; the frequent use of which however will destroy all gravity and force in our minds. Sleep is necessary to our refreshment, but if this be continued night and day it will become death. There is a great difference between the remission of anything and its dissolution. Lawgivers, therefore, instituted certain holidays, that the people might be compelled by law to merriment, interposing this as a necessary temperament to their labours."*

Thus the Greek and Latin philosophers, though they derive the institution differently, the one alleging a divine and the other a human original, both agree that a necessary relaxation from labour was the only end for which diversion was invented and allowed to the people. This institution, as the former of these great writers tells us, was grossly perverted even in his time: but surely neither then, nor in any age or nation until now, was this perversion carried to so scandalous an excess as it is at present in this kingdom, and especially in and near the metropolis, where the places of pleasure are almost become numberless; for, besides those great scenes of rendezvous, where the nobleman and his tailor, the lady of quality and her tirewoman, meet together and form one common assembly, what an immense variety of places have this town and its neighbourhood set apart for the amusement of the lowest order of the people; and where the master of the house, or wells, or garden, may be said to angle only in the kennels, where, baiting with the vilest materials, he catches only the thoughtless and tasteless rabble! These are carried on, not on a single day, or in a single week, but all of them during half, and some during the whole year.

If the computation was made of the money expended in these temples of idleness by the artificer, the handicraft, the apprentice, and even the common labourer, the sum would appear excessive; but, without putting myself to that trouble, I believe the reader will permit me to conclude that it is much greater than such persons can or ought to afford; especially as idleness, its necessary attendant, adds greatly to the debtor's side in the account, and that the necessary consequence must be ruin to many, who, from being useful members of the society, will become a heavy burden or absolute nuisance to the public. It being indeed a certain method to fill the streets with beggars, and the gaols with debtors and thieves.

That this branch of luxury hath grown to its present height is owing partly to a defect in the laws; and this defect may, with great decency and respect to the legislature, be very truly imputed to the recency of the evil; for, as our ancestors knew it not, they may be well excused for not having foreseen and guarded against it. If therefore it should seem now necessary to be retrenched, a new law will, I apprehend, be necessary for that purpose; the powers of the magistrate being scarce extensive enough, under any provision extant, to destroy a hydra now become so pregnant and dangerous. And it would be too dangerous, as well as too invidious a task, to oppose the mad humours of the populace by the force of any doubtful obsolete law, which, as I have hinted before, could not have been directly levelled at a vice which did not exist at the time when the law was made.

But while I am recommending some restraint of

* Exod. chap. xxxiv.; Deut. chap. xvi.

† The gods, says Plato, pitying the laborious condition to which men were born, appointed holy rites to themselves, as seasons of rest to men; and gave them the Muses, with Apollo their leader, and Bacchus, to assist in the celebrations, &c. De Leg. l. ii. p. 787, edit. Ficini.

‡ Macrob. Saturnal., lib. ii. c. xiii. Note.—This Riot Act passed in one of the freest ages of the Roman republic.

§ De Pace, fol. 25. ‖ 33 Hen. VIII. c. ix.

* Sen. De Tranquill. Animi. p. 167, edit. Lips.

this branch of luxury, which surely appears to be necessary, I would be understood to aim at the retrenchment only, not at the extirpation, of diversion; nay, and in this restraint I confine myself entirely to the lower order of people. Pleasure always hath been, and always will be, the principal business of persons of fashion and fortune, and more especially of the ladies, for whom I have infinitely too great an honour and respect to rob them of any their least amusement. Let them have their plays, operas, and oratorios; their masquerades and ridottos; their assemblies, drums, routs, riots, and hurricanes; their Ranelagh and Vauxhall; their Bath, Tunbridge, Bristol, Scarborough, and Cheltenham; and let them have their beaux and danglers to attend them at all these; it is the only use for which such beaux are fit; and I have seen, in the course of my life, that it is the only one to which, by sensible women, they are applied.

In diversions, as in many other particulars, the upper part of life is distinguished from the lower. Let the great therefore answer for the employment of their time to themselves, or to their spiritual governors. The society will receive some temporal advantage from their luxury. The more toys which children of all ages consume, the brisker will be the circulation of money, and the greater the increase of trade.

The business of the politician is only to prevent the contagion from spreading to the useful part of mankind, the ΕΠΙΠΟΝΟΝ ΠΕΦΥΚΟΣ ΓΕΝΟΣ;* and this is the business of persons of fashion and fortune too, in order that the labour and industry of the rest may administer to their pleasures, and furnish them with the means of luxury. To the upper part of mankind time is an enemy, and (as they themselves often confess) their chief labour is to kill it; whereas, with the others, time and money are almost synonymous; and, as they have very little of each to spare, it becomes the legislature, as much as possible, to suppress all temptations whereby they may be induced too profusely to squander either the one or the other, since all such profusion must be repaired at the cost of the public.

Such places of pleasure, therefore, as are totally set apart for the use of the great world, I meddle not with. And though Ranelagh and Vauxhall, by reason of their price, are not entirely appropriated to the people of fashion, yet they are seldom frequented by any below the middle rank; and a strict regard to decency is preserved in them both. But surely two such places are sufficient to contain all those who have any title to spend their time in this idle, though otherwise innocent, way. Nor should such a fashion be allowed to spread into every village round London, and by degrees all over the kingdom; by which means not only idleness, but all kinds of immorality, will be encouraged.

I cannot dismiss this head without mentioning a notorious nuisance which hath lately arisen in this town: I mean those balls where men and women of loose reputation meet in disguised habits. As to the masquerade in the Haymarket, I have nothing to say; I really think it a silly rather than a vicious entertainment; but the case is very different with these inferior masquerades, for these are indeed no other than the temples of drunkenness, lewdness, and all kind of debauchery.

SECTION II.

Of drunkenness, a second consequence of luxury among the vulgar.

But the expense of money and loss of time, with their certain consequences, are not the only evils which attend the luxury of the vulgar; drunkenness is almost inseparably annexed to the pleasures of such people: a vice by no means to be construed as a spiritual offence alone, since so many temporal mischiefs arise from it; amongst which are very frequently robbery and murder itself.

I do not know a more excellent institution than that of Pittacus, mentioned by Aristotle in his Politics;* by which a blow given by a drunken man was more severely punished than if it had been given by one that was sober; "for Pittacus," says Aristotle, "considered the utility of the public (as drunken men are more apt to strike), and not the excuse which might otherwise be allowed to their drunkenness." And so far both the civil law and our own have followed this institution, that neither have admitted drunkenness to be an excuse for any crime.

This odious vice (indeed the parent of all others), as history informs us, was first introduced into this kingdom by the Danes, and with very mischievous effects. Wherefore that excellent prince, Edgar the Peaceable, when he set about reforming the manners of his people, applied himself very particularly to the remedy of this great evil, and ordered silver or gold pins to be fixed to the sides of their pots and cups, beyond which it was not lawful for any person to drink.†

What penalty was affixed to the breach of this institution I know not; nor do I find any punishment in our books for the crime of drunkenness, till the time of Jac. I., in the fourth year of whose reign it was enacted, "That every person lawfully convicted of drunkenness shall, for every such offence, forfeit the sum of five shillings, to be paid within a week next after his, her, or their conviction, to the hands of the churchwardens of the parish where, &c., to the use of the poor. In default of payment the sum to be levied by distress, and, in default of distress, the offender is to be committed to the stocks, there to remain for the space of six hours."‡

For the second offence they are to be bound to their good behaviour, with two sureties in a recognisance of ten pounds.§

Nor is only that degree of drunkenness forbidden which Mr. Dalton describes, "so as to stagger and reel to and fro, and where the same legs which carry him into a house cannot carry him out again;"‖ for, by the same act of parliament, all persons who continue drinking or tippling in any inn, victualling-house, or alehouse, in their own city, town, or parish (unless such as, being invited by a traveller, shall accompany him during his necessary abode there; or except labouring and handicraftsmen in cities and corporate and market towns, upon a working day, for an hour at dinner-time, in alehouses, where they take their diet; and except labourers and workmen, who, during their continuance in any work, shall lodge or victual at any inn, &c.; or except for some urgent and necessary occasion, to be allowed by two justices of the peace), shall forfeit the sum of three shillings and sixpence, for the use of the poor; to be levied as before, and for want of distress to be put in the stocks for four hours.¶

This act hath been still farther enforced by another in the same reign.** By the latter act the tippler is liable, whether his habitation be within the same or any other parish. Secondly, The proof by one witness is made sufficient; and, thirdly, a very extraordinary clause is added, by which the oath of the

* Plato.

* L. ii. c. x. † Eachard, p. 98. ‡ Jac. I. chap. v. § Jac. I. chap. v. sect. 6. ‖ Dalt., chap. vii. sect. 5. ¶ Jac. I. chap. iv. sect. 4; and 1 Jac. I. chap. ix. ** 21 Jac. I. chap. vii.

party offending, after having confessed his own crime, is made evidence against any other offender, though at the same time.

Thus we see the legislature have taken the utmost care not only to punish, but even to prevent this vice of drunkenness, which the preamble of one of the foregoing statutes calls a *loathsome* and *odious sin*, and the root and foundation of many other enormous sins, as murder, &c. Nor doth the wisdom of our law stop here. Our cautious ancestors have endeavoured to remove the temptation, and, in a great measure, to take away from the people their very power of offending this way. And this by going to the fountain-head, and endeavouring to regulate and restrain the scenes of these disorders, and to confine them to those uses for which they were at first designed, namely, for the rest, refreshment, and convenience of travellers.

A cursory view of the statutes on this head will demonstrate of what consequence to society the suppression of this vice was in the opinion of our ancestors.

By the common law inns and alehouses might be kept *ad libitum*; but, if any disorders were suffered in them, they were indictable as a common nuisance.

The first reform which I find to have been made by parliament was in the reign of Henry VII.,* when two justices were empowered to suppress an alehouse.

The statute of Edward VI.† is the first which requires a precedent licence. By this act no man can keep an alehouse without being licensed by the sessions or by two justices; but now, by a late statute, all licences granted by justices out of their sessions are void.‡

By the statute of Charles I.,§ which alters the penalties of that of Edward VI., the punishment for keeping an alehouse, or common selling ale, beer, cider, and perry, without a licence, is to pay twenty shillings to the use of the poor, to be levied by distress; which, if satisfaction be not made within three days, is to be sold. And if there be no goods whereon to restrain, and the money be not paid within six days after conviction, the offender is to be delivered to the constable, or some inferior officer, to be whipped. For the second offence, he is to be committed to the house of correction for a month; and for the third he is to be committed to the said house till by order of the justices, at their general sessions, he be discharged.

The conviction is to be on the view of the justice, confession of the party, or by the oath of two witnesses.

And by this statute, if the constable or officer to whom the party is committed to be whipped, &c., do not execute his warrant, the justice shall commit him to prison, there to remain till he shall procure some one to execute the said warrant, or until he shall pay forty shillings to the use of the poor.

The justices, at the time of granting the licence, shall take a recognisance from the party, not to suffer any unlawful games, nor other disorders, in his house, which is to be certified to the sessions, and the justices there have a power to proceed for the forfeiture.‖

By the statute of Jac. I.,¶ alehouse-keepers who suffer townsmen to sit tippling, unless in the cases above mentioned,** forfeit ten shillings to the poor; the distress to be sold within six days; and, if no distress can be had, the party is to be committed till the forfeiture is paid.

Vintners who keep inns or victualling-houses are within this act. *

And by two several statutes, † alehouse-keepers convicted of this offence are prohibited from keeping an alehouse for the space of three years.

Justices of peace likewise, for any disorders committed in alehouses contrary to the condition of the recognisance, may suppress such houses; ‡ but then the proceeding must be on the recognisance, and the breach of the condition proved.§

Now, on the concise view of these several laws, it appears that the legislature have been abundantly careful on this head; and that the only blame lies on the remissness with which these wholesome provisions have been executed.

But though I will not undertake to defend the magistrates of former times, who have surely been guilty of some neglect of their duty, yet on behalf of the present commissioners of the peace I must observe their case is very different. What physicians tell us of the animal functions will hold true when applied to laws: both by long disuse lose all their elasticity and force. Froward habits grow on men, as they do on children, by long indulgence; nor will either submit easily to correction in matters where they have been accustomed to act at their pleasure. They are very different offices to execute a new or a well-known law and to revive one which is obsolete. In the case of a known law, custom brings men to submission; and in all new provisions the ill-will, if any, is levelled at the legislature, who are much more able to support it than a few or a single magistrate. If therefore it be thought proper to suppress this vice, the legislature must once more take the matter into their hands; and to this perhaps they will be the more inclined when it comes to their knowledge that a new kind of drunkenness, unknown to our ancestors, is lately sprung up amongst us, and which, if not put a stop to, will infallibly destroy a great part of the inferior people.

The drunkenness I here intend is that acquired by the strongest intoxicating liquors, and particularly by that poison called *gin*; which I have great reason to think is the principal sustenance (if it may be so called) of more than an hundred thousand people in this metropolis. Many of these wretches there are who swallow pints of this poison within the twenty-four hours; the dreadful effects of which I have the misfortune every day to see, and to smell too. But I have no need to insist on my own credit, or on that of my informers; the great revenue arising from the tax on this liquor (the consumption of which is almost wholly confined to the lowest order of people) will prove the quantity consumed better than any other evidence.

Now, besides the moral ill consequences occasioned by this drunkenness, with which in this treatise I profess not to deal, how greatly must this be supposed to contribute to those political mischiefs which this essay proposes to remedy! this will appear from considering that, however cheap this vile potion may be, the poorer sort will not easily be able to supply themselves with the quantities they desire; for the intoxicating draught itself disqualifies them from using any honest means to acquire it, at the same time that it removes all sense of fear and shame, and emboldens them to commit every wicked and desperate enterprise. Many instances of this I see daily; wretches are often brought before me, charged with theft and robbery, whom I am forced to confine

* 1 Hen. VII. † 5 Edw. VI. c. xxv.
‡ 2 G. II. c. xxviii. sect. 11. § 3 Car. I. cap. iv.
‖ 5 E. VI. ubi sup. ¶ Cap. ix. ubi sup.
** Supra, p. 14, in the case of tipplers.

* 1 Car. I. cap. iv. † 7 Jac. I. cap. x.; 21 Jac. I. cap. vii.
‡ 5 E. VI. ubi sup. § Salk. 45.

before they are in a condition to be examined; and when they have afterwards become sober, I have plainly perceived, from the state of the case, that the *gin* alone was the cause of the transgression, and have been sometimes sorry that I was obliged to commit them to prison.

But beyond all this there is a political ill consequence of this drunkenness, which, though it doth not strictly fall within my present purpose, I shall be excused for mentioning, it being indeed the greatest evil of all, and which must, I think, awaken our legislature to put a final period to so destructive a practice. And this is that dreadful consequence which must attend the poisonous quality of this pernicious liquor to the health, the strength, and the very being of numbers of his majesty's most useful subjects. I have not enough of physical knowledge to display the ill effects which such poisonous liquors produce in the constitution; for these I shall refer the reader to "The Physical Account of the Nature of all Distilled Spirituous Liquors, and the Effect they have on Human Bodies."* And though, perhaps, the consequence of this poison, as it operates slowly, may not so visibly appear in the diminution of the strength, health, and lives of the present generation, yet, let a man cast his eyes but a moment towards our posterity, and there the dreadful consequences must strike on the meanest capacity, and must alarm, I think, the most sluggish degree of public spirit. What must become of the infant who is conceived in *gin*? with the poisonous distillations of which it is nourished both in the womb and at the breast. Are these wretched infants (if such can be supposed capable of arriving at the age of maturity) to become our future sailors and our future grenadiers? Is it by the labour of such as these that all the emoluments of peace are to be procured us, and all the dangers of war averted from us? What could an Edward or an Henry, a Marlborough or a Cumberland, effect with an army of such wretches? Doth not this polluted source, instead of producing servants for the husbandman or artificer, instead of providing recruits for the sea or the field, promise only to fill alms-houses and hospitals, and to infect the streets with stench and diseases?

In solemn truth, there is nothing of more serious consideration, nor which more loudly calls for a remedy, than the evil now complained against. For what can be more worthy the care of the legislature than to preserve the morals, the innocence, the health, strength, and lives, of a great part (I will repeat, the most useful part) of the people? So far am I, in my own opinion, from representing this in too serious or too strong a light, that I can find no words or metaphor adequate to my ideas on this subject. The first inventor of this diabolical liquor may be compared to the poisoner of a fountain whence a large city was to derive its waters, the highest crime, as it hath been thought, of which human nature is capable. A degree of villany, indeed, of which I cannot recollect any example; but surely, if such was ever practised, the governors of that city could not be thought blameless, did they not endeavour, to the utmost, to withhold the citizens from drinking the poisonous draught; and, if such a general thirst after it prevailed as we are told possessed the people of Athens at the time of the plague,† what could justify the not effectually cutting off all aqueducts by which the poison was dispersed among the people?

Nor will anything less than absolute deletion serve on the present occasion. It is not making men pay 50*l.* or 500*l.* for a licence to poison; nor enlarging the quantity from two gallons to ten, which will extirpate so stubborn an evil. Here may, perhaps, be no little difficulty. To lay the axe to the still-head, and prohibit all distillery in general, would destroy the chemist. If distilling this or that spirit was forbidden, we know how easily all partial prohibitions are evaded; nay, the chemist (was the matter confined to him) would soon probably become a common distiller, and his shop no better than a gin-shop; since what is more common than for men to adopt the morals of a thief at a fire, and to work their own private emolument out of a public mischief? Suppose all spirituous liquors were, together with other poison, to be locked up in the chemists' or apothecaries' shops, thence never to be drawn till some excellent physicians call them forth for the cure of nervous distempers; or suppose the price was to be raised so high, by a severe impost, that gin would be placed entirely beyond the reach of the vulgar: or perhaps the wisdom of the legislature may devise a better and more effectual way.

But if the difficulty be really insuperable, or if there be any political reason against the total demolition of this poison, so strong as to countervail the preservation of the morals, health, and beings, of such numbers of his majesty's subjects, let us, however, in some measure, palliate the evil, and lessen its immediate ill consequences, by a more effectual provision against drunkenness than any we have at present, in which the method of conviction is too tedious and dilatory. Some little care on this head is surely necessary; for, though the increase of thieves and the destruction of morality, though the loss of our labourers, our sailors, and our soldiers, should not be sufficient reasons, there is one which seems to be unanswerable, and that is, the loss of our gin-drinkers; since, should the drinking this poison be continued in its present height during the next twenty years, there will, by that time, be very few of the common people left to drink it.

SECTION III.

Of gaming among the vulgar; a third consequence of their luxury.

I COME now to the last great evil which arises from the luxury of the vulgar; and this is gaming; a school in which most highwaymen of great eminence have been bred. This vice is the more dangerous as it is deceitful, and, contrary to every other species of luxury, flatters its votaries with the hopes of increasing their wealth; so that avarice itself is so far from securing us against its temptations, that it often betrays the more thoughtless and giddy part of mankind into them; promising riches without bounds, and those to be acquired by the most sudden as well as easy and indeed pleasant means.

And here I must again remind the reader that I have only the inferior part of mankind under my consideration. I am not so ill-bred as to disturb the company at a polite assembly; nor so ignorant of our constitution as to imagine that there is a sufficient energy in the executive part to control the economy of the great, who are beyond the reach of any, unless capital laws. Fashion, under whose guidance they are, and which created the evil, can alone cure it. With patience therefore must we wait, till this notable mistress of the few shall, in her good time, accomplish so desirable a change; in fact, till great men become wiser or better; till the prevalence of some laudable taste shall teach them a worthier manner of employing their time; till they

* This was composed by a very learned divine, with the assistance of several physicians, and published in the year 1736. The title is, *Distilled Spirituous Liquors the Bane of the Nation.*

† "Εδραμον ἐς φρέατα ἀναύσῳ τῇ δίψῃ ξυνεχόμενοι. They ran into the wells, being constantly possessed by an inexhausted thirst. Thucydid., p. 118., edit. Hudsoni.

have sense enough to be reasoned, modesty enough to be laughed, or conscience enough to be frightened out of a silly, a shameful, and a sinful profligacy, attended with horrid waste of time, and the cruel destruction of the families of others, or of their own.

In the mean time we may, I think, reasonably desire of these great personages that they would keep their favourite vice to themselves, and not suffer others, whose birth or fortune gives them no title to be above the terror of the laws or the censure of their betters, to share with them in this privilege. Surely we may give great men the same advice which Archer, in the play, gives to the officers of the army; *To kick out all——in red but their own.* What temptations can gamesters of fashion have to admit *inferior* sharpers into their society? common sense surely will not suffer a man to risk a fortune against one who hath none of his own to stake against it.

I am well apprised that this is not much the case with persons of the first figure; but to gentlemen (and especially the younger sort) of the second degree these fellows have found much too easy an access. Particularly at the several public places (I might have said gaming-places) in this kingdom, too little care is taken to prevent the promiscuous union of company; and sharpers of the lowest kind have frequently there found admission to their superiors, upon no other pretence or merit than that of a laced coat, and with no other stock than that of assurance.

Some few of these fellows, by luckily falling in with an egregious bubble, some thoughtless young heir, or more commonly heiress, have succeeded in a manner which, if it may give some encouragement to others to imitate them, should, at the same time, as strongly admonish all gentlemen and ladies to be cautious with whom they mix in public places, and to avoid the sharper as they would a pest. But much the greater part of such adventurers have met with a more probable and more deserved fate; and, having exhausted their little fund in their attempts, have been reduced to a dilemma, in which it required more judgment and resolution than are the property of many men, and more true sense of honour than belongs to any debauched mind, to extricate themselves by honest means. The only means, indeed, of this kind, are to quit their assumed station, and to return to that calling, however mean and laborious, to which they were born and bred.

But, besides that the way to this is often obstructed with almost insuperable difficulties, and false shame, at its very entrance, dashes them in the face, how easily are they dissuaded from such disagreeable thoughts by the temptations with which fortune allures them of a possibility, at least, of still supporting their false appearances, and of retrieving all their former hopes! how greedily may we imagine this enchanting alternative will be embraced by every bold mind in such circumstances! for what but the danger of the undertaking can deter one who hath nothing of a gentleman but his dress, to attain which he hath already divested himself of all sense of honesty? how easy is the transition from fraud to force! from a gamester to a rogue! perhaps, indeed, it is civil to suppose it any transition at all.

From this source, therefore, several of our most notable highwaymen have proceeded; and this hath likewise been the source of many other depredations on the honest part of mankind. So mischievous have been this kind of sharpers in society, that they have fallen under the particular notice of the legislature; for a statute in the reign of queen Anne, reciting, "That divers lewd and dissolute persons live at great expenses, having no visible estate, profession, or calling to maintain themselves, but support those expenses by gaming only;" enacts, "That any two justices of the peace may cause to be brought before them all persons within their respective limits, whom they shall have just cause to suspect to have no visible estate, profession, or calling, to maintain themselves by, but do, for the most part, support themselves by gaming; and if such persons shall not make the contrary appear to such justices, they are to be bound to their good behaviour for a twelvemonth; and, in default of sufficient security, to be committed till they can find such security; which security (in case they give it) is to be forfeited on their playing or betting at any one time for more than the value of 20*s.*[*]

As to gaming in the lower classes of life, so plainly tending to the ruin of tradesmen, the destruction of youth, and to the multiplication of every kind of fraud and violence, the legislature hath provided very wholesome laws.[†]

By the 33d of Henry VIII., "Every artificer, craftsman of any handicraft or occupation, husbandman, labourer, servant at husbandry, journeyman or servant of artificer, mariners, fishermen, watermen, or any serving men, are prohibited from playing at tables, dice, cards, &c., out of Christmas, and in Christmas are permitted to play only in their masters' houses or in their presence, under the penalty of 20*s.* And all manner of persons are prohibited from playing at any bowl or bowls, in any open place out of their garden or orchard, under the penalty of 6*s.* 8*d.*

"The conviction to be by action, information, bill, or otherwise, in any of the king's courts; one half of the penalty to the informer.

"Provided that servants may play at any times with their masters or by their licence, and all persons who have 100*l.* *per annum*, freehold, may give their servants, or others resorting to their houses, a licence to play within the precinct of their houses, gardens, or orchard."

By this statute likewise, "No person whatever, by himself, factor, deputy, servant, or other person, shall, for gain, keep, &c., any common house, alley, or place of bowling, coyting, clash-coyls, half-bowl, tennis, dicing-table, or carding, or any other manner of game prohibited by any statute heretofore made, or any unlawful game invented or made, or any other new unlawful game hereafter to be invented or made: the penalty is 40*s.* *per* day for keeping the house, &c., and 6*s.* 8*d.* for every person haunting and playing at such house. These penalties to be recovered, &c., as above.

[*] 9 Anne, chap. xiv. sect. 5, 7. It would be of great service to the public to extend this statute to idle persons and sharpers in general; for many support themselves by frauds, by cheating practices, even worse than gaming, and have the impudence to appear in the dress of gentlemen, and at public places, without having any pretensions of birth or fortune, or without any honest or visible means of livelihood whatever. Such a law would not be without a precedent; for such is the excellent institution mentioned by Herodotus, in his Euterpe.—"Amasis," says that historian, "established a law in Egypt, that every Egyptian should annually declare before the governor of the province by what means he maintained himself: and all those who did not appear, or who could not prove that they had some lawful livelihood, were punished by death. This law Solon introduced into Athens, where it was long inviolably preserved as a most just and equitable provision." Herod. edit. Hudsoni, p. 138. This punishment is surely too severe; but the law, under a milder penalty, is well worthy to be adopted.

[†] By a statute made in the reign of Edward IV. now repealed, playing at several games therein mentioned was punished by two years' imprisonment, and the forfeiture of 10*l.*, and the master of the house was to be imprisoned for three years and to forfeit 20*l.* A great sum in those days!

"And all leases of gaming-houses, alleys, &c., are made void at the election of the lessee."

Farther, by the said statute, "Power is given to all justices of peace, mayors, or other head-officers, in every city, &c., to enter suspected houses and places, and to commit the keepers of the said houses, and the persons there haunting, resorting, and playing, to prison; and to keep them in prison till the keepers have found sureties to enter into a recognisance to the king's use, no longer to keep such house, &c., and the persons there found to be bound by themselves or with sureties, &c., at the discretion of the justice, &c., no more to haunt the said places, or play at any of the said games."

And now by the statute of George II. this last clause is enforced, by giving the justice the same power on the information of two persons as he had before on view; and, by a more explicit power, to take sureties or not of the party at his discretion.

Lastly, the statute of Henry VIII. enjoins the justices, &c., to make due search weekly or once *per* month at the farthest, under the penalty of forfeiting 40*s.* for every month during their neglect.

Thus stands the law; by which it may appear that the magistrate is armed with sufficient authority to destroy all gaming among the inferior people, and that, without his neglect or connivance, no such nuisance can possibly exist.

And yet, perhaps, the fault may not so totally lie at his door; for the recognisance is a mere bugbear, unless the party who breaks it should be sued thereon, which, as it is attended with great expense, is never done; so that, though many have forfeited it, not a single example of an estreat hath been made within my remembrance.

Again, it were to be wished that the statute of George II. had required no more than one witness to the information; for even one witness, as I have found by experience, is very difficult to be procured.

However, as the law now is, seeing that the general bent of the people opposes itself to this vice, it is certainly in a great measure within the magistrate's power to suppress it, and so to harass such as propose to find their account in it, that these would soon be discouraged from the undertaking; nor can I conclude without observing that this hath been lately executed with great vigour within the liberty of Westminster.

There are, besides, several other provisions in our statute-books against this destructive vice. By the statute of queen Anne * whoever cheats at play forfeits five times the sum won by such cheating, shall be deemed infamous, and suffer such corporal punishment as in case of perjury. And whoever wins above 10*l.* at any one sitting shall likewise forfeit five times the sum won. Going shares with the winner, and betting on his side, are, in both instances, within the act.

By the same act all securities for money won at play are made void; and if a mortgage be made on such account, the mortgagee doth not only lose all benefit of it, but the mortgage immediately enures to the use of the next heir.†

By this law persons who have lost above 10*l.* and have actually paid it may recover the same by action within three months; and if they do not sue for it within that time any other person may.‡ And the defendant shall he liable to answer a bill for discovering such sum lost upon oath.

By 18 George II.§ whoever wins or loses 10*l.* at play, or by betting at any one time, or 20*l.* within twenty-four hours, is liable to be indicted, and shall be fined five times the value of the money lost.

By 12 George II.* the games of faro, the ace of hearts, hasset, and hazard, are declared to be lotteries; and all persons who set up, maintain, and keep them, forfeit 200*l.*, and all who play at them forfeit 50*l.* The conviction to be before one justice of peace, by the oath of one witness, or confession of the party. And the justice neglecting his duty forfeits 10*l.* *Note.*—The prosecution against the keeper, &c., may be for a lottery on the 8 George I., where the penalty is 500*l.*

The act of 18 George II. includes the game of roly poly, or other prohibited game at cards or dice, within the penalties of the above mentioned.

I have given this short sketch of these several acts, partly for the use and encouragement of informers, and partly to insinuate to certain persons with what decency they can openly offend against such plain, such solemn laws, the severest of which many of themselves have, perhaps, been the makers of. How can they seriously answer, either to their honour or conscience, giving the pernicious example of a vice from which, as the legislature justly says in the preamble to the 16 Charles II., "Many mischiefs and inconveniences do arise, and are daily found, in the encouraging of sundry idle and disorderly persons in their dishonest, lewd, and dissolute course of life; and to the circumventing, deceiving, cozening, and debauching of many of the younger sort, both of the nobility and gentry and others, to the loss of their precious time, and the utter ruin of their estates and fortunes, and withdrawing them from noble and laudable employments and exercises†" Will a nobleman, I ask, confess that he can employ his time in no better amusement; or will he frankly own that he plays with any other view than that of amusement† Lastly, what can a man who sins in open defiance of the laws of his country answer to the *vir bonus est quis?* Can he say,

Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat†

Or can he apply that elebrated line,

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis honore,

to himself, who owes to his greatness, and not to his innocence, that he is not deterred from such vices—*Formidine pœnæ?*

SECTION IV.

Of the laws that relate to the provision for the poor.

HAVING now run through the several immediate consequences of a general luxury among the lower people, all which, as they tend to promote their distresses, may be reasonably supposed to put many of them, of the bolder kind, upon unlawful and violent means of relieving the mischief which such vices have brought upon them, I come now to a second cause of the evil, in the improper regulation of what is called the poor in this kingdom, arising, I think, partly from the abuse of some laws, and partly from the total neglect of others; and (if I may presume to say it) somewhat perhaps from a defect in the laws themselves.

It must be matter of astonishment to any man to reflect that in a country where the poor are, beyond all comparison, more liberally provided for than in any other part of the habitable globe, there should be found more beggars, more distressed and miserable objects, than are to be seen throughout all the states of Europe.

And yet, undoubted as this fact is, I am far from agreeing with Mr. Shaw,† who says, "There are few.

* 9 Anne, chap. xiv. by which the statute of 18 C. II. is enlarged and made more severe. † Ibid. sect. 1.
‡ Anne, chap. xix. sect. 2. § Chap xxxv.

* Chap. xxviii. † Vol ii p 1.

if any, nations or countries where the poor are more neglected, or are in a more scandalous nasty condition, than in England. Whether," says he, "this is owing to that natural in-bred cruelty for which Englishmen are so much noted among foreigners, or to that medley of religions which are so plentifully sown, and so carefully cherished among us; who think it enough to take care of themselves, and take a secret pride and pleasure in the poverty and distresses of those of another persuasion," &c.

That the poor are in a very nasty and scandalous condition is, perhaps, too true; but sure the general charge against the people of England, as well as the invidious aspersion on particular bodies of them, is highly unjust and groundless. Nor do I know that any nation hath ventured to fix this character of cruelty on us. Indeed, our inhospitality to foreigners hath been sometimes remarked; but that we are cruel to one another is not, I believe, the common, I am sure it is not the true, opinion. Can a general neglect of the poor be justly charged on a nation in which the poor are provided for by a tax, frequently equal to what is called the land-tax, and where there are such numerous instances of private donations, such numbers of hospitals, almshouses, and charitable provisions of all kinds?

Nor can any such neglect be charged on the legislature, under whose inspection this branch of polity hath been almost continually, from the days of queen Elizabeth to the present time. Insomuch that Mr. Shaw himself enumerates no less than thirteen acts of parliament relating to the indigent and helpless poor.

If therefore there be still any deficiency in this respect, it must, I think, arise from one of the three causes above mentioned; that is, from some defect in the laws themselves, or from the perversion of these laws; or, lastly, from the neglect in their execution.

I will consider all these with some attention.

The 43d of Eliz.* enacts —

First, that the churchwardens of every parish, and two substantial householders at least, shall be yearly appointed to be overseers of the poor.

Secondly, that these overseers shall, with the consent of two justices of the peace, put out apprentices the children of poor people. And all married or unmarried persons who have no means or trade to maintain themselves shall be put to work.

Thirdly, that they shall raise by a parochial tax a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware and stuff, to set the poor to work.

Fourthly, that they shall, from the same tax, provide towards the necessary relief of the lame, impotent, old, blind, and others, being poor and not able to work.

Fifthly, that they shall, out of the same tax, put the children of poor persons apprentices.

That these provisions may all be executed, that act vested the overseers with the following powers, and enforced the executing them by the following penalties:—

I. The overseers are appointed to meet once at least every month in the church after divine service; there, says the act, to consider of some good course to be taken, and some meet order to be set down *in the premises*. And to do this they are enjoined by a penalty; for every one absenting himself from such meeting, without a just excuse to be allowed by two justices of the peace, or being negligent in his office, or in the execution of the orders aforesaid, forfeits 20s.

And after the end of their year, and after other overseers nominated, they are, within four days to make and yield up to two justices of the peace a true and perfect account of all sums of money by them received or assessed, and of such stores as shall be in their hands, or in the hands of the poor, to work, and of all other things concerning their office, &c. And if the churchwardens and overseers refuse to account, they are to be committed by two justices till they shall have made a true account.

II. The overseers and churchwardens, both present and subsequent, are empowered by warrant from two justices to levy all the moneys assessed, and all arrearages of those who refuse to pay, by distress and sale of the refuser's goods; and the subsequent overseers may, in the same manner, levy the money and stock in the hands of the precedent; and for want of distress the party is to be committed by two justices, without bail, till the same be paid.

III. They have a power to compel the poor to work; and such as refuse or neglect, the justice may commit to the house of correction or common gaol.

IV. The overseers may compel children to be apprentices, and may bind them where they shall see convenient; till the man-child shall attain the age of twenty-four, and the woman-child the age of twenty-one, or till the time of her marriage; the indenture to be as effectual to all purposes as the covenant of one of full age.

V. They have a power to contract with the lord of the manor,* and, on any parcel of ground on the waste, to erect, at the general charge of the parish, convenient houses of dwelling for the impotent poor; and to place several inmates in the same cottage, notwithstanding the statute† of cottages.

VI. They can compel the father and grandfather, mother and grandmother, and children of every poor, old, blind, and impotent person, or of any other person not being able to work (provided such father, &c., be of sufficient ability), at their own charges, to relieve and maintain such poor person, in such manner and after such rate as shall be assessed by the sessions, under the penalty of 20s. for every month's omission.

VII. If no overseers be named, every justice within the division forfeits 5*l*.

So far this statute of Elizabeth, by which the legislature may seem very fully to have provided; *First*, For the absolute relief of such poor as are by age or infirmity rendered unable to work; and, *Secondly*, For the employment of such as are able.

"The former of these," says lord Hale in his discourse on this subject, "seems to be a charity of more immediate exigence; but the latter (*viz.* the employment of the poor) is a charity of greater extent, and of very great and important consequence to the public wealth and peace of the kingdom, as also to the benefit and advantage of the poor." And this, as Mr. Shaw observes, "would prevent the children of our poor being brought up in laziness and beggary, whereby beggary is entailed from generation to generation. This is certainly the greatest charity; for, though he who gives to any in want does well, yet he who employs and educates the poor, so as to render them useful to the public, does better; for that would be many hundred thousand pounds per annum benefit to this kingdom."

Now the former of these provisions hath, perhaps, though in a very slovenly and inadequate manner, been partly carried into execution; but the latter, I am afraid I may too boldly assert, hath been utterly

* Chap. iii.

* This must be done by consent and order of sessions.

† These cottages are never after to be applied to any other use.

neglected and disregarded. Surely this is a most scandalous perversiun of the design of tha legislature, whieh through the wbole statute seems to have had the employment of the able poor chiefiy under their consideration; for to this purpose only almost every power in it is establisbed, and every clause very manifestly directed. To say the truth, as this law hath been perverted in the execution, it were perhaps to be wished it had never been made. Not because it is not our duty to relieve real objects of distress, but because it is so much the duty of every man, and I may add so much the inclinatiou of most Englishmen, that it might have been safely left t· private charity; ur a public provision might surely have been made for it in a much cheaper and more effectnal manner.

To prove the abuse of this law, my lord Hale appeals to all the populous parishes in England (he might, I believe, have included some which are not over populous). "Indeed," says be, "there are rates made for the relief of tbe imputent poor; and, it may be, tbe same relief is also given in a narrow measure unto some others that have great families; and upon this they live miserably, and at best from hand to mouth; and if they cannot get work to make out their livelibood, tbey and their children set up a trade of begging at best; but it is rare to see any provision of a stock in any parish for the relief of the poor; and the reasons are principally these: 1. The generality of peuple that are able are yet unwilling to exceed the present necessary charge; they do choose to live for an hour rather than project for the future; and, although possibly trebling their exhibition in one gross sum at the beginuing of the year, to raise a stock, might in all probability render their fnture yearly payments, for seven years together, less by half or two-thirds than what must be without it; yet they had rather continue on their yearly payments, year after year, though it exhaust them in time, and make the poor nothing the better at the year's end. 2. Because those places where there are most poor consist for the most part of tradesmen, whose estates lie principally in their stocks, which they will not endure to be searched into, to make them contributary to raise any considerable stock for the poor, nor indeed so much as to the ordiuary contributions; but tbey lay all the rates to the poor upon the rents uf lands and houses, whieb alone, without the help of the stocks, are not able to raise a stock for the poor, although it is very plain that stocks are as well by law ratable as lands, both to the relief and raising a stock for the poor. 3. Because tbe churchwardens and overseers, to whom this power is given, are inhabitants of the same parish, and are either unwilling to charge themselves, or to displease their neighbours in charging more than they needs must towards the poor; and although it were to be wished and hoped tbat tbe justices of the peace would be furward to enforce them if they might, though it may concern them also in point of present profit, yet, if they would do anything herein, they are not empowered to compel the churchwardens and overseers to do it, who, most certainly, will never go about it to burden, as they think, themselves, and displease their neighbours, unless some compulsory power were not only lodged by law, but also executed by some that may have a power over them to enforce it; or to do it, if they do it, either partially or too sparingly. 4. Because people do not consider the inconvenience that will in time grow to themselves by this neglect, and the benefit that would in a little time accrue to them by putting it in practice, if tbey would have but a little patience."

To these I will add a fiftb reason; because the churchwardens and overseers are too apt to consider their office as a matter of private emolument, to waste part of the money raised for the use of the poor in feasting and riot, and too often to pervert the power given them by the statute to foreign, and sometimes to the very wurst of purposes.

The above considerations bring my lord Hale to complain of several defects in the law itself; "in which," says he, "there is no power from the justices of the peace, nor any superintendent power, to compel the raising of a stock wbere the churchwardens and overseers neglect it.

"The act chargeth every parish apart, where it may be they are liable to do little towards it; neither would it be so effectual as if three, four, five, or more contiguous parishes did contribute towards the raising of a stock proportionably to their poor respectively.

"There is no power for biring or erecting a common house or place for their common workhouse; which may be, in some respects and upon some occasions, useful and necessary."

As to the first of these, I do not find any alteration hath been made, uor if there was, might it possibly produce any desired effect. The consequence, as it appears, would be only making churchwardens of the justices of peace, whieh many of them are already, not higbly to tho satisfaction of their parisbes; too much power vested in one man being too apt perhaps to beget envy.

The second and third do pretty near amount to one and the same defect; and tbis, I think, is at present totally removed. Indeed, in my lord Hale's own time, though probably after he had written this treatise, a workhouse was ereeted in London under tbe powers given by the statute made in tbe 13 and 14 Charles II.,* and I believe with very good success.

Since that time other corporations bave followed tbe example, as the city of Bristol in tbe reign of King William,† and that of Worcester in the reign of Queen Anne,‡ and in other places.

And now by a late statute, made in the reign of King George I.,§ the power of erecting workhouses is made general over the kingdom.

Now, either this method proposed by lord Hale is inadequate to the purpose, or this act of parliament hath been grossly perverted; for certain it is that the eril is not remuved, if indeed it he lessened, by the erection of workhouses. Perhaps, indeed, one objection which my lord Hale makes to the statute of Eliz. may bere rceur, seeing that there is nothing compulsory, but all left to tbe will and direetion of the inhabitants.

But in truth the method itself will never produce the desired effect, as the excellent sir Josiah Child well observes.‖—"It may be objected," says be, "that this work (the provision for the poor) may as well be done in distinct parishes, if all parishes were obliged to huild workhouses and employ their poor therein, as Dorchester and some others have done with good success." I answer, "That such attempts have been made in many places, to my knowledge, witb very good intents and strenuous endeavours; but all that I ever beard of proved vain and ineffectual." For the truth of whieh, I believe, we may appeal to common experience.

And, perhaps, no less ineffectual would be the scheme proposed by this worthy gentleman, though it seems to promise fairer than tbat of the learned chief justice; yet neither of them seem to strike at

* Chap. xii. † 8 and 9 W. III. c. xxx. ‡ 2 Anne, c. viii.
§ 9 George I. c. i. ‖ Essay on Trade, c. vi.

the root of the evil. Before I deliver any sentiments of my own I shall briefly take a view of the many subsequent provisions with which the legislature have, from time to time, enforced and strengthened the foregoing statute of Elizabeth.

The power of putting out children* apprentices is enforced by the 3 Charles I.,† which enacts, "That all persons to whom the overseers shall bind children by virtue of the statute of Eliz. may receive and keep them as apprentices." But there yet wanted, as lord Hale says, a *sufficient compulsory for persons to take them*; wherefore it is enacted, by 8 and 9 Will. III.,‡ "That all persons to whom apprentices are appointed to be bound by the overseers, with the consent of the justices, shall receive them and execute the other part of the indenture, under the penalty of 10*l.* for refusing, to be recovered before two justices, on the oath of one of the churchwardens or overseers."

The power of setting the poor to work is enlarged by 3 Charles I.§ This act gives the churchwardens and overseers of the poor a power, with the consent of two justices or of one, if no more justices shall be within their limits, to set up and occupy any trade for the setting the poor to work.

The power of relieving the impotent poor (*i. e.* of distributing the public money), the only one which hath much exercised the mind of the parish officers, the legislature seems to think rather wanted restraining than enlarging; accordingly, in the reign of king William‖ they made an act to limit the power of the officers in this respect. As the act contains the sense of parliament of the horrid abuse of the statute of Elizabeth, I will transcribe part of a paragraph from it *verbatim*.

"And whereas many inconveniencies do daily arise in cities, towns corporate, and parishes, where the inhabitants are very numerous, by reason of the unlimited power of the churchwardens and overseers of the poor, who do frequently upon frivolous pretences (but chiefly for their own private ends) give relief to what persons and number they think fit, and such persons, being entered into the collection bill, do become after that a great charge to the parish, notwithstanding the occasion or pretence of their collection oftentimes ceases, by which means the rates for the poor are daily increased, contrary to the true intent of a statute made in the 43d year of the reign of her majesty queen Elizabeth, intituled *An Act for the relief of the poor*; for remedying of which, the statute enacts that for the future a book shall be provided and kept in every parish (at the charge of the same parish) wherein the names of all persons receiving collection, &c., shall be registered, with the day and year of their first receiving it. This book to be yearly, or oftener, viewed by the parishioners, and the names of the persons who receive collection shall be called over, and the reason of the receiving it examined, and a new list made; and no other person is allowed to receive collection but by order of a justice of peace, &c., except in case of pestilential diseases or small-pox."¶

The 8th and 9th of the same king, reciting the fear of the legislature, *That the money raised only for the relief of such as are as well impotent as poor should be misapplied and consumed by the idle, sturdy, and disorderly beggars*, "Enacts, that every person, his wife, children, &c., who shall receive relief from the parish, shall wear a badge marked with the letter *P.*, &c., in default of which, a justice of peace may order the relief of such persons to be abridged, suspended, or withdrawn, or may commit them for twenty-one days to the house of correction, there to be kept to hard labour. And every churchwarden or overseer who relieves any one without a badge, being convicted before one justice, forfeits 20*s.*"

Whether the justices made an ill use of the power given them by the statute of the 3d and 4th of king William, I will not determine; but the parliament thought proper afterwards to abridge it; for, by the 9 George I.,* the justices are forbidden "To make any order for the relief of a poor person till oath is first made of a reasonable cause, and that application hath been made to the parishioners at the vestry, or to two officers, and that relief hath been refused. Nor can the justice then give his order till he hath summoned the overseers to show cause why relief should not be given."

By the same statute, "Those persons to whom the justices order relief are to be registered in the parish books as long only as the cause of the relief continues. Nor shall any parish officer be allowed any money given to the unregistered poor unless on the most urgent occasion. The penalty for charging such money to the parish account is 5*l.* The conviction is to be before two justices."

Lastly, That the parish may in all possible cases be relieved from the burden of the poor, whereas the statute of Elizabeth obliges the father, mother, &c., and children, if able, to relieve their poor children and parents; so, by the 5 George I.,† it is provided, "That where any wife or child shall be left by the husband or parents a charge to any parish, the churchwardens or overseers may, by the order of two justices, seize so much of the goods and chattels, and receive so much of the annual rents and profits of the lands and tenements of such husband or parent, as the justices shall order, towards the discharge of the parish; and the sessions may empower the churchwardens and overseers to dispose thereof, for the providing for the wife and bringing up the children, &c."

Such is the law that relates immediately to the maintenance of the impotent poor; a law so very ample in its provision, so strongly fortified with enforcing powers, and so cautiously limited with all proper restraints, that, at first sight, it appears sufficiently adequate to every purpose for which it was intended; but experience hath convinced us of the contrary.

And here I am well aware of the delicate dilemma to which I may seem reduced; since how shall I presume to suppose any defects in a law which the legislature seems to have laboured with such incessant diligence? But I am not absolutely driven to this disagreeable necessity, as the fault may so fairly be imputed to the non-execution of the law; and, indeed, to the ill-execution of the statute of Elizabeth my lord chief-justice Hale chiefly imputes the imperfect provision for the poor in his time.

Sir Josiah Child, it is true, speaks more boldly, and charges the defects on the laws themselves. One general position, however, which he lays down, "That there never was a good law made that was not well executed," is surely very questionable. So therefore must be his opinion if founded on that maxim; and this opinion perhaps he would have changed had he lived to see the latter constitutions on this head.

* See 7 Jac. I. c. iii., which directs the manner of putting out apprentices, in pursuance of any gifts made to corporations, &c., for that purpose.

† Chap. iv. sect. 22, p. 6; the same clause is in 21 Jac. c. xxviii. par. 33.

‡ Chap. xxx. sect. 6. § Chap. iv. sect. 22, ubi supra.

‖ 3 & 4 W. & M. c. xi. sect. 11.

¶ The same statute in another part charges the overseers, &c., with applying the poor's money to their own use.

* Chap. xxx. sect. 2 † Chap. viii.

But whatever defects there may be in the laws, or in the execution of them, I much doubt whether either of these great men hath found the means of curing them. And this I am the more forward to say, as the legislature, by a total neglect of *both* their schemes, seems to give sufficient countenance to my assertion.

In a matter then of so much difficulty, as well as so great importance, how shall I venture to deliver my own opinion? Such indeed is the difficulty and importance of this question that sir Josiah Child thinks, "If a whole session of parliament were employed on this single concern, it would be time spent as much to the glory of God and good of this nation as in anything that noble and worthy patriots of their country can be engaged in."

However, under the protection of the candid, and with deference to the learned reader, I will enter on this subject, in which, I think, I may with modesty say I have had some experience, and in which I can with truth declare I have employed no little time. If any gentleman who hath had more experience hath more duly considered the matter, or whose superior abilities enable him to form a better judgment, shall think proper to improve my endeavours, he hath my ready consent. Provided the end be effected, I shall be contented with the honour of my share (however inconsiderable) in the means. Nay, should my labours be attended only with neglect and contempt, I think I have learned (for I am a pretty good historian) to bear such misfortunes without much repining.

By THE POOR, then, I understand such persons as have no estate of their own to support them without industry; nor any profession or trade by which, with industry, they may be capable of gaining a comfortable subsistence.

This class of the people may be considered under these three divisions:—

First, Such poor as are unable to work.

Secondly, Such as are able and willing to work.

Thirdly, Such as are able to work, but not willing.

As to the first of these, they are but few. An utter incapacity to work must arise from some defect, occasioned either by nature or accident. Natural Incapacities are greatly the most (perhaps the only) considerable ones; for as to accidental maims, how very rarely do they happen, and, I must add, how very nobly are they provided for when they do happen! Again, as to natural incapacities, they are but few, unless those two general circumstances, one of which must, and the other may, befal all men; I mean the extremes of youth and age; for besides these, the number of persons who really labour under an utter incapacity of work will, on a just inspection, be found so trifling, that two of the London hospitals might contain them all. The reader will be pleased to observe, I say of those who *really labour*, &c., for he is much deceived who computes the number of objects in the nation from the great number which he daily sees in the streets of London; among whom I myself have discovered some notorious cheats, and my good friend, Mr. Welch, the worthy high constable of Holborn division, many more. Nothing, as I have been well informed, is more common among these wretches than for the lame, when provoked, to use their crutches as weapons instead of supporters; and for the blind, if they should hear the beadle at their heels, to outrun the dogs which guided them before. As to diseases, to which human nature is universally liable, they sometimes (though very rarely, for health is the happy portion of poverty) befal the poor; and at all such times they are certainly objects of charity, and entitled, by the law of God, to relief from the rich.

Upon the whole, this first class of the poor is so truly inconsiderable in number, and to provide for them in the most ample and liberal manner would be so very easy to the public; to support and cherish them, and to relieve their wants, is a duty so positively commanded by our Saviour, and is withal so agreeable and delightful in itself, affording the most desirable object to the strong passion of pity; nay, and in the opinion of some, to pride and vanity also; that I am firmly persuaded it might be safely left to voluntary charity, unenforced by any compulsive law. And if any man will profess so little knowledge of human nature, and so mean and unjust an opinion of the christianity, I might say, the humanity, of his country, as to affect a contrary opinion, notwithstanding all I have said, let him answer the following instance, which may be called an argument *à posteriori*, for the truth of my assertion. Such, I think, is the present bounty to beggars; for at a time when every man knows the vast tax which is raised for the support of the poor, and when all men of property must feel their contributions to this tax, mankind are so forward to relieve the appearance of distress in their fellow-creatures, that every beggar who can but moderately well personate misery is sure to find relief and encouragement; and this though the giver must have great reason to doubt the reality of the distress, and when he can scarce be ignorant that his bounty is illegal,* and that he is encouraging a nuisance. What then must be the case when there should be no such tax, nor any such contribution; and when, by relieving a known and certain object of charity, every good man must be assured that he is not only doing an act which the law allows, but which christianity and humanity too exact of him?

However, if there be any person who is yet unwilling to trust the poor to voluntary charity, or if it should be objected that there is no reason to lay the whole burden on the worthier part of mankind, and to excuse the covetous rich; and that a tax is therefore necessary to force open the purses of these latter; let there be a tax then, and a very inconsiderable one would effectually supply the purpose.†

I come now to consider the second class. These are in reason, though not in fact, equally objects of the regard of the compassionate man, and much more worthy the care of the politician; and yet, without his care, they will be in a much worse condition than the others; for they have none of those incitements of pity which fill the pockets of the artful beggar, and procure relief for the blind, the lame, and other visible objects of compassion; such therefore, without a law, and without an honest and sensible execution of that law, must languish under, and often perish with, want. A melancholy and dreadful reflection! and the more so as they are capable of being made not only happy in themselves, but highly useful to the service of the community.

To provide for these seems, as I have said, to have been the chief design of the statute of Elizabeth, as well as of several laws enacted since; and that this design hath hitherto failed may possibly have arisen from one single mistake, but a mistake which must be fatal, as it is an error in the first con-

* This was forbidden by many statutes; and by the act of 27 Henry VIII. every person giving any money in alms but to the common boxes and common gatherings in every parish forfeits twelve times as much as he gives.

† The reader is desired to consider the author here as speaking only of the impotent poor, and as hoping that some effectual means may be found out of procuring work, and consequently maintenance, for the able and industrious

roction. The mistake I point at is, that the legislature have left the whole work to the overseers. They have rather told them what they are to do, (viz. to employ the industrious poor) than huw they shall do it. It is true, the original act directs them, by a parochial tax, to raise a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware and stuff to set the poor to work. A direction so general and imperfect that it can be no wonder, considering what sort of men tho overseers of the poor have been, that it should never have been carried into execution.

To say the truth, this affair of finding a universal employment for the industrious poor is of great difficulty, and requires talents not very bountifully scattered by Nature among the whole human species. And yet, difficult as it is, it is not, I hope, impracticable, seeing that it is of such infinite concern to the good of the community. Hands for the work are already supposed, and surely trado and manufactures are not come to so low an ebb that we should not be able to find work for the hands. The method of adaptiug only seems to be wanting. And though this may not be easy to discover, it is a task surely not above the reach of the British parliament, when they shall think proper to apply themselves to it.

Nor will it, I hope, be construed presumption in me to say that I have myself thougbt of a plan for this purpose, which I am ready to produce when I shall have any reason to see the least glimpse of bopo that my labour in drawiog it out at length would not be absolutely and certainly thrown away.

Tho last and much the most numerous class of poor are those whe are able to work and not willing. This likewise bath fallen under the eye of the legislature, aod provisions have been made concerning it, which, if in themselves efficacious, have at least failed of producing any good effect from a total neglect in the execution.

By the 43 Eliz. the churchwardens and overseers, or greater part of them, with the consent of two justices, shall take order for the setting to work the children of all such parents as they shall think not able to maintain them; as also all such married or unmarried persons as shall have no means to maintain themselves, nor any ordinary trade or calling whereby to get their living.

Besides this power of compelling the poor to work, tho legislaturo hath likewise compelled them to become, 1. Apprentices; and 2. Servants. We have already seen the power of the overseers, with the assistance of the justices, to put poor children apprentices, and likewise to oblige their masters to receive them. And long before a compulsion was enacted * on poor persons to become apprentices; so that any bouseholder, having and using half a plough-land in tillage, may compel any poor person under twenty-one, and unmarried, to serve as an apprentice in husbandry, or in any other kind of art, mystery, or science (before expressed in the act);† and if such person, being so required, refuse to become an apprentice, one justice of peace may compel him, or commit him to prison, there to remain till he will be bound.

2dly, The poor are obliged to become servants.

By the 5th of Eliz.‡ it is enacted, "That every person being unmarried, and every other person under tho age of thirty, who hath been brought up in any of the sciences, &c., of clothiers, woollen cloth weavers, tuckers, fullers, clothworkers, shearmen, dyers, hosiers, tailors, shoemakers, tanners, pewterers, bakers, brewers, glovers, cutlers, smiths, farriers, curriers, saddlers, spurriers, tanners, tappers, hatmakers or feltmakers, butchers, cooks, or millers, or who hath exercised any of these trades by the space of three years or more, and not having in lands, rents, &c., an estate uf 40*s.* clear yearly value, freehold, nor being wurth in goods 10*l.*, and so allowed by two justices of the county where be bath most commonly inhabited, or by the mayor, &c., nor being retained with any person in husbandry, nor retained in any of the above sciences, or in any other art or science; nor lawfully retained in household, or in any office, with any nobleman, gentleman, or others; nor having a convenient farm or other holding in tillage, whereupon he may lawfully employ his labour, during the time that he shall continue unmarried, or under the age of thirty, upon request made by any person nsing the art or mystery wherein the person so required hath been exercised as aforesaid, shall be retained.

"And every person between the age of twelve and sixty, not being lawfully retained in the several services mentioned in the statute,* nor being a gentleman born, or a scholar in either university or in any school, nor having an estate of freehold of 40*s.* per annum value, nor being worth in goods 10*l.*, nor being heir to 10*l.* per aonum or 40*l.* in goods, nor being a necessary or convenient servant lawfully retained, nor having a convenient farm or bolding, nor otherwise lawfully retained, shall be compelled to be retained to serve in husbandry, by the year, with any person using husbandry within the same shire.

"Every such person refusing to serve upon request, or covenanting to serve and not serving, or departing from his service before the end of his term, unless for somo reasonable cause to be allowed before a justice of the peace, mayor, &c., or departing at the end of bis term without a quarter's warning given before two witnesses, may be committed by two justices of the peace to prison, there to remain without bail or mainprize till be shall become bound to his master, &c., to serve, &c.†

"Nor shall any master in any of the arts and sciences aforesaid retain a servant for less than a year;‡ nor shall any master put away a servant retained by this act within his term, nor at the end of the term without a quarter's warning, under tha penalty of 40*s.*§

"Artificers, &c., are compellable by a justice of the peace, or the constable or other head officer of a township, to serve in the time of hay or corn harvest. The penalty of disobedience is imprisonment in the stocks by the space of two days aud one night.‖

"Women between the age of twelve and forty may be obliged, by two justices, to enter into service by tho year, week, or day; or may be committed *quousque*."¶

The legislature, having thus appointed what persons shall serve, have gone farther, and bave directed a method of ascertaining how they shall serve; for which use principally is that excellent constitution of 5 Elizabeth,** "That the justices of the peace, with the sheriff of the county if he conveniently may, the mayor, &c., in towns corporate, shall yearly, within six weeks of Easter, assemble together, and with the assistance of such discreet persons as they shall think proper to call to them, and respecting the plenty or scarcity of tho time, and other circumstances, shall, within the limits of their commission, rate and appoint the wages of artificers, labourers, &c. by the year, month, week, or day, with or with-

* 5 Eliz. c. iv. sect. 35. † Viz. every trade then used. ‡ Chap. iv. sect. 4

* Ib. sect. 7. † Ib. sect 8, & 9 ‡ Ib. sect 3
§ Ib sect 5, 6, 8. ‖ Ib. sect. 26. ¶ Ib. sect 24.
** Ib. sect 15

out meat and drink." Then the statute enumerates several particulars in the most explicit manner, and concludes with these general words: "And for any other kind of reasonable labour and service."

"These rates are appointed to be engrossed in parchment, and certified into chancery, before the 12th day of July; and before the first day of September several printed proclamations, containing the rates and a command to all persons to observe them, are to be sent to the sheriff and justices, and to the mayor, &c. These proclamations are to be entered on record with the clerk of the peace, to be fixed up in the market-towns, and to be publicly proclaimed in all the markets till Michaelmas.*

"And if any person, after the said proclamations shall be so sent down and published, shall, by any secret ways or means, directly or indirectly retain or keep any servant, workman, or labourer, or shall give any greater wages or other commodity, contrary to the true intent of the statute, or contrary to the rates assessed, he shall forfeit 5*l.* and be imprisoned by the space of ten days.†

"And every person who is retained or takes any wages contrary to the statute shall be imprisoned twenty-one days.‡ And every such retainer, promise, gift, and payment, or writing and bond for that purpose, are made absolutely void.

"Every justice of peace, or chief officer, who shall be absent at the rating of wages, unless the justices shall allow the reasonable-cause of his absence, forfeits 10*l.*"§

That this statute may, from time to time, be carefully and diligently put in execution, "The justices are appointed to meet twice a-year, to make a special and diligent inquiry of the branches and articles of this statute, and of the good execution of the same, and severely to correct and punish any defaults; for which service they are allowed 5*s.* per day."‖ No inconsiderable allowance at that time!

But all this care of the legislature proved, it seems, ineffectual; for forty years after the making this statute we find the parliament complaining "That the said act had not, according to the true meaning thereof, been duly put in execution; and that the rates of wages for poor artificers, labourers, and other persons, had not been rated and proportioned according to the politic intention of the said act."¶ A neglect which seems to have been occasioned by some doubts raised in Westminster-hall concerning the persons who were the subjects of this law. For the clearing, therefore, any such doubt, this subsequent statute gives the justices an express power "to rate the wages of any labourers, weavers, spinsters, and workmen or workwomen whatsoever, either working by the day, week, month, year, or taking any work at any person's hands whatsoever, to be done by the great, or otherwise."**

And to render the execution of this law the more easy, the statute of James I. enacts, 1. "That in all counties where general sessions are kept in several divisions, the rating wages at such respective general sessions shall be as effectual within the division as if they had been rated at the grand general session."††

2. The method of certifying the rates in chancery appearing, I apprehend, too troublesome and tedious, "such certificate is made no longer necessary, but the rates being assessed and engrossed in parchment, under the hands and seals of the justices, the sheriff or chief officer of towns corporate may immediately proclaim the same."‡‡

* Chap. iv. sect. 16. † Ib. sect. 18. ‡ Ib. sect. 19, 20
§ Ib. sect. 17. ‖ Ib. sect. 37, 38.
¶ Preamble to 1 Jac. c. vi. ** Ib. sect. 3.
†† Ib. sect. 5. ‡‡ Ib. sect. 6.

And whereas wool is the great staple commodity of this kingdom, and the woollen trade its principal manufacture, the parliament have given particular attention to the wages of artificers in this trade.

For, 1. By the statute of James I.,* "No clothier, being a justice of peace in any precinct or liberty, shall be a rater of wages for any artisan depending upon the making of cloth."

2. "Clothiers not paying so much wages to their workmen or workwomen as are rated by the justices forfeit 10*s.* for every offence."†

3. By a late statute,‡ "All persons anywise concerned in employing any labourers in the woollen manufactory are required to pay the full wages or price agreed on, in money, and not in goods, truck, or otherwise; nor shall they make any deduction from such wages or price on account of any goods sold or delivered previous to such agreement. And all such wages are to be levied, on conviction, before two justices, by distress; and for want of distress the party is to be committed for six months, or until full satisfaction is made to the party complaining. Besides which the clothier forfeits the sum of 100*l.*"§

4. By the same statute, "All contracts, by-laws, &c., made in unlawful clubs, by persons brought up in, or exercising the art of, a wool-comber or weaver, for regulating the said trade, settling the prices of goods, advancing wages, or lessening the hours of work, are declared to be illegal and void; and any person concerned in the woollen manufactures who shall knowingly be concerned in such contract, by-law, &c., or shall attempt to put it in execution, shall, upon conviction before two justices, suffer three months' imprisonment."‖

But long before this act a general law was made¶ to punish all conspiracies for raising wages, limiting hours of work, &c., among artificers, workmen, and labourers; and if such conspiracy was to extend to a general advance of wages all over the kingdom, any insurrection of a number of persons, in consequence of it, would be an overt act of high treason.

From this cursory view it appears, I think, that no blame lies at the door of the legislature, which hath not only given the magistrate, but even private persons with his assistance, a power of compelling the poor to work; and, Secondly, hath allotted the fullest powers, and prescribed the most effectual means, for ascertaining and limiting the price of their labour.

But so very faulty and remiss hath been the execution of these laws, that an incredulous reader may almost doubt whether there are really any such existing. Particularly as to that which relates to the rating the wages of labourers; a law which at first, it seems, was too carelessly executed, and which hath since grown into utter neglect and disuse.

Hath this total disuse arisen, in common with the neglect of other wholesome provisions, for want of due attention to the public good? or is the execution of this law attended with any extraordinary difficulty? or, lastly, are we really grown, as sir Josiah Child says, wiser than our forefathers, and have discovered any fault in the constitution itself; and that to retrench the price of labour by a law is an error in policy?

This last seems to me, I own, to be very strange doctrine, and somewhat of a paradox in politics: however, as it is the sentiment of a truly wise and great man, it deserves a fair discussion. Such I will endeavour to give it; since no man is more inclined to respect the opinions of such persons, and

* Ib. sect 7. † Ib sect. 7. ‡ 12 Geo. I. c. xxxiv. sect 3.
§ Ib. sect. 4 ‖ Ib. sect. 1. ¶ 2 & 3 E. VI. c. xv.

as the revival of the law which he opposes is, I think, absolutely necessary to the purpose I am contending for.

will give the passage from sir Josiah at length. It is in answer to this position, *That the dearness of wages spoils the English trade.* "Here," says he, "the author propounds the making a law to retrench the hire of poor men's labour (an honest charitable project, and well becoming an usurer!). The answer to this is easy. First, I affirm and can prove he is mistaken in fact; for the Dutch, with whom we principally contend in trade, give generally more wages to all their manufacturers, by at least two-pence in the shilling, than the English. Secondly, Wherever wages are high, universally throughout the whole world, it is an infallible evidence of the riches of that country; and wherever wages for labour run low, it is a proof of the poverty of that place. Thirdly, it is multitudes of people, and good laws, such as cause an increase of people, which principally enrich any country; and if we retrench by law the labour of our people, we drive them from us to other countries that give better rates; and so the Dutch have drained us of our seamen and woollen-manufacturers, and we the French of their artificers and silk-manufacturers; and many more we should, if our laws otherwise gave them fitting encouragement; of which more in due place. Fourthly, If any particular trades exact more here than in Holland, they are only such as do it by virtue of incorporations, privileges, and charters, of which the cure is easy, by an act of naturalisation, and without compulsory laws. It is true our great-grandfathers did exercise such policy of endeavouring to retrench the price of labour by a law (although they could never effect it); but that was before trade was introduced into this kingdom: we are since, with the rest of the trading world, grown wiser in this matter, and I hope shall so continue."*

To this I reply, 1. That the making such a law is not only an honest, but a charitable project; as it proposes, by retrenching the price of poor men's labour, to provide labour, and consequently bire, for all the poor who are capable of labour. In all manufactures whatever, the lower the price of labour is, the cheaper will be the price to the consumer; and the cheaper this price is, the greater will be the consumption, and consequently the more hands employed. This is likewise a very charitable law to the poor farmer, and never more necessary than at this day, when the rents of lands are rated to the highest degree. The great hopes which the farmer hath (indeed his common relief from ruin) is of an exportation of corn. This exportation cannot be by law, unless where the corn is under such a particular price. How necessary then is it to him that the price of labour should be confined within moderate bounds, that the exportation of corn, which is of such general advantage to the kingdom, should turn, in any considerable manner, to his private profit! and what reason is there to imagine that this power of limiting wages should be executed in any dishonest or uncharitable manner? Is it not a power intrusted to all the justices of the county or division, and to the sheriff, with the assistance of grave, sober, and substantial persons, who must be sufficient judges of the matter, and who are directed to have regard to the plenty and scarcity of the times? Is it to be suspected that many persons of this kind should unite in a cruel and flagitious act, by which they would be liable to the condemnation of their own consciences, to the curses of the poor, and to be reproached by the example of all their neighbouring counties? Are not much greater exorbitances to be feared on the other side, when the lowest artificers, husbandmen, and labourers, are made judges in their own cause; and when it is left to their own discretion to exact what price they please for their labour of the poor farmer or clothier; of whom if they cannot exact an extravagant price, they will fly to that alternative, which idleness often prefers, of begging or stealing? Lastly, such a restraint is very wholesome to the poor labourers themselves; of whom sir Josiah observes,* "That they live better in the dearest countries for provisions than in the cheapest, and better in a dear year than in a cheap, especially in relation to the public good; for in a cheap year they will not work above two days in a week; their humour being such that they will not provide for a hard time, but just work so much, and no more, as may maintain them in that mean condition to which they have been accustomed." Is it not therefore, upon this concession, demonstrable, that the poor man himself will live much better (his family certainly will) by these means? Again, many of the poor, and those the more honest and industrious, will probably gain by such a law; for, at the same time that the impudent and idle, if left to themselves, will certainly exact on their masters, the modest, the humble, and truly laborious, may often (and so I doubt not but the case is) be oppressed by them, and forced to accept a lower price for their labour than the liberality of gentlemen would allow them.

2ndly, The two assertions contained in the next paragraph both seem to me suspicious. First, that the Dutch and other nations have done all that in them lies to draw from us our seamen, and some of our manufacturers, is certainly true; and this they would do at any price; but that the Dutch do in general give more wages to their manufacturers than the English is, I believe, not the fact. Of the manufactures of Holland, the only considerable article which we ourselves take of them, except linen, are toys; and to this we are induced, not because the Dutch are superior to our workmen in genius and dexterity (points in which they are not greatly celebrated), but because they work much cheaper. Nor is, Secondly, the immediate transition from trade to manufacture altogether so fair. The Dutch, it is true, are principally our rivals in trade in general, and chiefly as carriers; but not so in manufacture, particularly in the woollen manufacture. Here our chief rivals are the French, amongst whom the price of labour is known to be considerably lower than with us. To this, among other causes (for I know there are others, and some very scandalous ones), they owe their success over us in the Levant. It is, indeed, a truth which needs no comment nor proof, that where goods are of equal value the man who sells cheapest will have the most custom; and it is as certainly true that he who makes up his goods in the cheapest manner can sell them so.

3rdly, Sir Josiah asserts, "That wherever wages are high, universally throughout the world, 'tis an infallible evidence of the riches of that country; and wherever wages for labour run low, it is a proof of the poverty of that place." If this be true, the concession will do him no service; for it will not prove that to give high wages is the way to grow rich; since it is much more probable that riches should cause the advance of wages than that high wages should produce riches. This latter, I am sure, would appear a high solecism in private life, and I believe it is no less so in public.

4thly, His next assertion, *That to retrench by law*

* Preface to his Discourse on Trade.

* Discourse on Trade

the labour of our people is to drive them from us, hath partly received an answer already. To give this argument any force, our wages must he reduced at least below the standard of other countries; which is, I think, very little to he apprehended; but, on the contrary, if the labourer should carry his demands ever so little higher, as may be reasonably expected, the consumption of many manufactures will not only be confined to our own people, hut to a very few of those people.

Thus, I hope I have given a full answer to this great man, whom I cannot dismiss without observing a manifest mistake of the question which runs through all his orgumeuts; all that he advances concluding, indeed, only to the *quantum* of wages which shall be given for labour. He seems rather to argue against giving too little than against regulating what is to he given; so that his arguments are more proper for the consideration of the justices at their meeting for settling the rates of wages than for the consideration of the legislature in a debate concerning the expediency of the above law. To evince the expediency of which, I appeal to the concurrent sense of parliament in so many different ages; for this is not only testified expressly in the above statute of Elizabeth and James, but may be foirly implied from those of Edward VI. and George I. above recited.

I have moreover, I think, demonstrated, 1. The equity of this law; and that it is as much for the service of the labourer as of his master. 2. The utility of it to trade: I shall only add the necessity of it, in order to execute the intention of the legislature in compelling the idle to work; for is it not the same thing to have the liherty of working or not at your own pleasure, and to have the absolute nomination of the price at which you will work? The Idleness of the common people in this town is, indeed, greatly to be attrihuted to this liberty; most of these, if they cannot exact an exorbitant price for their labour, will remain idle. The habit of exacting on their superiors is grown universal, and the very porters expect to receive more for their work than the salaries of above half the officers of the army amount to.

I conclnde then that this law is necessary to be revived (perhaps with some enlargements), and that still upon oue account more; which is to enahle the magistrate clearly to distinguish the corrigible from the incorrigible in idleness; for when the price of lahour is once established, all those poor who shall refuse to labour at that price, even at the eommand of a magistrate, may properly be deemed incorrigibly idle.

For these the legislature have, by several acts of parliament, provided a punishment, by commitment to hridewell either for more or less time; and a very severe punishment this is, if heing confirmed in hahits of idleness, and in every other vicious habit, may be esteemed so.

These houses are commonly called houses of correction, and the legislature intended them certainly for places of correction of idleness at least; for in many acts, where persons are ordered to be committed to bridewell, it is added, *there to be kept to hard labour;* nay, in the stotute of Jac. I.* these houses of correction are directed "to be huilt with a convenient backside adjoining, together with mills, turns, cards, and such like necessary Implements, to set rogues and other idle people on work." Again, In the same statute, authority is given to the master or governor "to set to work such rogues, vagahonds, idle and disorderly persons, as shall be hrought or sent unto the said house (heing ahle) while they shall continue in the said house, and to punish them, hy putting fetters on them, and by whipping; nor are the said rogues, &c., to have any other provision than what they shall earn hy their labonr."

The erection of these houses, as is usual with new institutions, did at first greatly answer the good purposes for which they were designed, insomuch that my lord Coke observes, "That upon the making of the statute 39 Eliz. for the erection of houses of correction, and a good space after, whilst justices uf peace and other officers were diligent and Industrious, there was not a rogue to he seen in any part of England." And again he prophesies, that "from the erection of these houses we shall have neither heggar nor idle person in the commonwealth."*

But this great man was a much better lawyer than he was a prophet; for, whatever these houses were designed to be, or whatever they at first were, the fact is, that they are at present, in general, no other than schools of vice, seminaries of idleness, and common-sewers of nastiness and disease. As to the power of whipping, which the act of James I. vests in the governor, that, I believe, is very seldom used, and perhaps, when it is, not properly applied. And the justice in very few instauces (in none of idleness) hath any power of ordering such punishment.†

And with regard to work, the intention of the law is, I apprehend, as totally frustrated. Insomuch that they must he very lazy persons indeed who can esteem the lahour imposed in any of these houses as a punishment. In some, I am told, there is not any provision made for work. In that of Middlesex in particular the governor hath confessed to me that he hath had no work to employ his prisoners, and hath urged as a reason, that having generally great numhers of most desperate felons under his charge, who, notwithstanding his utmost care, will sometimes get access to his other prisoners, he dares not trust those who are committed to hard labour with any heavy or sharp instruments of work, lest they should be converted into weapons hy the felons.

What good consequence, then, can arise from sending idle and disorderly persons to a place where they are neither to be corrected nor employed; and where, with the conversation of many as bad, and sometimes worse than themselves, they are sure to be improved in the knowledge and confirmed in the practice of iniquity? Can it be conceived that sueh persons will not come ont of these houses mueh more idle and disorderly than they went in? The truth of this I have often experienced in the behoviour of the wretches hrought before me; the most impudent and flagitious of whom have always heen such as have been before acquainted with the discipline of bridewell; a commitment to which place, though it often causes great horror and lamentation in the novice, is usually treated with ridicule and contempt hy those who have already been there.

For this reason, I believe, many of the worthiest magistrates have, to the utmost of their power, declined a rigorous execution of the laws for the punishment of idleness, thinking that a severe reprimand might more probably work the conversion of snch persons than the committing them to bridewell. This I am sure may with great certainty be concluded, that the milder method is less liahle to render

* Chap. iv. These houses were first begun to be erected ano. 13 Eliz., the prison for idleness being, before that time, the stocks. In the 11th year of Henry VII. vagabonds, beggars, &c., are ordered to be set three days and three nights in the stocks

* 2 Inst. 729.

† By the last vagabond act, which repeals all the former, rogues and vagabonds are to be whipped, or sent to the house of correction.

what is had worse, and to complete the destruction of the offender.

But this is a way of acting, however worthy be the motive, which is sometimes more justifiable to a man's own conscience than it would be in the court of king's bench, which requires the magistrate to execute the laws intrusted to his care, and in the manner which those laws prescribe. And, besides the indecency of showing a disregard to the laws in being, nothing surely can be more improper than to suffer the idleness of the poor, the cause of so much evil to society, to go entirely unpunished.

And yet, should the magistrate do his duty as he is required, will the intent and purpose of the legislature be answered? The parliament was, indeed, too wise to punish idleness barely by confinement. Labour is the true and proper punishment of idleness, for the same reason which the excellent Dr. Swift gives why death is the proper punishment of cowardice. Where then is the remedy? Is it to enforce the execution of the law as it now stands, and to reform the present conduct of the several bridewells? This would, I believe, be as difficult a work as the cleansing the Augean stables of old; and would require as extraordinary a degree of political as that did of natural strength to accomplish it. In truth, the case here is the same as with the overseers before; the trust is too great for the persons on whom it devolves; and, though these houses are in some measure under the inspection of the justices of peace, yet this in the statute is recommended in too general a manner to their care to expect any good fruits from it. As "to the true and faithful account which they are to yield to the justices, at the sessions, of the persons in their custody," this is at present little more than matter of form; nor can it be expected to be any other in the hurry of a public sessions, and when the stench arising from the prisoners is so intolerable that it is difficult to get any gentlemen to attend the court at that time. In the last vagrant act indeed two justices are appointed twice, or oftener, every year to examine into the state and nature of houses of correction, &c.; yet, as it gives them no power but of reporting to the sessions, I believe it hath not produced any good effect; for the business of the sessions is so complicated and various that it happens, as in all cases where men have too much to do, that they do little or nothing effectually. Perhaps, indeed, if two or more justices of the peace were appointed to meet once every month at some convenient place, as near as possible to the bridewell, there to summon the governor before them, to examine the accounts of his stock and implements for work, and to make such orders (under what restrictions the parliament shall think proper) as to such justices shall seem requisite, this might afford a palliative at least. In short, the great cure for idleness is labour; and this is its only proper punishment; nor should it ever be in the power of the idle person to commute this punishment for any other.

In the reign of Edward VI.* a most severe law indeed was made for the punishment of idleness.—"If any person," says the statute, "shall bring to two justices of peace any runagate servant, or any other which liveth idly and loiteringly by the space of three days, the said justices shall cause the said idle and loitering servant or vagabond to be marked with an hot iron on the breast with the letter V, and adjudge him to be slave to the same person that brought and presented him, to have to him, his executors and assigns, for two years, who shall take the said slave, and give him bread, water, or small drink, and refuse meat, and cause him to work, by beating, chaining, or otherwise, in such work and labour as he shall put him, be it never so vile. And if such slave absent himself from his master within the term by the space of fourteen days, he shall be adjudged by two justices of the peace to be marked on the forehead or the ball of the cheek with a hot iron with the sign of an S, and shall be adjudged to be slave to his said master for ever; and if the said slave shall run away a second time he shall be adjudged a felon."

This statute lived no longer than two years; indeed it deserved no longer a date; for it was cruel, unconstitutional, and rather resembling the cruel temper of a Draco than the mild spirit of the English law. But, *est modus;* there is a difference between making men slaves and felons, and compelling them to be subjects; in short, between throwing the reins on the neck of idleness, and riding it with spurs of iron.

Thus have I endeavoured to give the reader a general idea of the laws which relate to this single point of employing the poor; and, as well as I am able to discern, of their defects, and the reasons of those defects. I have likewise given some hints for the cure, and have presumed to offer a plan which, in my humble opinion, would effectually answer every purpose desired.

But till this plan shall be produced; or (which is more to be expected) till some man of greater abilities, as well as of greater authority, shall offer some new regulation for this purpose, something at least ought to be done to strengthen the laws already made, and to enforce their execution. The matter is of the highest concern, and imports us not only as we are good men and good christians, but as we are good Englishmen; since not only preserving the poor from the highest degrees of wretchedness, but the making them useful subjects, is the thing proposed; "a work," says sir Josiah Child,† "which would redound some hundred of thousands per annum to the public advantage." Lastly, it is of the utmost importance to that point which is the subject-matter of this treatise, for which reason I have thought myself obliged to give it a full consideration. "The want of a due provision," says lord Hale,‡ "for education and relief of the poor in a way of industry, is that which fills the gaols with malefactors, and fills the kingdom with idle and unprofitable persons, that consume the stock of the kingdom without improving it, and that will daily increase, even to a desolation in time. And this error in the first concoction is never remediable but by gibbets and whipping."

In serious truth, if proper care should be taken to provide for the present poor, and to prevent their increase by laying some effectual restraints on the extravagance of the lower sort of people, the remaining part of this treatise would be rendered of little consequence; since few persons, I believe, have made their exit at Tyburn who have not owed their fate to some of the causes before mentioned. But as I am not too sanguine in my expectations on this head, I shall now proceed to consider of some methods to obviate the frequency of robberies, which, if less efficacious, are perhaps much easier than those already proposed. And if we will not remove the temptation, at least we ought to take away all encouragement to robbery.

SECTION V.

Of the punishment of receivers of stolen goods.

Now one great encouragement to theft of all kinds

* 1 Edward VI. 13 Rep.

† Page 88.

‡ At the end of his discourse touching the relief of the poor.

is the ease and safety with which stolen goods may be disposed of. It is a very old and vulgar, but a very true saying, "that if there were no receivers there would be no thieves." Indeed could not the thief find a market for his goods, there would be an absolute end of several kinds of theft; such as shoplifting, burglary, &c., the objects of which are generally goods and not money. Nay, robberies on the highway would so seldom answer the purpose of the adventurer, that very few would think it worth their while to risk so much with such small expectations.

But at present, instead of meeting with any such discouragement, the thief disposes of his goods with almost as much safety as the honestest tradesman; for first, if he hath made a booty of any value, he is almost sure of seeing it advertised within a day or two, directing him "to bring the goods to a certain place where he is to receive a reward (sometimes the full value of the booty), and no questions asked." This method of recovering stolen goods by the owner, a very learned judge formerly declared to have been, in his opinion, a composition of felony. And surely if this be proved to be carried into execution, I think it must amount to a full conviction of that crime. But, indeed, such advertisements are in themselves so very scandalous, and of such pernicious consequence, that if men are not ashamed to own they prefer an old watch or a diamond ring to the good of the society, it is pity some effectual law was not contrived to prevent their giving this public countenance to robbery for the future.

But if the person robbed should prove either too honest or too obstinate to take this method of recovering his goods, the thief is under no difficulty in turning them into money. Among the great number of brokers and pawnbrokers several are to be found who are always ready to receive a gold watch at an easy rate, and where no questions are asked, or, at least, where no answer is expected but such as the thief can very readily make.

Besides the clandestine dealers this way, who satisfy their consciences with telling a ragged fellow, or wench, that *they hope* they came honestly by silver, and gold, and diamonds, there are others who scorn such pitiful subterfuges, who engage openly with the thieves, and who have warehouses filled with stolen goods only. Among the jews, who live in a certain place in the city, there have been, and perhaps still are, some notable dealers this way, who, in an almost public manner, have carried on a trade for many years with Rotterdam, where they have their warehouses and factors, and whither they export their goods with prodigious profit, and as prodigious impunity. And all this appeared very plainly last winter in the examination of one Cadosa, a jew, in the presence of the late excellent duke of Richmond and many other noblemen and magistrates.

What then shall we say? Is not this mischief worthy of some remedy, or is it not capable of it? The noble duke (one of the worthiest of magistrates, as well as of the best of men) thought otherwise, as would have appeared had his valuable life, for the good of mankind, been prolonged.

Certain it is that the law as it now stands is ineffectual to cure the evil. Let us see therefore, if possible, where the defect lies.

At the common law, any one might lawfully (says lord Hale) have received his own goods from the felon who stole them.* But, if he had received them upon agreement not to prosecute, or to prosecute faintly, this would have been theftbote, punishable by imprisonment and ransom.

* Hist. P. C., vol. i. p. 546, 619, ib.

But in neither of the foregoing cases would the receiver of the goods have become an accessary to the felon. So if one man had bought another's goods of the thief, though he had known them to be stolen, if he had given the just value for them, he would not have become an accessary.* But, if he had bought them at an undervalue, this, sir Richard Hyde held, would have made him an accessary. My lord Hale differs from his opinion, and his reason to some readers may seem a pleasant one; *For if there be any odds* (says he), *he that gives more benefits the felon more than he that gives less than value.* However this, his lordship thinks, may be a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment; but that the bare receiving of goods, knowing them to be stolen, makes not an accessary.

So says the great lord Hale, and so indeed was the law; though the judges seem not to have been unanimous in their opinion. In the book of *Assizes*,† Scrope is said to have held otherwise; and though Shard there quashed an appeal of felony for receiving stolen goods only, yet I cannot help observing that the reporter of the case hath left a note of astonishment at the judgment of the court. This, says he, was wonderful! and wonderful surely it is, if he who receives, relieves, comforts, or assists a felon, shall be an accessary, that he shall not be so who knowingly buys the goods of the felon; which is generally, I believe, the strongest relief, comfort, and assistance which can be given him, and without the hope and expectation of which he would never have committed the theft or robbery.

It is unnecessary, however, to enter farther into this controversy; since it is now expressly declared by statute,‡ "That the receivers of stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, shall be deemed accessaries after the fact."

But this statute, though it removed the former absurdity of the law, was not sufficient to remedy the evil; there yet remaining many difficulties in bringing these pernicious miscreants to justice consistent with legal rules:—For,

1. As the offence of the accessary is dependent on that of the principal, he could not be tried or outlawed till after the conviction or attainder of the principal; so that, however strong evidence there might be against the receiver, he was still safe unless the thief could be apprehended.

2. If the thief on his trial should be acquitted, as often happens through some defect of evidence in the most notorious cases, the receiver, being only an accessary, though he hath confessed his crime, or though the most undeniable evidence could be brought against him, must be acquitted likewise.

3. In petit larceny there can be no such accessary:§ for though the statute says that a receiver of stolen goods, knowing, &c., shall be an accessary after the fact, that is legally understood to mean only in cases where such accessary may be by law; and that is confined to such felonies as are to receive judgment of death, or to have the benefit of clergy. Now, for petit larceny, which is the stealing goods of less value than a shilling, the punishment at common law is whipping; and this was properly enough considered as too trifling an offence to extend the guilt to criminals in a second degree. But since juries have taken upon them to consider the value of goods as immaterial, and to find upon their oaths that what is proved to be worth several shillings, and sometimes several pounds, is of the value of tenpence, this is become a matter of more consequence

* Hist. P. C., ubi supra. † 27 Assis. 69.
‡ 3 and 4 W. and M. c. ix.
§ Cro. Eliz. 750, Hale, Hist., vol. i. p. 538, 618.

For instance, if a pickpocket steal several handkerchiefs or other things to the value of twenty shillings, and the receiver of these, knowing them to be stolen, is discovered, and both are indicted, the one as principal, the other as accessary, as they must be; if the jury convict the principal, and find the goods to be of as high value as a shilling, he must receive judgment of death; whereas, by finding the goods (which they do upon their oaths) to be of the value of ten-pence, the thief is ordinarily sentenced to be whipped, and returns immediately to his trade of picking pockets, and the accessary is of course discharged, and of course returns to his trade of receiving the booty. Thus the jury are perjured, the public highly injured, and two excellent acts of parliament defeated, that two miscreants may laugh at their prosecutors and at the law.

The two former of these defects are indeed remedied by a later statute,* which enacts, "That the buyers and receivers of stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, may be prosecuted for a misdemeanor, and punished by fine and imprisonment, though the principal felon be not before convicted of felony."

This last statute is again repeated in the 5th of queen Anne;† and there the power of the court to punish in the case of the misdemeanor is farther increased to any other corporal punishment which the court shall think fit to inflict, instead of fine and imprisonment; and, in the case of the felony, the accessary is to receive judgment of death; but the benefit of clergy is not taken away. Lastly, by the statute of George II.‡ the receivers of stolen goods, knowing, &c., are to be transported for fourteen years. And by the same statute, every person taking money or reward, directly or indirectly, under pretence or upon account of helping any to stolen goods, unless such person apprehend and bring to his trial the felon and give evidence against him, is made guilty of felony without benefit of clergy.

And thus stands the law at this day; which, notwithstanding the repeated endeavours of the legislature, experience shows us is incapable of removing this deplorable evil from the society.

The principal defect seems to me to lie in the extreme difficulty of convicting the offender; for,

1. Where the thief can be taken you are not at liberty to prosecute for the misdemeanor.

2. The thief himself, who must be convicted before the accessary is to be tried, cannot be a witness.

3. Without such evidence it is very difficult to convict of the knowledge that the goods were stolen; which in this case can appear from circumstances only. Such are principally, 1st, Buying goods of value of persons very unlikely to be the lawful proprietors. 2dly, Buying them for much less than their real value. 3dly, Buying them, or selling them again, in a clandestine manner, concealing them, &c. None of these are commonly liable to be proved; and I have known a man acquitted where most of these circumstances have appeared against him.

What then is to be done to extirpate this stubborn mischief? To prove the pernicious consequence of which I need, I think, only appeal to the sense of parliament, testified in so many repeated acts, and very strongly expressed in their preambles.

First, Might it not be proper to put an effectual stop to the present scandalous method of compounding felony by public advertisements in the newspapers? Might not the inserting such advertisements be rendered highly criminal in the authors of them, and in the printers themselves unless they discover such authors?

2dly, Is it impossible to find any means of regulating brokers and pawnbrokers? If so, what arguments are there against extirpating entirely a set of miscreants which, like other vermin, harbour only about the poor, and grow fat by sucking their blood?

3dly, Why should not the receiving stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, be made an original offence? by which means the thief, who is often a paltry offender in comparison of the receiver, and sometimes his pupil, might, in little felonies, be made a witness against him; for thus the trial of the receiver would in no case depend on the trial or conviction of the thief.

4thly, Why may not the bare buying or taking to pawn stolen goods, above a certain value, be made evidence of receiving with knowledge, &c., unless the goods were bought in market overt (no broker's or pawnbroker's shop to be reputed such market overt), or unless the defendant could prove, by a credible witness to the transaction, that he had good cause to regard the seller or pawner of the goods to be the real owner? If 20*s.* was the value limited, it would answer all the purposes contended for; and would in nowise interfere with the honest trade (if indeed it ever be so) between the pawnbroker and the poor.

If none of these methods be thought possible or proper, I hope better will be found out. Something ought to be done to put an end to the present practice, of which I daily see the most pernicious consequences; many of the younger thieves appearing plainly to be taught, encouraged, and employed by the receivers.

SECTION VI.

Of laws relating to vagabonds.

The other great encouragement to robbery, beside the certain means of finding a market for the booty, is the probability of escaping punishment.

First, then, the robber hath great hopes of being undiscovered; and this is one principal reason why robberies are more frequent in this town, and in its neighbourhood, than in the remoter parts of this kingdom.

Whoever indeed considers the cities of London and Westminster, with the late vast addition of their suburbs, the great irregularity of their buildings, the immense number of lanes, alleys, courts, and by-places, must think that, had they been intended for the very purpose of concealment, they could scarce have been better contrived. Upon such a view the whole appears as a vast wood or forest, in which a thief may harbour with as great security as wild beasts do in the deserts of Africa or Arabia; for, by *wandering* from one part to another, and often shifting his quarters, he may almost avoid the possibility of being discovered.

Here, according to the method I have hitherto pursued, I will consider what remedy our laws have applied to this evil, namely, the *wandering* of the poor, and whether and wherein these remedies appear defective.

There is no part of our ancient constitution more admirable than that which was calculated to prevent the concealment of thieves and robbers. The original of this institution is given to Alfred at the end of his wars with the Danes, when the English were very much debauched by the example of those barbarians, and betook themselves to all manner of licentiousness and rapine. These evils were encouraged, as the historians say, by the vagabond state of the offenders, who, having no settled place of abode, upon committing any offence shifted their quarters and went where it was difficult to dis-

* 3 and 4 W. & M. c. ia. † Chap. xxi. ‡ Chap. x.

cover them. To remedy this mischief, therefore, Alfred, having limited the shires or counties in a better manner than before, divided them into hondreds, and these again into tithings, decennaries, or ten families.*

Over every one of these tithings or decennaries there was a chief, called the tithingman or borghholder, who had a power to eall a court and to try small offeuces; the greater being referred to that court which was in like manner estahlished over every houdred.

Every one of these heads of families were pledges to each other for the behaviour of all their family; and were likewise reciprocally pledges for each other to the hundred.

If any person was suspected of a crime he was ohliged to find security for his good behaviour out of the same hundred aud tithing. This if he could not find he had reason to apprehend being treated with great severity; and if any accused persou, either before or after his finding bail, had fled from justice, the whole tithing and hundred should pay a fine to the king.

In case of the default of appearance in a decenner, his nine pledges had one-and-thirty days to hring the deliuquent forth to justice. If this failed then the chief of those decenners, hy the vote of that and the neighhour decennaries, was to purge himself both of the goilt of the fact and of being parties to the flight of the delinquent. And if they could not do this, then they were hy their own oaths to acquit themselves and to hind themselves to hring the deliuquent to justice as soon as they could; and in the mean time to pay the damage out of the estate of the delinquent; and, if that were not sufficient, then out of their own estate.†

Every subject in the kingdom was registered in some tithing; only persons of the first rank had the privilege (says Mr. Rapin‡) that their single family should make a tithing for which they were responsihle. "All archhishops, bishops, earls, harons, and all (says Bracton) who have sok and sac, tol and team, and these kind of liberties, ought to have under their FRINBURGH all their knights, servants, esquires; and, if any of them prove delinquent, the lord shall hring him to justice or pay his fine."§

The master of the family was answerahle for all who fed at his hoard and were of his livery, and for all his servants of every kind, even for those who served him for their food only without wages. These were said to be of his manupast; so were his gnests; and if a man abode at any house hot two nights, the master of that house was answerahle for him.‖

In a word, says Bracton, every man, as well freemen as others, ought to helong to some frankpledge (*i. e.* to some deecuna), unless he he a traveller, or helong to the manupast of some other; or unless he give some countervailing security to the public, as dignity (viz. uohility), order (knighthood, or of the elergy), or estate (viz. either freehold in land, or personal effects, *res immobiles*), if he be a eitizen.

By the laws of Edward the Confessor every person of the age of twelve years ought to he sworn in a view of frankpledge, *That he will neither become a thief himself nor be anywise accessary to theft.*

This court, Britton tells us,* was to be holden twice a-year, which was afterwards reduced to once a-year hy *Magna Charta;* and no man, says the Mirror, was, by an ancient ordinance, suffered to remaiu in the kingdom, who was not enrolled *in decenna*, and had freemen for his pledges.†

Such was this excellent constitotion, which even in Alfred's time, when it was in its infancy, wrought so admirable an effect that Ingolphus says a traveller might have opeuly left a sum of money safely in the fields aud highways, and have found it safe and untouched a mouth afterwards.‡ Nay, William of Malmesbury tells us the king ordered hracelets uf gold to be hung up in the cross-ways, as a proof of the honesty of his people, none ever offering to meddle with them.§

Bot this constitotion would have been deficient, if it had only provided for the incorporating the subjects, nnless it had confined them to the places where they were thus incorporated.

Aud therefare, hy the laws of Alured or Canute, it was rendered unlawful for any of the decenners to depart from their dwelling without the consent of their fellow-pledges; nor were they at liherty to leave the country without the licence of the sheriff or governor of the same.‖

And if a persou who fled from one tithing was received in another, the tithing receiving him should answer for his deed (*i. e.* hy amercement) if he was there found.¶

"Before this order was estahlished," says Rapin, "the meaner sort of people might shift their quarters by reason of their obscurity, which prevented them from heing taken notice of. But it was impossihle for them to change their hahitation after they were ohliged to bring a testimonial from their tithing to enahle them to settle and he registered in another."a*

"Whilst this ancient constitution remained entire, such peace," says lord Coke, "was preserved within the realm, as no injnries, homicides, robberies, thefts, riots, tumults, or other offences, were committed; so as a man with a white wand might safely have ridden before the Conquest, with moch money ahout him, without any weapon, through England."†† Nay, even in the tumultuous times of William the Conqueror, the historians tell us there was scarce a rohher to he found in the kingdom.

This view of frankpledge remained long after the Conqnest; for we find it twice repeated in one chapter of *Magna Charta;*‡‡ and there particularly it is said, *Fiat autem visus de frankpleg' sic videlicet* QUOD PAX NOSTRA TENEATUR. Nay, Bracton, who wrote after that time, and Fleta after him, speak of frankpledge as then sobsisting.

The statute of Marlborough likewise, which was made the 52d of Henry III., mentions the same court; as doth Britton, who wrote still later, in many places. And in the 17th of Edward II. an act was made called *The statute for the view of Frankpledge.*§§

Nay, in the reign of Henry IV. we find an amercement for not coming to a view of frankpledge; and there the whole eourt of king's hench were of opinion that every man, as well masters as servants, were ohliged to repair to this eourt;‖‖ and though

a "By these ten families (says the annotator to Rapin) we are not to understand ten housekeepers, but ten lords of manors, with all their vassals, tenants, labourers, and slaves; who, though they did not all live under their lord's roof, were all counted part of his family. As there were no little freeholders in those times, nor for long after, ten such families must occupy a large space of ground, and might well constitute a rural tithing." But this rural tithing would be larger than the hundred itself; and the very name and office of a tithingman, continued in parishes to this day, shows that lords of manors could not be here meant.

† Bacon's Histor. Disc., p. 43

‡ Dissertation on the Government of the Anglo Saxons.

§ Bract., l. iii., De Corona, cap x.

‖ Bract., ubi sup. Brit. 19, b.

* Brit. 36 b. † Mirr. chap. 1 sect. 17. and chap. v. sect 1.

‡ Script. post. Bedam, p. 870. § Ib., p. 44 ‖ Baron. p. 44.

¶ Brit., ubi supra. ** Rapin, ubi sup. †† 2 Instit 73.

‡‡ Chap. xxxiii.

§§ But this matter was before that transferred from the decennary court to the leets and sheriff's tourn.

‖‖ Hil., 3 H. IV., 17 19.

then possibly it was degenerated and become little more than form.

But in process of time this institution dwindled to nothing; so that lord Coke might truly say, *Quod vera institutio illius curiæ evanuit, et velut umbra ejusdem adhuc remanet;* and a little after, speaking of the frankpledge, the *Decennarii*, and the *Decenna*, he says, "They are names continued only as shadows "of antiquity." * Nay, this great man himself (if after a most careful and painful perusal of all he hath writ, as well here as in his 4th Institute and other places, on the subject, I may be allowed to say so) seems to have no very clear idea concerning them; and might have fairly owned of the original of the leet of frankpledge what one of the sages doth of an hundred in the book of Henry VII., "That a hundred had existed above a hundred years; and therefore, as to the true definition of a hundred, and whether it was composed of a hundred towns or a hundred lordships, and whether it had anciently more or less jurisdiction, he frankly owned that he knew nothing of the matter." †

The statute of Marlborough ‡ had perhaps given a fatal blow to the true and ancient use of the view of frankpledge; of which, as lord Coke says, § the sheriffs had made an ill use; for, in the 3d year of the succeeding king, ‖ we find the legislature providing against notorious felons, and such as be openly of evil fame, that they shall not be admitted to bail; and, in the 13th, the statute of Winchester entirely altered the law, and gave us a new constitution on this head.

1. By this act the whole hundred is made answerable in case of robberies.

2. In order to prevent the concealment of robbers in towns, it is enacted, 1. That the gates of all walled towns shall be shut from sun-setting to sunrising. 2. A watch is appointed, who are to arrest all strangers. 3. No person is to lodge in the suburbs, nor in any place out of the town, unless his host will answer for him. 4. The bailiffs of towns shall make inquiry once within fifteen days at the farthest of all persons lodged in the suburbs, &c., and of those who have received any suspicious persons.

3. To prevent the concealment of robbers without the towns, it is enacted that the highways leading from one market-town to another shall be enlarged, and no bushes, woods, or dykes, in which felons may be concealed, shall be suffered therein.

4. Felons are to be pursued by hue and cry.

This statute, says lord Coke, was made against a gang of rogues, then called Roberdsmen, that took their denomination of one Robin Hood, who lived in Yorkshire in the reign of Richard I., and who, with his companions, harbouring in woods and deserts, committed a great number of robberies and other outrages on the subject. From this archthief a great number of idle and dissolute fellows, who were called Drawlatches, Ribauds, and Roberdsmen, took their rise, and infested this kingdom for above a century, notwithstanding the many endeavours of the legislature from time to time to suppress them.

In all these laws the principal aim visibly was, to prevent idle persons wandering from place to place, which, as we have before seen, was one great point of the decennary constitution.

Thus by a law made in the 34th year of Edward III. a labourer departing from his service into another county was to be burned in the forehead with the letter F. And, by the same statute, if a labourer or servant do fly into a city or borough, the chief officer, on request, was to deliver him up.

Again, in the 7th year of Richard II., the justices of peace are ordered to examine vagabunds; and, if they have no sureties for their good behaviuur, to commit them to prison

In the 11th year of Henry VII. it was enacted that vagabonds and idle persons should be set on the stocks three days and three nights, and have no other sustenance but bread and water, and then shall be put out of the town, and whosoever gave such idle persons relief forfeited 12*d.*

By 22 Henry VIII. persons calling themselves Egyptians shall not come into the realm, under penalty of forfeiting their goods; and, if they do not depart within fifteen days after they are commanded, shall be imprisoned.

By the 1 and 2 Philip and Mary,* Egyptians coming into the kingdom, and remaining here a month, are made guilty of felony without benefit of clergy.

And those who bring them into the realm forfeit 40*l.*

By the 5 Eliz. the crime of felony without clergy is extended to all who are found in the company of Egyptians, or who shall counterfeit, transform, or disguise themselves as such.

By 22 Henry VIII. a vagabond taken begging shall be whipped, and then sworn to return to the place of his birth, or last abode for three years, there to put himself to labour.

By 27 Henry VIII. a valiant beggar or study vagabond shall be whipped for the first offence, and sent to the place of his birth, &c.; for the second, the upper part of the gristle of his right ear cut off; and if after that he be taken wandering in idleness, &c., he shall be adjudged and executed as a felon.

I shall mention no more acts (for several were made) between this and the 39 Elizabeth, when the former acts concerning vagabonds were all repealed, and the several provisions against them were reduced to one law.

This act, which contained many wholesome provisions, remained in force a long time, but at length was totally repealed by the 12 Queen Anne; as this was again by the 13th George II., which last-mentioned statute stands now repealed by another, made about six years ago.†

I have taken this short view of these repealed laws, in order to enforce two considerations. First, that the removal of an evil which the legislature have so often endeavoured to redress is of great importance to society. Secondly, That an evil which so many subsequent laws have failed of removing is of a very stubborn nature and extremely difficult to be cured.

Here I hope to be forgiven when I suggest that the law hath probably failed in this instance from want of sufficient direction to a single point. As on a former head the disease seems to be no other than *idleness*, so here *wandering* is the cause of the mischief, and that alone to which the remedy should be applied. This, one would imagine, should be the chief, if not sole intent, of all laws against vagabonds, which might, in a synonymous phrase, be called laws against wanderers. But as the word itself hath obtained by vulgar use a more complex signification, so have the laws on this head had a more general view than to extirpate this mischief; and by that means, perhaps, have failed of producing such an effect.

I will therefore confine myself, as I have hitherto

* 2 Inst. 71, 73. † 8 H. VIII. 3 b.

‡ Chap. xxiv. By which justices in eyre are forbidden to amerce townships, because all of twelve years old were not sworn.

§ 2 Instit 147. ‖ Westminster, 1. chap. xv.

* Chap. iv. † 17 George II. c. 5.

done on this head, to the single point of preventing the poor from wandering—one principal cause of the increase of robbers, as it is the chief means of preserving them from the pursuit of justice; it being impossible for any thief to carry on his trade long with impunity among his neighbours, and where not only his person, but his way of life, must be well known.

Now to obviate this evil the law, as it now stands, hath provided in a twofold manner. 1. By way of prevention; and, 2. By way of remedy.

As to the first, the statute of Elizabeth declares* that no person retained in husbandry, or in any art or science in the act mentioned,† after the time of his retainer is expired, shall depart out of any city, parish, &c., nor out of the county, &c., to serve in any other, unless he have a testimonial under the seal of the city or town corporate, or of the constable or other head officer, and two other honest householders of the city, town, or parish, where he last served, declaring his lawful departure, and the name of the shire and place where he served last. This certificate is to be delivered to the servant, and registered by the parson for 2*d.*, and the form of it is given in the act.

And no person is to be retained in any other service without showing such testimonial to the chief officer of the town corporate, and in every other place to the constable, curate, &c., on pain of imprisonment till he procure a testimonial; and, if he cannot procure such testimonial within twenty-one days, he shall be whipped and treated like a vagabond; so shall be be if found with a forged testimonial. And those who receive him without showing such testimonial as aforesaid forfeit 5*l.*

As to the second, the law hath been extremely liberal in its provisions. These are of two sorts—1. Simply compulsory; and, 2. Compulsory with punishment. Under the former head may be ranged the several acts of parliament relating to the settlement or rather removal of the poor.

As these statutes, though very imperfectly executed, are pretty generally known (the nation having paid some millions to Westminster-hall for the knowledge of them), I shall mention them very slightly in this place.

The statute of Elizabeth, together with the wise execution of it, having made the poor an intolerable burden to the public, disputes began to arise between parishes to whose lot it fell to provide for certain individuals; for the laws for confining the poor to their own homes being totally disregarded, these used to ramble wherever whim or convenience invited them. The overseers of one parish were perhaps more liberal of the parochial fund than in another; or sometimes, probably, the overseer of the parish A was a friend or relation of a poor person of the parish of B, who did not choose to work. From some such reason the poor of one parish began to bring a charge on another.

To remedy such inconveniences, immediately after the restoration‡ a statute was made by which, if any poor man likely to be chargeable came to inhabit in a foreign parish, unless in a tenement of 10*l.* a-year, the overseer might complain to one justice within forty days, and then two justices were to remove the poor person to the place of his last legal settlement.

By a second act,§ the forty days are to be reckoned after notice given in writing to the churchwarden or overseer by the poor person, containing the place of his abode, number of his family, &c.

But by the same statute the executing a public annual office during a year, or being charged with and paying to the public taxes, &c., or (if unmarried and not having a child) being lawfully hired into any parish, and serving for one year, or being bound apprentice by indenture, and inhabiting, &c., are all made good settlements without notice.

By a third statute,* persons bringing a certificate signed by the overseers, &c., and allowed by two justices, cannot be removed till they become chargeable.

By a fourth,† no such certificate person shall gain a settlement by any other act than by *bonâ fide* taking a lease of a tenement of 10*l.* per annum, or by executing an annual office.

By a fifth,‡ no apprentice or hired servant of certificate person shall, by such service or apprenticeship, gain any settlement.

By a sixth,§ no person by any purchase of which the consideration doth not *bonâ fide* amount to 30*l.* shall gain any settlement longer than while he dwells on such purchase.

So much for these laws of removal, concerning which there are several other acts of parliament, and law-cases innumerable.

And yet the law itself is, as I have said, very imperfectly executed at this day, and that for several reasons.

1. It is attended with great trouble; for, as the act of Charles II. *very wisely* requires two justices, and the court of king's bench requires them both to be present together (though they seldom are so), the order of removal is sometimes difficult to be obtained, and more difficult to be executed; for the parish to which the party is to be removed (perhaps with a family) is often in a distant county; nay, sometimes they are to be carried from one end of the kingdom to another.

2. It is often attended with great expense, as well for the reason aforesaid as because the parish removing is liable to an appeal from the parish to which the poor is removed. This appeal is sometimes brought by a wealthy and litigious parish against a poor one, without any colour of right whatever.

3. The removal is often ineffectual; for as the appeal is almost certain to be brought if an attorney lives in the neighbourhood, so is it almost as sure to succeed if a justice lives in the parish. And as for relief in the king's bench, if the justices of peace will allow you to go thither (for that they will not always do), the delay, as well as the cost, is such that the remedy is often worse than the disease.

For these reasons it can be no wonder that parishes are not very forward to put this law in execution. Indeed, in all cases of removal, the good of the parish, and not of the public, is consulted; nay, sometimes the good of an individual only; and therefore the poor man who is capable of getting his livelihood by his dexterity at any handicraft, and likely to do it by his industry, is sure to be removed with his family; especially if the overseer, or any of his relations, should be of the same occupation; but the idle poor, who threaten to rival no man in his business, are never taken any notice of till they become actually chargeable; and if by begging or robbing they avoid this, as it is no man's interest, so no man thinks it his duty, to apprehend them.

It cannot therefore be expected that any good of the kind I am contending for should be effected by this branch of the law; let us, therefore, in the second place, take a view of that which is expressly

* 5 Eliz. c. iv. sect. 10, in force, though not in use.
† *i. e.* in almost every trade. ‡ 13 and 14 Car. II. c. xii.
§ 3 and 4 W. and M. c. xi. See 1 Jac. II. c. xvii.

* 8 and 9 W. III. c. xxx. † 9 and 10 W. III. c. xi.
‡ 12 Anne, c. xviii. § Geo. I. c. vii.

levelled at vagrants, and calculated, as it appears, for the very purpose of suppressing wanderers.

To survey this branch will be easy, as all the laws concerning vagrants are now reduced into one act of parliament; and it is the easier still as this act is very clearly penned, and (which is not always the case) reduced to a regular and intelligible method.

By this act then three degrees of offences are constituted.

First, persons become idle and disorderly within the act by, 1. Threatening to run away and to leave their wives or children to the parish. 2. Unlawfully returning to the place from whence they have been legally removed by the order of two justices, without bringing a certificate, &c. 3. Living idle without employment, and refusing to work for usual and common wages. 4. By begging in their own parishes.

Secondly, persons by, 1. Going about as patent-gatherers, or gatherers of alms under pretence of loss by fire or other casualty; or, 2. Going about as collectors for prisons, gaols, or hospitals. 3. Being fencers and bearwards. 4. Or common players of interludes, &c. 5. Or minstrels, jugglers. 6. Pretending to be gipsies, or wandering in such habit. 7. Pretending to physiognomy, or like crafty science, &c. 8. Using any subtle craft to deceive and impose on any of his majesty's subjects. 9. Playing or sitting at unlawful games. 10. Running away, and leaving wives or children, whereby they become chargeable to any parish. 11. Wandering abroad as petty chapmen or pedlars, not authorised by law. 12. Wandering abroad and lodging in alehouses, barns, outhouses, or in the open air, not giving a good account of themselves. 13. Wandering abroad and begging, pretending to be soldiers, mariners, seafaring men, or pretending to go to work at harvest. 14. Wandering abroad and begging are to be deemed rogues and vagabonds.

Thirdly, 1. End-gatherers offending against the 13 George I. entituled "An Act for the better Regulation of the Woollen Manufactures," &c., being convicted of such offence; 2. Persons apprehended as rogues and vagabonds escaping; or, 3. Refusing to go before a justice; or, 4. Refusing to be examined on oath; or, 5. Refusing to be conveyed by a pass; or, 6. On examination giving a false account of themselves, after warning of the punishment. 7. Rogues and vagabonds escaping out of the house of correction, &c.; or, 8. Those who, having been punished as rogues and vagabonds, shall offend again as such, are made incorrigible rogues.

Now, as to the first of these three divisions, it were to be wished that persons who are found in alehouses, nightbouses, &c., after a certain hour at night, had been included; for many such, though of very suspicious characters, taken up at privy searches, fall not under any of the above descriptions. Some of these I have known discharged against whom capital complaints have appeared when it hath been too late. Why might not the justice be intrusted with a power of detaining any suspicious person who could produce no known housekeeper, or one of credit, to his character, for three days, within which time he might, by means of an advertisement, be viewed by numbers who have been lately robbed? Some such have been, I know, confined upon an old statute as persons of evil fame, with great emolument to the public.

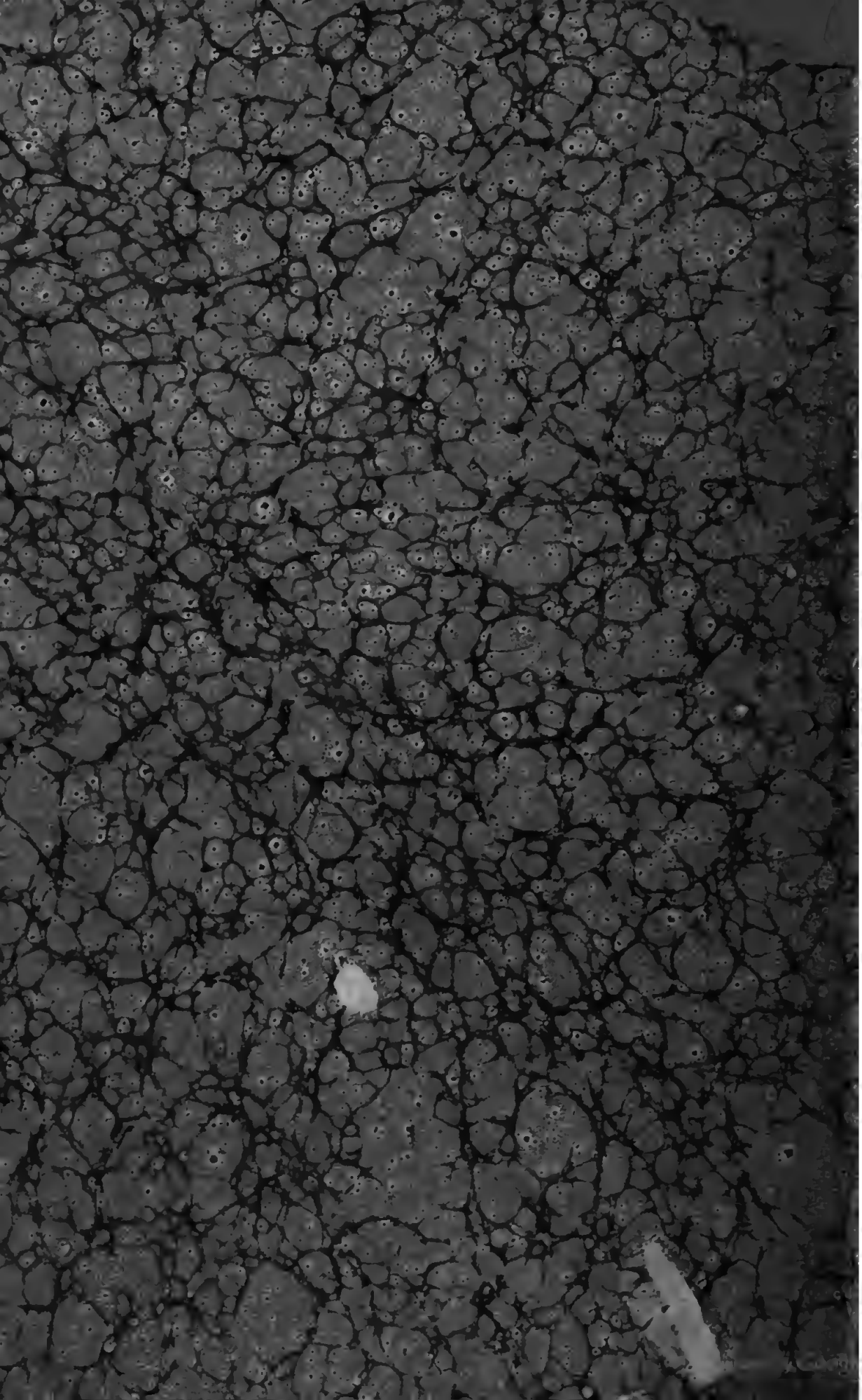
But I come to the second head, namely, of vagabonds; and here I must observe that *wandering* is of itself made no offence; so that, unless such wanderer be either a petty chapman, or a beggar or lodger in alehouses, &c., he is not within the act of parliament.

Now, however useful this excellent law may be in the country, it will by no means serve the purpose in this town; for, though most of the rogues who infest the public roads and streets, indeed almost all the thieves in general, are vagabonds in the true sense of the word, being wanderers from their lawful place of abode, very few of them will be proved vagabonds within the words of this act of parliament. These vagabonds do, indeed, get their livelihood by thieving, and not as petty beggars or petty chapmen; and have their lodging not in alehouses, &c., but in private houses, where many of them resort together, and unite in gangs, paying each two-pence per night for their beds.

The following account I have had from Mr. Welch, the high-constable of Holborn; and none who know that gentleman will want any confirmation of the truth of it.

"That in the parish of St. Giles's there are great numbers of houses set apart for the reception of idle persons and vagabonds, who have their lodgings there for two-pence a-night; that in the above parish, and in St. George, Bloomsbury, one woman alone occupies seven of these houses, all properly accommodated with miserable beds from the cellar to the garret, for such two-penny lodgers: that in these beds, several of which are in the same room, men and women, often strangers to each other, lie promiscuously; the price of a double bed being no more than threepence, as an encouragement to them to lie together; but as these places are thus adapted to whoredom, so are they no less provided for drunkenness, gin being sold in them all at a penny a quartern; so that the smallest sum of money serves for intoxication; that in the execution of search-warrants Mr. Welch rarely finds less than twenty of these houses open for the receipt of all comers at the latest hours; that in one of these houses, and that not a large one, he hath numbered fifty-eight persons of both sexes, the stench of whom was so intolerable that it compelled him in a short time to quit the place." Nay, I can add what I myself once saw in the parish of Shoreditch, where two little houses were emptied of near seventy men and women; amongst whom was one of the prettiest girls I had ever seen, who had been carried off by an Irishman to consummate her marriage on her wedding-night in a room where several others were in bed at the same time.

If one considers the destruction of all morality, decency, and modesty; the swearing, whoredom, and drunkenness which is eternally carrying on in these houses, on the one hand, and the excessive poverty and misery of most of the inhabitants on the other, it seems doubtful whether they are more the objects of detestation or compassion; for such is the poverty of these wretches, that, upon searching all the above number, the money found upon all of them (except the bride, who, as I afterward heard, had robbed her mistress) did not amount to one shilling; and I have been credibly informed that a single loaf hath supplied a whole family with their provisions for a week. Lastly, if any of these miserable creatures fall sick (and it is almost a miracle that stench, vermin, and want, should ever suffer them to be well) they are turned out in the streets by their merciless host or hostess, where, unless some parish officer of extraordinary charity relieves them, they are sure miserably to perish, with the addition of hunger and cold to their disease.

This picture, which is taken from the life, will appear strange to many; for the evil here described is, I am confident, very little known, especially to those of the better sort. Indeed this is the only

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